EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, **NOVEMBER 14, 1917** 

# Pictorial Section

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plot to kill the "Prophet," that about a dozen persons, some of them belonging to the best and to the highest social circles, were concerned in it, and that at last lots were drawn to select the man who was to execute the victim. Among those persons were members of the Conservative faction of the Duma, some officers of several guard regiments, and even ladies of the smartest set of Petrograd. That something was known concerning this plot in governmental circles can be seen from the fact that the Minister of the Interior, Mr. Protopopoff, who had always been one of the most ardent disciples of Rasputin and who had been working with him for the conclusion of a peace which both considered to be useful to their personal interests, hearing that he was going to have supper at the house of

"The joy of the public at the murder of Rasputin could not be suppressed, notwithstanding the fear of the police. In all the theatres and public places the national anthem was sung with immense enthusiasm. Only a few hysterical women wept over the end of his wicked career. during the meal, and that the pretext for it was the conduct of

Rasputin toward one of the ladies present at the table. Other people relate that they waited until the "Prophet" was on the point of departing, and that as he was putting on his overcoat the young man who had drawn the lot designating him for the deed shot him with his revolver at the foot of the stairs. The body was then wrapped up in a blanket and put into the automobile of a very high personage, which was waiting in the garden of the house where the event took place, and driven to the Neva, where it was dropped under the ice. It seems that after this had been accomplished one of the conspirators went to Tsarskoie-Selo and informed the Tzar of what had taken place, as well as of his own share in the deed.

In the meanwhile the authorities had become suspicious. At 3 o'clock in the night screams had been heard by a policeman on duty at the corner of the street in which was situated the house of Prince Youssoupoff. He also noticed several persons coming out of the house, not by the usual entrance, but by the garden, which had a door leading into another street. After this, an automobile was seen driving out of that same garden, an altogether strange circumstance. This automobile was seen by another policeman about one hour later in the islands which surround Petrograd, driving



THY his feelings had undergone such a change it is impossible to say, but one may make a pretty near guess as to the motives hich actuated him. One of the principal motives undoubtedly was he idea that existed among a certain circle of persons that if peace re made with Germany, the English and French officials working ith Russian officials in perfecting the defense of the fatherland, nd whose presence already had prevented so many malversations, would depart. This would leave once more a free field for the apacity of all the civil and military functionaries of the War Office and Commissariat Bepartments, who could make a new harvest of ubles as a result of the unavoidable expenses which the liquidaion of the war would necessarily entail.

There were, however, some persons who, seeing the dangers in he path in which this nefarious individual was leading Russia, cided that, as nothing else could bring about his removal, it had to be effected by violent means. I do not seek to excuse them, far ess to take their part. Murder remains murder, but if ever an assassination had an excuse, this was the slaying of Rasputin, which also implied the destruction of the crew of unscrupulous people of which he was the tool. There was something of self-sacrifice in the onspiracy to which he fell a victim, something of an intense love if the fatherland in the spirit that armed the hand of the man hose pistol sent him into eternity. One may condemn the deed and yet excuse its motive. Though I am not trying to do so, yet I hall not be the one to cry out for vengeance against the overmited young people who risked everything in the world to deliver their country from evil.

Of the details of the murder we know very little, and even the avelers who have gone abroad since it was committed could only meak vaguely about the circumstances that attended it. It is ertain, however, that there was a deeply laid and well organized

several versions of the crime are given. Some say that it was done will appear in daily installments beginning Saturday. of a Pennsylvanian This interesting life story of one of Pennsylvania's leading jurists and pub-lic men is replete with revelations of

The First Installment will appear in SATURDAY'S ULUSTRATED Evening Kedger

Prince Youssoupoff, sent there the Prefect of Petrograd, General

Balk, with instructions to watch over the "Prophet." When the

Prefect appeared upon the scene, he was politely asked by the

master of the house to withdraw, as his presence was not required.

London, is the husband of the Princess Irene of Russia, the first

cousin of the Czar. By virtue of his position he could do whatever

he liked, even to dismiss curtly the principal police official of the

capital. At the supper which he gave on the night when Rasputin was

killed about a dozen people belonging to the best circle of Petro-

grad society were present. What passed during the meal and how

the murder itself was committed is not known even now, though

Young Prince Youssoupoff, who, by the way, is well known in

Prince Youssoupoff, the man who shot Rasputin, in native costume.

close to the Neva and not on the usual road. The next day the garden of Prince Youssoupoff was searched by Secret Service agents, who found some blood traces on the snow, but the servants of the Prince declared that it was the blood of a dog that had been shot the day before. No one dared cay or do anything more against the supposed murderers, especially as the body of their victim had not yet been found. The river was dragged and it was not until twentyfour hours after the event that the dead man was discovered under the ice in a frozen condition, with the features so completely battered that they could be recognized only with difficulty.

