

The CZAR'S PERPLEXING DAUGHTERS

ONCE upon a time there was a king and he had four daughters. And the king was much perplexed where he should find suitable husbands for them. For he was a kindly man and they were beautiful girls."

We can well imagine this as the opening paragraph of an old-time fairy tale. But in this case it is an actual, acute situation staring in the face that much harassed man, the czar of all the Russians. Several years now the scandal-mongers of Europe have been explaining marriages of expediency arranged for the charming quartette. Perhaps they have been right.

The cloud of rumors has swirled most thickly about the proud Olga, the eldest daughter, because there is great likelihood of her inheriting the throne by the demise of her tubercular little brother.

Here is indeed a fitting subject for the romancer. Sweeping, imperial, with a curl of her lip so cold and haughty that it would almost belie her reputation for good nature, she is every inch a queen. There is magnificence about her youthful carriage rarely attained even by royal blood.

Yet she cares nothing for the throne, the ermine, the crown diamonds and the scepter. It is well authenticated that she tried to throw herself away upon her young cousin, Prince Dimitri Pavlovitch, the son of the profligate Grand Duke Paul.

For years a romance developed between them. There were clandestine meetings and the royal girl concealed in her bosom a diamond pendant which the young prince had given her. The revelation of her infatuation to the czar and zarina precipitated several fearful scenes. The czar dacha stamped her foot like any common girl. She would not be sacrificed as a wife for any pined-headed princely weakling. She would marry the man of her choice.

The czar is said to have at last consented. It was decided that the betrothal be published to the world.

And then the Grand Duchess Olga had the rudest shock that ever came to any young princess of the blood. Prince Dimitri confessed that he loved her sister Titiana more than Olga! Where Olga is stately, Titiana is irresistibly attractive. Where the elder sister is magnificent, imperial, capable of gracing a throne, the second daughter is winsome, magnetic, capable of becoming a great actress and taking captive the heart of a nation with her magic smile.

If there had been turmoil in the czar's household before, it was as nothing compared to the storm now. The czarina, always neurotic from the many nameless terrors that surround her family, collapsed completely and retired to her beautiful retreat in the Crimea. The prince who was the cause of the trouble left the country. His exile was complete—absolute. He seems now to have been shut out of the list of eligibles entirely.

This list of eligibles is not a long one and the daughters of the czar have a way of turning up their pretty noses at almost every name on it. Leading her list is the young prince of Wales, a schoolboy, thin faced, weakly, given to overmuch cigarette smoking, perhaps too greatly coddled by a foolish mother. Accustomed to the virile, if dissipated, society of St. Petersburg, the grand duchesses are not so much impressed by the British heir apparent. He is said to admire much the beautiful Titiana, but the reports that the affection is mutual are not well borne out.

The second most eligible young man from the point of rank and station is Adalbert, third son of Kaiser Wilhelm II of Germany.

He is stocky, rugged, far removed in appearance from the prince of Wales. Royal parents have thrown him and the quartette of imperial girls together. But nothing has happened.

In the olden days nothing was expected to happen. Rather, it made no difference. But times have changed. The royal girl demands her romance. She will not be cheated out of her need of love and affection. She has read the romantic novel and she knows what is her due of love and affection as a woman. She demands to marry the man she loves. She will not take this one or that one to please her father's prime minister.

This changed attitude of the royal young lady seems to have been the stone wall on which the plan for sealing the Balkan peace by royal match-making was shattered.

Last autumn there was much indignation, and just indignation, over the pitiless plan by which the diplomats intended to mate up the young folks of a stern European royalty.

In the first place, Olga was to be married to Prince Alexander of Serbia, the heir apparent to a throne stained with blood. It will be remembered that King Peter, Alexander's father, took this throne from assassins who killed King Alexander and Queen Draga, and even then the latter to pieces and cast the remnants of her body out of her bedroom window. Prince Alexander's elder brother, George, committed many horrible crimes, including the murder of the husband of his mistress, and was shut out from the line of succession. Alexander is said to be little better, a sot and a debauchee. The court at Belgrade is rude and barbarous. Olga's fate in such a union might well be pitied.

