

FIND HIDDEN FORTUNE.
VIENNA, March 11.—The hidden fortune in a piece of old furniture has turned up in Vienna with unusually dramatic setting.

One of the many families who live by the gradual sale of antique family possessions decided to sell a very old desk. The daughter and a friend were removed it to a waiting wagon, when the well-known secret compartment opened at the proper cue and disclosed a pile of gold coins.

In the coining of nearly all Europe, and some of ancient date, they represent 5,000,000 present Austrian crowns.



THE LURE OF LENIN YOUNG AND BRILLIANT OLGA GOROKHOFF

Has Written Book "Visions of a Communist World," Which Her Powerful Lover Is Circulating Among the Soldiers.

London, March 10.—Brilliant, beautiful, almost girlish in appearance, and a born adventuress, is an intimate friend's epitome of the charms of Olga Gorokhoff, the mysterious woman whose influence over Lenin is threatening rapidly to disrupt the Bolshevik regime.

The Lady-Commissary Gorokhoff, as she is known to her friends, or the "Red Rasputin," the significant nick-name which she has earned from her enemies, is today the most intriguing and talked-of personality in Russia, if not in the whole of Europe.

Accepted Large Bribe. Lenin is completely under her sway. Violent dissensions have occurred among the People's Commissaries over the "Red Rasputin," but still she continues in her meteoric career. Early in November, Lunacharsky, at a meeting of the council of commissaries, violently reproached Lenin for protecting her, but without effect. Charged with accepting a bribe of half a million rubles from a religious society as consideration for protecting the relics of orthodox saints, this amazing adventuress calmly refused point-blank to appear before the commission of inquiry.

The daughter of a humble peasant of the Ukraine, even in the undemocratic days of Czarism, with her unique beauty and gifted personality, Olga Gorokhoff compelled public attention. Her writings were acclaimed by Maxim Gorky; her beauty attracting the attention even of the fastidious court at the Tsarsko-Selo. In fact, an invitation to the Imperial Palace already had been extended to her, when it was discovered by the secret police that the fair Olga was consorting with a dangerous group of anarchists.

Seemingly by a miracle she escaped

banishment to the salt mines of Siberia. In the new Russia of today, while Olga numbers among her devoted admirers the most powerful chiefs of the Soviets, she has made many dangerous enemies.

Both Fearing and Hated. In the eyes of the enemies, Olga Gorokhoff is the personification of all the evils of the old regime. She is feared as she is hated. One of these days there may be an unpleasant accident, and she will disappear again; this time never to return. Justice is rapid and effective in Russia nowadays, and as heretofore there are many who think her a danger to the cause.

Her personality is strangely akin to that of Rasputin, the ex-horse-stealer from Pokrovsky, whose sinister influence was to cost the czar his life and throne.

The "Red Rasputin" is a unique type of Russian beauty. Unlike her somewhat burly comrades, she is slim and graceful of figure, with tiny hands and beautiful feet. Of dark olive, almost swarthy complexion, and wavy black hair, she has glittering black eyes, the fascination of which, it is said, no man is able to resist.

In this respect again she is very similar to Rasputin. The notorious monk owed his unique success to the curious hypnotic influence he was able to wield over women of every class and age. Olga Gorokhoff has the same gift—if it can be called a gift. Her hypnotic powers, perhaps, are even greater. Ambitious, utterly reckless, and a born schemer, men and women alike pawns in her eyes to be used at her pleasure to and fro across the giant chess board of her life's game to a brilliant climax that aspires to nothing less than the dictatorship of the great republic. Olga Gorokhoff intends to be the first woman dictator in history. Already she is a power in the land.

Her Meeting With Lenin. Her meeting with Lenin was dramatic. Invited by some obscure commission to attend a conference, Lenin arrived with the mistaken idea that it was another and more important event. Bored to distraction at last, with their long-winded speeches, he was about to go when he caught sight of the Gorokhoff. It was a crisis in his life.

