

SEES VAST PLOT AGAINST NATION

Radical Elements of Country Banding Together, Senate Committee Hears

Washington, March 11.—Mall matter seized since the signing of the armistice has disclosed that the I. W. W. and other radical elements are perfecting an amalgamation which has for its object the overthrow of the American government through a "bloody revolution" and the establishment of a Bolshevik Republic...

HELP YOUR DIGESTION

When acid-distressed, relieve the indigestion with KI-MOIDS. Dissolve easily on tongue—as pleasant to take as candy. Keep your stomach sweet, try KI-moids.

HAIR HINTS

Helpful Advice for Care of the Hair. Worthy the Attention of Everyone Who Would Avoid Dandruff, Itching Scalp, Falling Hair.

If your hair is getting thin or you are troubled with dandruff and itching scalp use Parian Sage daily for a week and you will surely be surprised to see how quickly it stops your hair from falling out and removes every sign of dandruff and itching scalp.

Before going to bed I rub a little Parian Sage into my scalp, says a woman whose luxurious soft, and fluffy hair is greatly admired. This keeps my hair from being dry, brittle or scraggly, helps it to retain its natural color and beauty, and to make it easy to dress attractively.

Beautiful, soft, fluffy, healthy hair, and lots of it, is a simple matter for those who use Parian Sage. This harmless, inexpensive, delicately perfumed, and non-greasy invigorator is sold by Kennedy's Drug Store and at all good drug and toilet counters.

Banish Nervousness

Put Vigor and Ambition into Run-Down, Tired Out People

If you feel tired out, out of sorts, despondent, mentally or physically depressed, and lack the desire to accomplish things, get a box of Wendell's Ambition Pills at H. C. Kennedy's today and take the first big step toward feeling better right away.

If you drink too much, smoke too much, or are nervous because of overwork of any kind, Wendell's Ambition Pills will make you feel better in three days or money back from H. C. Kennedy on the first box purchased.

MUSTEROLE—QUICK RELIEF! NO BLISTER!

It Soothes and Relieves Like a Mustard Plaster Without the Burn or Sting

Musterole is a clean, white ointment, made with the oil of mustard. It does all the work of the old-fashioned mustard plaster—does it better and does not blister. You do not have to bother with a cloth. You simply rub it on—and usually the pain is gone!

Musterole will not blister. 30c and 60c jars; hospital size \$2.50.

The Private Life of the Kaiser

FROM THE PAPERS AND DIARIES OF THE BARONESS VON LARISCH-REDDERN THE KAISER AND KAISERIN'S LATE MAJOR DOMO, CHIEF OF THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD AT BERLIN AND POTSDAM

Baroness von Larisch-Reddern is the TRUE name of the Berlin Court Lady, who gave the story of the Kaiser to Henry William Fisher. Ursula, Countess von Eppinghoven being a nom de guerre, heretofore used to shield her.

The Savage at Home—Kaiser Sets a Drillmaster to Cudgel His Wife, His Courtiers and Domestics—Servants Threatened With Fists and Sticks—William Ran His House as He Wanted to Run the World—"I Won't Stand Any Nonsense From Any of You" (Meaning the Nations)—Story About William's Double—Herbert Bismarck Gave the Empress Many Heartaches—The Imperial Court A-tremble—Who the Infamous Eulenburg Really Was—Kaiser Sponged on Him For Years—"The Woman Pays"—A Woman of the Eulenburg Family Paid Cost of Kaiser's Entertainments—He Was So Low a Creature One Must Needs Bring Out All the Circumstances to Understand the Baseness of His Character

"THE SAVAGE AT HOME" this contribution of Baroness von Larisch to the Secret History of the Court of Berlin may properly be labeled. The world has stood aghast for four and one-half long years, appalled and wondering at the unprecedented savagery displayed by the Huns under the Chief Hun's command.

