

A ROYAL TRAGEDY

The Gloomy Paths That Led to the End of the Romanoffs.

PLOTS OF A MODERN BORGIA

A Russian Writer's Picture of the Czarina of Alexander III, Maria Feodorovna, and Her Ruthless Efforts to Grasp the Reins of Power.

In her book, "Russia of Yesterday and Tomorrow," Baroness Soultz, widow of a Russian nobleman, gives the following behind the scenes glimpse of the tragedy of the last of the Romanoff dynasty:

Gayety did not mark the reign of Alexander III. Shadows of pale fear followed the heavy czar and obscured his life and that of Maria Feodorovna, the Danish princess. Her whole hope was in the future, and with the atavism of queens who mixed poisons for their husbands she dreamed of her own autocracy.

With the terrible ambition of ruling Russia the czarina did not prevent her husband from heavy drinking. The giant's heart was weak.

Circumstances favored the hopes of Maria Feodorovna. Secretly she formed her party, the camarilla of Maria Feodorovna. Her sons were frail little boys with all kinds of inherited diseases. The czar, the stubborn little Nicholas, was no obstacle to her. Her sons became men, and Alexander, notwithstanding his heart disease, lived longer than the physicians prophesied. Maria Feodorovna became restless.

All the czar's schemes developed rapidly. Alexander's enormous body swelled and swelled. Day and night he sat in his big armchair, tortured by suffocation and worrying about Nicholas, who was so poor a czar.

Maria Feodorovna smiled on the czar's pseudo court. She let her camarilla flourish and support his idea of marrying a dancer. Then, she was sure, his light as czar would never burn, and Michael, who was sick and good natured, would be only too glad to leave the reins of the government in the hands of his mother.

The ministers revealed to the czar the dangerous ideas of the czar's and the machinations of Maria Feodorovna's camarilla. He was still the czar, though the dying czar. He summoned Nicholas and forced on him his marriage to the Princess Alix of Hesse.

Alexander III, expired. The pomp of the funeral was over. The czarina mother took up her residence at the Anitschkof palace, the residence of the widows of the czars.

The czar's hope was in the child she was expecting. Her firstborn was a princess, and the poor czarina became timid before sinister fate. She saw herself and the czar drifting apart under the influence of the czar's mother. Her second child, so anxiously longed for, came. Again a little girl.

The morning came when the sound of all the bells, followed by the twenty-one gun salute, announced to all Russia the birth of an heir.

The czar's mother, Maria Feodorovna, had to carry the child, the unwelcome grandson who annihilated all her efforts and her ambitions for her son Michael. She held the little bit of potential manhood in her arms, breathing on the babe wordless curses. Poor little boy so ardently longed for and then persecuted at his entrance into the world!

The czarina trembled for her new happiness. Her little treasure had to be watched, and even then she was never sure which of all the nurses or ladies in waiting, bought by the czar's mother, might betray her.

The camarilla never hesitated at assassination. Positively true is the story that one morning when the czar's child was put into his bath the czarina, in a neighboring room, heard the child utter a terrible scream, followed by helpless whining. She rushed into the nursery to find the boy lying in his tub with a blue face and desperately struggling to get out of this death bringing danger. The czarina snatched her son out of ice water. The terrible mistake was attributed to the nurse.

All that was not plotted by the anarchists the cruel, fantastic camarilla invented. The little freedoms of the young sovereigns were under terrible espionage. For every theater party, for every entertainment, they provided cleverly arranged and dramatically discovered assassins.

The camarilla worked well. Terror crept through the palace, crept through the doors into the private rooms of the sovereigns. They fled from the capital to bury themselves in the solitude of Tsarsko Selo, nowhere sure that plots would not be forged in their closest entourage.

And so it was and so the grim tragedy was enacted until the revolution that sealed the fate of the luckless dynasty.

A Suggestive Hint.

