

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 Paulovitch, 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 czarina precipitated several fearful scenes. The grand duchess stamped her foot like any common girl. She would not be sacrificed as a wife for any pin-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 neurasthenic 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. Heading the 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 virils, 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 meed 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 tore 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 PAULOVITCH



THE CZARINA



CZAR NICHOLAS

will come some day seeking vengeance. Charles' reputation is fairly good yet, yet 'twould be a loveless match, little to the taste of a twentieth century princess.

The girlish Marie, third daughter of Nicholas, has been rumored to be a sacrifice to Russian diplomatic relations with Greece. She was to marry Prince Boris, oldest son of the king of Bulgaria. She is fourteen and he seventeen—yet this is considered none too young by the diplomats when the friendship of two countries is to be cemented.

Little Anastasia is still too young even for rumors. The czar, sore perplexed over the problem of the elder three, already sees her as an added difficulty in the distance.

The czarina is little help to him. The constant attempts on the life of her husband, the almost daily conspiracies within the palace, the menacing of the lives of herself and the children, the disastrous war with Japan, the exposure of the scoundrelism of the czar's near relatives, the outbreak of a bloody revolution and her strained relations with the czar himself, have tended to unbalance her mind.

Her own is a marriage of convenience. She lived with her brother as a girl and her surroundings were anything but happy. She was treated in an off-handed way in St. Petersburg on visits there before her marriage. The idea of a German marriage was not popular in Russia. However, the advice of Queen Victoria of England, who was anxious for her granddaughter to accept the brilliant match thus offered her, and the fact of strained relations with her brother, combined to prevail upon her and she finally con-

ceded to become the bride of Nicholas Alexandrovitch.

Today she would probably have refused. Much history would have to be rewritten had princesses always been as independent as they are now.

FAT MEN UNPOPULAR NOW

The slim figure is in the ascendancy. Even the great of the earth cannot afford altogether to disregard the dictates of the fashion which decrees that all men and all women shall present to the world the outlines of spare severity, says the London Saturday Review. The Kaiser and Mr. Taft have both found it necessary to go in for a process of weight reduction. It would be interesting if some student of manners would trace with precision the process whereby what thinking people call "embonpoint" came into general discredit. Fat is now regarded as an indiscretion, and almost as a crime. Only the very strong-minded dare to be fat at all, and there are few indeed who glory in corpulence.

There were some ages, indeed, when few were in position to cast a stone at the plump man. The eighteenth century, especially, seemed to run to over-nourishment. Ruminative repletion is the prevailing expression in the portraits of the period; and the majestic swagger of corpulence is visible in the rolling periods of Gibbon, Burke, Johnson and the rest, not excluding theologians. Their eloquence seems early dinners; their satire suggests the twinges of gout.

The tradition lasted well into the nineteenth century. Dickens nearly always treated the fat man—at least the benevolent fat man—with affectionate respect. His Pickwick and Cheerybles seem to reflect the convictions that stoutness is not only a natural but a rather laudable condition for the elderly. And when Tony Weller declared that "with and wisdom go together" he was merely condensing into an epigram the very common English idea that native sagacity was to be found in its perfection in alliance with a profile of pronounced convexity. But now the fat man has no defenders. The medical man denounces him. The tailor only makes him a suit under protest. The novelist gives him no quarter. The dramatist will allow him no nice benevolent parts; he is only introduced to look foolish. The labor cartoonist adopts him as a type of the capitalist.

No Sincere.

Apropos of a rich wife's desertion of a poor husband, George Ade said, at the Chicago Athletic club:

"The man without means, artist or musician or what not, who marries a rich girl, earns his money. He's got to stand around, or—blif—out he goes.

"A young magazine editor told me, jubilantly, the other day that he'd resigned his job.

"I'm going to marry," he said, "a girl with an independent income."

"No," I warned him, "what you're going to marry is an income with an independent girl."

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.

SENTINEL OF EUROPE

Gibraltar an Imposing Sight to the Visitor.

