

appreciate the perversity of the modern climate. In the real old-fashioned days such weather did synchronize with Christmas. The Dingley Dell Christmas was no exceptional Christmas. Your true believer in the true Dickens tradition is convinced that the joyful picture there presented—the stage-coach rumbling through the streets, jolting over the cobblestones, and at length reaching the wide-open country, “skimming over the hard frosty ground”—might be said to represent an annual occurrence. The road stretching on ahead, “compact and dry as a solid block of marble,” the “clear cold air,” the “blazing log fires,” were not the mere trappings of a “cold snap” which found itself synchronizing with Christmas. At any rate, your true believer in the real old-fashioned Christmas would never have it so.

Moreover, is not the temptation to agree with him, the “Times” meteorological correspondent notwithstanding, overwhelming? The glamour of it all sweeps down upon us, and, after feeble protest, we surrender, and enter into the “warmth of the firelight.” What a wonderful scene it is, to be sure. The “best sitting-room at Manor Farm,” the car-

pet up; the candles burning brightly; the fire blazing and crackling on the hearth; merry voices, light-hearted laughter, and Mr. Pickwick in silk stockings. “And why not, sir—why not?” Within, a dancing blaze from the fire sends forth a deep red glow which lights up the farthest corner of the room, and without, “How it snows!” said one of the men in a low tone.

“Snows, does it?” said Wardle.

“Rough, cold night, sir,” replied the man; ‘and there’s a wind got up that drifts it across the fields in a thick white cloud!’”

There it is, the real old-fashioned Christmas in the country, and if one wants to see what it is like in the city, what a real old-fashioned Christmas Eve was like in London, one turns again, almost instinctively, to Dickens, to “The Christmas Carol.” How one sees and feels it all! A grand “London per-tickler;” the City clocks only just gone three, but dark already; foggier yet and colder; candles in office windows like “ruddy smears” on palpable brown air. And yet withal it is a cheerful scene. See how that great fire in a brazier at the street corner lights up the group

around it! How bright is the brightness of the shops “where holly sprigs and berries crackle in the lamp heat!” And if there is a Scrooge growling through and at it all, his gait a protest and his greatcoat buttoned tightly up to the chin, is there not just as surely a Bob Cratchit, with the long ends of his white comforter dangling below his waist, going down a slide on Cornhill at the end of a line of boys, twenty times in honor of its being Christmas Eve?

And then next day—Christmas Day—is it not always, in the words of Mr. Pickwick, “A splendid morning, gentlemen?” “Severe weather,” perhaps, “water in the wash-hand basin a mask of ice, sir,” but still a splendid morning. So Mr. Pickwick found it, and so also, most surely, did Scrooge, the regenerated Scrooge of Scrooge and Marley, find it. So, most surely, must we all find it; “no fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring cold; golden sunlight; heavenly sky; sweet fresh air; merry bells. Oh, glorious! Glorious!” Yes, Mr. Pickwick is right. The real old-fashioned Christmas is the Christmas of all the centuries, always and ever a “splendid morning, gentlemen.”

The Grand Duchess Cyril

By P. W. WILSON

IT is, perhaps, a circumstance worth notice that, pending the coronation of her husband as Czar of Russia, the Grand Duchess Cyril should have set up her court *ad interim* with the Monday Opera Club of New York. If at the moment you happen to be a sovereign in exile, there is a certain comfort in receiving no fewer than precisely “Four Hundred” curtsies, indicating a loyal allegiance on the part of an aristocracy which may be republican and even—in the case of Mr. Lansing—Democratic, but is on that account none the less gracious, wealthy, and exclusive. The care with which the illustrious lady was guarded by the police as she was driven from her liner to her White Palaces on Fifth Avenue must have seemed almost like old times; and the precautions taken for her safety are a foretaste of what would be her environment in Russia if the gods were ever to grant her passionate prayer for a crown. The fact that at Washington there was a persistent demand for the recognition of the Grand Duchess by the Administration and for her reception in the Presidential Room at the Union Station suggests that some in-



International

The Grand Duchess Cyril, a visitor to the United States

quiry should be made as to her credentials as Czarina.

