

FORMER KAISER CALLED INSANE

This Time His Own Best Friends Make the Charge.

SLAVE TO TRAVELING MANIA

One of the Stanchest Monarchist Papers Gives Space to a Sensational Article Obviously From an Authoritative Source—Says if William Had Been Born a Laborer He Might Have Perished as a Tramp—Worries Other Crowned Heads.

Significant indeed are the signs of the times when the most resolute of junkers and most loyal of monarchists seriously and publicly discuss the question of William von Hohenzollern's sanity. For many years, indeed ever since early in his reign, opponents have impugned his sanity. They have recalled the acknowledged strain of insanity which showed itself in former generations of his family, and have also stressed the well-known fact that for nearly all his life he has suffered from a chronic and most severe affection of the ear, which might readily involve a lesion of the brain. But now it is not his foes but his friends who are saying these things.

The most sensational of such utterances appears in that stanchest of monarchist papers, the "Berliner Staatsbürger Zeitung," which gives conspicuous place to a communication obviously from an important and authoritative source. In part it follows: "A mere layman is generally quite incapable of detecting any mental derangement, or, if he does perceive it, of giving the sufferer suitable treatment. When, some twenty years ago, I visited an asylum for the insane in the Rhenish provinces, and was shown by the director through all his wards, I was so strangely affected that I actually began to doubt my own mental sanity, and finally asked if there really existed any mentally normal men. The director was open to conviction. It seemed as though he had expected my question or as though he himself had often thought of it. (Incidentally, ten years later he himself became insane.) He replied that perfectly normal men were in fact very rare. But to this circumstance he attached little importance. In the world there go about men who, though abnormal, are not suspected of insanity. Confined in the asylums are the patients who are dangerous to the community, though some of them may seem sane. "That the violent insane are dangerous to the community needs no detailed explanation. Many patients need only the temporary care of an asylum.

The ex-Kaiser's Mania. "The ex-Kaiser suffers from psychopathic vagans, or traveling mania. An internal unrest urged him to lead a vagrant life. Men afflicted with this disease are not capable of performing their duties in regulated work. Had William been born as a laborer he might have perished as a tramp. As a member of the middle class he could have become, under certain circumstances, a capable commercial traveler. His abnormality became dangerous to the community only through the circumstance that, in accordance with tradition and usage, he had to adopt the calling of his father and lead the destinies of a people of 60,000,000, which he was not able at all to do. That the thing went wrong was really not his fault, but the fault of the monarchial German constitution, which does not intrust the direction of the reich to the most capable but to the man designated by birth.

"When the ex-Kaiser fled to Holland his passion moved him to disregard safety with his big traveling automobile. Holland is a little country and the imperial car ran at a speed of 80 kilometers an hour, and the imperial horn signalled everywhere where made the Hollanders nervous. The Dutch government thereupon, without a moment's hesitation, interned the Kaiser in its Amerongen castle. The order for confinement was diplomatically made, for the alleged reason that only in this way could the Dutch government assure the Kaiser's safety. The confinement to the premises of the castle was for the patient the hardest blow of his life. Since then he has spent a great part of the day roaming about in the wood and in the meadows, or reading books of travel so as to procure for himself a substitute for his passion.

Nut on Traveling. Traveling was to such a degree a fixed idea of the Kaiser that when affairs of state or the fact that there was no one to be visited, made traveling impossible to him he sometimes passed a night in his parlor car, which stood in the railroad preserve, only five minutes from his new palace, under the pretext that he had to be in Berlin at an impossible hour the next morning. At the beginning of the summer of 1895 he indulged in this strange pastime until one evening in June the empress found the courage, when he was about driving to the station, to threaten that she would visit him in his bachelor abode. William then for several months abandoned this habit, and this was fortunate because a conspiracy threatened to break out among the domestics, who did not care to sleep so often in their clothes. They threatened to inform members of the left in the reichstag about his majesty's wandering and tell them that the entire railway traffic was much de-

