

**Stories From
"Royal Romances
and Tragedies."**

Under the title of "Royal Romances and Tragedies," Mr. Charles Kingston has written a volume (Stanley Paul and Co.) containing facts about the domestic lives of European Royalties some of which read like records in the Newgate Calendar. According to the story told by Mr. Kingston, the most depraved and brutal of hooligans could not have behaved worse to his wife and children than did ex-King Ferdinand of Bulgaria who, Mr. Kingston relates, "practically murdered" his wife, Marie Louise of Bourbon.

A Dutch King.
Of Royal scoundrels, King William III of Holland, it is said, was a particularly unpleasant type. His Ministers had to intercede to prevent him assaulting his first wife. When he was old and a widower he married a girl of twenty, whom he vilified and ill-treated. When he heard that the husband of his sister-in-law had died after only four months of marriage, and had made a will bequeathing all he had to his wife, this is what King William said:

"Although he already had more than he could possibly spend, he resolved to steal his brother's millions too. Of course, immediately following the death of the prince there was considerable confusion, and the widow, prostrated with grief, was unable to see anyone on business. This was the scoundrel's chance, and he took it. The will disappeared whilst William was in the castle, but the precise manner of the theft was never discovered. The fact remained, however, that although four persons had seen Prince Henry's will, not a trace of it could be found from the day of the King's departure. He sent a message to his sister-in-law saying that unless she was out of the castle within a week he would have her forcibly removed, and that he would not give her a penny.

"When he died his widow restored to his sister-in-law a considerable portion of the wealth."

The Queen's Sausage and Mash.
Elizabeth, Empress of Austria and wife of the Emperor Francis Joseph, had a terrible mother-in-law; but she was a high-spirited girl, and now and then tried to bring a little change into the monotony of Court life:

"One day, when she sat down to the usual luxurious lunch, she pushed her plate from her.

"I'm tired of all this!" she cried, impatiently. "Bring me a glass of lager beer and some sausage and mashed potatoes."

"Great was the consternation of the Court. Her Imperial Majesty demanding 'sausages and mash,' the food of common people! And lager beer, too! She must be mad. But Elizabeth in-

sisted, and she had to be obeyed. So whilst her mother-in-law, half-a-dozen archdukes and archduchesses, and a score of officers, were attached to the household and the choice dishes prepared by the Royal chef, Elizabeth, Empress of Austria and Queen of Hungary, enjoyed sausages and mashed potatoes, washed down by Munich beer."

A Mother-in-Law's Hatred.
The mother-in-law—the Archduchess Sophie—went to the length of poisoning the minds of the Queen's own children against their mother. Court custom required the Empress to give twenty-four hours' notice to the Chamberlain whenever she wished to see her own children. Once through the kindness of a Court physician the Crown Prince was brought to her:

"With a fluttering heart she awaited his arrival in the enormous room which was called her boudoir. It seemed too good to be true that she was to have her only son all to herself for a few hours. For seven years she had seen very little of him, and her mother-in-law, the Archduchess Sophie, had apparently created an impassable barrier between them, but now—

"The door opened and the boy entered, and she saw a small face stained with tears and a pair of eyes swollen and defiant."

"The Empress held out her arms. 'Come to me, Nazi,' she said, using the pet name she had bestowed upon him. The child stood as if afraid to move, and his mother went up to him to take him in her arms. But when she touched him he gave a loud scream and drew away from her."

"Don't like you," he said, with the terrible candour of childhood. "You are a wicked woman. Grandmamma says you are."

"For a moment or two the sudden pain caused Elizabeth to press her hand against her heart. In a flash she realized that her own son was being brought up to hate her. The tears filled her eyes."

"Don't Love You."
"You have been told lies, Nazi," the Empress said, but she did not attempt to touch him again. "You are too young to understand, but one of these days you will be in trouble, and then you will come to me I am sorry for you. It is a terrible thing to be trained to hate your own mother. Even a future emperor needs his mother's love."