The curious thing is that, though it was known exactly where the body had been dropped, it could not be found at once, having been carried away by the current further than had been expected. This gave rise to all kind of rumors, and the friends of Rasputin tried to spread the news that he had escaped and was hiding away somewhere from his persecutors. The tale, however, could not be kept up for any length of time, as the whole capital with an unheardof rapidity became aware that the most detested man in the whole of Russia had at last met with the fate which he so richly deserved. The joy of the public could not be suppressed, notwithstanding the fear of the police. In all the theatres and public places the national anthem was sung with an immense enthusiasm. No one regretted what had happened, and the people suspected of having had a hand in the murder received messages of congratulation from every quarter. In fact, they became at once national heroes. The murder so far has remained unpunished, and it is more than likely that no one will be brought to account for it.



by Samuel W. Pennypacker

The Autobiography

political activities and with delightful characterizations of noted personalities all enlivened by the writer's quaint humor.



"As the 'Prophet' was putting on his overcoat to depart Prince Youssoupoff shot him with his revolver at the foot

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of the stairs."

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

A novel of love, hidden treasure and rebellion in beautiful, mys-

terious Cuba during the exciting days of the revolt against Spain.

# AINBOW'S

### (Copyright, 1917, Harper & Bros.) CHAPTER XI (Continued)

HIS was the Colonel's m ment. "I will tell you!" he said, with a sneer at am not for a moment deceived by this low's common lies. This"-he paused maically and held his brother officers with a burning glance-"this instrument, hee of injecting fulminate of mercury

There was a breathless hush. The panlards stared at the little syringe with

"And how does it operate?" queried one. sea the bulb

## American "Frightfulness"

There came a loud cry from General una, who had bent closer; he clapped his hands to his face and staggered from his chair, for in suiting his action to his ords the Colonel had squeezed the bulb, with the result that a spray of sait water had squirted fairly into his supefor officer's interested and attentive lance.

"My eyes! Dios mio! I am blinded for " shouted the unhappy General, and subordinates looked on, frozen with ternation.

The author of this calamity blanched; was stricken dumb with horror. some one cried: "A doctor," quickly. us Cristo! Such carelessness!" "This is terrible!" another stammered.

It will explode next." There was a concerted scramble away

m the table. Leslie Branch laughed-it was the first

that O'Reilly had ever heard him five audible evidence of amusement. ted, and from his lips issued queer. cal barks and chortles. "Tell 'em writer." nothing but brine," he said chok-

intelligence had the General

great sigh of relief, followed by a sub- Cuban rebeis, and her relations with your pen can do more injury, can cause and you have a way with you-there's General Antuna sighed. "Then I see dued titter at the Colonel's expense. The Spain are becoming daily more strained; the death of more Spanish troops than to denying it. Under other conditions it embarrassments ahead for both of us." latter was chagrined. Having made himself and the comandante ridiculous, he took refuge behind an assumption of exaggerations, the mendacities, that have Relly. "I am something of a genius somber and offended dignity. But it was gone forth from here to your newspapers. him to Nuevitas and see him safely out that your further stay in Cuba will not you must have noticed that Americans mechanical inventions, and therefore plain that he still considered these Americans dangerous people, and that his sus- rising in our own way; we will tolerate picions were as keen as ever.

Still a Suspect

The interruption served to end O'Rellmy opinion, was devised for the pur- ly's ordeal, for the moment at least, and attention was now turned to his companion. It was evident from the first that Branch's case was hopeless. He readily acknowledged himself to be a

newspaper writer, and admitted having sent articles for publication through the "It is one of those ingenious Yankee mails. This was quite enough; from the entrivances. I have never seen one attitude of the military men it promised wite like it, but my intelligence makes to go hard with him. But he sprung a a principle plain. Evidently one inserts surprise by boldly proclaiming himself an tube into the dynamite, so, and English citizen and warning his captors not to treat him with the contempt or with the severity they reserved for Americans. Curiously his words had an effect.

Judgment for the moment was suspended, and the two prisoners were led away, after which another delay ensued.

At last O'Reilly was recalled; but when he re-entered the big room he found General Antuna awaiting him, alone.

"Permit me to apologize for the inconvenience we have put you to," the comandante began.

"Then I am free?" "You are." "I thank you."

The General's hard eyes gleamed. "Peronally. I at no time put faith in the idea that you are a powder expert," said he. "No. I had my own suspicions, and I regret to say this inquiry has not in the least served to lessen them."

"Indeed? May I ask of what you suspect me?" Johnnie was genuinely in terested.

The General spoke with force and gravity: "Mr. O'Reilly, I believe you to be a His reedy frame was shaken as by a far, greater menace to the interests of ful spasm; his colorless face was dis- any country than-well, than a score of dynamite experts. I believe you are a

The American smiled. "Are writers such a dangerous people?"

