

## WHERE EUROPE HAS A MONROE DOCTRINE

For many years the world has talked of the Balkan question almost constantly. The annual recurrence of the rumor of "Trouble in the Balkans" is so regular that it has become a subject for world-wide jest, serious and ever threatening as it is. And yet to almost the whole world the Balkan question is little more than a muddle of obscure geography, tangled history and still more tangled intrigue.

Briefly expressed, the Balkan question is the keystone of that tenderly poised arch, the balance of power—the Monroe doctrine of Europe.

And as the Monroe doctrine of the United States was susceptible to the meanest outbreak of insurrection in Cuba, so Europe's doctrine is shaken every time a handful of patriots or brigands raises a revolt in Turkey's corner of Macedonia. At any day a horde of mountain robbers, with no aim higher than to pillage a poor village, or a band of devoted liberators with the

for mischief that may involve the whole world.

Now that the United States is a world power, with a thousand foreign interests in places where 20 years ago she had none, the Balkans may be said truly to be of vital concern to this country as well as to Europe. No man can guess at how many ends the world might catch fire in case of a general European war.

So it is to the present interest of all civilized communities that the Balkan buffer be kept inviolate and undisturbed as long as possible. That buffer of mountain and plain, peopled largely by semi-savage and half-civilized tribes, is no small territory valuable merely on account of its strategic position.

It is big enough to make a formidable empire, if ever another Boris or Czar Simeon could arise to subdue the tribes and hold them together. The Balkan states—Serbia, Bulgaria, Montenegro, Albania, Macedonia and other Turkish provinces on the peninsula form a territory bigger than England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales put together; bigger than Italy or Norway; almost as large as Sweden, and three-quarters of the size of the German empire. The states

## A KANSAS PREACHER.

HOW HIS EXPERIENCE HELPED HIS DAUGHTER.

After Her Father's Death Miss Buechel Encountered Serious Difficulties But Overcame Them.

The Rev. Charles Buechel, late pastor of the German Methodist Episcopal church in Wichita, Kansas, was one of the best known ministers of the state, having served in all its principal cities. Miss Lydia Buechel, his daughter, now residing at No. 421 South Water street, Wichita, also has a wide acquaintance and her evidence on an important topic will command attention.

For six years, she says, I suffered from a nervous debility which physicians failed to relieve and finally I was confined to my bed, a victim of nervous prostration. I suffered dreadfully with my head, I was so nervous that I could not sleep. I ate and drank but everything I ate hurt me and my system became weak out from the nervousness and lack of nourishment.

"When my father was alive he frequently took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, the medicine which cured Miss Buechel and thousands of others, are an unfailing specific for all diseases arising from impoverished blood or weakened, unstrung nerves—two fruitful causes of nearly all the ailments to which mankind is heir. The last Turkish war has done much to bring this medicine into vogue, and it will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, fifty cents a box; six boxes for two dollars and fifty cents, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y."

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monuments of memorials. They are to the martyrs of the Turkish war, murdered statesmen and assassinated patriots. Nearly every paving stone is pregnant with a bloody story that reaches almost from the time the first stone was laid to the beginning of the present generation. The last Turkish war has done much to bring this medicine into vogue, and it will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, fifty cents a box; six boxes for two dollars and fifty cents, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y."

On Friday, when the weekly market is held in the city, the streets are full of red fezzes. The Serbian peasant still wears the Turkish trousers gathered at the ankles. Often he wears a towel-like mass of linen around his high fezz. Sometimes he wears a high sheepskin cap. Every peasant wears a long shawl pointed and keenly ground knife on his right side in a wooden scabbard.

From Belgrade the train roars through a land which, only a few years ago, was a land of brigands, whole villages being held as openly by them as if their occupation were the most commonplace. One particularly famous and strong home of the brigands was the village of Domuspotek (the brook of pigs). Now the most unusual occupation of most of those villages is to boil down plums in great cauldrons in the open air in the season.