"Don't love you," persisted the child defiant to the last. "I want to go back to grandmamma. She's not a wicked woman." He turned and tugged at the handle of the door. Someone opened it from without, and that someone was the windy doctor.

"Take him away, doctor," said Elizabeth, speaking with an effort. "The child has been told to insult me, and he hasn't failed to carry out his instructions."

An Archduchess's Cigarette.
The young and beautiful Arch-

duchess Elizabeth of Austria became engaged to the popular King Humbert of Italy. She was fond of smoking—a grave breach of Court etiquette which would have incurred the furious enmity of the Emperor Francis Joseph had he discovered her. At a ball given after her engagement, Elizabeth was smoking in an alcove, when the Emperor approached her:

"Elizabeth had the lighted cigarette in her right hand, and, as it was too late to throw it away, she thrust it behind her back, and waited for the imperial procession to pass into the ballroom. When the Emperor was opposite to her she curtised to him, and, with a paternal smile, he went on, and a moment later the hand crashed out the strains of the Austrian National Anthem."

"But simultaneously with the music came a terrible shriek from the young archduchess. She had forgotten that she was wearing the finest of dresses, every bit of which was highly inflammable, and while she had been curtising to His Majesty the cigarette had lighted it."

"The princess was found a lifeless mass, and all that remained of the once lovely face were scarred and disfigured features. Not until it was all over did the Emperor hear of the tragedy, for the noise of the band had drowned the girl's cries.—John O'London's Weekly.

**Orangeman's
Wife Attacked.**

Cherry Valley all through last Monday night and all day Tuesday was the scene of a man-hunt, the villagers and farmers having joined in the search for a ruffian who on Monday evening attacked Mrs. Reid, one of the best known and most highly respected residents of the neighborhood.

Latest reports from Cherry Valley indicate that the miscreant is surrounded, and it is expected he will soon be taken. Mr. Reid, who is Master of Cherry Valley Orange Lodge, had gone to attend a lodge meeting. Mrs. Reid, on the approach of darkness, in lighting the oil lamp, broke the chimney, and went to a neighbor's to borrow one for the evening. Her neighbor loaned her a chimney, and Mrs. Reid started back home. On her way up a lane near her home she was suddenly seized by a man out of the darkness. Mrs. Reid struggled, and screamed for help, and the villain endeavored to choke her, but the faithful farm dog, hearing the noise, was soon on the scene. He attacked his mistress assailant and made him release her, and beat a retreat. Mrs. Reid, when she recovered from the shock, hastened home and gave the alarm. Her husband was telephoned to, and lodge was at once broken up, the brethren hastening to the place of attack. Mrs. Reid was able to give a fair description of the unknown man. The whole neighborhood turned out in response to telephone calls, and formed a cordon about a large section, and beat the woods for any strange characters. The hunt proceeded through the night and all day Tuesday, with the result that the hunters think they have the miscreant surrounded. The authorities are assisting in the chase. A strange man has been in the neighborhood of late begging, and some suspicion is resting on him.—The Sentinel, May 10.

**Naval Censor's
Indiscretions.**

Sir Douglas Brownrigg, who, throughout the world war, was chief Naval Censor for the British Admiralty, under the title of "Indiscretions of the Naval Censor," has given to the world a book containing some interesting facts hitherto withheld from the public.

When Sir Douglas—then a Captain—retired from the British Navy in 1912 to enter the directorate of a shipbuilding firm he signed a paper expressing willingness to serve (afloat) in case of war, but he confessed frankly that he is one of the small minority who did not know long in advance that the war was bound to happen.

When the crisis came he was invited to take over the censorship of wireless messages; a few crowded, helter-skelter days, and he found himself giving communications to the newspapers; and from that moment on his office developed, with the war, of his time, not suppressing information, but trying to get it published—helping correspondents and artists against the resistance of sailors who thought that the navy was the navy's business, and finally, in the last year or two, organizing tourist parties for the Grand Fleet and other naval bodies almost on the scale of a Cook's agency.