rang when his majesty passed the night in the station. "More than a hundred officials and workmen were awake tonight owing to the Kaiser's caprice of sleeping in his car," Count Eulenberg said to me one evening. "Impossible! A hundred persons? "A hundred and more—the list has passed through my hands. Just consider for a moment the work; freight trains have to be shifted on a siding and passenger trains have to run slower, as the usual signals, the whistle of the locomotives and the ringing of the bells, are not allowed. The number of employees has to be doubled in order to prevent accidents.' "Worries Danish King. "The first imperial travels were to St. Petersburg, Vienna, Copenhagen, London. In Copenhagen the emperor declared that he liked it there so much that he would return every summer. The Danish king almost fell from his chair. If one considers that Denmark is but a small country and that the king of this minor state has only limited means at his disposal, one will understand his dismay. In consideration of the Danish poverty the czar, whenever he visited his father-in-law, paid liberally the cost incurred by him and his retinue. The German emperor, however, whose retinue consisted of 60 heads, never spoke of money. He rather asked military parades, warship salutes, gala operas, banquets and the like. No wonder that a panic broke out when the puffed-up Berliners announced themselves. Subsequently, whenever the Kaiser proposed a visit to Copenhagen the Danish ambassador in Berlin was directed to call attention to the sickness of the queen, who needed rest, and ask that the visit should be postponed. "Czar Alexander was more outspoken in his refusal of William's visits. He, to be sure, had no reason to fear that the Berliners would eat him poor and bare, as at the court of Copenhagen, nor could he allege as an excuse that the czarina was not strong enough to stand the excitement of such visits. The czar simply wrote to his Berlin ambassador that he refused to be disturbed in his retirement by that young man of Berlin. When Bismarck during a discussion smuggled this letter into the Kaiser's hands William grew pale after perusing it." The appearance of this astonishing publication in one of the strongest Prussian monarchial organs has aroused speculation upon its possible connection with the forthcoming second marriage of the ex-Kaiser, to which most of his family, and especially his eldest son, the former crown prince, are known to be violently opposed. There is even gossip that a Hohenzollern family council may declare the ex-Kaiser non compos mentis, and therefore incapable of reclaiming the throne, whereupon the succession would pass to the crown prince.

PAYS 40 CENTS A "CUSS"

Judge Invokes 1794 Blue Law and Man Pays \$2.01 Fine. It now costs 67 cents per violation for breaking the third commandment; common or garden variety of profanity is 40 cents a cuss at Patterson, Pa. Squire March, in trying Tom Burns for swearing at Miss Alice Jackson, unearthed the following blue law passed in 1794: "If any person of the age of sixteen years or upward shall profane, curse or swear by the name of God, Jesus Christ or the Holy Ghost, every person so offending shall pay the sum of 67 cents for each profane, curse or oath. Persons swearing by other names than the aforementioned shall pay 40 cents for each curse word uttered."

After perusing this venerable ordinance and hearing what Burns is alleged to have said to Miss Jackson, the squire collected \$2.01 from the offender.

BRAZILIANS TAKE UP RADIO

Powerful Broadcasting Station at Rio Janeiro. The radiophone craze, while now becoming an old story in the United States and other countries, has just hit Rio Janeiro.

A powerful broadcasting station has been erected on the summit of Mount Corcovado, overlooking the city, and besides the government buildings many commercial and private houses are being outfitted with receiving sets with which to "listen in" on the daily programs of concerts, news reports and lectures.

Other cities in the vicinity also are picking up the report, which has been heard as far as Sao Paulo. This is believed to be the first big broadcasting station to begin operation in South America.

BEE TREE HUNTING

Hundreds of Unemployed Have Sought Forest and Got Profit. The quest of wild honey has enticed hundreds of unemployed into the Snoqualmie National forest in Washington, and men are reported to be able to locate two to three bee trees every day.

The bees prefer to hive up in a tall hollow cedar, but are also found in other kinds where lightning or natural deformities have caused cracks or crevices. The bees are not wild in reality, but are derelict swarms breaking away from domesticated colonies. The amount of honey found in some trees is prodigious. A big cedar opened up near Baring one day revealed a column of beeswax ten feet long and from ten inches to two feet thick. Nearly five tubs of comb-honey was removed and strained.

Not Well to Be Too Observing. A person who is too nice an observer of the business of the crowd, like one who is too close in observing the labor of the bees, will often be stung for his curiosity.—Pope.

