

THE AMERICAN GIRL'S FIRST OPPORTUNITY TO BE A REAL QUEEN.



EX-KING MILAN:

THIS WOULD BE BARA-IN-LAW:



THE YOUNG KING ALEXANDER



EX-QUEEN NATALIE:

THIS WOULD BE MAMMA-IN-LAW:

WANTED--An American Heiress to Be Queen!

An Empty Throne Waiting for Any Wealthy Girl Who Will Marry the Young King of Serbia.

To Assist the "400" in Spending Their Money.

An Afternoon "Tea and Sale" to Exhibit Exquisite Bric-a-Brac and Household Adornments.



THESE WOULD BE HER'S TOO

What American girl wishes to become a real QUEEN?

The only requisite is millions. The boy King Alexander of Serbia needs ready money very badly, and he has decided that an American heiress will solve all the troubles of his bankrupt kingdom.

A throne is, therefore, awaiting any American girl who has sufficient wealth to meet the requirements. This is probably the first time in American history that such an opportunity has ever been offered.

Along with the distinguished title of QUEEN goes a palace, a crown, a collection of royal jewelry of stupendous antiquity and a number of castles scattered throughout Serbia.

Serbia is one of the kingdoms that sprung up out of the ruins of the Roman Empire. The people are Slavonic, with some slight traces of the Roman influence. For centuries it was strong and independent, and then the great power of the Turkey Empire forcing its way into Eastern Europe overwhelmed it. From the fourteenth century it was a Turkish province, and only at the end of the last century did it begin to assert its independence.

But the national spirit was never crushed. There was always an hereditary chief and a nobility, rough, but without the faults of a similar class in richer countries. A more interesting nationality could hardly be found in Europe.

The King has great personal power, is Commander-in-Chief of the Serbian Army and supervises the acts of the national Legislature. His Queen would share to a great extent in many of his powers.

She would be mistress of a large palace in the capital, Belgrade; of the castle of Topstschider, and a splendid park near the capital, and of many other residences. She would have a great suite of ladies of the bedchamber, courtiers and chamberlains at her disposal, for although Serbia is poor, there is no lack of officials with high-sounding titles.

She would receive at her court the homage of noblemen who held their feudal estates before William the Conqueror invaded England, even before the Eastern Empire had gone to ruin, and the philosophers of Greece had ceased to teach.

It is also probable that she would have to become a member of the Greek Orthodox Church.

Ex-King Milan, father of the young monarch, will come to America himself to conduct the negotiations for the securing of an American bride for his hopeful. Milan is an interesting wanderer on the face of the earth, bent on his own amusement. He passes a considerable portion of the year in Paris. While he has money there is joy in the hearts of his demimonde and wine in the hearts of his boon companions. The porters of the Hotel Chatham have often had the task of bearing the royal person up the stairs to its bedroom. Milan's arrival will certainly be a welcome vent in the Tenderloin, or

whatever there may be left of it. Let us hope the Four Hundred will find him equally agreeable.

The terms of the marriage contract are to include an unconditional transference to the King of a large sum of money—at least ten millions. Serbia is a very poor country, and that would go far toward maintaining its monarch in good style and enabling him to open his Legislature, the Skuptschina, in a handsome suit of clothes.

If an American girl should marry the King she will certainly be the first who ever became a Queen. It is therefore of the greatest interest to American girls, to their parents and to the perplexed American nation to know something about the person and manners of the young man.

It should be said at once that only the joy of becoming a queen could possibly compensate a woman for marrying him. But then, as Mr. Gilbert's character has said:

"It is no little thing, I ween, To be a regular, regular, right down, royal queen."

Not only is he very ill-mannered, coarse and unclean, but he is violent, strong willed and very powerful physically. The girl who has known what it is to have all men bow down and worship her in this country would find everything changed. If she were not thoroughly subdued and submissive His Majesty would undoubtedly take her by the hair and throw her a few times against the wall as a corrective. Sometimes, perhaps, he would do this merely because his breakfast had disagreed with him.