A certain eminent lawyer was appointed head of a government department, and he was anxious that all the members of the staff should work together in unison. He summoned the leading officials and after delivering an address on the desirability of thorough co-operation concluded by saying: "Gentlemen, in my profession when a jury disagrees it is discharged. I think I need say no more."—London Mail.

Between the great things that we cannot do and the small things we will not do the danger is that we shall do nothing.

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HIS LAST PRAYER.

Stevenson Wrote It For His Family the Night Before He Died.

On the night before Death gave him his hand Robert Louis Stevenson composed and read to his family the following prayer:

"We beseech thee, Lord, to behold us with favor, folk of many families and nations, gathered together in the peace of this roof: weak men and women, subsisting under the covert of thy patience. Be patient still; suffer us yet awhile longer with our broken purposes of good, with our idle endeavors against evil; suffer us awhile longer to endure and (if it may be) help us to do better. Bless to us our extraordinary mercies; if the day come when these must be taken, have us play the man under affliction. Be with our friends; be with ourselves. Go with each of us to rest; if any awake, temper to them the dark hours of watching, and when the day returns to us, our sun and comforter, call us up with morning faces and with morning hearts, eager to labor, eager to be happy, if happiness shall be our portion, and, if the day be marked for sorrow, strong to endure it.

"We thank thee and praise thee, and, in the words of him to whom this day is sacred, close our oblation."

GEMS OF TRANSLATION.

Some Crude Spanish Found in American Business Catalogues.

A man who has learned Spanish in Spain picked up one of the numerous American business catalogues that are sent to Latin American countries in alleged Spanish. This is what he read according to the Pan-American Review:

"In an automobile catalogue splendidly illustrated and richly illustrated, but full of absurdities on account of its sufferable translation, I read this caution at the foot of a magnificent illustration: 'Cinco pasajeros curros para viajando,' just as if we would say in English, 'To traveling car five passengers.' Instead of 'five passenger car for traveling.' In a leather goods catalogue the caption 'Harness for a single horse buggy' is translated into Spanish in this way, 'Harness for a bachelor horse full of bugs.'"

You can find in many hardware or machinery catalogues the most striking translations; for instance, corkscrew for screwdriver, nut for screw, slobber for bolt and hair curl for corkscrew! All of which must spread laughter and sunshine in South America.

INDIANA GIRL WINS SHUBERT COMMENDATION

She Appears in Title Role of Opera "Dorothy" at Local Chautauqua.



HELEN GUENTHER.

Helen Guenther, who has the title role in the light opera "Dorothy," one of the big features of Chautauqua week, is a little Indiana girl who has sprung into the limelight through a combination of talent and energy. Although scarcely twenty years of age, she has been featured by the famous Shuberts of New York, not in out of the way places, but in such musical and theatrical centers as Boston, Philadelphia and New York.

Miss Guenther went to college for two and a half years on a scholarship which she secured through brilliant work in the classroom. During the remainder of her course her tuition and living were earned through personal effort, particularly along musical lines.

When she is seen here as Dorothy she will play with J. K. Murray, the famous light opera star and screen favorite. Incidentally Mr. Murray was engaged in motion picture work until a few weeks before the opening of the Chautauqua season, appearing with Marguerite Clark and others of note in some of the masterpieces of the Famous Players Film Corporation.

PERSIA'S NATIONAL DRINK.

Sherbet is the Popular Beverage in That Thirsty Country.

The great beverage in Persia is sherbet, which is plentifully supplied and of which there are many varieties, from the bowl of water with a squeeze of lemon to the clear, concentrated juice of any sort of fruit to which water is added to dilute it.

The preparation of sherbet, which is done with the greatest care, is a very important point in so thirsty a country as Persia and one to which much time is devoted. It may be either expressed from the juice of fruit freshly gathered or from the preserved extract of pomegranates, cherries or lemons, mixed with sugar and submitted to a certain degree of heat to preserve it for winter consumption.