A restoration of the Romanoffs is not impossible. Indeed, it would be in line with history. The Bourbons and the Bonapartes were in turn, both of them, restored to France. And for a time the Stuarts were restored to England. But a dynasty once dispossessed is never again secure. It would be on the swing of the pendulum only that the Romanoffs would come back, if at all, and the next swing of the pendulum would be against them. Autocracy can never again solve the problem of “All the Russias.”

Throughout Europe the Russian royalists are to-day most active. Broadly, their case is that there has been another failure of Russia’s food supply; that the farmers are furious over the Bolshevik custom of commandeering crops without adequate payment; that the treasury is bankrupt; and that the loan by England has failed, while there is little hope of a loan from France. The Red Army contains hundreds of White officers; and if hitherto it has been loyal, the reason is that the troops have been well clothed, well fed, and well paid. Any breakdown

in the commissariat of the Red Army would result, so it is argued, in a mutinous disposition; and already it is reported that the Red Army stands solidly behind Trotsky in his struggle with Zinoviev and the logical Communists. That Trotsky reads all that he can find written about the rise of Napoleon is also a significant fact.

Russia, too, is conscious of isolation. It was Karl Marx himself who said that without Britain the proletariat upheaval would be a storm in a teacup. There never was a chance of winning Britain for Bolshevism, but while there was a Labor Government in power there was hope. The British elections meant that even the most ignorant Bolshevik had to write Britain off his map. Turkey too has bitterly disappointed Moscow by deciding to join the League of Nations, and Germany also is going on pilgrimage to Geneva. Moreover, it is stated that during his visits to Paris and Rome Austen Chamberlain, Britain's Foreign Secretary, has discussed measures for counteracting "Red" propaganda; all of which means that Russia has failed to convert Europe. She is active in the Far East. She seeks to disturb the Moslem world. Otherwise, she stands alone.

But does this mean that Russia will send for the Romanoffs? At the moment the Romanoffs are no happier as a family than are the Bolsheviks. To begin with, there is the Dowager Empress Marie, mother of the Czar Nicholas II, who with his family was reported killed at Ekaterinburg. She is, of course, sister to Queen Alexandra of Britain, who recently celebrated her eightieth birthday. These sisters were born princesses in the modest court of Denmark, which also furnished a royal family for Greece. And, after a life of vicissitude, it is in Denmark that the Empress Marie has found her final asylum.

What a life has been hers! The signal for her accession in 1883, over forty years ago, was a bomb that blew up the Czar Alexander II, liberator of the Russian serfs, as he rode in his carriage. The Czar Alexander III, with the Empress Marie, was then crowned in the Kremlin amid scenes of indescribable magnificence. And here there is a curious fact to be mentioned. Anti-clericalism in the Soviets has stripped the churches of their sacred and jeweled icons, but the regalia of the Romanoffs remains intact, and has been photographed and inspected by press correspondents, whose descriptions have been published throughout the world. It is the lure of these barbaric diadems which fascinates the Grand Duchess Cyril. To enter the fierce limelight that beats upon a throne is the



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The Grand Duke Cyril, pretender to the Russian throne

ambition of this lady. She has a boy, the Prince Vladimir, eight years old, whom she sees as successor to her husband. And there are two daughters, the Princesses Marie and Kyra, aged respectively eighteen and sixteen years, whose matrimonial prospects depend upon the royalist revival.

About the venerable Dowager Empress Marie there is this difficulty. The old lady stoutly denies that her son, the Czar Nicholas, has ever been killed by the Bolsheviks, whether at Ekaterinburg or anywhere else. And, taking a considerable theological risk, she forbids his loyal subjects to recite prayers for the repose of his soul. According to the Empress Marie, therefore, who while she lives must be respected as the head of the Romanoff family, there is as yet no vacancy on the throne of all the Russias. What the royalists should do is to discover where their Czar is imprisoned in durance vile and to liberate him. And in the meantime the Grand Duke Cyril—one must add, the Grand Duchess—is not only a pretender but a usurper. In the course of nature, the Empress Marie will join her ancestors, but she comes of a long-lived stock, and is only seventy-seven years old. For some time, therefore, her convictions or her delusions, however you regard them, may be used by the Grand Duke Cyril's critics as a stumbling block to his ambitions.