If a man wishes to see all the tribes of the Balkans, he need merely continue on the train to the town of Nisch. Nisch will be the great object of maneuver if ever there is a Balkan war. Its strong fortress commands the key to the road into Bulgaria and Macedonia. Christian churches and Turkish mosques stand there almost side by side. The cry of the imam from the minaret mingles with the bells that call the Catholic worshipper. Armed like arsenals, with long pistols, long rifles, long knives, Macedonians, Albanians and Arnauts shuffle along with the walk of the mountaineer. Serbian peasant women in gaudy striped frocks, looking like priests, mountaineers from Montenegro in fustian suits with long bearded yellow and red shoes and brilliant scarlet cloaks, grave Hodschas in silken caftans and green turbans, mingle on the streets with Spanish Jewesses with brilliant gold and silver head dresses, and Montenegrin women in white skirts and sleeveless waists, and little red caps, with a rising sun embroidered on their fronts in gold.

THE TOWER OF SKULLS.

Near Nisch is a square tower. Tell its story and you tell the story of the Balkans.

The tower is known as the "Tschekula" meaning "skull tower." In 1899 the Turks advanced toward Nisch. The Serbian Wolvode, Stefan Sindjitsch, entrenched himself with 3,000 Serbians in the village of Kamenitz. They were overcome. When the Janissaries rushed among them, Sindjitsch fired the powder magazines and blew his own men and the Turks into pieces. The Turkish army ravened like a band of wolves and killed all Serbians who were left alive by any chance. After they had killed and burned till there was nothing left to kill and burn, they chopped the heads off the dead Serbian patriots. Then they began the erection of a great square tower. After it had risen to some height they began to alternate the rows of stones with rows of Serbian heads. Altogether they set fifty-six rows of seventeen heads each in alternate rows of stones. This memorial of the Tamerlans of the Nineteenth century was left uncompleted, with the skulls grinning out upon the land until 1878, when the Serbians took them out reverently and buried them, with the exception of one that still looks out from the east side of the tower.

Farther on, near the Bulgarian boundary, is another strategic place that will be heard from in case of war. It is the fortress of Bela Palenka, and Mottke pronounced it one of the important points of the Balkans. It was the old Roman city of Remesiana. It is guarded still by an ancient castle-fort, built in 1096 by the grand viceroy, Mustafa Pasha. He built it by the pleasant expedient of tearing down Serbian churches and using their stones for it. He also took the stones from ancient Roman ruins.

As the Cuban junta made its headquarters in the United States, so the Macedonian junta makes its headquarters in Bulgaria. But unlike the Cuban revolutionists, the Macedonian committee has not merely enlisted Bulgarian sympathies and aid. It has enlisted the grand viceroy, Mustafa Pasha. He built it by the pleasant expedient of tearing down Serbian churches and using their stones for it. He also took the stones from ancient Roman ruins.

Dive out of Bulgaria and into the mountain districts of Macedonia and you dive into the land of Alexander the Great. Of Roman generals and of Caesar's legions there is no trace long before Russia had any. Time has jumped over this land and touched it only in leaps years apart. Go only a short distance from Salonika, ancient Thessalonica (very dirty now and inhabited by the grand viceroy, Mustafa Pasha) and you will find a country marked with the tunnell of the Macedonian kings. Big stone piles just within sighting distance of each other, that served

as the stations for the wireless telegraphy of those days.

## FINE OLD GENTLEMEN BRIGANDS

You may find a fine old gentleman, dressed in a long skirt that falls below the knees and with pretty weapons fastened to all available protuberances. He will talk to you if he trusts you and you are fortunately so poor that you are not worth capturing. His system of levying tribute is unconcerned as if he lived in the day of Ulysses, earning his living with his good sword and shield.

Turkish soldiers gaze with respect at the very brigands whom they are technically sworn to kill. Those brigands swagger through the villages beloved by all the women, envied and admired by all the men, afraid of nobody. Impossible though it seems, they wear even more arms than the other citizens. They strut by the Turks superciliously, mockingly. Sometimes the Macedonian brigand sits on a rock just out of gunshot from a garrison of Turks and sings little songs carefully calculated to embitter even the most stolid souls.

The care-free spirit of the Macedonian is beautifully expressed by his simple method of inciting the Turks to commit atrocities. In order to attract the attention of the outside world, this charming little bit of statecraft is not rare. It explains many things—among

others why a Macedonian brigand may be expected to keep his word if he promises a captured traveler that his ear shall not be cut off if ransom is not ready at a certain time. A person who is ready at all hours of the day or night to provoke the Turk into massacring his friends is not likely to hesitate unduly about a stranger's ears.