Another sherbet much drunk is called gonzegebben. It is made from the honey of the tamarisk tree. This honey is not the work of the bee, but the product of a small insect or worm living in vast numbers under the leaves of the shrub. During the months of August and September the insects are collected and the honey is preserved. When used for sherbet it is mixed with vinegar, and, although not so delicious as that made from fruit, it makes an excellent temperance beverage.

Only among the rich and fashionable are glasses used. In all other cases sherbet is served in china bowls and drunk from deep wooden spoons carved in pear wood.

SOLDIERS' UNIFORMS.

They Are Not Khaki, but "Cotton O. D." or "Wool O. D."

In speaking of the uniforms worn by the soldiers in the regular army and the militia do not speak of them as khaki. It is incorrect, says the Kansas City Star, because the soldiers do not wear khaki, and, besides, the soldiers are not at all partial to the word. The uniforms worn now are described by the war department as "Cotton O. D." or "Wool O. D." The "O. D." means olive drab and is descriptive of the color of the uniforms. Cotton uniforms are worn in the summer and wool in the winter.

Khaki is a word of East Indian origin, meaning dusty, and comes from the word khak, meaning dusty. It is a clay or dust colored cloth, originally coming from India. It was first worn by the native British troops and later by all British troops serving abroad or on campaign.

It was later adopted by the United States government for both field and colonial service because of its serviceable qualities and because it was supposed to make it harder for the enemy to detect soldiers. The color of the uniforms was supposed to merge into the color of the ground.

Khaki is lighter in color than olive drab, and the khaki cloth is said to be superior to the cotton uniforms now being worn in the army.

The Church of Gold.

There is no structure just like St. Mark's, in Venice, in the world. Its bulb shaped domes and minaret-like belltowers remind the visitor of the orient. It seems more like a Mohammedan than a Christian temple. In the facade are scores of variously colored marble columns, each one a monolith and all possessing an eventful history. Some are from Ephesus, others from Smyrna, others from Constantinople and more than one even from Jerusalem. St. Mark's is the treasure house of Venice, a place of pride as well as prayer. The work of beautifying this old church was carried on for five centuries, and each generation tried to outdo all that had preceded it. The walls and roof are so profusely covered with mosaics and precious marbles that it is easy to understand why St. Mark's has been called the "Church of Gold."

Laying the Snare.

"For whom is she wearing black, her late husband?"

"No, for her next. She knows she looks well in it."

Knew Their Ways.

"You must diet, madam," said the doctor firmly. "And by dieting I don't mean eating less at the table and more in the pantry."—Exchange.

A man should be upright, not be kept upright.—Marcus Aurelius.

A CONTRAST IN POLICE.

As They Are Seen in Norway, Sweden and Denmark.

In Christiania the policeman is a mild and amiable citizen in a rather shabby coat and none too neat who strolls in the middle of the roadway and tries to maintain some semblance of order in the democratic muddle of the city's traffic.

In Stockholm the policeman is a walking arsenal, with sword and pistol and a brass helmet, and the arrest of a disorderly person becomes an act of state. There the policeman represents the high authority of a proud country. He fulfills his duty with a stern severity. He is the symbol of law and established order.

In Copenhagen the policeman is neither the happy-go-lucky citizen who patrols the streets of Norway nor is he a creature of resplendent glory like his colleague in Sweden. He strikes a happy medium. In this he is an excellent representative of a land where the peaceful living of its high-see-est-we-as-peaceful-living seems to be the rule.

As they are seen in Norway, Sweden and Denmark.



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Distinguishing Marks. "My dinner coat needs a button, Julia. Please attend to it tonight." "But I can't tell your dinner coat from your breakfast jacket, dear." "Why, the breakfast jacket has eggs on it and the dinner coat gray."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Gentle Finality. "What is the precise significance of the phrase 'the incident is closed?'" "It's a polite way," answered Senator Sorghum, "of saying, 'What are you going to do about it?'"—Washington Star.

Everything great is not always good, but all good things are great.—Demosthenes.

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