EX-KAISER'S NEW WIFE DENIES RUMORS OF FRICTION

Completely Understand Each Other

Interviewer at Doorn Castle Is Told That Kaiser Considers Himself Devout Man.

Plans to Die in Exile

By EIRA HELLBERG.

Special Cable Dispatch to The Omaha Bee.

Doorn, Holland, Oct. 3.—"Just a moment, please."

I am looking straight into the telephone. How the pictures of the past assemble in close ranks—the great war, hungry people, embittered looks, disabled men, towns in disorder, money values thrown into utter confusion—an empire in chaos.

And there, right before these distressing pictures, runs the telephone wire with the little word "Doorn" at the other end, and as a thing by itself. Lonely, out-of-the-way Doorn.

"You are expected at Doorn at 4." But not by the one who fell when an empire was crushed to earth.

I am going to Doorn to meet a woman; a woman that the whole world is talking about; who some, perhaps, are laughing at. It is the empress at Doorn; the wife of the Hohenzollern, the man who fell with his country.

Door Handles Like Gold.

From Utrecht the Dutch landscape spreads out, like a park of nature, into wonderful old roads bordered by lime trees; great, fertile pasture lands, here and there beautiful villas and chateaux set amidst woods of enticing charm.

In the neatest of all countries the windows reflect their own neatness, the door handles shine like gold, the red stones under foot are as scrupulously clean as if none ever went that way. And everywhere there are flowers, flowers that seem to rejoice in the sun and the clear atmosphere.

Holland days are things by themselves. All the sharp-cut silhouettes within the towns, the gables of the houses, the church spires, the inns stand out in dark relief against the lowering light.

The horizon seems to melt away. The blue heavens are still so blue in their fresh coloring, as if a painter had just made use of them as his palette. And everywhere the flat country is cut this way and that by those bluish-white waterways, those famous canals of the Dutch.

As my car keeps rolling over those smooth roads I could not help but think of Rembrandt. His fantastic colorations could not have been free compositions. No, they must have been a poetic transcript of his country's natural beauties and that peculiar light.

Gorgeous Landscape.

Take the sky as it appears over there above the town of Doorn, filled by great white, transparent clouds, through which a sea of rarified mother-of-pearl streams down over the houses and the trees and the water. In one day all those atmospheric transformations! As the rays of the sun shoot through the clouds a wonderful illumination strikes the eye.

Tall old trees stand in close formation and form a canopy as our motor car glides almost noiselessly forward, straight towards a point where something reddish gleams in the light—the town of Doorn. We pass across a little square with cafes on the sidewalks, turn a corner, then pass a garden with a wooden fence before it, and then we come to a sudden stop between a high iron gate and a villa in the center, where three roads join. The iron gate leads into Doorn.

Doorn! A building of red brick lies there where the three roads come together. A high, iron fence covered with foliage stands as protection, while grass plots and flowers adorn the open spaces. In the center the building forms into a semi-circle with a carriage way. A little door at one side stands half open. This pleasant looking building, with its aristocratic bearing, stands guard before the park and the house itself.

Dutch Soldier on Guard.

On a bench outside the building sits a Dutch soldier, smoking. When we finally pass the high entrance we find ourselves in a room very high to the ceiling.

For a moment we stand in surprise at the picture that stretches before our eyes, a big, wide park with a long, straight and broad roadway, in the further end of which we observe a house hidden beneath columns of greenery. A broad stairway leads up to an open hall door. We notice a figure in white, a broad-shouldered man walks slowly down the steps. It is so far that we almost need a pair of field glasses to make out the figure distinctly.

I look around me quickly. To the left of the room there are two doors; one leads to the guard's room, the other into a well furnished apartment on the door of which we read: "Frederick the Great's Room." To the right is the quarters of the court marshal and special entrances from the park for the children of the emperor. The building with the entrance gate contains probably 20 rooms or more.

Two big copper tablets adorn the walls of the outer building. They show the coat of arms, otherwise nothing to indicate the owner. Good taste seems to rule everywhere, not the slightest sign of overdoing things. It all seemed so totally different from the pretentious Berlin with its "Siegesalle." Still, all the household effects, furniture, rugs, curtains, art objects, personal belongings came from Berlin.

The Crown Prince.

The guard has gone to summon the court marshal, Count Moltke. But the very next moment we hear quick steps approaching, and a somewhat thin smart looking man in riding togs and a white sport shirt stands before me with outstretched hand.