Everybody lives in the past. The Balkans were the portals into Europe of all the strange tribes of early time. The traces of the Dacians, the Marcomanni, the Quadi, the Goths, the Huns, all are to be found in survival in the Balkans. It is as if all those disrupting tribes and races had left their footprints and jettisoned there, to remain unchanged in those indelectable mountains. Their songs are songs of the Czar Simeon and the Czar Boris and the Czar Dushan who ruled more than a thousand years ago, when there was no such thing as a czar in Russia.

Throughout the Balkans today the favorite dance is the Kolo, which is nothing more or less than the ancient Roman dance of Hora, with a change. Bagpipers go around everywhere and everywhere the inhabitants are prone to drop their work suddenly and dance and sing as if every one of those queer villages were a stage village and all the peasants were ballet. The land has been described by one traveler as a land that still lives in the days of the Troubadours.

The Montenegrin, if he is truly patriotic, still wears his little red fez with a black band. It has been worn by Montenegrins for more than six centuries in memory of the killing by the Turks of the last of the great Serb czars in 1389. The loyal Montenegrin declares that the cap shall be worn until a terrible revenge has been wreaked on the Turk.

The Bosnian is another odd one. Although the Hungarian railroads beat at his door with goads, he still plows with a wooden plow. His ox-cart is made of wood alone, without a bit of metal in it. The harness of his horses is of rope. The little Bosnian horse is still the leading means of transport. Instead of a saddle, a wooden thing that looks like a table upside down, is tied to the beast with ropes and the load is tied to the table legs with simple disregard of beauty or the finer feelings of the horse.—Kansas City Star.

A Thoughtful Man.

M. M. Austin of Winchester, Ind., knew what to do in the hour of need. His wife had such an unusual case of stomach and liver trouble; physicians could not help her. He thought of and tried Dr. King's New Life Pills and she got relief at once and was finally cured. Only 25c, at Z. C. M. I. Drug Store.

A Sweet Breath is a never failing sign of a healthy stomach. When the breath is bad the stomach is out of order. There is no remedy in the world equal to Kodol Dyspepsia Cure for curing indigestion, Mrs. Mary S. Crick, of White Plains, Ky., writes: "I have been a dyspeptic for years—tried all kinds of remedies but continued to grow worse. By the use of Kodol I began to improve at once, and after taking a few bottles am fully restored in weight, health and strength and can eat whatever I like. Kodol digests what you eat and makes the stomach sweet.—Z. C. M. I. Drug Store, 112-114 Main Street."

To feel tired after exertion is one thing; to feel tired before is another. Don't say the latter is laziness—it isn't; but it's a sign that the system lacks vitality, is running down, and needs the tonic effect of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

It's a warning, too—and suffers should begin taking Hood's at once. Buy a bottle today.

LIFE OF A PIONEER. Autobiography of Capt. James S. Brown, 520 pages, bound in cloth. Price \$2.00; for sale at Deseret News Book Store, Salt Lake City, Utah.

## PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S LATEST PICTURE.



President Grover Cleveland is a prominent figure in the political news of today. He is spoken of as a possible presidential candidate of 1904, but at all events he will wield a potent influence in shaping his party's policy in the next great national campaign. He is just turned 66 years of age, and this is the only picture of him made since his last birthday.

more aim of freeing their obscure province from the Turk, may strike the spark that will blow up the whole balance of power and bury the peace of all Europe in the wreck. As a concept, the powers are bent on keeping that keystone of the Balkans in its place. Jealousy and fear are the powerful motives that make them zealous in the endeavor. Individually, each power is studying to see how it can assure itself of advantage enough to pay to pull it out. The two nations most openly concerned in the Balkan question today are England and Russia. England's interest just now lies in keeping the question as it has been. Russia cannot, and will not, be content in the nature of the case till she controls the Balkans or has been so signally defeated in trying that she will not be in position to try again.

