

Fashions and
Personals

SOCIETIES and THE HOME

Theatres and
Concerts

THE BOLSHEVIK PRISONS

Princess Kourakine's Own
Story of the Trial by the
Soviet—Lenin Is Inter-
ested—Sentenced To
One Year's Hard
Labor In Notori-
ous Women's
Prison.

By PRINCESS KOURAKINE.

CHAPTER I.
Tried and Condemned in the Kremlin.
Soon after Easter I was summoned to read my accusation act, and in-
formed that the day of my trial was
near. I read the document with in-
terest. It appeared that I was im-
plicated in a tremendous affair.
On the following morning, after
being informed that our trial was
fixed for twelve noon, we were taken
to the executive committee. Trials
usually took place at the revolution-
ary tribunal, but special honors were
rendered us. Our case was considered
so important that it was decided to
bring us before the highest court, the
pan-Russian central executive com-
mittee, which corresponds to the for-
mer senate. Only the most important
counter-revolutionary plots were ex-
amined there. I was highly flattered
by such an honor.

Another tedious hour went by and
we were at last called into the hall
where the trial was held. We were
placed between two guards and
marched into the room.
Lenin Ordered Daily Reports.
The hall had an imposing look, as
there was a big audience. The Bol-
sheviki imagined that they had dis-
covered an important plot, a whole
counter-revolutionary organization.
Wrangel's army had begun an of-
fensive at that time, and the Reds
were greatly agitated, as was usual
with them at the slightest threat to
their armies, and they spoke of
Wrangel with a frenzy of hatred. My
position was further complicated by
the fact that I was a sister cousin to
Wrangel. Lenin had given orders for
daily reports to be sent to him on
the affair and the representatives of
the Soviet press had been invited to
be present at the trial.

I felt, as I entered the hall, that
hundreds of eyes were fixed upon
me. They expressed interest, con-
fusion, and they spoke of me as a
confused, dejected woman. My ap-
pearance, however, was a disappoint-
ment to them. I was not crushed,
confused, or humiliated. I sat on the
bench of the accused, holding my
head high. I glanced at the platform,
covered with bright red cloth, and
at the tribunal. Four men sat on
one side; at a big table in the
middle was the president of the
tribunal, a Russian workman, with
his two assistants and the secretary;
and on the opposite side at a small,
separate table, the great Krylenko,
who had signed thousands of death
warrants of innocent victims. Kry-
lenko was to be my accuser.

The trial lasted two days. The
proceedings of the first day did not
concern me. On the second day they
occupied themselves specially with
my affair. The hall was even more
crowded than on the preceding day.
Cross-Examined by State Attorney.
My turn came to be questioned.
The president of the tribunal turned
to me:

"Prisoner at the bar, Kourakine, do
you plead guilty?"

"I certainly do not plead guilty,
because I do not see any guilt on
my part."

"What is your relationship to
Wrangel?"

"I explained that our fathers were
brothers."

"Have you any connections in the
White army?"

"Of course I have. All my rela-
tions, all my friends and acquaint-
ances are in the service of the
Whites."

"Can you name some of them?"

"Of course I can."
And, speaking like a wound-up
machine, I began to enumerate all
the family names of the
Russian "Almanach de Gotha," the
Gallitzines, the Dolgoroukys, the
Shorevets, the Shouvaloffs, the
Gagarins, the Shouvaloffs, the Vus-
emskys, the Bobrinskys and the
Koutchoubeyes.

"Enough, enough. You have re-
commended officers to Wrangel
before, haven't you?"

"No, this is the first time I did
so."

"Excuse me. You say in your
letter to Wrangel (here he opened
my letter and read): 'Dear Piper—
you know that I never recommend
anyone unworthy to serve you.' What
do you say to this, prisoner at the
bar?"

"I say that Russian is evidently
not very familiar to the gentlemen
here. I made a gesture in the
direction of the judges, secretary,
prosecutor and the other officials."

"I beg you, once more to read my
letter aloud." I called to every
word of it. "What have you done
with one small but important word—
the word 'would'? Read the letter
carefully. It says: 'You know I
never would recommend anyone un-
worthy to serve you.' Don't you
think the word 'would' makes some
difference?"

Krylenko seemed confused. "Did
not notice that word," he muttered,
and went on questioning me on other
subjects.

"Do you know where your son is?"
asked Krylenko.

"I have not the slightest idea."
"Do you realize that you have com-
mitted a crime against the republic
of the Soviets by recommending an
officer to Wrangel, especially one
who was in the service of the
Soviets?"