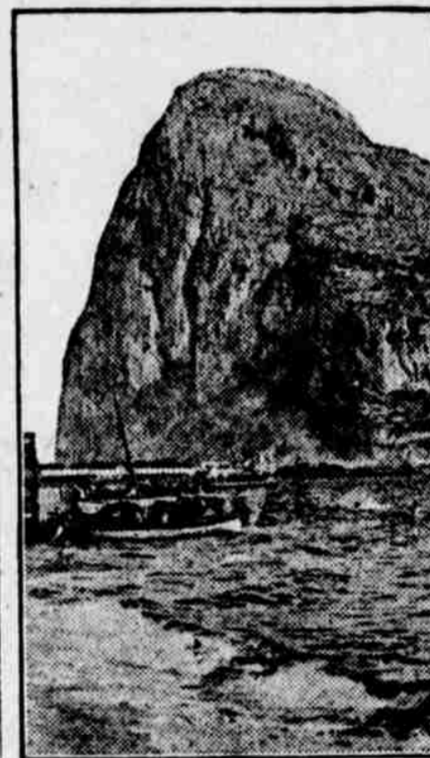
Great Rock is Mysterious, Wonderful, Beautiful, Somber, According as One Sees It—Greatness in its Significance, Not Its Size.

London.—No matter at what hour one approaches Gibraltar, it is a memorable occasion. The great rock is mysterious, wonderful, beautiful, somber, according as one sees it in the early morning haze, at noonday, at sunset, at midnight.

It was not yet breakfast time on December 18 when we first saw that great mass of jurassic limestone and realized that we were at the most important gateway in the world. Directly east opened the blue Mediterranean, gilded in morning sunshine, a few far-off boats stranded in the golden path. The southern mountains stretched away in uneven masses of rose and lilac; across the channel, gloomy Gibraltar, formidable and grewsome in the early shadows, bristling with unseen portholes, pierced the clouds at the height of a quarter of a mile. These, the Pillars of Hercules, beyond which the boldest one feared to sail! Monuments left by the Phoenician god when he tore the continents asunder—Mount Abyla, on the right; Mount Calpe (Gebel-al-Tarke), on the left—the mountain of God and of Tarik, the Moor!

Tarik ibn Ziyad, at the command of Musa, the African viceroy of the caliph of Damascus, headed an expedition of Moors and built the first fortress on the rock early in the seventeenth century. Today the tower of the castle he commenced in 1713 may still be seen in a prominent position back of the town.

Before the anchor dropped boats were heading toward us laden with oranges and tangerines; others freighted with nothing but olives. A steam launch brought Cook's men, labeled and unformed; and a swarthy complexioned flower man with little nosegays of violets and bunches of red roses. Conspicuous among the new arrivals was a big man with bright, restless eyes, wearing a broad sombrero. Someone whispered, "Mark Twain's guide." Nearing the wharf we spied a group of Arabs, in blue burnouses, brightened by crimson sashes and fezzes and yellow slippers.



Summit of Famed Gibraltar.

Their pointed hoods flapping in the wind, they looked wild and haggard as Vedder's Cumean sibil.

But the thing that impresses one most is the rock, which has been called more names than any other rock in the world—"the rock of the Mediterranean," "the formidable dead sentinel of Europe," "the crouching lion," "England's insurance sign," "the watchdog of the Mediterranean," "the bolt to Europe's front door," "a rock-bound city of cannon and wild flowers." As one approaches it from the Atlantic it looks like a great, crouching lion ready to pounce upon Spain, its tail toward the sea. It is from one-fourth to three-fourths of a mile wide and some three miles long. Its greatness is in its significance, not its size.

WOODEN LEG FOR HEAVY MAN

Locomotive Engineer on Northern Pacific Had Lost His Limb in an Accident.

Spokane.—A. D. Bull claims to have recently made a wooden leg for the heaviest man on the American continent wearing such a limb. Mr. Bull said:

"This leg was made for E. A. Kennedy, living at the Pedicord hotel. He weighs 348 pounds. He was formerly a Northern Pacific engineer and his leg was taken off in an accident. I had to send to California for the biggest piece of special wood in our Oakland place with which to make the leg."

Mr. Bull also made a leg recently for W. E. Jerman, aged seventy-six, of Post Falls, Idaho, and is now making one for A. C. Flanders, a construction engineer for the Granby Smelting company of Granby, B. C. Mr. Flanders has been located at Valdez, Alaska, recently and came from there to Spokane to get the leg made.

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