Record Long Word. It has been reported that a word of 188 syllables has been found in the Sanskrit. The report does not include a translation of the word.

Specialist. Young Doctor (introducing his only patient to a friend)—"Mr. Brandel—my practice."—Fliegende Blätter.

Daily Thought. The best portion of a good man's life are his little nameless unremembered acts of kindness.—Wordsworth

The Vanquishing of Nancy

By M. MACWILLIAMS

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) "You'd love me if I were a pie for my sirup and eke for my crust. Therefore, sir, I'm asking you why you are raising this terrible dust?"

Thus Nancy improvised, her head the least bit aside, her eyes dancing wickedly at sight of Lauren, most abject of all her thralls. He stood half way between door and window seat, his mouth mutinous, his eyes glowy. A letter had preceded him—the kind of letter jealousy writes and seals with a threat. Lauren had indeed threatened the empress of his heart that unless she ceased aspiring for universal masculine dominion, he was going to cut and run for it—she could take him, else have him leave her for good and always.

He had thought he really meant it—but all the way to the Fitch place he had been in blue funk, fearing she might also think so. Suppose she should like him at his word, give back his ring and plunge even more badly into a sea of summer flirtations? That would be hard—she was already hitting on all six cylinders that way, according to the gossip of Blainhill. A select suburb, home of families boasting super-finished daughters, naturally it disapproved of their being put out of court by an upstart without a single accomplishment.

True, Nancy danced like a willow in the wind, but never bothered as to steps. She rode in any old costume she happened to be wearing, played golf with as little regard to sartorial requirements, and at auction "bid her hand" without regard for anybody's rules or signals. Also and further she called sports clothes loud, even vulgar, flip hats messy and beady things savage. Notwithstanding, she managed to look always like a picture, and to have all the most eligible beaux at her beck and call. Aggravating, considering her status as an accident. If the street had not got most of the Jennings' money, Nancy and obedient Granny would never have had a chance to snapp up the Jennings' cottage for a year.

The rector had vouched for them—a work of supererogation, considering their bank account. Its lusthood possibly made them so little of sticklers for the social mint, anise, and cummin. Granny's world beginning and ending in Nancy, yet in its kindly round embrace all who were in need of kindness. Still—she wouldn't join things—not the village improvement, the special Provident, the mothers' circle, nor even the library association. "We shall stay only until Nancy gets to wanting somewhere else," she explained. "Of course we'll do our part—but as outsiders—then there won't be any trouble leaving."

That had been lived up to. Her gardener had furnished plants for all the gardens whose owners lacked wherewithal to buy them—by help of the rector she was a very special individual providence—new babies might have howled down blessing on her gray head, so soft and piteous were the layettes she supplied. The library was different. The Fitches had brought books aplenty—they bought few new ones, so had evidently none to spare. If Nancy wanted to dip into the latest sensation it was sent her from some city agency under special contract. Granny read little beyond her Bible, prayer book and the morning paper. The paper kept her from stagnating, she said. What more could an old woman desire?

She stopped midway the heavy leader she was conscientiously wading through to ask plaintively: "Laury, do you know anything about stocks? Or bucket shops?"

"Enough to let them alone," Laury growled, glad deep down of the stay in his progress Nancyward. Nancy sat up very straight, saying primly to Granny: "Don't tempt innocence, Grannykins, I know you're a born gambler at heart. It's your head that won't let you play the market. Everybody hasn't got such a head. Take care to set a proper example."

"Now, ain't that Satan reproving sin? Laury, she has bought herself another bracelet, with her winnings at the Eton bridge last week," Granny complained.

Lauren looked relieved—Nancy made a face at Granny. "I'm glad to know," he said, "been wondering where it came from since yesterday."

"And thinking it came by the Ben-Bob route," Nancy broke in. "Be ashamed of yourself for a silkykin—as though I'd wear any trumpery thing you idiots here would choose." "Even a ring? Like this?" Laury questioned, moving close enough to drop a fine plain small box in Nancy's lap. She opened it gingerly, took out what it held, but did not slip it upon her dimpled fingers—instead held it up so the light winked through its tweedy gold, struck rainbows from the two diamonds of clearest water, set delicately at the ends of the gold thread. After a long look she said softly: "Apologies, Laury. The ring is inspired. Where, oh, where did you find it?"