Assuming the late Czar's death, the next heir was clearly his brother, the Grand Duke Michael, who, after the abdication of Nicholas, was for a day

named Czar. Staying too trustfully in Russia, he was killed by the Bolsheviks at Perm. He has, however, a sister, the Grand Duchess Xenia Alexandrovna, who was married to her cousin, the Grand Duke Alexander Michaelovitch, and, according to British succession, at any rate, it is their son, Prince Andrew, who is to-day Czar of Russia. He is in the same position as the Princess Mary's son, "Master Lascelles," would be if the Prince of Wales and all his brothers had died without issue. He is actual nephew to the last reigning sovereign.

When, however, a royal family is exiled and a lost throne has to be regained, the strict rules of primogeniture are apt to be set aside. It might be objected to the Prince Andrew that he claims the throne through his mother, while the Grand Duke Cyril's descent is throughout masculine. He is the eldest son of the late Czar's eldest uncle, which should be good enough.

Also, in so delicate a rivalry, the wife of the claimant may turn the scale. According to the "Almanac de Gotha," Prince Andrew married a divorced lady called Elizabeth Fabrizievna, ten years older than himself. But the Grand Duchess Cyril, now visiting the United States, is the last word in pedigree. In 1874 London and St. Petersburg turned night into day. Fêtes and illuminations announced the marriage of Queen Victoria's son, the Duke of Edinburgh, with the only daughter of the Czar Alexander II—the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna. It is the granddaughter of these Majesties who has alighted in New York.

The College of Grand Dukes in Russia was before the Revolution a powerful and, as a rule, a reactionary body. Doubtless the monk Rasputin was a thorough-paced scoundrel, but, even so, his murder at the Palace of Prince Youssopof makes a prettier story, especially with the usual embellishments, for a Sunday Supplement than for a Sunday school. Among the grand dukes it cannot be said that Cyril earned for himself an enviable reputation. He was, and is, unpopular. As an officer in the Russian navy he served on the Petrapovlovsk, the flagship of Admiral Makaroff at Port Arthur. The ship was sunk. Only thirty of the crew out of six hundred were saved, and among them was Cyril. A newspaper in Moscow boldly remarked: "Russia has suffered two great disasters; Admiral Makaroff has been drowned and the Grand Duke Cyril has been rescued." And that was when the Czardom censored the press. About Cyril's reputation there is really no secret. When Captain George Djamjaroff, the secretary of the Grand Duchess, was questioned on the matter by correspon-

dents in New York, he shrugged his shoulders and answered, "Grand dukes will be grand dukes, you know."

The Grand Duchess, too, has not entirely escaped criticism. As the granddaughter of Queen Victoria and of the Czar Alexander II, she was married in the good old royal fashion to the Grand Duke of Hesse, her first cousin, and son of Princess Alice. Now Hesse was the home of the late ill-fated Czarina, and the Grand Duke was her brother. Hence the bitter quarrel that broke out when the Grand Duke and his Grand Duchess were separated by a divorce. Those were days when royalty was unshaken, when marriages were carefully arranged for the best interests of all concerned. And if there was incompatibility the wife, at any rate, was expected to make the best of it. The Grand Duchess was thus severely disapproved.

It was, however, when she completed her divorce, as it were, by a further marriage with the Grand Duke Cyril that the storm broke. Her irate ex-sister-in-law, the Czarina, persuaded the Czar to exile the pair from Court, and Cyril is thus one of the few personalities who has been equally unwelcome in Russia whether under a Soviet or under a Czar. A reconciliation was doubtless effected before the end of all things came. But the Empress Marie has so far remembered past years as to issue a manifesto in the United States, repudiating Cyril's claims to be Czar and mentioning the dread word "orthodoxy." And her edict is indorsed by the most eminent and venerable of the active Romanoffs, the Grand Duke Nicholas, who commanded Russian armies in the War and now leads the exiled royalists in Paris.