Then Titiana, she of the witching eyes, was to be wed to Prince Charles of Roumania. He is the oldest son of the crown prince of Roumania, who is the nephew of the aged king and queen Roumania is slightly more civilized than Serbia, but the Roumanians seized some of Bulgaria's spoils of war recently and the fierce Bulgarians



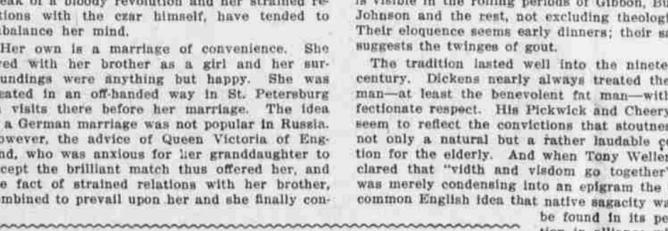
PRINCE DIMITRI PAVLOVITCH

THE CZARINICH

CZAR NICHOLAS

FAT MEN UNPOPULAR NOW

FIRST FIRM OF WOMEN ARCHITECTS



Schenck & Mead is the name of the latest firm in the field of architecture to swing its shingle before the eyes of New Yorkers. The members of the firm are Miss Anna Pendleton Schenck and Miss Marcia Mead. Both are very serious about their work and are meeting with considerable success.

SELF-SACRIFICE FOR NAUGHT

Early Experience of New York Lawyer Has Almost Convinced Him of Its Utility.

"I heard a cynic talking on the futility of self-sacrifice the other night," said a New York lawyer. "I didn't agree with his conclusions, but his theme recalled an incident in my youth that was certainly a case in point on his side."

"When I was a youngster the dog-

face boy was in his prime. We lived in the county seat of a county up state. My only sister—always my great pet—and I were intensely excited when we heard that the lad with the canine countenance was to come to our town.

"We had saved up all our pennies and when the boy arrived we had twenty-five. We figured the admission would be ten cents and we would have a nickel over for candy—without what's seeing a dog-faced boy without candy to chew while staring?

"Well, the boy arrived and we went down to the tent where he was being displayed. To our horror the admission was 25 cents. We puzzled long, but the tragic conclusion was always the same—only one of us could go in. So, with tender fingers, I drew forth the 25 pennies and in a voice husky with the emotion of disappointment I said: 'Here, Dot, you go in. I don't mind, and you can tell me all about him when you come out.'

"My sister protested, but finally went. In five minutes she was back. I was all eagerness to hear every detail of the famed face.

"How was he—how was he, Dot? What did he look like? It he a really truly dog? Tell me quick."

"Dot gazed at me and her lip quivered. 'Oh, Jack,' she said, 'when I got in I was so scared I couldn't look at him.'"

Close Connection. "You don't believe I love you?" she said. And she pressed him for his answer.—Ohio State Journal.

AFRO-AMERICAN CULLINGS

Liberia is the panacea that will cure all ills from which the black man suffers in this country, as well as in Africa. This is at least the view expressed by Bishop William H. Heard of the African Methodist Episcopal church, who returned to his home in Philadelphia after six years' residence in the republic of Liberia.

Bishop Heard was United States minister resident and consul general under Presidents Cleveland and McKinley from 1895 to 1899. It was during these years that he became convinced and strongly advocated that the best way to solve the problem of race antagonism in this country was the deportation of the American negroes to Liberia. Of this fact he is equally sanguine today, and he claims his idea is strengthened by the rapid growth and progress made by the people of Liberia along educational and Christian development.