"Didn't find it—had it made to order—my own design," Laury stammered. Then suddenly: "But it is inspired—by you." "Well said! Well done, young sir!" Nancy countered in her most sparkling elderly manner. "What a pity you have

Safety. "Yes," said Mrs. Plugleigh, "I always keep my dog tied up. I never can be sure when some tramp might come along and bite him or steal his bone."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Clean Unprotected Pictures. Cotton-wool dipped in a little methylated spirit will effectually clean unprotected photographs without in any way destroying their polished surface.

Farmer's Handicap. The farmer deals with the earth open-handed; he deals with commerce with his hands tied.—Liberty Hyde Bailey.

forsworn me. I wonder what you will do with it?"

"Throw it in the river—unless I can put it where it belongs," Laury cried, catching her hand and trying to unclinch it. The fingers, strong for all their dimples, balked him; nothing short of violence would suffice to straighten them. Swiftly he knelt, and covered them with kisses. Nancy tried to snatch her hand away, but Laury held it with a firm, gentle varying clasp that yielded without loosing.

"Let go my hand," she said imperatively after a minute of tacit struggle. He smiled at her silently—his eyes saying for his lips: "Don't you see I can't?" The look made Nancy furious—it was so near to upsetting her determination. He ought by rights to rage at her—then she could flout, and deny him to her wicked vanity's full content. She had no thought of letting him go free—then nor ever. But neither did she intend to let him vanquish her in fair game—he must make a proper submission before he might hope for pardon.

He did nothing of the sort. Instead, he rose slowly to full height—six foot two, one hand still holding hers, the other stretched protectingly around her, the emblem and sign manual of loving strength. "You are the very best girl in all the world," he said. "Trouble is, you need such a lot of making. Because I've shown myself all sorts of a fool, you've no need to try matching me. There's that's better—why! the ring fits perfectly," slipping it in place upon the member she had involuntarily unfastened, and again lifting it to his lips. A move that cost him something—namely, a hard sidewind blow that gashed his cheek with a point of the diamond nearest. Blood spurted from the slash, spotting Nancy's white frock, even staining her furious fingers.

"Sight of it turned her white, sick, faint—she would have sunk to the floor but for his compelling hold. He felt her breast heave, saw tears gather and fall, heard Granny cry out in alarm—then the world went black for him, also; he barely managed to stumble toward the davenport, and fell, rather than sat down. But the blackness lightened at Nancy's cry: "Laury! I—I hurt you—but hurt myself—worse," as she stanchoned the red flow with her soft handkerchief under which she pressed her softer lips.

GIRL IS HALTED BY "SUICIDE CURE"

Plan Devised by Police Proves Successful in Case of Woman Seeking Death.

Los Angeles, Calif.—A "suicide cure," devised by the Los Angeles police department, has proved its efficacy in the few cases where opportunity has been afforded to apply it. It consists of a demonstration to the person who desires to end his life that no matter how dreary and unbearable existence seems to him, there are others who face greater troubles without even the thought of resorting to self-destruction. The most recent exposition of the value of the "cure" was in the case of a young woman who had quarreled with her fiance. She decided life was no longer worth the living. She



Was Shown Women Charged With Murder.

wrote a note to her mother that she was on the way to a beach resort to drown herself. To reach the resort she had to pass through Los Angeles. Her mother notified the police of her city and they notified the Los Angeles police. The result was the latter met the train which the young woman thought was taking her to death.

The policewoman to whom the young woman was turned over said little directly bearing upon the latter's case, but immediately started upon a "personally conducted" tour of the city and county jails and the homes for unfortunate young women. The would-be suicide was shown girl mothers who had no husbands; girl wives who had been deserted by their husbands; girl wives seeking divorces from their husbands; girls and women charged with various felonies, including murder.

The point was soon driven home. "I see what a fool I was," said the young woman taking the tour. "I can never thank you sufficiently. I am going right home to mother and be a good girl."

Love Always to Be Desired. But love directed towards the eternal and infinite feeds the mind with pure joy, and is free from all sadness. Wherefore it is greatly to be desired, and to be sought after with our whole might.—Spinoza.

