

MONTENEGRO IS "DEAD BROKE"

State Can't Even Borrow Money at 20 Per Cent—A Politico-Financial Situation that Throws in the Shade the Fiction of Comic Opera Stage.

That interesting little principality which Tennyson has described as the "Rough Rock Throne of Freedom," Montenegro is in a very sad and desperate plight. The government is on the verge of bankruptcy, says the New York Herald, and emissaries are now in Vienna attempting to raise a State loan of \$2,000,000 for twenty years at 20 per cent annually. Notwithstanding this very tempting rate of interest the emissaries are meeting with failure. For the banks have no confidence in the ability and inclination of the Montenegrin government to meet its liabilities, because the chief banking firms are already hopelessly involved in the Austro-Hungarian post, and have made many futile efforts to secure the reimbursement due from Montenegro.

MANY RICH AND POWERFUL CONNECTIONS.

Prince Nicholas, of Montenegro, is the proud father of nine children—three sons and six daughters. Several of his daughters have made excellent matches, and they are renowned far and wide for their beauty. Milica, the eldest, married the Russian grand duke, Peter Nikolaievich; another, Stana, married Duke George of Leuchtenberg. Helena, the third daughter, it will be recalled, married Victor Emmanuel, prince of Naples and heir to the throne of Italy. The fourth daughter, Anna, married Prince Francis Joseph of Battenberg, which brings the Montenegrin house in close connection with the British court.

Truly can he say with the grand monarch "L'etat c'est moi!" Prince Nicholas of Montenegro is a picturesque and remarkable figure among the potentates of Europe, among whom he is the only autocrat of a purely patriarchal type. He is a sort of Bushy Hair and Mikado rolled into one, and is practically his own premier and judge of the supreme court, and is both practically and theoretically his own lord chancellor and commander in chief.

The prince, in fact, is the supreme head of the State. There is no representative system, not even rural communes. There is no control, no law, no budget. The country is divided into no many districts, which are composed of a certain number of sub-districts, governed by prefects who are called captains and who are generally intrusted with both civil and military power. The authority exercised by these captains is not accurately defined, for there are no laws regulating the exercise of their jurisdiction.

The administration of justice is peculiar. There are no laws, the will of the prince being supreme. Minor cases are decided by the captains. There are courts of first instance in the chief towns of the large districts and a supreme court at the capital, Cetinje. This is at the same time a court of first instance and a court of appeal, from whose judgment, however, there is a further appeal to the prince himself as absolute master.

The prince dwells in a red tiled mansion in the capital, Cetinje, a queer little town, numbering about two thousand inhabitants, and is little better than a mountain village. Though Cetinje is not the largest town in Montenegro, still it is the center of that principality by long custom and right, and has been for many centuries the focus of the national life and the last stronghold of the people in their long warfare against the Turks. Under a tree in front of the modest palace at Cetinje, Prince Nicholas may be seen any day surrounded by his ministers and dignitaries of this court, deciding the affairs of state. Here the prince himself, like King Solomon, delivers judgments on the differences of his subjects—judgments from which there is no appeal and which cannot be questioned. But the prince not only makes his country's laws, but he makes

part of the Balkan peninsula had fallen under the sway of the Ottoman. Gladstone said that the traditions of Montenegro "exceeded in glory those of Marathon and Thermopylae, and all the war traditions of the world." Although the present dynasty, of which Prince Nicholas is the seventh, has existed a little over 200 years, Montenegro dates its independence three centuries earlier. When the old realm of

CHICAGO'S \$30,000,000 CANAL.



Here is a photograph of one of the most interesting sections of Chicago's drainage canal, which has cost over \$30,000,000 to construct. It is over 40 miles long. Part of the canal has already been opened and the rest will be opened in a few days. Considerable interest has been aroused by the action of St. Louis in threatening to restrain the working of this canal on the grounds that the sewage carried by it from Chicago will pollute the Mississippi, from which river St. Louis gets its drinking water. The waterway will form part of the grand ship canal that will render navigation possible from Mexico to the lakes.

Princess Anna and her sister, Princess Helen, are great favorites with Queen Victoria. The marriage of Prince Danilo brought the house of Petrovitch of Montenegro into close connection with a reigning German house, but it does seem hard luck that in this time of need Prince Nicholas can neither collect Jutta's dowry nor be able to borrow from any of his powerful connections. Perhaps the valuable wedding presents that European monarchs showered upon Prince Danilo's bride will have to be sacrificed to put bread in the mouths of hungry soldiers.