The King is now nineteen years of age and remarkably strong. His figure is tall and well but heavily made. His head is as round as it can well be. His forehead is low, his jaw firm, and his short, black hair stands straight over the top of his head. He has a small black mustache and a small snub nose.

The rapid development of his muscular powers during his teens was a source of surprise to his attendants, and by no means of joy. He never hesitates to inflict corporal punishment when he is displeased. Once he is related to have knocked the heads of two courtiers violently together. At another time he threw one of them into the sea.

He did not acquire much learning from his tutor, Dr. Lazar Dokics, and showed little sympathy with modern ideas on the subject of personal cleanliness. He is an antique Serbian in his ways. The founder of his dynasty, whose family name is Obrenovitch, was a swine herder, and a student of heredity would at once connect this fact with the characteristics of the young King.

In spite of his faults, it is likely that he will have more success than his father in holding the difficult position of King of Serbia. His rough and ready ways are not displeasing to the common people, and he has many democratic traits.

He hired a cab and went for a drive near Buda-Pesth. After a time he stopped at an open-air beer garden and sat down. He ordered the waiter to bring two glasses of beer, one for himself and one for the cabman.

"Excuse me; it is not my duty to carry beer to the cabman," said the haughty Hungarian waiter, who was not impressed by the appearance of his youthful customer.

"All right," said Alexander, "I'll wait on

him myself. That poor fellow must be awfully dry, and it would be cruel to make him wait for the man whose duty it is to carry beer to the cabman."

Early in this century Serbia was a helpless dependency of Turkey. At series of revolutions in the Balkans restored it to its ancient rank of a kingdom. Since then it has been a bone of contention between Russia and Austria, and has been the scene of bloody wars and assassinations.

King Milan was a hot-headed spendthrift and sensualist, with no political skill. He was disgraced by the defeat which Prince Alexander inflicted on the Serbians. He quarrelled with his handsome wife, Queen Natalie, who has no better temper than himself, and treated her shamefully in public. Then he divorced her and expelled her from the country. For a time she kept her son with her. Twice King Milan caused the boy to be kidnapped and taken from his mother. On these occasions the young Alexander behaved with much spirit, and resisted the kidnapers furiously.

Then a revolution drove Milan from the throne of Serbia, and Alexander was proclaimed King, with a council of regency. In 1888, when only seventeen years of age, he executed a coup d'etat, deposed the regents of their power and became King of Serbia in fact.

Another instance of his precocity was his falling violently in love at the age of fifteen with a handsome countess, aged thirty-three.

He met her first at a court festival which he attended with his tutor, Dr. Dokics. He was then King under a regency. On entering the ballroom she was swooping to pick up a jewel she had dropped. He has excellent eyesight, which enabled him to see the jewel and appreciate her attractions. He remained at her side all the evening, in spite of the protestations of his Ministers, and met her by appointment in the park of the royal castle of Topstschider.

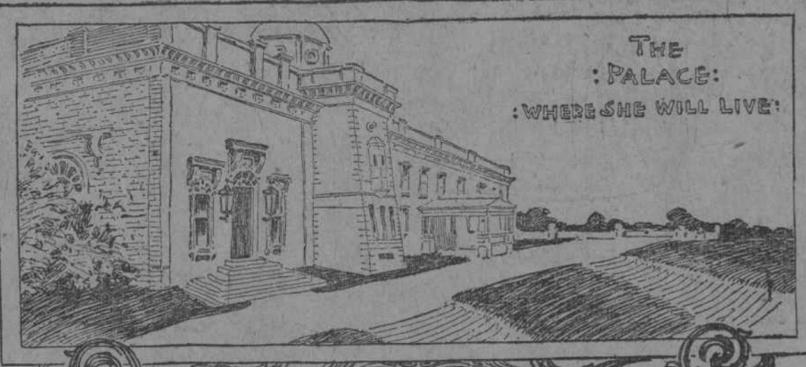
The intimacy was continued. The Min-

isters endeavored to palliate it on the ground that it was the natural attachment of a boy deprived of a mother's care for a lady of mature years. But there were circumstances which, in her husband's opinion, did not coincide with this view, and he sent her away to her mother's home, in Hungary.