"Have you been to see my wife" he questions eagerly.

The crown prince looks well; he seems more composed and appears more tactful than formerly. The quiet life on Vieringen appears to have suited him. But when I recall the description that the crown princess gave me of his home there then I understand why he likes to visit Doorn and enjoys its greater comfort and greater freedom. He plays tennis and takes great pleasure in boxing. Altogether he appears much more manly and assured than formerly.

The crown prince had just come from his father.

"Would I care to look into the apartment of Frederick the Great?"

I smile consent and follow him. The crown prince lives here while his sister occupies his own apartment on the other side of the gate. How elegant, how comfortable all is in here—the old things from Berlin and Potsdam.

While we are standing in the open doorway the young duchess of Brunnsschwig comes along. She is dressed in white, with a string of pearls around her neck. I notice that her wrists are unusually beautiful. There is a rather interesting half-smile in her eyes. Apparently Doorn agrees with her.

Count Moltke comes with the information that the empress will receive the visitor all by herself in the salon back of the court marshal's quarters.

Has Prophecy Come True?

Is it possible that on this very day the prophecy about the war is to be fulfilled? It was in the 12th century that a monk prophecied that the greatest war the world has ever known would take place when there was an emperor with a crippled arm, one shorter than the other, and that when the war was over this emperor would stand beneath a lime tree and look across the borders of his empire.

"You have plenty of lime trees here at Doorn," I remarked cautiously. "And I know who is standing over there with a spade in his hand."

Count Moltke smiled knowingly. Madam is the guest of the empress," came his diplomatic reply.

Both of us laughed outright. The count was right. I had come to Doorn to see a woman, and I had promised to be blind and deaf to much.

A moment later the door opened. There was a soft rustle of a dress. The count pronounced my name almost under his breath. I was alone with the emperor's second wife.

What Kaiser's Wife Is Like.

Well, then, I see a lady, a personality, one whom we may ask what she thinks of things, while she has her own opinion of matters.

The empress is of middle height. She is dark, with comforting brown eyes, striking face above a broad chin, a small mouth with determination written around the lips, and yet with a touch of sadness. Her figure is solid, but she has the nicest ankles, and her walk is of the easy, somewhat swaying kind.

She has a soft voice, very musical, her expression is clear, practical and tactful. She is one of those women who quite naturally becomes the center of any environment through feminine loveableness.

Witout a doubt, the Empress Hermine is an exceptional character, an intellectual, and a woman.

Some political propangadists have preferred to picture her as a political intriguer. Well, well! I believe I should call her the wife of a lonely man.

The general public holds to the opinion that after going into exile the emperor should have lived on as a monument over himself—solitary and as a prisoner—that it was for him to go over into history as a tragical personality. This he owed to himself, they said, to his children and the nation.

Is No Young Girl.

Oh, well. After I had seen Doorn and his wife I understood the marriage. She is no young girl, no ambitious intriguer, not a woman thirsting after power. She is a woman in her best years, a solid character, and a good housekeeper. Very easily she could have entered into marital relations far less burdensome than with the lonely man at Doorn. But it seems to be that way with us women that the helpless and unlucky ones win us the easiest. And that was how the emperor won her for his wife.

We are sitting in the center of the veranda in the little German salon. The empress is in a black dress trimmed with wool embroidery. She carried a thin shawl.

"Well, then," she said, laughing slightly. "Shall I answer some questions?"

"Yes," I answered in confusion. "The questions are to be so negative that I cannot think of a single one."

"Just ask me something," was the comforting rejoinder. "We are both of us grown-up women and we know what it is about. Just ask me something."

Her gaze is so open and inviting, bidding one to engage in a real intimate conversation.

"No, no," she begins, "all those reports about disagreements in our marital life are untrue. Every six months I go to Germany to look after my affairs there. I have the interests of my estate and my children to look after. No, the emperor and I understand each other fully, and we are very fond of each other.

"He is so good, so entirely without envy, he values me so much that it more than makes up for any personal inconveniences that my position entails, for such there are. But all I want is what is good for him. It is only his well-being I care for. So far as I am concerned; it does not matter, if only I can make his existence a little easier and a little brighter.

"You see, it is rather hard now and then when the longing for home comes over one—here in this strange land—and I have five children. Then, again, I am so interested in art and music. But, still, I have not paid too dearly for what I have obtained.

