

A NEW EUROPEAN KINGDOM

The Balkan States have long been a volcanic region of political disturbance. The little principality of Montenegro has played no mean part in the struggle with the Turk, and with the efforts of German and Austrian intrigue. Now at last Prince Nicholas is to be received into the sacred circle of European kings. He has already granted his people a constitution and a parliament, and now a further guaranty is to be given for peace in the Balkan Peninsula by his recognition in the chancelleries as a constitutional monarch. His subjects number barely a quarter of a million; the area of his mountain kingdom, rising at some points to a height of 8,000 feet, is only 3,600 square miles—but, like Homer's hero, Montenegro, "small in stature, is yet a fighter," and, as Tennyson says in his fine sonnet of its people, never "have breathed a race of mightier mountaineers." Commenting on the jubilee and the coronation of the Prince, *The Evening Standard* and *St. James' Gazette* (London) remarks:

"Sympathy will go out strongly to the warlike little state of Montenegro as it celebrates the jubilee of Prince Nicholas's reign. There is a touch of the romantic, the Spartan, the Homeric about this kingdom of the limestone crags, which has drawn out our hearts' affection in full measure. These magnificent warriors, with their handsome faces and picturesque attire, bristling with pistols and cartridges, struck the imagination of a race brought up on Fenimore Cooper, and Mr. Caton Woodville filled the cup of our enthusiasm to the full with his graphic portrayal of these sons of Anak and Mars. Their struggle against the Turk, the epitome in those days of all that was hateful, completed the conquest of our hearts. Recently when the mountaineers were within an ace of springing at the throat of Austria over the annexation of Herzegovina, the cradle of Prince Nicholas's race, our feelings were raised to a high pitch of sympathy as well as of anxiety for the future of the little nation that dared to beard such a Goliath, and considerable relief was experienced when the Prince kept a tight rein on his fiery subjects, and at great personal risk to his throne persuaded them to follow the path of resignation and wisdom."

The following account of the parliamentary experience of the Montenegrins has a slight touch of the coloring that belongs to the cowboy life of our own West:

"Partly persuaded, it is said, by his eldest son, partly in imitation of the Czar's example, partly to please the Servian Radicals, he granted on the festival of St. Luke nearly five

years ago a Constitution which scarcely any of his subjects wanted. To Englishmen it came almost as a blow, the sight of this little Homeric kingdom playing at politics, but our frowns melted into smiles as we watched the progress of the infant Constitution. The members of Parliament did not totally divest themselves of their traditions all at once, they brought their revolvers with them, but consented to hang them up from pegs in the lobby. When a Radical element forced its way to the front of affairs the Prince, who all along had relied on his popularity to guide and check the new portent, found means to stem the tide. The Radicals were easily represented as foes of the beloved Prince, and disappeared in a general election. Then came a very serious crisis. The coffeehouse-keeper, who was a Radical, refused to supply the new Cabinet with coffee. His shop was shut. He appealed, and the matter threatened to upset the whole kingdom, but royal tact came to the rescue. The King of Zeta, as he is to be proclaimed in the course of the jubilee celebrations, has shown a strength and a self-restraint comparable with that of his neighbor—no longer a foe, but a kindly friend—the Emperor of Austria."

The political influence of Montenegro and its power at a sentinel kingdom to the Balkans is thus dwelt on by the *London Morning Post*:

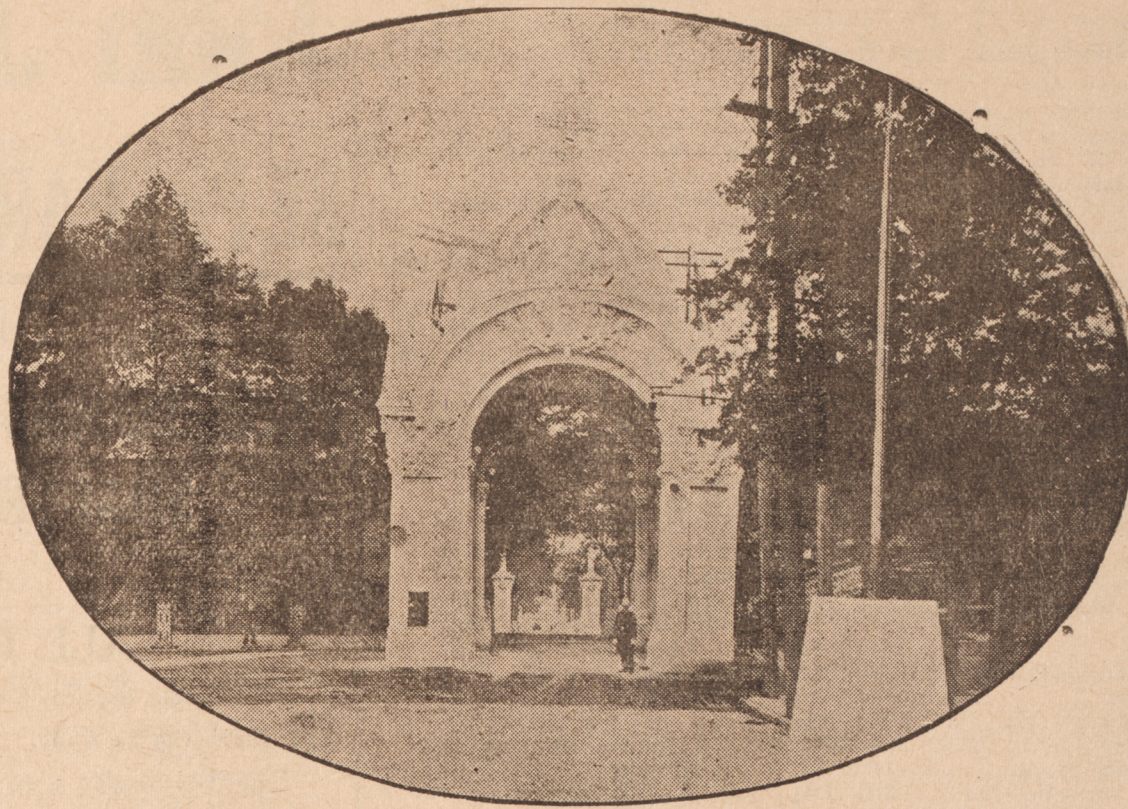
"The principality, so soon to be raised to the rank of a kingdom, is the point where the forces of Balkan politics meet—for Prince Nicholas, even without the regal dignity, has always been regarded as the moral and intellectual head of the Servian race, and, since 1878, the main obstacle to German penetration into the Balkan Peninsula. Thus geographically isolated, Montenegro possesses peculiar political importance, which should not escape the attention of those who continue to follow with an interest the evolution of the Near East."

In his earlier days Nicholas was a dreamer, for he was a poet and hoped that some day his Servian race might shake off the suzerainty of Turkey, and escape the clutches of Austria, which latter hope was dashed to the ground by the annexation to Austria of Bosnia and Herzegovina, containing a large part of the Servian race.—Translations made from *The Literary Digest*.

The Queen of Italy is a daughter of Prince Nicholas.

The bout between Frank Klaus and Ed. McGorty, which was scheduled for Milwaukee on Sept. 30, has been postponed to Oct. 15.

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Dalton, Ga., Sept. 20.—Georgia's "Cornfield Poet," John W. Groucher, of Crow Valley, is dead at the age of 77. Groucher's celebrity did not extend outside of this state, but he had a claim to distinction rarely attained by modern poets. Like many homeric bards he never wrote his verses but recited them instead, improvising the meter as he proceeded and often changing the words to original and spontaneous musical themes. He could entertain a group of listeners for hours without a break or a repetition in his verses. So far as known here not a line of his poems has been put into writing.