To Russia, the ownership of the Balkans would mean the ownership of an empire covering the entire eastern portion of the European continent. That would mean the control of the Mediterranean in the east and the movement toward England's oriental empire would be advanced by a mighty step.

To Austria the acquisition of Balkan territory would mean a free way to the orient, and Austria is doing an immense business with the far east. Her interest is far more important than the world guesses.

To Turkey a collapse of the present condition means almost certainly that there will be no Turkey in Europe after the smoke clears away, whatever other nation is defeated or victorious.

It is written that Turkey must go out of Europe. It is barely possible that she will go finally without war, squeezed out by the slow and fatal process of diplomatic coercion. If she does not go peacefully, it is certain that there will be war in Europe sooner or later.

It is this that makes the Balkan question no mere academic question, but one life with constant probabilities

of New York, Pennsylvania, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts and Connecticut, if put together in one jumbled mass, would make a country of almost the exact size of the land of the Balkan division. If jumbled together, however, the states would make a land something like the Balkan peninsula, too, in conditions. Throw in the Maine winters and the rocks of Vermont, Tumble the mixture down toward the sea. Throw the Pennsylvania oil wells into the middle. Stir them up, throw the Adirondack and Alleghany mountains indiscriminately into the pudding, and you would have a hint of the Balkans. The Adirondacks and the Alleghany mountains are about the same average height. The forbidding aspect of some of the Alleghany mountain scenery is duplicated in the Balkans. Throw in, furthermore, vast tracts of land denuded of lumber and blackened, throw in a smiling sea, throw in villages and towns ranging in appearance from the charm of thriving New England villages to the desolate ugliness of a Pennsylvania coal mining town; mix in the grotesque architecture of the American sea shore; stir in sulphur fountains, magnificent scenery, earthquakes, and blood-red mud, and you have the Balkans.

There are many ways of entering the Balkan peninsula, but there are not so many of getting out. Too often one goes in by railroad and comes out by ransom, a method too expensive for any except large purses.

## IN THE SERBIAN COUNTRY.

The most comfortable way of entering the land is by way of Hungary into Serbia. The Serbians have advanced beyond the old and simple life of throat slitting and revolution, and are building up a fine land rich with agriculture and mines. Austria-Hungary is pushing her feelers of railroad through it in all directions. Immense tunnels burrow under the mountains. All the Hungarian railroads lead toward the Balkans. Her constant stream of freight and passenger trains either into the Adriatic sea across Bosnia or through Belgrade, both by land and by Danube ports, into Serbia, Roumania and Bulgaria, and so finally reaches the Black sea, the Aegean sea, and the ancient highways leading to the far East.

One of the last places to be touched by the railroad before it leaves Hungary to cross into the Serbian boundary, is the Austrian Gibraltar—the mighty and ancient fortress of Peterwardein. Then the train strains into Belgrade, a city with one of the most romantic records of history. It is a magnificent city to approach, for it sits on the Danube in so beautiful that travelers give it forth rank in point of site among the capitals of Europe—Constantinople, Lisbon, Stockholm, and Belgrade. Almost everywhere in Belgrade are

MONDAY,  
TUESDAY,  
WEDNESDAY.

# Z. C. M. I.

THIRTEENTH,  
FOURTEENTH,  
FIFTEENTH.

## SPECIAL SALE!

### Model Gowns, Dress Robes, Wraps, Waists, Millinery.

ALL OF THOSE BEAUTIFUL COSTUMES, Handsome Robes, Fine Wraps, Dainty Evening Waists, and Exquisite Pattern Hats that were so much admired by the throngs that visited our exhibition last week, are now placed on sale. They were bought for the opening, have served their purpose with us—our profit coming from the prestige they have produced—and now they will be sold at ONE-THIRD LESS THAN REGULAR PRICE. There'll be a rush for them sure, so come early and get first choice.

## The Costumes.

We'll not attempt a description because you have seen them and admired them, but suffice to say: There's a dozen distinctive models, ranging from \$75 to \$100, made by the foremost French and American artists, and every one a masterpiece of design and construction. There's beautiful ivory white volles, rich black volles, fine French broadcloths, in greys, tans, browns and blacks, and smart novelty weaves.

No two alike, yet all possessing the very latest style.