"I am needed here and I have my hands full," the empress continued. "I must be something to everybody. We live very economically and for ourselves. We are poor; we cannot afford to have many visitors. Things in Holland are very dear, and the sad conditions in Germany do not make for any desire for entertainment. For that reason everything here is simplicity itself.

Kaiser Plans to Die in Doorn.

"My husband has settled down here at Doorn for good, and while he hopes and believes that changes impend in the German situation, he does not count on his own return. He is confident that he shall live and die in Doorn. His health is excellent and he is in good spirits. True, he worries over the sad conditions in the home country, but to him it all appears as trials come from God. Not as a punishment, but as a matter between one's soul and his God.

"He reads a great deal, follows all current events, occupies himself much with the Bible and is a faithful Lutheran without being a bigot. Each morning he conducts religious services for the family and the servants. On Sundays he reads aloud a sermon by Pastor Conrad or some other minister.

"His general knowledge is to me a great comfort. I can ask him any question I want and he has an answer for all art, history, language, philosophy. I wish you could get to see him some time. His spiritual concepts are admirable and he embraces everything within his thinking."

I saw her blush as she met my smiling look.

"It is true," she remarked. "I like him so much, and yet they write so much about him that is stupid and foolish. As for instance, that story about the gland operation. The emperor never underwent such an operation or any similar one, and he has never given it a thought. It is nothing but pure propaganda.

"And then about our jewels. They insist that he bought a most expensive piece of jewelry for me in Berlin. It was a rich man, an entire stranger to us, who was the purchaser. Apart from my wedding ring I have not received a single ornament from the emperor, neither anything newly bought or of the empress'. My husband disinherited himself for the benefit of his children and all the jewels were divided among them.

"So, also, with all the other things that were her property. That which is found here at Doorn he holds in high reverence. Everything else the children have and not the least thing has been disposed of. It offends me greatly when I merely think how anyone con believe this of him. He is the most conscientious person in all the world. That is why I am so much concerned with seeing him protected, and cared for. We assist each other and I want to do all in my power for his welfare."

No Demestic Quarrels.

A melancholy smile possesses her. "I can assure you that those stories about any difficulties at Doorn are inventions. The emperor is here to remain."

Hermine von Hohenzollern is a sensible, clever woman, with a heart that draws one to her as with a magnet. She is exactly what Count Moltke said of her: "To all of us who are here at Doorn she is a remarkable, a most wonderful woman."

Indeed, I can understand what she must mean to this home without a root in the soil. It is as if she sends good thoughts over all things and over everybody. She is the arbitrator whenever this is required, can handle disagreeable matters tactfully, but without reserve; keeps irritating affairs from the emperor. She is a good comrade, a society lady of true bearing and possesses exceptional feminine charm.

A monarch in exile may count himself fortunate that he has one equipped as she.

What They Do Each Day.

She told me of their daily life. Over there in the house she and the emperor have their home. There are 14 rooms in all, of which the dining-room, music-room and small salon and a smoking-room are on the first floor. Here also are three guest chambers. Upstairs is the imperial couple's private quarters. Close by live the children of the empress, the governess and the servants. The emperor's children and their families are domiciled in the new building at the gate where we were sitting and here are likewise the offices of the court marshal and the secretary.

The day is occupied with morning services at 8:30, breakfast at 9, answering letters and work out of doors. Dinner is served at 1. After that everybody rests for an hour or so. Then comes perhaps a walk, reading until teatime, at 4:30—on this particular hay a half an hour later—and then supper at 8.

The empress describes to me her moments with the emperor, the two lonesome ones up there in their apartment. She reads aloud or she may be listening to his talks, his outspoken dreams, almost can hear what he is thinking. I can see what this quiet, composed woman with that tender look in her eyes, must mean to this man who before her coming was as one condemned by the whole world.

He has in his wife what every man desires, be he emperor or cobbler—a mother to take him by the hand, a faithful comrade in moments of sorrow or joy and the affection that only a true woman can bestow.

Don't Expect an Heir.

My eyes pass casually over her figure and once more she smiles.

"No," she said, "we expect no heir. Just don't believe the newspapers." And we both burst out laughing.

At the outer gate our ways parted. She goes back to the man standing under the lime tree, my steps lead outside to the driving clouds with the light that only Rembrandt's Holland can furnish.