Admiral Brownrigg seems to have liked most of those he met—sailors, soldiers or civilians. British and Continental—and he says so frankly, in outright sailor fashion. Those whom he did not like are concealed by anonymity when they are mentioned at all.

The Battle of Jutland.
Real "Indiscretions" in the book are few, and they are usually not those of the censor. One notable indiscretion, however, is discussed at some length—the first British communique on the unfixed commentary that a battle won

at sea had been lost in the press announcement.

The German wireless, claiming a victory, was the first news of the battle received at the British Admiralty—the German fleet was near home and had returned to port, the British squadrons were moving slowly back across the North Sea. Damaged ships with wounded men were coming into port, so "it was known all over the country that there had been a great naval battle, while we at the Admiralty were officially in ignorance of what had occurred."

Obviously some statement had to be made; Admiral Jellicoe sent brief wireless messages telling of losses and giving a little more information, and on this basis the communique was put into shape by Mr. Balfour, with the First Sea Lord and the Chief of Staff.

Admiral Brownrigg declares that it would have been impossible to get more brains on the task; and while the result was undoubtedly unfortunate, at that time neither the Admiralty nor the Commander in Chief himself knew exactly what had happened. At any rate, as Sir Douglas says, "Whatever be the rights or wrongs of the first Admiralty communique, it had this effect all the world over—our reputation for telling the truth was re-established."

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MINNARD'S LINIMENT RELIEVES NEURALGIA.

Woman's Diary Capable of Trouble.

Rome. (Dominion News Service).—A woman's diary will once again play an important part in a "cause celebre." The confessions of the Countess Katherine Karolyi, wife of Count Michael Karolyi, the Socialist ex-president of Hungary, are the chief incriminating factors in a case that is causing many anxious moments to members of Florentine society.

Count Karolyi and his family were expelled from Italy on account of their Bolshevist propaganda. Karolyi is said to have instigated the recent riots in Florence.

Three women are implicated in the alleged plot. The countess herself, a clever beautiful woman, whose salon in the Villa Primavera was the resort of Florentine nobles, women of fashion, and army officers; Anna Rhind, the countess' friend and maid, who is still in Florence; and the third, a mystery woman. This fascinating friend of the count is said to be an American connected by marriage with the Italian aristocracy.

It was Anna Rhind who was responsible for the revelation. She gave notice to her employers some time before they were requested to leave Italy. She confessed to the authorities that the count had the greater part of his correspondence addressed to her name. Incidentally, he opened her personal letters, and she strongly objected to this, as there were private letters from a young man.

This seems to have been the rift in the lute, but it is the countess' diary,

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AFTERNOON

LONDON

LONDON, April 11.—The Crown Prince of Romania is being arranged to visit the Netherlands in London—his first visit, the first of his visits to London years ago. He is being sent aside to Buckingham Palace and the name of official and private guests is being arranged. The Japanese in London—some of the most enthusiastic of the decorated artist, Yoshio, who came to London years ago, and himself to study under the masters, eating the bread of the drawings. Now he is being sought for. The Japanese minister in London is said to be at Buckingham Palace for the Emperor's son.

CINEMA UNEMPLOYED
Just now there is a great shortage of ambitious entertainers who temporarily suspended their activities, owing to the fact that there might be difficulty in getting sufficient electricity for the most scarce cinema. The most sought after of these are the heads in the cinema. The latest suggestion is that some delay in producing the film was cancelled at the last moment because it was feared that the light have to stop for some time. The scene in the film is the scene alone received in the "small parts" and it is only when they actually do the scene.

SEEING IS BELIEVING
The natural instinct of the human mind is to believe what it sees. It is for a new venture in the field of cinematography. At the moment the purchaser of a camera is not aware of the entire process of the film. An electrical device, which is fully contrived and fitted with glass plates, works on a top window. It connects the camera with the screen. In the morning and in the afternoon, the camera is set up by the delivery of eight or ten electrical leads are not broken.

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