Written Out of Gratitude.
"Look here," said I, "I fail to un-
derstand how it is you cannot see what
my real motive was. My action was
not due to any desire to go against
the government of the Soviets, or to
supply the White army with officers.
When I wrote to Wrangel I was
prompted solely by a feeling of
maternal gratitude."

The examination went on for some
time, and then it was time for my

lawyer to speak in my defense. I
must confess that he spoke extraor-
dinarily well. It was an eloquent,
picturesque and convincing speech,
with a plea that I should be released.
Then came Krylenko's turn to de-
liver his prosecuting speech.
He spoke abruptly, spite and hat-
red pervading all his words, and this
hatred was not only turned against
me, but against the whole of our
class—against the Whites and every-
body and everything that was not
of his political party and opinion.
Both Tarabykin and I had the fore-
boding that his demand would be
drastic, and that we should have to
suffer heavily if the conference
of the tribunal did not
alter it. We were not mis-
taken. Krylenko recommended a sen-
tence of ten years for me and twenty
for Tarabykin.

A mortal dread stole over me but
I clenched my hands over the little
ikon of the Mother of God which I
was holding. My heart was full of
faith. After a trial is over, prisoners
at the bar are allowed to say a few
last words in their defence. My turn
came to do so.

"Princess Kourakine, have you any-
thing more to say?"

"No," said I. "I refuse to say any-
thing more, for I will not appeal to
your mercy. You must consult your
conscience, if there is any of it left."

One Year in Prison.
The trial was at an end. The
judges and the prosecutor Krylenko
passed into a neighboring room to
confer on a final sentence. Taraby-
kin and I were led back into the
room where we had awaited trial in
the morning. We were both greatly
excited, of course. I felt a nervous
dread, realizing that my fate was
being decided at that moment, per-
haps for 10 years.

My defender ran in for a moment
and shook my hand. "Be calm," he
said, "let us hope for the best." I
sincerely thanked him for his bril-
liant speech in my defence.

An hour went by, and we were
once more called into the hall where
the trial had taken place. I returned
to my place on the prisoners' bench
and sat down as before, gazing
through the window and prayed. The

The Doo Dads—Repairing the Streets of Dooville



After the long, long winter, the spring rains, little
creeks and rivers formed in the roads and washed out
great gullies. Pools of water stood in the streets of Doo-
ville. As the carts passed by, they would twist and turn
and wear the holes a little deeper, where the water stood.
When the bright, warm summer sun began to shine, the
roads became dry, but they were full of little valleys and
riverbeds. The streets of Dooville were so rough that they
were almost impassable. Doctor Sawbones hired
Nicholas Nutt and Tiny to repair the streets, and here they
are busy at the task. First, they hauled many loads of
huge bowlders and scattered them about on the surface of
Main Street. Then Nicholas hitched Tiny to his big roller.
Tiny took the "masher" with his trunk. As they went
along, Tiny crushed the huge bowlders with his masher,
and the great, heavy roller follows behind, and leaves the
street as nice and smooth as the hardwood floor of Doc
Sawbones' office. Roly and Poly and the little Doo Dads
were gathering nuts off the big tree in the pasture. It

All the Theatres

ALLEN'S

TODAY—English comedy ro-
mance, "Tilly of Bloomsbury."
MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNES-
DAY—"The Girl Who Came
Back," crook melodrama, fea-
turing Miriam Cooper, Gaston
Glass and Kenneth Harlan.
THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATUR-
DAY—Douglas MacLean in "A
Man of Action."

LOEW'S

TODAY—Alfred Lunt and Mimi
Palmer in "The Ragged Edge,"
vaudeville.
MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNES-
DAY—Metro classic, "The Fog,"
with an all-star cast; vaudeville.
THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATUR-
DAY—Jack Holt in "A Gentle-
man of Leisure," vaudeville.

PATRICIA

TODAY—Hoot Gibson in "Single-
Handed," vaudeville.
MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNES-
DAY—William Russell in "Man's
Sins," vaudeville.
THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATUR-
DAY—John Gilbert in "Truxton
King," vaudeville.

or dear to me in Moscow, I can hardly
describe the feeling of joy and emo-
tion which I experienced when I once
more beheld the dear beloved face of
our old nurse. We were both of us
inclined to weep from sheer joy.
The interview took place behind a
double grating. We stood about two
steps distant from each other, but she
was able to relate all her adventures
in Bolshevik prisons to me. I felt that
I loved her still more for all she had
gone through.

After our interview, thanks to her
astounding energy and practical
sense, she found the time not only
of supporting herself, but of bringing
me the nicest things to eat. She be-
gan by selling one of my jewels for
500,000 rubles, and another for 450,000
rubles. With this money she opened
a little bakery, selling her white
loaves every day at the Smolevsky
bazaar, and earning from twelve to
fifteen thousand rubles daily.