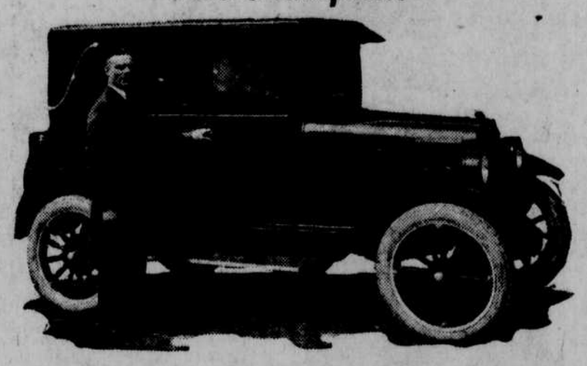
The crown princess and the empress! The first named might be able to unite a sundered empire, carry Germany's burdens on her shoulders as might a mother her dearest charge.

The other one—should she ever be called to such a task—might support the man at the helm, but she is minus the monumental qualities that characterize Cecilia, her classical-uniqueness. However, Hermine possesses tender intelligence. I can think of the first one as going it alone the latter as only walking hand in hand with a man. I should like to compare the Empress Hermine to a finely-wrought piece of jewelry, the crown princess to a piece of smooth but precious metal.

Good, clever women these, the two who carry the Hohenzollern name. Both have had to pay dearly for their love and faithfulness. But, true women as they are, they are not unhappy because of what has been their fate.

(Copyright, 1923.)

Two Champions



Here's Champion Billy Wells and the new Overland champion.

Billy Wells, who fights Morrie Schlaifer at the Auditorium Monday night, is welterweight champion of England.

The Overland champion, so its makers claim, reigns over an unlimited domain.

Union Outfitting Company to Give Dance for Friends

Union Outfitting company will give a dance Thursday night of this week at Keep's dancing academy, for its customers and their friends.

Buyer of the store is now in New York selecting late fashions to be displayed by living models during the evening.

Carl Lamp has prepared a special program of music for the occasion and there will be prizes and souvenirs for all who attend.

Tickets for the event may be obtained by calling at the store.

Army Orders

First Lieut. J. J. Turner, field artillery, now at Mitchell, S. D., will proceed to Sioux Falls, S. D., for duty in connection with the instruction of the South Dakota National Guard. Upon completion of this duty he will return to his proper station.

First Lieut. M. Stenseth, air service, now at Fort Crook, will proceed by rail to his proper station at Des Moines, Ia.

First Lieut. W. May, infantry, will, upon completion of his visits of instruction to units of the Kansas National Guard, return to his proper station at Wichita, Kan.

Maj. F. B. Peyton, infantry, will proceed to Fargo, N. D.; Grand Forks, N. D.; St. Paul, Minn.; Faribault, Minn.; Brookings, S. D., and Vermillion, S. D., for the purpose of inspecting reserve officers' training corps units and upon completion of this duty will return to his proper station.

Maj. M. A. Palen, infantry, is relieved from assignment as executive officer, XVII corps, organized reserves, and is assigned to duty as adjutant, 89th division, with station in Omaha.

The following leaves of absence have been granted: Col. J. H. Parker, infantry, 21 days; Capt. N. E. Stadig, infantry, Waterloo, Ia., 16 days; Capt. J. A. Killian, cavalry, Fort D. A. Russell, Wyo., six days; Second Lieut. H. A. Doherty, 9th field artillery, Fort Riley, Kan., two months; First Lieut. J. G. Cooper, 3rd infantry, Fort Snelling, Minn.; Second Lieut. A. G. Kelly, 17th infantry, Fort Crook, Neb., 14 days; Capt. E. F. Ely, finance department, Omaha, three days.

Reserve Officers, 88th Division.

C. E. Null, Winterset, Ia., appointed captain infantry, O. R. C.; E. J. Kleckner, Dunkerton, Ia., appointed first lieutenant, infantry, O. R. C.; W. D. O'Brien, St. Paul, Minn., transferred to infantry O. R. C.; L. L. Forbes, Mason City, Ia., promoted to captain, infantry, O. R. C.

Reserve Officers, 89th Division.

R. E. Spake, Kansas City, Kan., promoted to major, air service, O. R. C.; F. B. Martin, Atchison, Kan., appointed second lieutenant, infantry, O. R. C.; H. J. Weltener, Hiawatha, Kan., appointed captain, field artillery, O. R. C.; C. E. Aubel, Manhattan, Kan., appointed second lieutenant, field artillery, O. R. C.; W. J. Aitken, Lincoln, Neb., appointed second lieutenant, field artillery, O. R. C.; W. S. Flint, Omaha, appointed second lieutenant, air service, O. R. C.