WHY MONTENEGRO CANNOT BORROW.

But this is not the first time in recent years that Montenegro has gone begging for money among the nations of Europe. The Montenegrins are good fighters and know well the arts of war, but have not yet learned the arts of peace. In fact, they look with contempt upon them. The trade is in the hands of the Albanians, who are an industrious and thrifty race. The Montenegrins themselves hardly take the trouble to cultivate the little land they possess. The country itself, even with a good harvest, never produces sufficient grain for the national consumption. A certain quantity has to be imported. It is no wonder that a country so lacking in resources, with so little cultivated, to speak, finds it difficult to raise loans.

Repeated attempts have been made by the government of Montenegro within the last few years to raise money in Europe, and it has attempted to float a number of impracticable schemes, but always without success. Although the rates of interest were offered. How this interest was to be paid has always been a question that has staggered European financiers. And until the Montenegrin government can explain it will go begging among the nations of Europe.

Before the Russo-Turkish war of 1876-78, in which the Montenegrins gained their independence, but little ready money was required. The people lived from hand to mouth, and from time to time supplemented such resources as they had by predatory excursions into Turkish territory. But now the Montenegrin finds that he requires cash to pay for articles imported from abroad, as well as for the payment of taxes.

In fact, an economic revolution in a small way has taken place. Expenses have increased and revenues diminished. "Perpetual adaptation to environment," says Herbert Spencer, "is a law of life," but the Montenegrins have not yet learned how to adapt themselves to new conditions—to the environment of peace.

Perhaps the Montenegrins have entirely too patriarchal a form of government and lean too much upon it, and it may be that this keeps them from developing and keeping abreast of the times. For when the government of Montenegro is spoken of, this means the

PECULIAR FINANCIAL SYSTEM.

As to Montenegrin finances, the district captains collect the taxes and bring them to Cetinje. They come to the capital on horseback, accompanied by a few armed attendants, a second horse carrying sacks containing the taxes. During the tax season the minister of finance is kept busy, for he has to count the taxes, made up of an infinite number of very small coins, and he has to pay the state officials. These dignitaries have sometimes to wait five or six months for their salaries. The total revenue amounts to about \$200,000. The pay of a minister varies from a thousand to fifteen hundred dollars per annum, while that of high functionaries of state does not exceed \$400. The prince has no civil list. After the government employees have been paid the remainder goes to him. When the prince went to St. Petersburg to assist in the marriage of his daughter, Princess Milica, to the grand duke Peter Nikolaievich, he took with him all the money in the state coffers with the exception of two hundred florins. The consequence was that all the dignitaries had to wait for their salaries until his highness returned to the treasury. At a rough estimate about half the national revenue goes to the support of the prince and his court.

The revenues being small, and as Montenegro does not raise enough produce to support itself, it is no wonder the country finds it exceedingly difficult to raise a loan in these practical days.

A GLORIOUS PAST.

The country has had a remarkable history, long heritage of glory, but this does not seem to count when the principality tries to borrow from its richer neighbors. This small spot of earth has maintained its freedom against the most fearful odds—this has been the history of a nation who understood the assaults of a mighty empire. Few nations have had such a stirring and eventful history—a nation which, though so few in numbers, repelled the all-conquering Turk, and maintained its liberty at a time when every other

the Serbian chieftains were shattered by the Turks on the fatal field of Kosovo, in 1389, those who preferred liberty to the Ottoman yoke fled to the inaccessible limestone cliffs of the Black mountains. Nature has been the ally of the hardy mountaineers. The stones, which, according to the legend, fell out of the bag which God was carrying over Montenegro at the creation of the world, have been the strongest bulwark against invasion.

Onward swept the tide of Ottoman conquest, Serbia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Greece and Bulgaria fell under the Turkish yoke, Montenegro was surrounded on all sides, an island of liberty, against whose rocky shores the waves of Islam beat incessantly, but in vain.

War with the Turks is the very essence of Montenegrin history, a battle of dwarf against a giant, but the dwarf was finally victorious.

Early in the eighteenth century Montenegro was deserted by its sovereign, Prince George, who married a Venetian wife and took up his residence in her own comfortable city. The people chose their bishop as their chief, and prince-bishops, muscular Christians, continued to lead them with success against the Turks. Finally, in 1811, Danilo, nephew and nominee of the previous prince-bishop, Peter II, succeeded in having Montenegro declared a secular state, with a hereditary government of a prince. His nephew, the present Prince Nicholas, succeeded to the throne, and at the close of the war of 1876-1878 Montenegro was declared a sovereign principality. With a long history of almost continuous and successful warfare behind them, it is no wonder that the Montenegrins find it difficult to adapt themselves to the changed conditions of peace. Once during the late war, when Prince Nicholas attempted to dissuade an old man from joining the ranks, the insulted warrior drew a pistol and shot himself. Life without warfare had no charm for him.