The object of the present visit of Bishop Heard to this country is to complete plans for the establishment of a large and more thoroughly equipped industrial school modeled after the one of which Booker T. Washington is the head at Tuskegee, Ala. In speaking of his plans, Bishop Heard said:

"After years of contact with the native African, what he needs most to-day in order to civilize him is not so much Bible theory as practical manual training and to be taught the dignity of labor. Liberia has a population of 2,000,000 natives, foreign-born negroes from America and the West Indies included in this number. Thirty thousand are civilized and about 52,000 semi-civilized.

"For an industrial school like that of Hampton or Tuskegee no race appeals so strongly to the Christian world as the natives of Africa for this sort of aid—Christian education—and to no people do they make this appeal with so strong a right as to the Afro-American. No race was ever so plainly marked to help the natives of Africa. God never more plainly designated two classes to march together hand in hand to the working out of their own destiny.

"The longer the conversion of Africa is delayed, the harder and slower it will be in the end for the church of Christ to do its best and most effective work. Hence I deem it our duty here in America to do that work. The natives of Liberia less than a century ago were like the aboriginal Indians in America.

"Civilization may mean either his continued enlightenment or ruin. The only thing that can save him is Christianity and industrial education, and this is what is intended to be given the native African in the industrial school, which has already been established at Freetown, in charge of Rev. Harvey C. Knight, an Afro-American, graduate of Lincoln university.

"The school, although under the management of the African Methodist Episcopal church, is being encouraged and receiving some little support from the Liberian government. The school is an absolute necessity. We are training the natives to become instructors, for they have an advantage in teaching the African, as there are several dialects spoken which are difficult for the foreigner to master intelligently. This, you see, is an advantage over outside missionary workers, and to this difficulty the native is the key."

The best thing to do is your best. It is a fine thing the negro leaders in Kansas City are undertaking in bringing together their various charities in a federation. The charities which they sustain are highly creditable to the energy and self-sacrifice of the colored people themselves. There is very great need for all these institutions. Much of the work they do is preventive in character. Consider, for instance, the wholesome effect of the domestic science school which Mrs. T. H. W. Williams has instituted in her own home, which has trained 366 negro girls. With the various organizations federated, so they can avoid duplication of effort and co-operate more effectively, their efficiency and influence in the community must be greatly increased.—Kansas City Star.

The highest determined point in Florida is Mt. Pleasant, 302 feet above sea level, according to the United Geological Survey. The approximate average elevation of the state is 100 feet above the sea.

In England there are at least three farms devoted to the cultivation of butterflies and moths.

Henry Clay Folger, Jr., is said to have one of the finest collections of Shakespeareana in the United States. He recently became the owner of the late Sir Edward Dowden's Shakespearean library, comprising some two thousand volumes. Book collecting is Mr. Folger's avocation; in the business world he is known as the president of the Standard Oil Company of New York.

The wife of an old soak rarely seems to realize that others are wise, too.

Unlimited Picture Machine. Professor Cranz has lately submitted to the German Physical society a machine which allows the taking of pictures at the rate of 100,000 a second. This enormous limit is higher than anything which has been previously done. Machines are on the market which allow pictures taken at the rate of 5,000 a second.

Bodies moving at marvelous speed can be photographed in flight. For instance, the pistol shot can be caught and followed as far as the camera lens can reach. Infinite possibilities seem to be opening up along the moving picture line if this high-speed photography can be practically carried out.

Professor Cranz goes so far as to say that this limit is not fixed, but that the number can still be greatly increased if it is found necessary.

Daily Thought. A blessed companion is a book—a book that fitsly chosen is a lifelong friend.—Douglas Ferrol.

SIBERIAN REFORMS

Russia Introduces More Merciful Penal System.

Criminals Will No Longer Be Sent to Colony but Will Be Imprisoned Near Scene of Their Crime and Usefully Employed.