Wanted to Know. Harold accompanied his uncle down to the business district one day recently and heard a number of the latter's acquaintances greet him with a cheery familiarity. Harold was impressed with this and when they were alone he said, "Uncle Ben, when nearly all the hair is worn off my head will folks call me 'old top,' too?"—Boston Evening Transcript.



BARRY MELTON She's a goodly portion of the reason why next week's big musical show at the popular Gayety is called "Keep Smiling."

"KEEP SMILING" AT GAYETY

Bert Lahr and Harry Kay Will See to it That You Continue Grinning

Smiles, laughs, tuneful songs and graceful dances, are a few of the outstanding features of James E. Cooper's music-girl revue, "Keep Smiling," which occupies the stage of the popular Gayety theatre for the week beginning Saturday afternoon. This show is another of those delightful entertainments the Columbia Circuit is offering its patrons this season, and it is credited with being among the very best.

The piece is in two big acts and nine scenes, including a prologue. Wm. K. Wells, who has contributed many successes to this circuit, has both written and staged the piece. Melville Morris and Hal Dyson have composed the tuneful numbers while Raymond B. Perez has staged the maze of dances. There are 17 musical numbers of the "ingly, singable variety and they are interpreted by a cast and chorus who can really sing.

Advance heralding for "Keep Smiling" promises Bert Lahr, the clever German dialectician, as the featured comedian with Harry Kay as his associate in merrymaking. Dick Pritchard, Leo Pelletier and David Woods will play essential roles in "The Land of the Sun God," and will also offer a singing specialty. Lillian Rockley, the prima donna, comes highly recommended as a soprano of great personal charm. Miss Barry Melton sings "blues" in a manner all her own and Mercedes LaFay is rated as one of the liveliest of soubrettes. With Emily Dyer, ingenue, these ladies will lead the chorus in musical numbers while fine raiment will dazzle the beholders of what is in reality a fashion show. Special scenery and lighting effects will keep the stage in constant transition from one beautiful setting to another as the fun proceeds.

Lace From Pineapple Leaves. Some of the finest lace in the world is made by the women of the Philippine Islands from strong, silky fiber obtained from pineapple leaves.

Full Explanation. She was a film star of recent creation, and she was paying into the bank the first installment of her salary. On the paying-in slip were the words "check" and "specie." Opposite the first, which presented no difficulty, she wrote in the amount. And opposite the second, after a little coy hesitation, she wrote the word "female."

Today's Wise Word. "An education for individuality should include in a large way the essential beauty of poetry of things; the essential order of history of things; the ultimate values or the religion of things; and, in childhood particularly, the eternal eye and nay or the reality of things."—Dallas Lore Sharp.

Hookworm is World Menace. Of the estimated 1,700,000,000 people inhabiting the world, something more than 900,000,000 live in countries where hookworm infection is a serious menace to health and working efficiency. With increasing pressure for the development of tropical and sub-tropical lands, the control of this disease—as of malaria and sleeping sickness—becomes a matter of serious international concern.—Thrifty Magazine.

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WAVE OF MIGRATION SWEEPS DELTA AREA

Merigold, Miss., Feb. 16.—The great migration wave has at last struck the Delta, and hundreds of farmers are reported to be leaving Bolivar county, one of the greatest cotton producing counties in the world.

FORMER OMAHA RESIDENT DIES

Mr. J. H. Smith and her son Henry, left Tuesday for Chicago to attend the funeral of Mrs. Smith's cousin, Scott N. Taylor, who passed away suddenly there Monday morning at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Sam Davis, 3746 Giles Ave. Mr. Taylor was a former Omahan, making his home for several years with Mr. and Mrs. Smith. He left here about 12 years ago for Chicago to reside with his mother and sister, Mrs. Davis, of the well known vaudeville team of Walker & Davis. Mr. Taylor was a young man of brilliant attainments, a graduate of Harvard University, and was prominently identified with civic affairs in Chicago, fighting relentlessly the segregation bugaboo in that city, with signal success. Although in poor health for some time his sudden death came as a distinct shock to his relatives and friends.

For news when it is news, you must read the Monitor.

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