The accession of territory obtained under the Berlin treaty has already begun to alter the character of the country. The area of the principality has been almost doubled, and fertile valleys, tracts of rich woodland and a strip of sea coast have been added to the realm. Montenegro is now something more than the rock errie of a warlike clan, and the problem of its commercial development constantly occupies the mind of the ruler. A great reform has to be attempted, the conversion of a clan of warriors into an industrial nation. When this reform shall have been accomplished Montenegro will probably not need the loans that today it is so anxiously but so fruitlessly endeavoring to negotiate. A nation that has maintained its independence against fearful odds for so many centuries ought certainly to expect to overcome present conditions, and to rise to a plane of financial independence.

NICARAGUAN CANAL COMMISSION.



The canal commission of which Rear Admiral John G. Walker is the head has just reached Nicaragua and will begin at once the work of examining the various canal routes across the isthmus. The commission consists of Rear Admiral John G. Walker, retired; Samuel Pasco, of Florida; Alfred Noble, of Chicago; George R. Morrison, of New York; Brigadier General Hains, U. S. A.; Prof. William H. Burr, of Columbia University; Colonel Oswald H. Ernst, U. S. A.; Prof. Lewis M. Haupt, of Philadelphia, and Prof. Emory R. Johnson, of the University of Pennsylvania. The plan, as outlined by Rear Admiral Walker before sailing, is as follows: "Upon arriving at Greytown we shall proceed across Nicaragua, examining the work which is now being done by the various engineering parties which have been engaged along the line of the route for some time. Our trip across Nicaragua will occupy about six weeks. Reaching the Pacific side, we shall go by steamer down to Panama and pass about a month in coming across the Panama route before reaching Colon, which is on the Caribbean side. The commission will also examine the work which has been done by the various exploring and engineering parties which are now studying other possible routes for the canal. It is impossible to say when the report of the commission can be made." The present commission is by far the most important body that has ever been created for the purpose of examining and reporting on the canal problem. It was organized following an appropriation of \$1,000,000, which was made in the closing hours of the last Congress. The definite object of the commission is to determine which is the most favorable route for a canal across the isthmus.

SHOOTING OF THE DENVER EDITORS.

One of the developments of the Anderson shooting is startling. Almost immediately after its occurrence there was, so far as words went, a strong approval of the act, says the Denver News. Scores went to the police station to speak their sympathy to Anderson and give him assurances of support. This, too, without knowledge of all the circumstances which led to the tragedy. It caused Anderson to assume the demeanor of a stage hero and set thoughtful people to wondering whether murder was an approved method with the Denver public for settling personal differences.

Messrs. Bonfils and Tammen publish a newspaper that has established strong public support. It has acquired a large circulation under their management, and its advertising patronage is from the best of Denver merchants and is considerably more than that enjoyed by its evening competitor. It will not do to say, as some malicious hint, that both circulation and advertising has been acquired by terrorizing the public—readers and merchants. If it could be true, it would be a poor compliment, indeed, to the intelligence and independence of Denver and Colorado people.

The fact is, Bonfils and Tammen have made The Post a very readable paper. It is wide awake, and, typographically, a model after which other papers might profitably pattern. It has been aggressive. Here one commences to see the trouble. Its aggressiveness has made it and its publishers enemies. Was it commendable aggression? That will be referred to a little later.

To one phase of The Post management The News at the time took decided exception. It was hardly excusable. The entrance of "Willie B. Goode" into the family circle to hold wives and daughters and sisters up to ridicule, to make them the subject of the cynic's smile or of open pity—though intended for playfulness, was highly reprehensible, and Messrs. Bonfils and Tammen themselves realized this after awhile, and for some time before the tragedy they had entirely suspended it. Their excuse was that some of the great Eastern papers conducted a branch of their society department upon the same plan and made the fashionable "doff" the butt of their quips and shafts. This feature of The Post, though it was not of long duration, made its proprietors many enemies that did not exist before. Thus, its opinion, to be carried to them

arrayed the fashionable women—young and old—against them, and the men of the families, without exception. It was an unfortunate venture of The Post in everything but business. It did not impair that, but it did cause it to lose heavily in both sympathy and prestige.