Immediately they became the closest of friends. The feeling grew into something stronger. They became inseparable. Lady-Commissary Gorokhoff, as she was now styled, was furnished with a luxurious suite of rooms in the former convent of the Virgin. Here she set up her salon, with all the pomp and ceremony of a princess. Soviet commissaries who attended were required to kiss her hands. She was made the recipient of presents of wonderful jewels to push the case for ambitious bureaucrats with the great man. Within three months she had amassed a small fortune.

Recently, when she was appointed curator of the Palace of Royard Romanoff, the luxurious home of one of the relatives of the late czar, the commissary in charge immediately addressed a letter to Lenin, refusing to be responsible for the historic treasures in the palace unless she was immediately removed. While the anarchist journal Vozvuz is denouncing Gorokhoff daily as a counter-revolutionary agent, who has been commissioned to discredit and undermine Bolshevism, the "Red Rasputin" has just written a book on present conditions in Russia, called "Visions of a Communist World," which, at the express order of Lenin is being circulated widely among the soldiers on the southern front.

Storm Clouds Gathering. "With the advent of Gorokhoff," said my informant in conclusion, "it would appear that the most intriguing chapter of the great tragedy is yet to be written. It will make very interesting reading—if anyone ever cares to write it."

"I can already see the storm clouds gathering on the horizon. There will be more plots, more risings, more bloodshed, yet more widespread destruction before the 'Red Rasputin' is finished with."

"Personally, however, I am of the opinion that she has already gained too great a hold over the czar to be overthrown by the revolution. The real danger is just how far her ambition lies. If, as it is being rumored, she aims at restoring the monarchy, with herself and her lover at its head, that will spell utter disaster. Meanwhile she may develop into the great power of the new Russia. If she can only learn to control that arrogant ambition of hers."

PHONOGRAPH SAVES AMERICAN WOMEN

Relief Workers Besieged by Turks in Out-of-the-Way Village.

New York, March 10.—A new use has been found for the talking machine. As an implement of warfare and a weapon of diplomacy it rivals the punch of Big Bertha and the wiles of Lloyd George. Such was the discovery made by six American relief workers besieged in the little town of Hadjin, Turkey, who arrived recently from the scene of the Turkish Nationalist uprising in Asia Minor.

When the Turkish troops occupied the hills surrounding Hadjin and opened fire on the little town, the Americans in the near east relief compound, just a mile out, raised the Stars and Stripes, and bade it was a white flag for neutrality, and hoped for the best. The worst happened. The Turks fired.

For a whole afternoon they proceeded to fire, and then made a call. Their call was in the nature of an occupation and it lasted for something over nine weeks. The Americans were ordered to give up all their dreams—which was easy, as they hadn't any. They had only "Arabella," the talking machine.

Hears American Music. On the second afternoon of the "visit," when the Turks, armed to the teeth, descended upon the little reception room of the compound, it occurred to one of the workers to keep up the semblance of friendship by offering to play some American music for her guests.

The leader of the party turned his attention from the window, from which he was "playfully" aiming his revolver at the little American nurses in the yard, and said he would be delighted—and he was.

Never did music's charms soothe more completely savage breasts. With "Wedding Bells" their hearts were softened; with "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia" they were won; with "Over There" they were subjugated. From then on until 5 in the afternoon record followed record, with only a minimum pause while one of the hostesses breathlessly cranked the machine.

Such was the performance which took place every afternoon for the rest of the long siege. While the Nationalist troops fired ceaselessly on the little town of Hadjin from the neighboring hills and the Kurdish brigands sauntered about the relief compound with guns leveled and daggers dangling, the safety of the Americans and the Armenian orphans in their care was sure while American melody filled the ears and stirred the emotions of the Turkish leaders.