Alexander started to follow her, and got as far as Buda-Pesth, where the Regent Klutas caught up with him and brought him back to Belgrade. Then he announced his intention of horsewhipping the woman's husband, and the latter was obliged to keep out of his way.

That was two years ago. Now the King is willing to settle down with a wife who will give him a lot of money and obey him. Here, then, is the chance of her life for an adventurous, ambitious American girl. She may become the wife of a man who is not only a king in rank, but has far more

THE PALACE: WHERE SHE WILL LIVE!



THE QUEEN'S NATIVE COSTUME:



HOW SHE WILL DRESS

personal power than an English sovereign has. She will also have the advantage of being in the centre of the most perilous disturbances in European politics.

Several attempts have been made to secure a European princess as a bride for King Alexander, but all in vain. Proposals for the hands of the Grand Duchess Xenia of Russia, of the eldest daughter of the Grand Duke Vladimir, of the Princess Sybil of Hesse, of the Princess Fedora, sister of the German Empress; of the Infanta Mercedes of Spain, and of many other princesses have been rejected.

His betrothal was announced to the Princess Anna of Montenegro, but this match was defeated by the personal objection of the young woman herself.

TIDAL BELL BUOYS.

Always Ready to Sound an Alarm, Even When There is a Dead Calm at Sea.

The force of the tides as distinguished from that of the swelling waves is to be utilized to keep in agitation bell buoys in harbors, under a patent just granted. "A current actuated bell buoy" is what the inventor calls it. The action from the force of the current is wholly automatic. The float upon which the superstructure and bell are mounted cuts and shifts from side to side. A ball is confined in a tube under the bell at its mouth, and having free passage as the float lists it strikes the bell with great force. The bell will ring equally well by the action of the sea.

The feature that is most novel is that the bell is at its best when the sea is smoothest. Just so long as there is motion in the water, whether tidal or current, it is sufficient to ring the bell. This feature will be most appreciated by masters and pilots for the reason that as a rule a thick fog is accompanied by a deathlike stillness. It is then that the skipper anxiously feels his way, listening for some familiar guiding sound. He has no hope of hearing a bell that is alone actuated by the sea, but the tide is always with him, either at ebb or flow, and the tidal bell buoy is sure to be faithfully at work, pealing its warning notice.

One of the ladies of the Four Hundred has hit on a new profession—the right Livingston stock—the right

She is of the Livingston stock—the right Livingston, at that; blood and bone of the original Robert Livingston, who came to New York from Scotland in 1672 and obtained a grant of the Livingston Manor tract on the Hudson. She married Rudolph Shack, stock broker, athlete and man-about-town. During the latter years of his brief life Mr. Shack spent a good deal more money than he made, and during the last year of his Wall Street career lost more than he spent.

His widow, with the adaptability and the pluck of a clever, well bred New York woman, has turned to excellent account her knowledge of the life that lucky people lead. She has found a way of spending money women a new way of spending money without unduly fatiguing themselves, and every one knows that this is as desirable an achievement as the discovery of perpetual motion. It is plain truth that one of the hardest tasks is to spend a great deal of money and get good value for it, for shopping is a rough process, and a woman who is used to the ease and comfort of a luxurious home is as exhausted at the end of a day's picking and choosing as if she had been climbing a mountain.

Mrs. Shack sends to the ladies with whom she wants to do business—and they are only the very cream of New York society—a card in this form.

MRS. RUDOLPH SHACK.

117 East 27th Street.

Monday and Thursday, April 6 and 9.