But, putting that aside, wherein did The Post err? The News will scan its columns for the past two years. It is not worth while to go back of that period. Nearly all of its fights have been political. The Packer episode, whatever the merits of Packer's case, is only to their credit. It was an open effort to release from confinement a man who has been in jail for more than twenty years. He is in jail, convicted of murder, committed at a time when all admit he was probably crazed with hunger and exposure. There are many excellent people who are quite convinced that he was not guilty of murder, and that first his companions were shot by one of the unfortunate group that had been lost and were starving in the snow-covered mountains in midwinter, far away from succor, and that Packer killed him just in time to save his own life. Be that as it may, the man was innocent, committed at a time when all admit he was probably crazed with hunger and exposure. There are many excellent people who are quite convinced that he was not guilty of murder, and that first his companions were shot by one of the unfortunate group that had been lost and were starving in the snow-covered mountains in midwinter, far away from succor, and that Packer killed him just in time to save his own life.

Tammen waged war invariably on the side of the people. They were against the greed of Denver corporations, entrenched and fortified with years of uninterrupted sway and the employment of phenomenal profits wrung from a bound and helpless people.

Let the public calmly review these struggles and pass in array the measures and men against and for whom they fought. Stand them out boldly, so that they will cut a cloudless mental vision, and note them on memory's pages—public officials who had betrayed in vital public measures their constituencies; public officials who were pledged in honor to resist certain corruption aggressions, and who gave evidence of phenomenal profits wrung from a bound and helpless people; public officials who bore the marked visage of the hypocrite and assumed the mask of virtue with which to grossly betray the public; corporations who, with unblushing effrontery, violated contracts, made the public subjects of their extortions; that corrupted electors and hesitated at no crime to carry out their conspiracies—every one of them against the public welfare and for their own lawless enrichment—These were the fights they made, and the News wishes them, its opinion, to be carried to them

on their beds of suffering—to one of them who, the News fears, is on his bed of death.

The editor who thus fights cannot but make enemies—many enemies, of the strong and influential. These enemies will be found in banks, in brokers' offices, in the rooms of directors. Their influence is manifold and far-reaching. Of such a man they speak with bitterness. Almost praying that their prophecies will be realized, they mutter, "Some one will kill that fellow yet," or give out some other prophecy of violence, because the editor, shielded in his armor of right, resists his aggressions and does not cringe the neck to his vulgar riches.

The poison ejected from such as these permeates the part of the social and business fabrics in which they rule. Those affected do not know the truth, nor understand the cause and the motive. Blindly the poison is imbibed, equally as blindly the prejudice it creates seizes their minds and hearts, and they stand ready to respond, when some person affected as they are themselves, arms himself and in quarrel which he was not slow to invoke, kills him, "Serves him right," "I knew it must come to this."

Of Bonfils and Tammen this can be said: They spurned bribes that were offered. They would not sell their columns for corporation gold. Does anybody doubt—nobody who knows the facts can—that their support would have been bought over to corporation schemes, that their opposition might be silenced, if they were in the bribe-givers' market? For these few whom they fought had no bribes to give; they were helpless, even to help themselves, without the support of such fearless men as the stricken publishers.

May not this account in a large part at least of the startling and shameful exhibition of gladness at the tragedy? The hero they would Bonfils presents a pitiful sight as he under pretext of representing The Post, induces the prisoner Packer to pay him \$25 of his savings from the monthly pension which the government pays the once brave and loyal army guide and scout. Going to an interview at which he had no reason to anticipate violence, if he could explain the questionable episode, he arms himself, and when whatever violence there was ended, he shoots one of his victims down in the hallway and enters a room and pursues the other into a corner, and shoots him down, and would have wounded him further but for brave resistance of a woman.

Bonfils and Tammen have many faults. They have not published an ideal paper. They, in many instances, violate accepted newspaper ethics. But they are brave men, and in public matters stood mainly for the right. There are many worse men than they who command the smiles and approval of those who rejoice at their misfortunes. They are generous of heart, impulsive and frangible. Many men can be better spared from this community than they.

HIGH-SPEED AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE.



A forfeit has just been posted by Mr. Alexander Winton of Cleveland, Ohio, for an international autocarriage race to take place at Paris in July. Mr. Winton will use the vehicle photographed above. His competitors will be representatives of the French, English, Belgic, Austrian and other clubs of international fame. The distance of the race will be about four hundred and fifty miles.

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