"I can really believe," said Miss Mary Super, one of the workers just returned, "that it was that little phonograph that saved the day for us, ridiculous as it may sound. The Turks are very childish and capricious. In small matters, like the lives of half a dozen foreigners, their policies are determined by their personal likes and dislikes at

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Strength and Weakness of the Harding Cabinet

President Harding's backbone, his refusal to be dictated to by any clique or faction within his party, is demonstrated to the satisfaction of many journalistic observers by his first official act, the selection of his cabinet. Noting that three outstanding figures, Mr. Hughes as secretary of state, Mr. Hoover as secretary of commerce, and Mr. Wallace as secretary of agriculture, were chosen in the face of formidable opposition, the independent New York Weekly Review thinks that "the time has come when one may regard the charge that Mr. Harding was a mere puppet in the hands of the 'senatorial clique' as definitely disproved." The New York Evening Mail (Ind.) thinks that it is "a cabinet that spells America about as accurately as any other group of men likely to be gathered around a president's council table." On the other hand, the Omaha World-Herald (Ind.) says that the Harding cabinet announcements "dilute, to the Volsteadian measure of one-half of one per cent, the lively hopes that were aroused when we were assured that a Republican Administration would rally the best minds of the country to the public service." The Philadelphia North American (Progressive) says that "It would be an extravagance to call the new cabinet great, but no less absurd to assume that it is not capable of good service."

THE LITERARY DIGEST this week, March 12, in its leading article presents all angles of public opinion upon the strength and weakness of the Harding cabinet, and gives a brief biography of each member of it, with his photograph.

Other news-articles of more than usual interest in this week's DIGEST are:

Who Will Have the Greatest Navy?

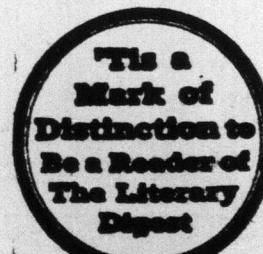
Including Diagrams Showing the Strength of the Three Greatest Navies of the World as They Are Today and as They Will Be in Three Years If Building Programs Are Carried Out.

To Reimburse the Liquor Interests
The Return of the Hyphen
Yap
Townley in Kansas
The Franco-Polish "Ring" Around
Germany (Including Map)
Mystery of Italy's Revolutions
Breaking Up Bolshevism in Norway
Shop Conditions in Europe
The Increase of Smallpox
The Laundry Found Not Guilty
Shipping Coal by Wire
"What Porridge Had John Keats?"
New York "Side-Shows"

Yale Goes West for a President
Moving Picture Abuses
How Home-Work Menaces the
Home
Saving the Immigrant From the Slum
The Career of a Bill in Congress
Judge Landis Under Fire
How to Guard Against the
Pickpocket
Two Razorbacks and the South's
Biggest Feud
Topics of the Day
Best of the Current Poet
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The Literary Digest

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY (Publishers of the Famous NEW Standard Dictionary), NEW YORK.

the moment. "Arabella" charmed them as nothing had in years. They could not be hostile. To be sure, they had momentary outbursts, as when they killed one of our little orphans in a rage, and when they threatened all the Americans with instant death if weapons were found on the ground—and they themselves were saving them there constantly—but once we got them under the magic power of the Arabella, they were mild as lambs.

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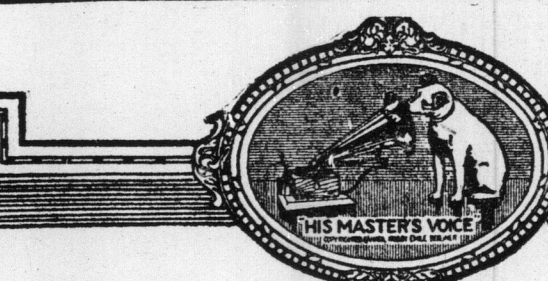
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For Trot	Vanderbilt Hotel Orchestra 216253
O-ili-O—(O-My-O)—One-Step	
Arabella—One-Step	Heur's Orchestra 216255
Good Times—One-Step	
Swedish Waltz—Patrie Valse (of Holsten)	
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