

VIEW OF MOSCOW, WHERE MASSACRES OCCUR ALMOST DAILY, AND WHERE ONLY A FEW DAYS AGO 15,000 JEWS WERE SLAUGHTERED.



quite recovered, never having a touch of it again until her husband was assassinated. Since then the old resolute has returned, but now she has her automobile, and when flying—even at the moderate pace she adopts—is tranquil and happy. "I am," she said lately to an intimate, "that the vision of my husband as they brought him home to me dead leaves me. When in my dear motor car I am a normal woman."

Queen Margherita's most serious adventure took place in the wilds of Norway. She had been warned not to go to a certain district, as the inhabitants were grossly ignorant, superstitious and ferocious, but the accounts of the scenery were such that she could not resist the temptation, and she decided to go, taking a Norwegian interpreter. All went well until one evening a fire burst just at the outskirts of a small village. They decided to explore, while the damage was being repaired, going on to a larger town for supper and to sleep. As the party stood up with the intention of descending, from the crowd which had gathered, muttering and menacing, there advanced a gigantic Norwegian, brandishing a club almost as big as himself and shouting what were evidently threats. The interpreter gallantly stepped forward and explained that the lady with the golden hair was a queen, and merely asked to go through the village to the town on the other side.

QUEEN OF DEATH.

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QUEEN MARGHERITA'S 60 H. P. FIAT CAR.

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CAR BROKEN DOWN.

It seems that the car had broken down some distance from the village, and could not be mended quickly with the means at hand. Telephones were unknown there, so the party had philosophically made the best of it. Queen Margherita exclaiming when she left "I never dreamed how good polenta cakes could be." They all arrived at the palace about midnight.

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Heads. "I am not afraid of your magic," he declared, with a white face, "and if any one of you come an inch further I will brain you with this stick." His words being emphasized by a shower of stones from behind the trees, the villagers having regained enough courage to come so far.

Queen Margherita, fearing for the safety of her automobile, gave way to the importunities of her companions and ordered a retreat, which was in perfect order, although some dodging was done to avoid the stones which were hurled after them.

Another adventure was more agreeable and took place in Italy. One day, with her chauffeur, she started early after lunch, intending to return for afternoon tea. Four and five o'clock passed with no sign of her, and at last anxiety in the palace grew so great that it was decided to make a search for the party. Then followed a wild confusion of ringing of telephones, tramping of flying horses, dispatch of servants, carabinieri and police agents in every direction. Nothing was heard of the lost automobile until a carabinieri about 10 p. m. came upon a car which he thought he knew, and in a tiny village, and which investigation showed to be the one he was in search of. A little further on he found a small inn and thinking that the vines into the garden saw her majesty and the others seated tranquilly at a table having an al fresco meal, which appeared to be much to their taste, while the excited peasant landlady hovered in the background, her knees showing an inclination to bend every time the queen looked at her.

On one occasion the Queen Mother was motoring in a country district, when suddenly an automobile going at a tremendous speed, touched the royal automobile in passing. They all stopped when a man jumped up in the other car and demanded "Why do you not get out of the queen's way?" repeated the gentleman-in-waiting, stupefied.

"Yes," interrupted the other, "this is Queen Margherita's automobile, and that," lowering his voice and pointing to a bearded figure, "is the queen mother herself."

Queen Margherita, indignant, rose and removed her gloves, whereupon the impudent chauffeur, recognizing her, put on full speed, and the motor, an exact copy of the queen mother's, was lost to sight in a flash. Inquiries were made, but its occupants were never found, having probably taken flight and crossed the frontier at once.

HER AMERICAN TOUR. The arrangements for her American tour are causing the queen mother some trouble because of her desire to make every lady concerned in it happy. There is that dreadful ocean to cross, and her favorite lady-in-waiting is no longer young and has a dire dread of the sea. If the queen leaves her behind her trip will be marred; if she takes the lady with her there will be waiting if not gnashing of teeth, as besides entertaining exaggerated notions of the ocean's terrors the good woman believes that the West is populated exclusively by lawless desperadoes and scalp-hunting Indians.

WEDDED HER COUSIN. It was in 1868 that Princess Margherita Marie Theresa Jeanne of Savoy, daughter of Duke Ferdinand of Genoa, wedded her cousin, Prince Humbert. She had been married only two years when she was called upon to take up the difficult position of wife to the heir apparent of the kingdom of Italy at a time when the unity consisted chiefly in a name. No bed of roses awaited Humbert when he came to the throne, and few queens have had a larger share of trouble than Margherita. But in the same degree that the hereditary and self-oblivion of King Humbert during the fearful cholera year at Naples helped indirectly to establish his dynasty on the throne, even more than did his gallantry on the field, so did the devotion the queen displayed in those dark