Reserve Officers, 102nd Division.

L. L. Marriott, St. Louis, Mo., appointed major, medical corps, O. R. C.; J. E. Howery, Bethany, Mo., appointed second lieutenant, infantry, O. R. C.; M. S. Gardner, St. Louis, Mo., appointed captain, infantry, O. R. C.; J. H. Gleaing, Clinton, Mo., appointed second lieutenant, field artillery, O. R. C.; B. W. Diggle, Kansas City, Mo., appointed second lieutenant, air service, O. R. C.; H. L. Crow, Campbell, Mo., appointed second lieutenant, air service, O. R. C.; S. W. Greaves, St. Louis, Mo., appointed second lieutenant, infantry, O. R. C.; J. B. Low, Tarkio, Mo., appointed second lieutenant, air service, O. R. C.; J. W. Rauson, aKnsas City, Mo., appointed second lieutenant, air service, O. R. C.

$5 FOR A FACE. It may be yours, Every day in The Evening Bee.

Spillman Says Conference Not Publicity Stunt

Meeting of Attorneys General at Chicago Is to Consider Gasoline Industry Problem.

Lincoln, Oct. 6.—No spectacular results are likely to come out of the conference of attorneys general called by Attorney General Spillman of Nebraska for October 15, 16 and 17 at Chicago, to consider the gasoline industry situation, the attorney general stated today.

Mr. Spillman, who called the conference at the request of the national association of attorneys general, said that although it was a matter for the conference to decide whether or not its sessions would be behind closed doors, he did not consider the conference a "publicity stunt" and is not in favor of making a political football out of it.

The Nebraska official stated that he had formed no particular plan of action for the conference, leaving that entirely to the opinion of the majority of the conference.

Mr. Spillman left Lincoln today for Washington where he will take part in the argument on the Nebraska standard weight bread law in the United States supreme court. He will stop in Chicago for the attorneys' conference on the way back.

Specially Made Candy Presented to Ak Queen

Miss Eleanor Burkley, ne wqueen of Ak-Sar-Ben, was presented with a five-pound box of candy, specially made for her by the John G. Woodward Candy company of Council Bluffs, on her arrival at the Omaha club at midnight Friday.

The chocolates were molded by an expert in order that the queen might have sweetmeats of unusual daintiness.

Farm Land Near Creston Sells for $202 an Acre

Creston, Ia., Oct. 6.—That there is still a demand for good southwest Iowa land is indicated by the results of a big land auction, when 120 acres of land belonging to the Turner estate, within a few miles of Creston, was sold to the highest bidder.

A 40-acre tract of unimproved farm land, five miles southeast of this place, sold for $202 an acre. Bert Baldwin, well-known farmer of this vicinity, was the buyer.

An 80-acre tract of rather rough land, with ordinary improvements, sold to Mrs. T. H. Sandeman for $1[illegible] an acre. The consideration on both farms was cash, the land being sold to settle an estate.

New Zealand has 5,440 aliens, or less than one-half of 1 per cent of the population of the country. The aim of the New Zealand government is to enforce the immigration restriction act and prevent as far as possible an undue increase over the present percentage of any aliens.

Burns Oil in Any Stove

Cheaper Than Coal or Wood —Gives Twice the Heat in Half the Time.

A wonderful new burner which works in any coal or wood stove or furnace is the proud achievement of the International Heating Company, 119 South Fourteenth street, Dept 3389, St. Louis, Mo. This remarkably simple and inexpensive invention heats stove and oven in half the time and does away with all the dirt, ashes and drudgery of using coal or wood. It gives one of the hottest and quickest fires known, controlled by a simple valve. It can be put into any stove in a few minutes. The present high price of coal makes it a great money saver. The manufacturers offer to send this remarkable invention on 30 days trial to any reader of this paper. They are making a special low price offer to one user in each locality to whom they can refer new customers. They also want agents. Write them today.—Advertisement.

When in Omaha See
BRADLEY, MERRIAM & SMITH
Mail Order Merchants
Goods Shipped or Delivered in Person
Catalogs Sent on Request

FINEST IN THE MIDDLE WEST
One of the Beatty Co-Operative System

BEATTY'S
Henshaw Cafeteria
In Henshaw Hotel.

When in Omaha Stop at
Hotel Rome

ADVERTISEMENT.
CLEAN KIDNEYS BY DRINKING LOTS OF WATER

Take Salts to Flush Kidneys if Bladder Bothers or Back Hurts.