IRELAND DEPLORING TOO MUCH EMIGRATION

Washington, D.C., Sept. 19.—Too many Irish are leaving Ireland this year in the opinion of the home government. A clipping from an Irish journal follows in which, deputy con sul J. Armstrong of Cork says:

"The Irish immigration statistics prove unsatisfactory. 1,361 persons left this country during July as compared with 1,902 for July of last year. Of the immigrants 579 were males, and 764 females. In all 20,816 persons have left Ireland during the first seven months of 1910, an increase of 2,047 in the same period in 1909. The total emigration last year was 28,377 and was the second lowest on record for six decades. If the same rate of increase is kept up for the remainder of this year emigration will reach nearly 32,000 for the year."

"Fact is," said the married man, "I married because I was lonely as much as for any other reason. To put it tersely, I married for sympathy." "Well," said the savage bachelor, "you have mine."

DR. EMILY BLACKWELL

The World's First Female Medical Practitioner.

A few weeks ago on the death of Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell her early struggles as the first woman doctor were recalled. It is less generally known that her sister, Dr. Emily Blackwell, also became a physician. Dr. Emily survived her sister only a few weeks. She died on the seventh of this month, aged almost eighty-four.

Emily Blackwell, like Elizabeth, earned by teaching the money for her medical education. She had not so much difficulty in obtaining entrance to a medical college, but was the only woman of her graduating class. After taking her degree, she went abroad to study.

The Blackwell sisters always stood for thorough and scientific training for medical women. Dr. Emily studied in Edinburgh under Dr. (afterwards Sir) James Simpson, in London with Dr. Jenner at the Children's Hospital and at St. Bartholomew's and in Paris where she also took the full course in midwifery at the Maternite.

When Dr. Emily returned to New York in 1856, her sister, Dr. Elizabeth, had secured a charter to open and infirmary and dispensary for women and children, with the double object of furnishing free aid by women physicians to poor women, and of giving women medical students a chance denied them by most of the general hospitals.

They took a house and began (in 1857) with two tiny wards a good German girl in the kitchen, one German nurse, and a resident physician. Dr. Emily organized the hospital and arranged the dispensary on the model of that of the Children's Hospital in London.

Dr. Elizabeth had bought a house because no respectable boarding or lodging house would take in a woman doctor. All of this house, except Dr. Elizabeth's office and the garret where Drs. Elizabeth and Emily slept, was rented to a family that kept boarders. Dr. Elizabeth reserved the right to have her patients wait in the parlor. Dr. Emily kept in a drawer, bread, oranges and dates, and upon these she made most of her meals, occasionally dining at a cheap restaurant in a basement. Years after, she said that this summed up the status of medical women in New York at that time. They slept in the garret, and dined in the cellar, when they dined at all. Sometimes she cooked a little piece of meat over an alcohol lamp; sometimes she got the infirmary to roast her a very small leg of mutton which lasted her a long time.

In 1865 by advice of some of the leading New York physicians, the sisters secured a charter from the Legislature and opened the Women's Medical College of the New York Infirmary.

The social prejudice against women physicians was so strong that during all her years in New York Dr. Emily was never asked to dine with a patient's family. Even women who were strong supporters of the Infirmary would not have invited its women doctors to their houses socially where they might have met other guests. If they were there professionally, their dinners were sent up to them in their own rooms. Dr. Emily was on a committee for the higher education of woman, and was much interested also in equal suffrage and other reform movements.

Edmonton, Alta., Sept. 21.—Two consignments of furs, valued at \$150,000, have been shipped for London, England.

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stations in the north. It filled a car. The other shipment belongs to Hyslop & Nagle. Altogether furs to the value of \$250,000 have been brought to Edmonton from the north this season.

"Am I to understand there is some idiotic affair between you and that impecunious young ass?" demanded a millionaire of his pretty daughter. "Only you, father!" was the reply.