



**If you wore medals as a Cook**

If you have a reputation of preparing the finest, lightest, most delicious and digestible baking in the land—if you never know what failures or disappointments are—if you were delegated to cater to the tastes of a finicky old king,

**CALUMET BAKING POWDER**

**Would Sustain or Even Enhance Your Reputation.**

The elements composing CALUMET are blended with such exactness that it is famous for its evenness of strength, leaving the food light, sweet and wholesome.

Do not confuse CALUMET with cheap or big can kinds, or the high-priced trust brands. It is a strictly high-grade baking powder, sold at a moderate price.

That it is the highest in quality and absolutely pure is proven by the fact that it received the highest award at the World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, 1907.

Ask your Grocer—Don't accept a "just as good" kind—insist on CALUMET.



**RUSSIA AND ROYALTY**

**A Shadow That Darkens the Path of the Czars.**

**THE FEAR OF ASSASSINATION**

**Plots That Were Woven Around Alexander II. and the Bomb That Shattered His Body—An Infernal Machine That Failed to Kill Alexander III.**

The shadow that falls across the path of the czars may extend the world round. Wherever the ruler of all the Russias may happen to be, there the shadow of fear lies.

Once in Paris, once in the palace gardens, Alexander II. was fired at. Again in the Winter Palace square one Solerief, wearing the uniform of an official, passed the guards one day, and again the czar was fired upon. Alexander ran for the palace. Solerief followed him and fired three times. The czar ran in zigzags, however, and so escaped. Not long afterward two mines were laid to blow up the imperial train. One did not explode, but the second wrecked the train. Once more the czar escaped. Watching eyes had saved him, their owners having persuaded the ruler to take another train.

Later Alexander II. owed his life to the fact that he came late to a function at the palace. A bomb blew clean out a large portion of the imperial residence, but the czar was not present.

But of all the attempts on the lives of Russia's rulers two stand out most clearly for their amazing ingenuity. One tells the story of a little unpretentious shop in Malaja Sadovaja street. Kobozoff, then unknown to the police, took the shop and set out to impress the police, who were always making sudden inspections of premises along the thoroughfares through which Alexander II. passed, that he was nothing but a provision dealer. Nearly every one in that street was a paid spy, but Kobozoff joked with his customers, pleased his purveyors and was most affable and apparently harmless.

The dealer inspired confidence, and his custom increased gradually. No wonder, for most of the parcels that his customers were carrying away by day contained nothing but earth—earth that during the night hours had been scraped by the man and his wife from beneath the street! It was by such ingenious method that a tunnel was hollowed and cleared under the thoroughfare and a mine laid beneath the way the czar often passed, an innocent couch upon which the housewife slept covering the entry to the tunnel.

Yet all the work was useless. On the day the scheme was to be carried out the czar upset all the arrangements by going off to lunch with the Grand Duchess Catherine Michaelovna. Among those who were watching on behalf of the terrorists was a beautiful girl—a contess, too—named Perovskaya. It was she who, seeing the altered arrangements, gave warning. The czar would return to the palace another way. Along this route four

men carrying bombs were stationed. One threw his. Men and horses were killed all around, but the czar stepped from his coach unscathed. A second man holding a bomb came forward and threw it. "This time the effect was awful," says Waclaw Gasiorowski, who describes the incident in his book, "Tragic Russia." "The czar fell as if cut by a scythe. His legs were shattered to pieces." So died the czar who had escaped as by a miracle many times.

Alexander III. followed, and there were attempts upon his life. The fourth was one of the most sensational in the entire list of nihilist plots. On a bright autumn day the imperial train traveled at full speed on the track well guarded by soldiers. It was toward noon. The imperial family were in the dining car, where lunch was about to be served. The cook and his help were making the last preparations for it when an assistant was taken ill.

The court physician attended the man and, having stated that he had fever, with symptoms of some inexplicable ailment, decided that the man could not remain in the imperial train, and he was left at the next station.