Tea and Sale at 4 o'clock.

I was fortunate enough to obtain a card for one of these exclusive matinees the other day. I don't know when I have seen a prettier sight. In the pretty that there were about fifty ladies, all of the top crust of Gotham, and there was a pleasant murmur of admiration as they looked at the decorations and ornaments. Mrs. Shack has followed the excellent plan of taking some attractive object in nature as her guide to a scheme of color, and her rooms, on this particular occasion, had for their "motive" the delicate greens and blues of mother-of-pearl, with here and there a flecking of the luminous pink which gives light to all iridescent combinations.

A GEM IN A PICTURE.

The heavy silk hangings of the walls, the curtains over the windows and the portieres over the doorways, the French porcelain, the lamp shades, the tea cloths and the napkins were all in the picture. There was not a spot of heavy red or blue in sight. The furniture was of light wood, carved in antique designs, selected and arranged by Mrs. Shack. An exquisite cabinet, inlaid with mother of pearl, sustained the dainty character of the decoration. La France roses, in tall jars of Venetian glass, and clusters of myosotis, in vases of the most tender shade of Wedgwood, stood in every corner, and where the windows contained most great bunches of green Cornelia-Cooke roses were caught in the hoop of the curtain cords, as if to emphasize the fact that the clattering world was securely excluded.

I never saw a prettier or more novel effect than that produced by these knots of long-stemmed roses fastened in the heavy silk ropes. The flowers, of course, do not

last as long as if they were in water, but, for that matter, one only expects them to do service for an hour. On a table lay delicately printed standard editions of the modern poets, bound in white vellum, with elaborate illuminations in gold and silver and pale blue and green and pink on the covers. A writing table set of the fashionable light green maroulin corse stood on an escurtoire, with correspondence cards of light blue, each bearing a quaint old-fashioned flower in simple pink stencilling.

Everything in the place was for sale—that was the part of the cocoon in which the milk lay. One woman bought a rare old teacup, another a charming water-color painting, another bought a whole corner of the room, hangings, divan and cushions. Prices were about the same as those at a store of the best class, but it was Mrs. Shack's good taste and experience which enabled her to combine various trifles in such a way as to make them fairly worth far more than their intrinsic value.

EACH WEEK BRINGS A CHANGE.

Another week there will be different "lines" of ornaments, as the merchants say, but always there is the same graceful idea of collecting in a cozy little room just the sort of things which make a dainty combination and there exposing them to the view of just the sort of people who want to buy them.

Mrs. Lorillard Spencer, a great friend of Mrs. Shack, presided at the tea table, and it is easy to understand how much pleasant it was to buy a few little knickknacks in the pauses of a pleasant chat with one's acquaintances than in the "rush of the peopled bazaar."

And I could not help thinking, as I left the house and turned into Madison avenue, how much better it was for a woman in Mrs. Shack's position to find a real use for her talents than it would be for her to adopt the old-fashioned expedient of worrying everybody on one's visiting list with tickets for concerts and readings—tickets which have the stamp of begging plainly imprinted upon them.

ELLEN DENT.

FISH IN CROTON WATER.

A Common Nuisance Which Sometimes Interferes with the Putting Out of Fires.

Again have the Fire Commissioners complained to the Board of Public Works that the presence of fish and eels in the Croton water mains is a nuisance and a source of danger as well. At a recent four-day fire near First avenue and Thirty-fifth street, the section pipe of engine No. 21 was choked up with a school of fish and could not be used for a time in the attack upon the fire.

At a Harlem fire several years ago over three hundred pounds of minnows, catfish, shiners and small eels were picked up in the streets, having come from the mains. Small eels got into the pipes and remained there until they grew large enough to choke up a service pipe, depriving large flat houses of a water supply. Their removal is no easy matter, and is expensive. The Fire Commissioners ask that the Board of Public Works hold that the nuisance can be abated by placing small sieves at the mouth of the Croton Aqueduct.