Eating too much rich food may produce kidney trouble in some form, says a well-known authority, because the acids created excite the kidneys. Then they become overworked, get sluggish, clog up and cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache and misery in the kidney region, rheumatic twinges, severe headaches, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver, sleeplessness, bladder and urinary irritation.

The moment your back hurts or kidneys aren't acting right, or if bladder bothers you, begin drinking lots of good water and also get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia and has been used for years to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to activity; also to neutralize the acids in the system so that they no longer irritate, thus often relieving bladder disorders.

Jad Salts cannot injure anyone; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then to help keep the kidneys and urinary organs clean, thus often avoiding serious kidney disorders. By all means have your physician examine your kidneys at least twice a year.

DEFY GRAY HAIR

NO matter what your age, gray hair proclaims you old. If at 30 or 40 your hair has grayed, "Brownatone" will be your greatest boon. "Brownatone" is woman's best friend in preserving the "look of youth." It has restored girlish charm to thousands. Easy to use and quickly tints gray, faded, streaked or bleached hair to any shade of brown or black. Odorless, greaseless, will not rub or wash off. Guaranteed harmless to the hair, scalp or skin. Sold at all dealers 50c and $1.50. Trial bottle mailed direct for 10c. The Kenton Pharmacal Co., 699 Coppin Bldg., Covington, Ky.

BROWNATONE
"Tints Gray Hair Any Shade"

Have Your Shoes Repaired Now

Have your shoes put in good shape for winter right now. Don't put off having them repaired until you find yourself sick as a result of wet feet. Bring them to us and we will make them like new at a small cost.

The Krage Standard Shoe Repair is a representative of the Goodyear Welt Shoe Repairing System in Omaha. This means that you get high grade workmanship, guaranteed materials and a fair price always. Phone AT lantic 8481 and we will call for your work if you do not wish to bring it down town.

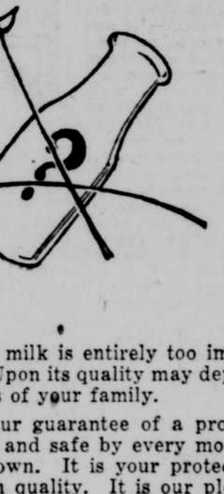
Shoes Re-Built $2.50

Guaranteed Work and Honest Prices

Mail Orders Solicited

Krage Standard Shoe Repair
1619 Farnam Street

Take the Guess out of your Milk buying

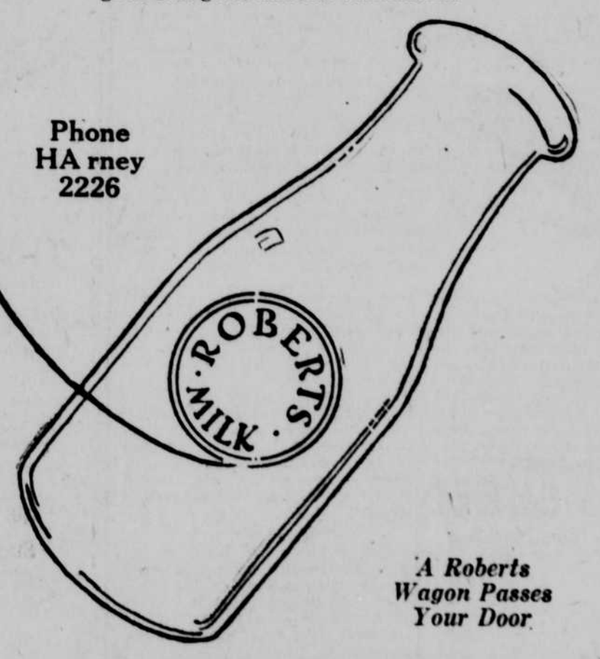


The need of clean, pure milk is entirely too important to justify guessing. Upon its quality may depend the health and happiness of your family.

The name **Roberts** is your guarantee of a product made clean, pure, sweet and safe by every modern and scientific means known. It is your protection against milk of unknown quality. It is our pledge to you of an honest product.

You are not guessing when you buy **Roberts Milk,** because we do not guess who prepared it. We have the necessary equipment and the still more necessary technical knowledge. **Roberts Milk** is uniformly good and gives uniform satisfaction.

Phone HA rney 2226



A Roberts Wagon Passes Your Door

ROBERTS MILK