I think the man whom I despised most from the day I entered the palace was Major von Liebenau, the court marshal, who for many years exercised a strange influence over the Kaiser. I had seen royal born, and had helped to distribute its garter on the wedding eve; I had stood at its death bed, and in royal company had enjoyed the good things of this world—Paris fact a greater part of my life had been spent at court; but where formerly I was welcomed as a friend and companion, I was now—such are the vicissitudes of life—merely one of a few hundred attendants. Was, then, Madame de Cornuël's adage, that no great man is perfect in his valet's eyes, to be brought home to me with terrible force the right at the beginning?

"These people," I argued to myself, "are like sponges, absorbing the atmosphere of their environment, being at the same time too careful not to let their own interests assume an attitude out of countenance with that of their betters.

Court-Marshal's Advice: "Be a Liar and Hypocrite"

The voice of Court-Marshal von Liebenau, now my superior, woke me from the reverie into which I had dropped. "My dear Baroness," said the courtier, rising from his arm-chair, "take a bit of friendly advice before you select your suite of rooms among the apartments set aside for Her Majesty's ladies. If you want to succeed at our court, leave all thoughts of independence, all independent notions of truthfulness and common, every-day honesty, outside the palace gate, divest yourself of personality—all individualism save that of our masters' is odious—be an unselfish, pure German and stick upon Her Majesty's whims, do not be ruffled by a superior's insult, and if at any time you must fly into a rage, retaliate upon those under you."

I was about to speak, to protest, but the Court-Marshal anticipated me. "I know what you want to say," he cried: "you think it mean and contemptible to let the innocent suffer for their betters' wrongs, and I agree with you. But we all do it, must do it; it is a sort of lightning-rod for our ill-temper."

Au revoir. Once more—be an automaton."

William's Double

Liebenau was a man after William's own heart, his double in more than one respect. A lieutenant in the First Guards, he attracted the then Prince William's attention by the same characteristics that drew him to the younger Bismarck.

When William was Crown Prince studying statecraft in the foreign office under Count Herbert's tutelage, Liebenau got his real foothold in the princely menage established in the March Palace, which he ruled with a high hand. At the same time the heir to the crown was revelling in the charms of divers queens of tragedy, comedy and the ballet, attached to the royal play and opera houses, taking his cue about "the only use woman's fit for" from Count Herbert who never spoke of the other sex except in the coarsest of terms.

William's young wife saw herself reduced to the position of a "Holstein," good enough to fill a succession of royal cribs, ranging in size like the pipes of an organ. She was rigidly excluded from her husband's world of ideas and ambitions, which, perhaps, she did not comprehend, but for all that, endorsed with touching sincerity. These were indeed unhappy days for the royal Augusta Victoria.

How often she has poured the story of her mortification and disappointment into mine and the Countess Brockdorff's ears! Poor Princess! She had been brought up to the sober truth that royal women must get used to dividing their husbands with others and bowing her blonde head under the historic yoke not with the worst of grace. What rent her heart was William's cynical way regarding woman's supreme duty and highest honor—motherhood.

"Follow my father," answered Herbert. Liebenau, though more the Kaiser's alter ego than Herbert, was never on terms of intimacy with William, who selected him as Major-domo when the Kaiser's household was established, for the same reason that, in 1897, prompted his nomination of a general of cavalry for the position of Postmaster General, because he was a good driller, a disciplinarian of the sort that does his master's bidding without the slightest thought for the feelings of others. An official reputed to carry out orders unflinchingly and, if need be, unscrupulously, was always apt to attract a man of William's arbitrary temperament.

Liebenau's Secret of Power

There was another point speaking in Liebenau's favor. At first William's income was a little over \$50,000 per year, a mere bagatelle, considering the aristocratic position of master and mistress; but the Court-marshal, coming from a family in which the Prussian saying, "Golden collar—stomach hollow," has had practical demonstration through generations of uniformed, spurred, and sabred vaingloriousness and misadventure, promised to carry on the stewardship of the household as most prudent in most other hands, to a nicety—promised it, and kept his promise.

He did more. During the first two or three years, at least, he managed to set aside for the personal use of the Prince considerable funds. Later, debts were contracted; they were not Liebenau's making, though, but of the Kaiser's. But, while ingratiating himself with William, and, in fact, with the entire royal family—this "mounted beggar," as the old Empress Augusta called him—Liebenau retained his inclination for the noble art of browbeating.

