

The Fighting Princesses Who Led the Mob



Princess Xenia, Who Led the War Parade.



Princess Vera, Also Fired by the Fighting Spirit.

The Sturdy Princesses of the House of Montenegro

EUROPE has new subjects for its admiration, and, during the last few weeks, has been giving that admiration full swing; continental fancy has been greatly taken with "the fighting princesses of Montenegro."

Not that Europe admires the purposes and policies of the "fighting princesses"—frebrands are always dangerous about a powder magazine—but it has been immensely tickled by their spirit and pluck.

When Balkan war clouds began gathering so ominously some time ago, Europe kept anxious eyes on the troubled zone. No one, however, expected menacing lightning flashes from little Montenegro, tucked away in the mountain fastnesses between Turkey and Bosnia.

Yet some exceedingly dangerous flashes blazed in the darkened sky above that mountain land, startling grave and fearful statesmen in every European capital. They were bolts hurled from the dainty hands of two handsome daughters of the ruling house of Montenegro—Princess Xenia, 27 years old, and Princess Vera, 21 years old. How they put Europe on edge for a while happened in this wise:

ONE day when it seemed that the slightest spark might set the continent afire with war, disturbing dispatches went flashing out from Cetinje, the capital of Montenegro.

"A remarkable demonstration is going on here," the humming wires related to the world. "The women of Cetinje, more patriotic even than their fathers, husbands or brothers, are marching in long procession through the streets to show their hatred of Austria and their rage that Austria has annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina."

As a general thing, Europe regards a political disturbance in such an insignificant country as a mere tempest in a teapot and pays little attention to it. But it was different this time.

Serbia's rage against Austria was inflamed almost to the point of boiling over without restraint; there seemed but one possible outcome of the nearly unanimous clamor for war: that Serbian troops must soon be pouring over the Austrian border. The people simply would not listen to the advice of the few cooler heads.

Once Serbia and Austria came into bloody conflict other Balkan states would spring to arms, and from that powder magazine the flames of war would sweep over Europe with cyclonic fury.

Any egging on of Serbia was dangerous in the extreme, and so this remarkable demonstration of women in the streets of Cetinje at once attracted general attention.

Who was responsible for it; who organized and led the movement? Promptly the information came that Europe owed its scare to the Princesses Xenia and Vera, unmarried daughters of Nicholas, the reigning prince.

"These two young women," explanatory dispatches stated, "observing that the streets were filled with excited crowds, mostly women, hastened from the palace, and, waving Montenegrin flags, placed themselves at the head of a host of women, who hailed their appearance with the greatest enthusiasm. In the throng were women of all classes, from peasants to noblewomen, but none, of course, in rank equal to the princesses. All seemed aflame with love of country and hatred toward those they regarded as the foes of their Serbian kinsmen."

SANG WAR SONGS

"Following the princesses, their humbler sisters marched through the streets, now singing war songs, halting from time to time to urge the men who filled the streets to defend the nation's sacred right; again sending the air with shrill shouts: 'To war with Austria! Better die than be the Austrian tyrant's slaves! Men, if you love us, fight for us and your homes!'"

"After tumultuous scenes, in which the war fever rose to the highest pitch, the two princesses appointed a committee to enlist Red Cross nurses for the inevitable conflict."

"The fighting spirit of the race that fired the blood of these two high-born agitators, Montenegro, is considerably smaller than Connecticut—it has an area of 3,630 square miles—and with a total population about equalling that of Minneapolis,



Princess Nathalie, Sister-in-Law, A Famous Huntress.



Mother of the Sturdy Princesses, Wife of Montenegro's Ruler.

is the home of a brave and martial people, most of them hardy mountaineers. Nearly all of the country is rugged and mountainous. Small as the land is, its people waged war with Turkey over 400 years. In 1389 they refused to continue under Turkish rule, and so long and sturdy was their battle for freedom that complete independence was accorded them by the powers of Europe in 1378.

A remarkable record has the reigning house of Montenegro. Prince Nicholas is father-in-law to almost as much of Europe as was the late King Christian of Denmark. Not only have all his daughters been remarkable specimens of femininity, but his daughters-in-law as well.