The train moved forward toward Borki, traveling at the speed of eighty kilometers an hour. Then the electrical bell notified the cook that the imperial family were ready for luncheon. A few seconds after the bell sounded a terrific noise was heard, and a violent explosion changed in the twinkling of an eye the luxurious imperial train into a heap of broken iron, of wrecked cars, of mutilated corpses, enveloped in smoke and made all the more harrowing by the moaning and cries for help of the wounded. Yet the czar escaped! The dining room car that the nihilists had intended should be a grave for the czar, his family and his suit saved him, for although its roof and floor were wrecked its sides were preserved. They inclined toward the center, propped each other like two cards and remained in that position, protecting those who were there from being crushed.

The cook who had been put off the train had worked the whole thing. He had placed an infernal machine in a cone of sugar and had faked his illness, thus getting clear away.—Philadelphia Ledger.

**TOWER OF LONDON.**

**The Perfect System by Which Its Treasures Are Guarded.**

The Tower of London has the most perfect system of burglar alarms that has yet been devised.

From Scotland Yard, from the governor's headquarters and from other places known only to a few responsible officials the whole Tower can be closed electrically within a few seconds. Even the ponderous gates at the middle tower, which weigh some tons and through which visitors pass, swing to automatically, and the escape of every one within is instantly barred. At the same time an alarm bell rings to warn wardens, police and soldiers.

In particular the precautions in the apartment containing the crown jewels are of a most scientifically elaborate kind. One of the beefeaters on duty in the room has merely to press a button, whereupon the heavy door closes, the alarm bell below rings, the other gates slam to and lock, and every person within the tower is instantly cut off from the outer world.

"The man who can get away with any of the crown jewels deserves them," observed a Tower official. "From where I am standing I could close every important door and gate in the Tower in as short a time as it takes to utter these words."

It was mainly to insure the safety of the crown jewels that the system was installed.

No order had been issued for the closing of the Tower on a recent Saturday when, greatly to their alarm, the visitors found doors locked, bolted and barred against them for about ten minutes, preventing any one leaving the Tower.

"The Tower simply closed—that is all," remarked an official. "Who caused it to do so we do not know. It might have been Scotland Yard, where the pressing of a button would imprison every soul within the Tower until the police gave the signal for their release, or it might have been the governor, anxious to learn whether we were all at our posts. At any rate, it was none of the minor officials."

"In fact, who closed the Tower and why is a secret known only to the highest authorities. There was no alarm, no attempt to seize the crown jewels."—London Mail.

**MADE THE MOST OF IT.**

**Clever Tactics When William Quit Using Tobacco.**

An excerpt from Doris' letter: "And, oh, Will, if you weren't the dearest boy! You often told me that you would do anything in the world for me, and now you write for my sake you've quit smoking. I'll have to wait until I see you to tell you what a dear I think you are."

From Janis: "You write that out of consideration for me you have stopped smoking for good. That was just lovely of you, William, and you may depend that I greatly appreciate it."

From Phyllis: "Billy, boy, it's just ripping! You're the dandy kid! Just to think that you would swear off using the weed just for me! It was mighty dear of you, Billy, and it makes me all the more keen for you."

From Marjorie: "To think that you've quit smoking, William! I was so surprised! Of course I always knew that you care for me, but to think that, as you say, you've made this sacrifice on my account—why, it's positively noble of you!"

From his mother: "Will, my son, this proves your love for me. Father is inclosing a check to show that he appreciates the fact that you think enough of your parents to give up smoking for them."

From his doctor: "Your letter advising me that you have obeyed my orders and stopped the use of tobacco is at hand. As I said, your compliance \* \* \*."—Puck.

**Back Numbers.**

"William," said Mrs. Van Gelder to the man of all work. "I want you to clean out that large closet in the hall just outside the parlor. Burn all the old newspapers, waste paper and any other rubbish you may find there."