\$75.00 Costumes go for .....	\$50.00
\$90.00 Costumes go for .....	\$60.00
\$100.00 Costumes go for .....	\$67.50
\$125.00 Costumes go for .....	\$83.35
\$150.00 Costumes go for .....	\$100.00

And in addition to this rare offer of Model Gowns we will include about one hundred fine suits, ranging from \$50 to \$75. These also will be sold at a discount of—

# 33 1/3%

Every one of them this season's productions, and a handsome lot they are.

## Silk Waists.

All our beautiful evening Waists above \$12.50 and up to \$40 will receive the same liberal cut off—

# 33 1/3%

An immense assortment, in all colors, and a wide variety of rich weaves.

## The Robes.

Unquestionably the largest and finest line of Dress Robes ever shown in Salt Lake, consisting of handsome all-over lace effects, exquisitely embroidered Pongees, delicately decorated Crepe de Chines, elaborately embellished volles, and the purest of white Swiss.

You have seen them and know what they are, so come Monday and buy anyone of them at a discount of—

# 33 1/3%

Making a \$22.50 Robe only .....	\$15.00
Making a \$25.00 Robe only .....	\$16.65
Making a \$30.00 Robe only .....	\$20.00
Making a \$45.00 Robe only .....	\$30.00

And so on up the range to as high as \$100.00.

They are already designed and cut out, you know, and all you have to do is to put them together.

A chance to get a handsome dress for very little outlay.

## The Hats.

All Pattern Hats above \$20, and up to \$50 will be sold at a reduction of—

# 33 1/3%

These, like the Model Gowns, were bought to show and not for a profit, other than the prestige of showing them.

Many of them are models that have come out since the season opened, so the very, very latest.

## The Wraps.

All our Swell Silk Wraps above \$15 and up to \$75 will be subject to a discount of—

# 33 1/3%

The line includes the season's best in all the styles, in Peau de Sole, Taffeta, Pongee and other rich weaves. Only three days, remember.

# Z. C. M. I.

## GARDUI to the Rescue

615 Lawson Street, St. Paul, Minn., Nov. 7, 1902. I enjoyed the best of health until about two years ago, when I had a severe attack of typhoid fever. Before it I had quite recovered I was out on a cold night, slipped on the ice and badly strained myself. I paid little attention to my misery. I also found that my general health was failing. I was irregular at my menstrual periods, and the flow was very scanty and extremely painful, with a heavy rush of blood to the head and exhaustive pains through my entire body.

Having little faith in doctors and having heard Wine of Cardui so highly praised by my friends, I decided to take a course of treatment of this. Within a week I was relieved, the headache grew less and less, the pains disappeared, my appetite returned and I enjoyed good sleep. At the next menstrual period the flow was natural and painless and has continued so ever since. I seem like a new woman and gladly endorse you medicine as the one reliable cure for sick women.

Mrs. George St. John

President Woman's Protective.

Thousands of women have learned to fear the coming of the menstrual period and dread its possible consequences. We want to tell every suffering, afflicted woman of to-day that she can have relief. Wine of Cardui will cure her as it has cured 1,500,000 suffering women of every kind of trouble. Testimonials received even report the removal of so-called incurable tumors.

Wine of Cardui regulates the menstrual flow, stops flooding, cures bearing-down pains, relieves the inflammation of leucorrhea, prevents miscarriage and robs child-bearing of its pain and danger.

Every drugstore sells Wine of Cardui, and you can go and get a \$1.00 bottle to-day and take it with perfect assurance that you will receive benefit from its use.

Don't you think Wine of Cardui is worth your attention after it has done so much for Mrs. St. John?

If you think you need advice, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

# WINE of CARDUI

MRS. GEORGE ST. JOHN, President Woman's Protective.

## THIRD PRIZE

HUSLER'S FLOUR TESTIMONIAL CONTEST.

Salt Lake City, March 4, 1903. The Inter-Mountain Milling Co. I have used nearly every brand of Flour in the market, including Washburn and Pillsbury's Best, but I have had better results with Husler's than any. I am convinced it is superior to anything in the market.

Yours truly,

MRS. A. F. KRUECHEL.

231 E. 3rd St.

MADE JIM SUNNY JIM