The world moves in Russia, perhaps not at as rapid a gait as in more favored lands, but still it moves. Russia may not be gaining the civic-political level of other great European nations by "gigantic strides," but it is taking long steps forward. Recently its government has instituted prison reforms, which, when in full operation, will deprive the term "exiled to Siberia" of its currency. When Russia has completed the great system of modern, up-to-date prisons which it is now planning, criminals will no longer be sent to Siberia. They will be imprisoned near the scene of their crime and will be usefully employed either at some trade or calling or on public works while serving their sentences. In a word, their condition will be similar to that of convicts in most European prisons. The British system has been chosen as Russia's model, and as Britain more than half a century ago gave up dumping criminals into Australia, so Russia in 1913 determined not to penalize Siberia with swarms of murderers, robbers and the small fry of lawlessness.

In coming to the conclusion that "Criminal exile" to Siberia no longer pays Russia has been assisted by the criminal exiles themselves. The Russian criminal code is the reverse of Draconic. Only treason felony is punishable with death. For murder and other felonies "criminal exile" to Siberia has been the commonest form of punishment. The theory of the law has been that when the sentence of the "criminal exile" in Siberia had expired he would settle down on the tract of land awarded him. Russia dreamed that the convicts in Siberia would follow the example of those sent to Australia, and become in time a thriving population. The practice was different. The convicts took the land and then took "French leave." The return to Russia was not difficult, and in so vast an area it was easy for the refugees to secure concealment and sympathy. Russia never used the death penalty to deter escape from "criminal exile," thereby refusing to take a leaf from the British book.

The failure of the Russian experiment has been complete. Siberia has made great progress, but not by the "criminal exile" system. The "political exiles," men and women of superior character and ability, have developed Siberia to the point of prosperity it has attained. They would have accomplished much more had there been no "criminal exiles" to bother them by their vice and their general shiftlessness. Today "exile to Siberia" is no longer inflicted on political offenders. Those who think aloud thoughts the government condemns are sent to undergo cooling incarceration in Russia. The czar's government still possesses a power similar to that the Bourbons in old times exercised by "lettres de cachet." Its "executive decree" is sufficient to consign a political offender to prison, without trial and without appeal. So long as this relic of barbarism survives the Russian code will be viciously unlike the codes of European nations, but the progress of prison reform gives ground for hope for progress in individual freedom.

The abolition of "criminal exile" to Siberia ought to send more sunshine into the lives of the Siberians. Siberia, though but sparsely populated for its area, is by no means "a great lone land." It has a population of between 8,000,000 and 9,000,000, and at least one of its cities has passed the 100,000 mark, with others pressing it close. The schoolmaster is not exactly abroad in Russia, it is becoming active. There are in the public schools of Siberia not far from 300,000 children, almost as many as are found in the schools of Russian Poland. Railroads have opened up Siberia, its products reach European ports, notably its butter, which commands ready sale. Altogether there is a boom on in Siberia, and its progress will be accelerated by the removal of the stigma which has given a region not unfair in itself a black mark in the political geography of the world.

Full Panel. The jurors filed into the jury-box, and after all the 12 seats were filled there still remained one juror standing outside.

"If the court please," said the clerk, "they have made a mistake and sent us 13 jurors instead of 12. What do you want with this extra one?"

"What is your name?" asked the judge of the extra man.

"Joseph A. Braines," he replied.

"Mr. Clerk," said the judge, "take this man back to the jury commissioners and tell them we don't need him as we already have here 12 men without Braines."—The Green Bag.

Cheers Replace Rog. For years it has been the traditional custom of the czar of Russia to drink the health of the troops after reviews and parades. Emperor Nicholas has just intimated to the minister of war that this custom is now abrogated, but that the commander of the troops is authorized to propose cheers for the czar and other members of the imperial family.

Displaced. "Don't you sometimes regret your retirement from official life?" "Well," replied the man who used to be great, "it is a little disheartening to find all the humorous stories formerly associated with me coming out with another man's name attached to them."

Forced on Him. "What a fine library you have!" "Yes," replied Mr. Cumrox. "The architect said the house wouldn't be complete without one."