Nicholas is a Romanoff, but he is also a statesman. He recognizes that the future of Russia cannot be determined by obscure intrigues, whether at Coburg or in the Monday Opera Club of New York. If the Romanoffs are to return to their palaces, the Russians must issue the invitation; and, in the opinion of Nicholas, the revived monarchy must be constitutional, with a *duma* and some form of federal autonomy for the provinces. Such an experiment would fulfill the hopes of the Czar Alexander II and his grandson Nicholas, both of whom were liberal at heart and both of whom met a violent death.

Despite the belief of the Empress Marie that her son is alive, it is stated that "somewhere in France" the Russian royalists are holding the veritable ashes of the "martyred" Nicholas and his family, which at a restoration will be produced as sacred relics, venerated with the reverence once paid to handkerchiefs which had been dipped in the blood

dripping from the scaffold of King Charles I. Russia is mystical; and it is only in that country of Europe that we could expect to see a struggle for sovereignty between the burned bones of "the Little Father" and the embalmed skin of Lenine exposed in the great square of Moscow at a carefully regulated temperature. An even more daring design is a subject of hints. A reunion between the Roman and Orthodox Churches is



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The Grand Duke Nicholas, "the most eminent of the Romanoffs," and former head of the Russian armies

earnestly desired by the Vatican. The Roman Jubilee is declared for the year 1925. What if an ecclesiastical peace were to be sealed by the canonization of Nicholas and his Czarina?

In the meantime, Cyril, anticipating any decision by the Russian people—for which the Grand Duke Nicholas wisely waits—has declared himself Czar and set up a curious little Court at Coburg in Germany. The idea that Coburg has anything to do with Bavaria is, of course, a mistake; Coburg is the capital of what the "Almanac de Gotha" calls the *Maison de Saxe-Coburg-et-Gotha*, a sovereign duchy which furnished Rumania and Belgium with kings and Britain with that Prince Consort whom Tennyson described as "the noble father of our kings to be." Of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the Duke of Edinburgh was sovereign. It was at Rosenau, near Coburg, that he died. And with that castle and the swans on the lake in the park the Grand Duchess Cyril has been familiar from the days of her girlhood. Until he abdi-

cated, her cousin was Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha—a prince who rejoices in the names of Leopold Charles Edward George Albert, Duke of Juliers Clèves and Berg, of Engern and of Westphalia, Landgrave in Thuringia, Margrave of Misnie, princely Count of Henneberg, Count of March and Ravensberg, Seigneur of Ravenstein and Tonna—also, last but not least, Duke of Albany in Great Britain. Indeed, the British Parliament was compelled to intimate by statute, politely but firmly, that, since this Duke was fighting in the German army, he really must not also sit and vote in the House of Lords—which, however, is another story. Enough that the Grand Duchess Cyril has with great adroitness used her prestige as a princess of Coburg to install her husband there as Czar of Russia. The Communists gnash their teeth, but what can they do? You cannot forbid ladies to follow one another around as if they were ladies-in-waiting. And in Bavaria also the Wittelsbachs live exactly as royalty always lives, only unofficially.

Whether Coburg will reconquer Russia is, however, a more serious matter. And here we approach the master-mind which directs the strategy of the Grand Duchess. She has a sister. And that sister is none other than the formidable Queen Marie of Rumania, grandmother of the Balkans. The country over which this Queen's husband rules has the best possible reasons for desiring a change of government in Russia. Rumania is monarchist, and Rumania holds Bessarabia—the Alsace-Lorraine of eastern Europe. If Bolshevism produced a Bonaparte, his first stroke would be a war to recover Bessarabia. Hence the anxiety of the Rumanian Queen for a nice friendly, comfortable family pact with Russia. And Queen Marie of Rumania sometimes gets her way. One of her daughters is Queen of Serbia and another is the exiled Queen of Greece. The third, Ileana, is the cheerful young lady whom the Prince of Wales—when she was offered to him as a bride—once called "a jolly little kid."

