



THE CZARINA AND HER DAUGHTERS



BY THEODORE SCHWARZ

WHEN the Princess Alix of Hesse married the Czar Nicholas II, she was one of the prettiest and most attractive of the minor royalties of Europe. She was a graceful girl of twenty-two, possessed of winning manners, a charming sense of humor, and tastes that were quiet and domestic. On being admitted to the Greek Church, as was required by Russian custom, her name was changed to Alexandra Feodorovna, so that she is now the Empress Alexandra.

She was wedded at a time when the Russian court was touched with gloom. The late Emperor, Alexander III, had died only a few weeks before. The new Czar Nicholas was entering upon his vast responsibilities with a sort of fatalistic feeling. There have since been many things to cast a shadow over her life. Her husband has been the object of frequent plots. On one occasion, as will be remembered, a saluting battery fired shell instead of blank charges, and the projectiles crashed through the pavilion where the imperial family were seated. The great empire itself has been humiliated in war by a nation which the Russians had despised. It has been often hinted, also, that the relations of the Czarina with the empress dowager are the reverse of cordial; though of late years the latter, who was once the Princess Dagmar of Denmark, has lived in seclusion at Gatschina, so that she and her daughter-in-law have had but few occasions for meeting.

All these and many other circumstances have made the married life of the once beautiful Princess Alix a life of seriousness. They have left their mark upon her face, which is to-day the countenance of a woman worn with care, anxious, and yet courageous. She has lost the rounded and graceful outlines which she had as a young girl, and her easy, careless look has given place to one of watchfulness. Nevertheless, she has found much comfort in her private life. Every one knows that she is a devoted mother. Her first four children were girls—a fact that caused much shaking of heads among the superstitious Russian populace; but since the little Grand Duke Alexis was born, four years ago, there has been no more talk of what at first seemed like a spell upon her marriage.

THE FOUR LITTLE PRINCESSES

Her eldest daughter is the Grand Duchess Olga, a charming, merry girl, now nearly thirteen years of age. She is as full of fun as her mother was in childhood. Within the precincts of the imperial domains, she lives a happy child-life. She has the best of teachers—not those who merely administer instruction as if it were a sort of medicine, but clever people who talk to her and interest her in living things. Not long ago she wrote an imaginary account of a visit to the United States, which somehow got into print. It was read with great amusement, for it had a certain shrewdness and humor about it which made

EDITOR'S NOTE—The portraits accompanying this article are engraved from recent photographs by Boissonnas & Egler, St. Petersburg.

every one think of the writer with sympathetic pleasure.

The second daughter is the Grand Duchess Tatiana, now eleven years of age. Then come the Grand Duchess

nursery, and her German blood shows itself in her careful and thorough watch over her children's welfare.

The Czar himself is far less care-worn than the Czarina. Indeed, he almost al-



ALEXANDRA FEODOROVNA, CZARINA OF RUSSIA, FORMERLY PRINCESS ALIX OF HESSE

Marie, nine years old, and finally the little Grand Duchess Anastasia, who was born seven years ago. They are all very healthy, hearty girls, and the Czarina, their mother, watches over their studies and their play alike. She loves best the hours which she spends in the imperial

ways wears a jovial smile. He loves to take the little Grand Duke Alexis yachting, and to watch, like Tennyson's hero, all his youthful brood about his knee. In spite of the sensational stories that are told, there is perhaps more natural and spontaneous home life at the Russian

court than at any other in Europe, with the probable exception of the British royal household. The German imperial family is regulated with the machine-like precision that is the Prussian ideal of what is best. But in Russia, partly because most of the imperial children are girls, there is very little formality inside the private apartments of the Czar and the Czarina. Certainly there is no touch of the military stiffness which oppresses the German Kaiser's household. The

Czar is in no respect a martinet; and the Czarina, in the innermost sanctuary of the palace, is just a loving, watchful, tender-hearted mother.

AT TSARSKOYE-SELO AND PETERHOF

It is at Tsarskoye-Selo, or "Czar's Rest," that the Czarina and her children spend the greater part of their time. This is the place where sensational newspapers love to describe the Czar as "cowering in terror, and dreading to visit his



THE GRAND DUCHESS OLGA, THE CZARINA'S ELDEST DAUGHTER, BORN NOVEMBER 15, 1895

own capital." One would suppose from such descriptions that it was a huge bastioned fortress, with barred windows suggesting the gloom of a prison-house. As a matter of fact, nothing could be more unlike a prison or a fort. In about half an hour's journey from St. Petersburg, by train, one comes upon great

stretches of beautifully kept parks, through whose magnificent foliage there gleams the marble of snow-white pavilions. There are terraces and colonnades, and above them rises the palace, overlooking a broad lake fringed with foliage of vivid green.

The palace of Tsarskoye-Selo was built by Catherine II, and architecturally it is of the style of the Italian Renaissance. Within its stately halls, ambassadors are received and ceremonious banquets given. It is not here, however, that the imperial family spend most of their leisure hours, but in a smaller residence, situated in another part of the same extensive park, and known as the Alexandrovski Palace. One is not surprised that the Czarina and her children prefer the loveliness of its exquisite landscape to their stiff and formal surroundings in the Russian capital. The climate of St. Petersburg is by no means healthful, and the functions of the court are very tedious to the Czar and his consort, both of whom are averse to excessive ceremonial.