Almost without exception the daughters and daughters-in-law are strikingly handsome women; are splendid specimens of physical perfection, are athletic, daring and, withal, highly accomplished. One of the daughters, Helene, is now the queen of Italy. She met the then Crown Prince Victor Emanuel of Italy when the latter was in Montenegro on a hunting trip about a dozen years ago.

Victor Emanuel was the guest of Prince Nicholas and had been promised some fine hunting, although he was warned that the mountainous character of the country made the chase exceedingly arduous.

Queen of Italy, a Sister Who Gives Her Children a Spartan Rearing



Princess Danilo, Sister-in-Law, Celebrated as a Wrestler.

The Marcel Wave and the Fortune It Made

MARCEL, originator of the Marcel wave, which has been so popular with womankind for several years, was "fired" after securing his first position. He lost his job immediately after doing up his first coiffure. The woman over whom he worked was so indignant that she tore down her hair in the establishment where the young hairdresser was employed and rearranged it herself, whereat the apologetic proprietor summarily dismissed Marcel.

Recently M. Marcel visited England and for the first time told how he discovered the Marcel wave. Ten years ago the master retired from business, after accumulating a fortune of over \$200,000.

AT A BANQUET tendered the foremost hairdresser of the world, in London, he hailed as "the greatest benefactor of women." M. Marcel is now old, yet merry and cheery, and he feels proud that women in five continents dress their hair after the manner originated by him. His is a fame unique in history.

What woman is there who does not bless his name? When he first began to marcel, the hairdresser received two francs, or about 40 cents, from a customer. After his wave became famous he made as much as \$200 at one sitting. For years he averaged fifteen patrons a day, some of them bringing him as much as \$100. M. Marcel retired to a home in Normandy ten years ago, wealthy and famous.

Thirty-six years ago M. Marcel observed the peculiar curl of the hair at the side of his mother's head. These were regular waves of unusual beauty. One day the young hairdresser wondered whether he could not curl the hair in the same manner over her entire head. So he got a curling iron and began experimenting. He studied the roll of the undulations, and by degrees mastered the curl. He did it by a peculiar twist of the wrist.

M. Marcel loved to wave hair. He loved his new wave. He began to experiment on his customers. They were delighted, and their delight grew. However, M. Marcel waved only for women with soft, supple hair. One day a woman whose hair was stiff and coarse suggested that he try the new curl on her. "Go ahead, work away," she said. "I'll pay you for your extra time."



The Original Marcel Wave

woman, and her delight was great. Other women flocked to M. Marcel's establishment. The lady's wave lasted five weeks. At the end of that time M. Marcel was charging five francs to dress a woman's hair. Then began the Marcel rage. The dresser's establishment was thronged. Women began to bid with one another for precedence, and the fees went up to \$20. One lady living in London sent for the master and paid him \$200 for a single treatment.

Then the world hailed the Marcel wave, and all great beauties, leaders of society, stars of the stage, cultivated it.

M. Marcel contends that no woman can dress her own hair. "It is useless for her to try," he says. But, however discouraging this remark may seem, M. Marcel is an optimist. He said: "No woman must despair. No woman must think her hair irremediably ugly. I have made a common possession the wavy hair that only a few women had from nature."



Marcel, Inventor of the Wave that Made His Fortune.

"I have said no woman can wave her own hair satisfactorily. She must go to a competent dresser; and it is certain that even he has spent a year in acquiring the art. It can't be learned in less."

"The waves should remain for two or three weeks, and the woman herself can renew the waves daily. Englishwomen have the best hair for waving. It is always so soft, so clean and shining. Bright hair shows the waves best, too, for it glitters in every light. Dark hair cannot reflect light, and therefore the waves lose much effect."

At the celebration in London several pairs of irons used by M. Marcel for a public demonstration were sold at auction, one pair bringing nearly \$25. Speaking of his discovery, the famous man naively remarked: "The secret? Simply a knack in the turn of the wrist and a series of movements of the iron that makes the 'wave' lasting. I realized at once that I was a benefactor to all womankind. Only a very few women are fortunate enough to possess naturally curly hair. Those who have straight locks are now able to show as artistic a head of hair as their more fortunate sister, and every woman is grateful to me in consequence."