After a short time she met William in the hall carrying in his arms a huge pile of sheet music, the property of her eldest daughter.

"What are you going to do with Mabel's music?" she asked.

"Why, burn it, sure, as you told me to. It was in the closet there with the other rubbish."

"But I didn't mean the music. Put it back at once."

Noting his mistress' displeasure, William inquired in surprise: "Why, hasn't she played it all?"

**Wouldn't Hang the Jury.**

An old negro named Ephraim, having been sworn on the jury in a murder trial, for some time resisted a verdict of guilty for no other apparent reason than his strong aversion to capital punishment in general. Finally the foreman explained to him that it was a question either of hanging the prisoner or hanging the jury and that it all depended on him. "Fo' gracious, sah," replied Uncle Ephraim, "on dem reasonments de pris'ner am sho' guilty."

**Perhaps.**

"My wife is getting so she can cook." "You are prejudiced in her favor."

"No, I am not. She gave a tramp a piece of pie last week, and he has been back for more three times."

"Perhaps he is after a hero medal."—Houston Post.

**The Mean Thing.**

"Why are you mad at her?" "I met her on the car today, and she said, 'Oh, let me pay your fare' and I said, 'Oh, you mustn't,' and she didn't."—Houston Post.

**PLEA FOR CROSS OF RACES.**

**Sociologist Believes That Indian Blood Would Improve American.**

"I believe that a little of the blood of the American Indian mingled with that of our own race would produce a strain of manhood which would be hard to equal."

So declared Professor William I. Thomas of the department of sociology and anthropology of the University of Chicago in a lecture at Chicago the other day. The subject of his talk was "Race Prejudice."

"As people travel and become better acquainted with conditions as they exist," the speaker continued, "the prejudice against the races will gradually disappear and intermarrying will be common. The prejudice of the future, then, will not be bound up with the tint of the skin, but with the degree of intellectual development and occupation."

"In recent years a number of marriages have been recorded between the Japanese and the Americans. I see no reason why this should not go on, and I do not believe the result would be harmful to our standard of life. The

Japanese have shown themselves to be our equals in many ways, and a little mixture of their blood with that of our countrymen would be a good idea. I believe, however, that the talked of cross between the negro race and the American would be too violent and that it would not meet with success."

**DOWN IN AN ACTIVE VOLCANO**

**Professor Rodger Performed Hazardous Feat in Japan For Science.**

Professor Jay Rodger, president of the American University union, who has been in Tokyo lecturing on scientific evidence of Biblical truths, has accomplished a hazardous undertaking never attempted heretofore. For the purpose of investigation he descended 100 feet into the crater of the active volcano Asama, using a chair and pulley, worked through the assistance of several stalwart missionaries. The Japanese were astounded at the daring feat, which they had thought impossible of execution.

The Asama volcano is about eighty miles northwest of Tokyo. It is 8,315 feet high, and, though it is still active, its last great eruption took place in 1783.

Anything to Oblige. While crossing the ocean the two sprightly children of very searick parents were scampering around the deck.

"Tom, dear," said the mother in a weary voice, "the children are too near the railing." But he was too ill to notice, and in sheer desperation his wife nudged him on the arm. "Speak to them, Tom," she said faintly.

With a wan smile he lifted his head and said, "Eh—how do you do?"—Ladies' Home Journal.

Village Gossip. "Is Squire Whetstone considerate of dumb animals?"

"I don't know how he treats 'em," answered Si Simling. "But he certainly speaks mighty kind of 'em when he's engineerin' a hoss trade."—Washington Star.

Hilarious. Clarence—I'm going to ask old Vavasour for his daughter's hand. What's a good way to begin? Algy—Oh, spring a few other jokes on him first and see how he takes them!—Exchange.

Despotism may govern without faith, but liberty cannot.—De Tocqueville.

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**Monday, September 20, 1909**

Lucas Block

Bismarck, N. D.