No wonder, then, that they love far better the wooded park of Tsarskoye-Selo, or their quaint house at Peterhof, on the Finnish Bay, known as "The Farm." This last



THE GRAND DUCHESS TATIANA, THE CZARINA'S SECOND DAUGHTER,
BORN JUNE 10, 1897



THE GRAND DUCHESS MARIE, THE CZARINA'S THIRD DAUGHTER, BORN JUNE 26, 1899

was actually, at one time, a peasant's home; and it is perhaps preferred by the Russian imperial family to any other of their abodes.

Only by chance did they come to learn how much pleasure may be enjoyed in the simplest abode. Several years ago the young grand-duchesses had an attack of the measles while staying in the palace at Peterhof. When they became convalescent it was necessary to disinfect and renovate the imperial nursery; and so, for a short time, they were taken to

this farmhouse, which was hastily put in order for them. They enjoyed their stay so greatly that each year since then they have returned to it and its quaint and unpretentious comfort.

Here there is a true simplicity, such as the dowager empress recalls in her old Danish home. During the short but warm Russian summer the children romp in the open air, riding, driving, playing tennis, and living very much as young English children live on the great country estates in Great Britain. In fact,



THE GRAND DUCHESS ANASTASIA, THE CZARINA'S YOUNGEST DAUGHTER,
BORN JUNE 17, 1901

with their daughters and their little son, the Czar and Czarina almost always use the English language.

The only thing that suggests disturbed political conditions is found in the regulations regarding the service of luncheon and dinner. Years ago, when Alexander II was alive, a mine was exploded under

the dining-room of the Winter Palace. Ever since then, it has been the custom for the imperial family to have their meals served in different rooms in alternation. A recent writer, who is familiar with the habits of the court, mentions the fact that a Russian general of high rank was not long ago invited by the Czar to an informal luncheon. Somewhat to the officer's surprise, he found the table set in the Czarina's dressing-room. Perhaps his face revealed his curiosity, for the little Grand Duchess Tatiana, with all the frankness of a child, remarked to him, rather saucily:

"I suppose that when dinner-time comes, we shall have it in the bathroom!"

Neither the Czar nor his family, however, seem to feel any particular anxiety, such as this custom would indicate. Nicholas enjoys himself immensely in playing tennis, in shooting game, in motoring, and sometimes in

pulling a boat. Indeed, when he is on the Finnish shore, his outdoor amusements, which are thoroughly domestic, remind one of the life that President Roosevelt has been accustomed to lead at Oyster Bay during the months when that place is the summer capital of the United States.

THE EMPIRE AND MAGGIE HOGAN

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD

AUTHOR OF "THE SHADOW." "DUNCAN MARBLE'S BLUFF," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER DE MARIS

THE pudgy old Spaniard filled the space between the curtains of Miss Hogan's manicure-booth, so that she could not see whether the barbers in the shop beyond were watching. She hoped they were, because she was proud of the way she had of demolishing this sort of person.

"I've seen your friend hanging around," said Miss Hogan languidly. "Tell him that I don't meet gentlemen without an introduction, and that you're fresher than lettuce salad, both of you."

"I have the honor," said the ambassador, bowing, "to assure our respect profound. And my gratitude," he added confidentially, and so retired.

"Well, what do you think of that?" sighed Maggie to herself. "Thanked me for turning him down! If the dagoes in this house aren't a regular show!"

The house was the little Hotel San Juan, on a down-town street in New York. Maggie had worked there for a month. She never held a job very long, and the reason for this she contentedly appreciated every time she used a mirror. It is difficult for a girl who looks like the Statue of Liberty to be popular with her fellow-laborers in a manicure-shop. Maggie was tall and strong and had glorious red hair. She made most girls resemble pallid dolls, and they knew it.

Mme. Tascheron, however, the owner of the San Juan, rejoiced in Maggie. *Madame* possessed a heart which at fifty years bubbled with the romance of fifteen, and Miss Hogan's beauty excited *madame's* most sentimental speculations. The landlady delighted to bask in the splendid presence of her manicure, purring like a cat and weaving elaborate love-stories about her.

Half an hour after the retreat of the Spaniard, Maggie received the summons of a bell-boy, locked her cash-box, marked the place in her novel with a nail-file, and obediently sought Mme. Tascheron. *Madame* quivered so that her desk-chair creaked faintly.

"Sit down—sit down!" she cried. "The door—close it! Here is something—a dream—a stage-play! I have for you an invitation!"

"From who?" said Maggie calmly, with more regard for her suspicions than for her grammar.

"From me!" said *madame*. "To dine! It will be at eight in my apartment. A gentleman the most distinguished—ah, a stage-play!" She closed her eyes and breathed heavily. "You will wear the black lace," she purred. "At eight! The diamond star I gave you for your hair of Titian! To dine! But Hogan? No, no, no! Another name, *chérie*. Let us have it, De Vivas. Hogan—no! De Vivas—yes!"

"Well," laughed Maggie, "anything to oblige."

"In my apartment!" said the landlady ecstatically. "A gentleman the most—at eight—ah, I am crazed, it is wonderful!"

When Maggie crossed the narrow lobby of the hotel to the street, she noted the elderly Spaniard with a younger man. The younger man was slender and swarthy, with curiously arched eyebrows, a sad mouth, and a chin which seemed to need a brace. She glanced steadily in the opposite direction as she passed.

"Oh, it'll all be proper and correct!" she soliloquized. "Even Billy himself wouldn't kick a bit, and I've simply got to stand in with the boss."

But Mr. William Keefe, of the United