I may well say that I owe it to her
that I did not entirely lose my health.
My constitution was so exhausted
that the doctor doubted whether I
would be able to stand another winter
under prison conditions. Nurse
brought me food parcels twice a week,
which were not only sufficient for my
every day, but which I was able to
share with many hungry prisoners. I
had meat every day, very often milk,
and enjoyed above all the cheese and
sour cream she sometimes brought
me. I never eat now with the same
joy in the restaurants in Paris as I
did when nurse brought me her food
parcels.

Thanks to my healthful food, I
began to recover rapidly. The
abscesses and feeling of giddiness
from which I had suffered disappeared
completely and my strength increased
daily. This had one drawback, how-
ever. I looked so well I was obliged
to leave the hospital.

I returned to cell No. 14, but I no
longer felt solitary and the days of
interview with my dear nurse were a
real delight to me.

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CELEBRATE SILVER WEDDING.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kendell of Chatham, who were married in Liver-
pool 25 years ago this week.

MR. AND MRS. KENDALL
MARK SILVER WEDDING

Chatham Couple Were Married
In Liverpool Twenty-five
Years Ago.

Special to The Advertiser.

Chatham, July 27.—This week
marked the 25th anniversary of the
marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Charles
Kendell of Lorne avenue. The wed-
ding was celebrated at St. Catharine's
Church, Abercrombie Square, Liver-
pool, England, and twenty-three
years ago Mr. and Mrs. Kendell came
to Canada, and in the course of a
short time settled in this city. Later
the family went to Ridgeway and
spent twelve years, but returned ten
years ago.

There is a family of seven chil-
dren, four daughters and three sons:
Charles Clarence Kendell of Walker-
ville; Mrs. Percy Mills, city; Mrs.
Percy Holloway, of Dearborn, whose
marriage took place last month; Miss
Irene, Miss Evelyn, Norman and
Aubrey at home.

Mrs. Kendell's father, John Henry
Clasper, is a resident of England and
will celebrate his 86th birthday next
September. The anniversary of Mr.
and Mrs. Kendell was spent very
quietly.

Fashions By Wire

Special to The Advertiser.

Paris, July 27.—Plain white voile
of very fine texture, covered with a
few scattering dots in some bright
color, is used today for everything
from hats to lingerie. When used

for lingerie, the voile is combined
with very narrow frills of net.

Transparent Overdress.
Paris, July 27.—Transparent over-
dresses are coming into vogue today,
especially for such occasions as wed-
dings and elaborate evening affairs.
The under-dress is usually taffeta
and the over-dress of sheer veiling
edged with a deep flounce of dyed
lace. The over-dress is invariably
made with a hoop-skirt effect.

Radio
Programs

SUNDAY, JULY 29.

KDKA—E. Pittsburgh, Pa.—326 Metres.
10:00 a.m.—Services of the Calvary
Episcopal Church, Pittsburgh.

1:30 p.m.—Bible story for the chil-
dren.
1:45 p.m.—Concert.
5:15 p.m.—Baseball scores.

6:00 p.m.—Baseball scores.
7:00 p.m.—Union community ser-
vices from Carnegie Music Hall.

WBZ—Springfield, Mass.—337 Metres.
6:30 p.m.—"The Dawn of Peace," a
peace service, conducted by C. W.
Johnson of Springfield, Mass.

7:30 p.m.—Church services.
KYW—Chicago, Ill.—345 Metres.
5:00 to 8:00 p.m.—Classical and
semi-classical musical selections.

WGY—Schenectady, N. Y.—
380 Metres.

10:00 a.m.—Service of St. George's
Episcopal Church, Schenectady, N. Y.
6:30 p.m.—Service of St. George's
Episcopal Church, Schenectady, N. Y.

CFCB—Toronto Star—400 Metres.
8:15 to 9:45 p.m.—Concert of sac-
red and classical music.

WWJ—Detroit—400 Metres.
7:30 p.m.—Church services from
St. Paul's Cathedral.
2:00 p.m.—The Detroit News Or-
chestra.

Dorothy Harper Marries
Dr. S. P. Oast of Columbus

St. Peter's Rectory Is the Scene of Interesting Nuptial Event at
Ten Thirty o'Clock Today.