Loyalty itself (I doubt whether a more laudable reefer of courtly phrases and of assurances of respect and humility ever addressed a royal lady), nothing seemed to give this intriguer more satisfaction than to raise, on the plea of expenditure, whatever the future Empress expressed a wish for in the way of food, or petty luxury, not on the daily list.

"Think of it," she said to me one morning, "this Liebenau refused me a glass of Madeira for second breakfast, claiming his budget would not permit such extravagance when we are alone, there being hardly enough to set the table as it ought to be set when the Prince himself is present. My appropriation scarcely warrants the purchase of expensive wines for the Royal Highness' consumption; he had the impudence to tell me, I nearly choked with anger."

Attempts to Outroyal Royalty

When William became Crown Prince, Liebenau retained his position at the head of the largely augmented household; but, on assuming the throne, the Kaiser kept him on the anxious bench many weeks before granting him the rank and

title of Chief Grand-marshal of the Court. Liebenau established a reign of terror at the palace, as William had done in some departments of government; but, while the Kaiser waited before promulgating his boast and threat: "There is but one master—none other will I tolerate," his Marshal proceeded at once to demonstrate that he was the real King's Lieutenant, in the ruler's manner possible from whose decisions no appeal could be had. And that was no idle talk, for in domestic affairs the Kaiser listened to no one but him.

Court a Tremble

Thus, with a master the very reverse of polite, accessible, or generous, and a submaster trying to outdo the other in arbitrariness and contemptuous treatment of all beneath him in rank or social station, our Court was in a wretched plight, and the Empress' ladies especially suffered from this barrack regime.

Our private apartments in the Schloss at that time left much to wish for in a sanitary sense, as indeed they do now; but whenever Countess von Brockdorff, or any of us, ventured to suggest the slightest improvement to the Court-marshal, that functionary cut short our complaints in the rudest manner possible. And not only that; even the Empress' orders were treated much in the same insolent fashion, so the whole Court was kept in a perpetual turmoil.

Disgraceful Rows in Palace

The male dignitaries and officials of the imperial household fared no better than ourselves under the King's lieutenant, and disgraceful rows in the ruler's manner were almost daily occurrences, while the servants, besides being subjected to the coarsest treatment, had to endure threats of corporal punishment.

These broodings and bullies continued uninterrupted and unpunished until the omnipotent Pooch-Bah happened to run amuck of General von Wittich, chief of royal headquarters, who, being offered insolence, threw down his gloves, and shaking his fist in the Court-marshal's face cried: "If you were not so far beneath me, I would whip you like the cur you are."

[To Be Continued To-morrow.]

Only Hope for Russia Lies in American Aid

Philadelphia, March 11.—Madame Catharine Breshkovskaya, the "It-girl" grandmother of the Russian revolution, last night told members of the Contemporary Club that the only hope for Russia and the only cure for Bolshevism lies in the aid given by the people of America. She said that help was needed badly and that only through such help could Russia struggle out of the chaos into which she is plunged.

Aid not only in words but deeds is needed, Madame Breshkovskaya asserted. Aid in the shape of food and clothes and all the other necessities of life is the sort of help that will turn the tide against Bolshevism. Education is another factor that will play an important part, she said, but that, of course, can only come with time. Bolshevism, she declared, is an idea and not a government.

RESOLUTION LAID OVER

Trenton, N. J., March 11.—Failing to get the tide against Bolshevism for the ratification of the national prohibition amendment in the Senate last night, and in order to save the measure from defeat, Senator Harold B. Wells, of Burlington county, the introducer of the resolution, during the roll call, had it laid over.

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Delightfully soothing and healing in all cases of chapped, roughness and irritation of the skin.

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Only eight Senators voted for it and ten against, two not voting. The probability is that the resolution will be brought up again if the dries see a chance of winning three more votes, but the wets are confident that the dries have polled their full strength in the Senate and that the resolution is dead.

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