"That altogether depends upon circum The United States is in

ill-feeling grows, and all because of the could a regiment of Americans with dyna-We are determined to put down this up- of the country, once for all."

no foreign interference. War is never a pleasant thing, but you journalists have

magnified its horrors and misrepresented Johnnie was surprised. the cause of Spain until you threaten to

would be a pleasure to know you better. mite. Your English friend makes no secret of his business, so we shall escort

By REX BEACH

Author of "The Spoilers," "The

Barrier," "Heart of the Sunset'

### Danger

"And yet you permit me to remain?" have guessed your secret?"

"For the present, yes. - That is my of-O'Reilly's perplexity was changing to bring on another and a more horrible ficial message to you. Privately, how- dismay, for it seemed to him he was to remain indoors. Of course not, Well' combat. Now then, you understand what ever"-the speaker eyed O'Reilly with a being played with; nevertheless, he shook Among our soldiers are many new re-I mean when I say that you are more disconcerting expression-"I would like his head. "I would only be deceiving you, dangerous than a powder expert; that to warn you. You are a bright fellow, sir," he said.

"More arrests?"

"Not necessarily, Understand me. I "It grieves me, therefore, to warn you speak as one gentleman to another, butbe-pleasant. I almost regret that there are uppopular with our troops. Eh? is no conclusive evidence against you; They are impulsive, these troopers; acciit would so simplify matters. Come now, dents cannot be prevented. Suppose hadn't you better acknowledge that I something should happen to you? There is the trouble. You came to Cuba to

enjoy its climate; you cannot be expected of thought he said gravely: cruits, patriotic, enthialiastic young fel-

lows, but-careless. They are wretchedly unproficient marksmen, and they haven't learned the dangers of promiscuous rifle fire. They are forever shooting at things. through the streets, therefore, worries me best eigar in all Cuba!" intensely."

"Your solicitude is touching." O'Beilly bowed modelingly.

"Suppose you should be found dead some day. Imagine my feelings." The speaker's tone and expression were cloquent of concern. "How could I fix the accursed affliction returns, perhaps we responsibility?"

'By having me followed, as usual, I dare say," O'Reilly said bitterly.

### Doomed

day and night; in fact, to be quite sure pleasant, but efficacious. A little nickelof your-er-safety I shall ask you to plated pill, that is all." General Antuna's permit one of my men to accompany you teeth shone for an instant. everywhere and even to share your room. O'Reilly did think of General Antuna, But these detectives are careless fellows not only when he was escorted to the at best; I don't trust them. Of course, railway station at daylight, but when he such precautions , would exonerate me and Branch took their seats and their from all blame and relieve my Govern- guards filed in behind them. He assured ment from any responsibility for injury himself moodily that he would not come to you; but, nevertheless, it would tend to think of that sardonic old joker for a to complicate relations already strained. long time to come. He cursed savage You see I am quite honest with you." the memory of these wasted weeks, The General allowed time for his words narrow margin of his failure, filled him to sink in; then he sighed once more. "I with a sick feeling of dismay and im wish you could find another climate potence. His mind qualled at the co equally beneficial to your rheumatism, quence of this new delay, Where It would lift a great load from my mind. Rosa now? How and when I could offer you the hospitality of an return? With difficulty he re escort to Nuevitas, and your friend Mr. impulse to fling himself from the Branch is such good company he would train; but he composed him so shorten your trip to New York!" The thought that Cuba was not i speaker paused hopefully; that same with bayonets. He Monic flicker was on his lips.

Johnnie could not summon an answering smile, for his heart was like lead. He realized now the utter futility of resistance; he knew that to remain in Puerto Principe after this thinly veiled warning would be to court destruction-and destruction of a shocking character against which it would be impossible to guard. Even an espionage stricter than that to which he had been subjected would utteriy defeat his plans. After a moment

"I appreciate the delicacy of your consideration, sir, and-I shall go.'

General Antuna leaped to his feet, his grim face alight; striding to O'Reilly, he pressed his hands-he seemed upon the point of embracing him. "I thank you!" he cried. "You render me a supreme merely to score a hit. Would you believe service. See, I breathe easy. Permit me it? Oh, I have to discipline them free to offer you refreshment-one of our quently. To think of you going abroad famous Spanish wines. No? Then the

Wasted Weeks

"You embarrass me," O'Reilly told him, endeavoring to carry off his defeat with some show of grace. In his bitterness he could not refrain from adding. "If my shall meet again before long, either here or elsewhere."

"Oh. I have little hope for such a pleasure," the General quickly replied. "But if we do meet, remember we Spaniards "Oh, you will, of course, he shadowed have a cure for rheumatism. It is un-