On the morning of the first hunting trip the Italian found, to his astonishment, that not only was he to be accompanied by Nicholas and his two elder sons, but by the beautiful Princess Helene.

Not only did the royal Diana accompany the party on its most difficult expeditions, but managed to bring down more game than Victor Emanuel.

She was a veritable child of the mountains, sturdy of limb, fleet of foot and keen of eye, and as good a hunter as could be produced in Montenegro.

The crown prince, upon better acquaintance, learned more about the dashing young woman. He found that she was of gentle, affectionate nature, highly accomplished, a painter of talent and a musician of more than ordinary ability.

So then and there he determined she should share with him the crown of Italy, which she now does.

Court etiquette never hampered the young lives of the Montenegrin princesses to any extent. Until their sixteenth year they were permitted to run wild, virtually spending most of their time outdoors, hardening their constitutions by sports and the chase; sleighing, skating, making long journeys on snowshoes in the winter, driving, riding horses bareback, hunting, shooting, swimming, sailing and mountain climbing in the summer.

During these years their education was looked after by French and German governesses. With the seventeenth year came a polishing course in Paris or Vienna, so that the finished product was a young woman whose natural beauty had been enhanced by a splendid physique and the attractiveness of many accomplishments.

One of the daughters, Miliza, married the Grand Duke Peter Nicholovitch, of Russia, a cousin of the czar. Another, Anastasia, married Prince George Romanovitch, duke of Leuchtenburg, a widower eighteen years her senior, who fell violently in love at first sight at the wedding of Miliza and Peter.

A similar romance attended the wedding of Helene and the crown prince of Italy, at which the younger sister, Anna, captivated Prince Francis Joseph of Battenberg, becoming his bride within six months.

The eldest daughter of the family, Princess Zorka, married Prince Peter Karageorgevitch, now King Peter I of Serbia, but died before her husband came to a throne.

Many times has the engagement of the handsome and charming Princess Xenia—she who led the recent parade of the women of Cetinje—been rumored, but her heart is still her own, it seems.

Once she was betrothed, in the usual state fashion, to King Alexander of Serbia, that maddening monarch was murdered before the young princess saw him for the first time she fled from the room, anger and dismay, and no threats or influence could win her consent to the union.

THREATENED SUICIDE

Rather than become the mate of such a disgusting specimen of humanity she would kill herself, she declared, and those about her knew that she would do so.

Later it was reported that she was to marry the grand duke of Hesse, but as the ceremony has not come off yet perhaps she again exercised that womanly prerogative which she seems to hold higher than the demands of state.

Only last spring the court and people of Montenegro were considerably exercised because of the Princess Xenia's extravagance in the matter of purchasing costly gems. For some years she had been known as the "queen of hearts," which designation was changed to "queen of diamonds."

Her love for the gems is said to have become an absorbing passion, and her aim in life to be the possessor of one of the finest collections of diamonds in Europe. As far as he has been able, her father has gratified her tastes, often, his subjects charge, at the expense of an already overburdened tax levy.

If there have been suitors for the hand of her younger sister, Vera, their lovelornness, so far as known, has been in vain. Vera and Xenia seem perfectly happy in their mountain principality—the monotony of life at Cetinje being broken by occasional trips to Paris and Rome—she are evidently in no hurry to assume the responsibilities of matrimony.

While Prince Nicholas has been rearing sturdy daughters to be the pride of his old age and the admiration of Europe, his sons have been bringing home wives as handsome and as energetic.

Princess Danilo, wife of the crown prince, one of the most accomplished women of her day, is asserted to be the champion woman wrestler of Europe—outside of professional circles, of course.

When she married Prince Danilo both fell far short of the usual sturdiness of physique that had long marked the royal house of Montenegro. The young princess set about to overcome this physical disadvantage.

She learned wrestling in all its phases, and, entering her husband, taught him. They give wrestling exhibitions in the palace one evening a week, and few have been found able to stand before them. In addition, the princess is a fearless hunter, and a keen lover of an open-air life is the handsome Princess Nathalie, wife of Prince Mirko.