An interesting wedding took place
this morning at 10:30 at St. Peter's
rectory, when Dorothy Francis,
daughter of Mrs. Charles Godfrey
Harper and the late Mr. Harper, was
married to Dr. Samuel Poindexter
Oast, of Columbus, Ohio, son of Mr.
and Mrs. Samuel Poindexter Oast,
of Portsmouth, Virginia. The ceremony
was performed by Rev. Monsignor
McKeown.

The bride, who was given in mar-
riage by her brother, Mr. Edward F.
Harper, of Detroit, wore a Quaker
frock of brown flat crepe, combined
with embroidered organdie and a
broad velvet hat with trimmings,
and her corsage was of Ophelia roses
and lily of the valley.

Miss Kathleen Harper was her sis-
ter's bridesmaid, and wore a gown
of sand shade crepe, with a becoming
hat of the same shade, and her flow-
ers were roses. Mr. Edward F. Oast

of Portsmouth, Va., a brother of the
groom, acted as best man.
Following the ceremony an in-
formal reception was held at the
home of the bride's mother in Prin-
cess avenue. Mrs. Harper received
with Dr. and Mrs. Oast, and was
gowned in navy blue flat crepe, with
a black hat. A wedding breakfast
was served, from tables dainty with
summer flowers.

Dr. and Mrs. Oast left later on a
honeymoon trip down the St. Law-
rence, going on to Boston and Nor-
folk, Va., and upon their return they
will reside in Columbus, Ohio.

Among the guests, numbering twenty,
were many from out-of-town, in-
cluding: Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Harper,
of Detroit; Mr. W. F. Harper, of De-
troit; Mrs. T. G. Williamson, Miss
Williamson, Mrs. Lighthouse, and
Mr. and Mrs. Otto Auerbach, all of
Toronto.

comment.
12:00 noon—Market reports.
12:20 p.m.—Closing market quo-
tations.
1:15 p.m.—Late financial comment
and news bulletins.

1:30 p.m.—Closing stock quotations.
2:00 p.m.—Late news and sport
bulletins.
2:30 p.m.—Late news and sport
bulletins.
3:00 p.m.—Late news of the day.
3:30 p.m.—News, market and sport
summary.

6:00 p.m.—Children's bedtime story.
WGY—Schenectady, N. Y.—
380 Metres.

11:30 a.m.—Stock market quo-
tations.
11:45 a.m.—Weather report.
11:55 a.m.—Time signals.

1:00 p.m.—Music "and address,"
"Some Facts About Milk."
5:00 p.m.—Produce and stock mar-
ket report and quotations; news bul-
letin; baseball results.

7:40 p.m.—Baseball scores.
7:45 p.m.—Musical program.
CFCB—Toronto Star—400 Metres.
12:00 noon—Weather forecasts.
Opening stock markets.

2:30 to 3:30 p.m.—Grain, produce
and dairy markets. News items.
"Music."
5:30 to 6:00 p.m.—Closing stock
market.
7:55 to 8:00 p.m.—Baseball scores.
8:00 p.m. to 9:00 p.m.—Concert pro-
gram.

WWJ—Detroit—400 Metres.
9:30 a.m.—"Tonight's Dinner."
9:45 a.m.—Public health services
bulletins and talks on subjects of
general interest.

10:25 a.m.—Official weather fore-
cast.
11:55 a.m.—Arlington time.
12:05 p.m.—The Detroit News Or-
chestra.

5:00 p.m.—Official weather fore-
cast.
4:05 p.m.—Market reports.
5:00 p.m.—Baseball scores.
7:00 p.m.—The Detroit News Or-
chestra.

Ho, You Boy Scouts!
take a lesson in SANDWICHES

The good scout knows how to appease the hunger of the road. He
keeps the knapsack of sandwiches always slung where it may be
opened at an instant's notice.

Any form of sandwich that mother packs may be turned to royal
picnic fare by the simple rite of toasting over the blaze. Tell mother
about these:

No. 5.—Baked
Bean Sandwiches.

Mash thoroughly one cupful of plain
baked beans. Add four tablespoon-
fuls of grated Canadian cheese and
a dash of salt. Moisten with four
teaspoonfuls of orange juice. Spread
between buttered-slices of Neal's
white or brown bread.

No. 6.—Salmon
Sandwiches.

Chop fine two hard-boiled eggs and
add one-half cupful of minced
salmon. Season to taste, and bind
together with mayonnaise dressing.
Spread between neatly-cut slices of
buttered Neal Bread.

No good scout is satisfied with any Bread but Neal's. He wants his
food to give him the most in health and energy.

NEAL'S GOOD WHITE
BREAD

At your grocers or from our wagons. Phone 1313-2173.

NEAL BAKING COMPANY, LIMITED
WINDSOR LONDON ST. THOMAS SARNIA