What dreams are here! No wonder that the Monday Opera Club of New York is kept busy! Rumania and Russia and Coburg and Britain and Greece and Serbia are all to be united in one domestic bond. Bolshevism is to be shattered. The Pope of Rome and the Patriarch of Constantinople are to be reconciled. It is a game as thrilling perhaps as bridge, as complex as mah jong and as absorbing as a cross-word puzzle. It is chess in which the Queens make the longest moves and the Kings are quiescent. It has its humorous aspect and also its risks.

Children and the Constitution

Staff Correspondence from Washington

By DIXON MERRITT

FOR the first time in American history the child is a large figure in National affairs, the storm center of political activity. The Twentieth—if it sticks—Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which confers upon Congress the power to regulate the labor of children, is up for ratification by the States. Tremendous forces are working for ratification; forces at least equally tremendous are working against it. The conflict centers in Washington, where the amendment is receiving more consideration than any pending measure in Congress, but it reaches out to all the States except those five which already have acted upon it. A single State, Arkansas, has ratified. Four States, including so typical an Eastern State as Massachusetts and so typical a Southern State as Georgia, have declined to ratify. The advocates of ratification start with a handicap, but with no lack of determination.

Ratification of an amendment—a form of politics, certainly—makes strange bedfellows. Organized farmers and organized manufacturers, popularly supposed to have little in common, are working together to defeat the amendment. Organized labor, freshly out of a Presidential campaign supposed to have been waged jointly with organized farmers, constitutes the center of the forces working for ratification. Working with organized labor are groups of people who call themselves humanitarians—some others call them sentimentalists. It is said, too, that certain Governmental forces—those who desire to build up a great bureau for work with children and possibly to combine it with the Bureau of Education—are giving such aid and comfort as their legal limitations will permit to the open advocates of ratification.

Most of the State Legislatures meet during the coming year. They may act upon the amendment or they may not. Pressure will be brought upon all of them to act—and counter-pressure will be applied to have them act unfavorably.

MOST men and practically all women know the arguments for the Child Labor Amendment. The arguments against it—and there are legitimate arguments on that side—are less well known, and therefore, perhaps, entitled to review.

Perhaps the most generally used argument is that no such amendment is needed, that regulation of labor is prop-

erly a matter of State action, that all except two of the States have enacted fairly adequate child labor laws, and that all States have compulsory school attendance laws.

Another generally used argument is that, if the amendment is ratified and an enforcement law passed by Congress, the United States will have on its hands another prohibition law more difficult to enforce than is the one which prohibits the manufacture and sale of liquor. It is said, too, that this amendment, with the necessary enforcement law, would make it possible for a Federal bureau at Washington to enter the homes and substitute its authority for that of the fathers and mothers, that Federal espionage of the work of boys and girls, particularly of farm boys and girls, would be intolerable. Congress, it is said, cannot be trusted to legislate wisely under the blanket authority conferred by the proposed amendment. The amendment, in the nature of it, is said to substitute the Socialistic theory that the citizen belongs to the state for the American principle that the state is the creature of the citizen.

It is charged that the amendment is promoted principally by the ambition of some bureaucrats in Washington who see an opportunity to extend their authority. If the amendment is ratified by three-fourths of the States, and any sort of law for its enforcement passed, it is said that bureau rules and regulations could, without any further action of Congress, prevent boys and girls under eighteen years of age from doing any kind of work. The farm boy seventeen years old could not during vacation ride the horse to rake the hay; the farm girl seventeen years old could not help with the canning during vacation, could not can fruits or raise chickens on her own account. All that the Federal Government has done through years of work by the Department of Agriculture would be thrown away, and complete idleness while out of school would be forced upon all young people up to the age of eighteen years.

Most of these things are, of course, extreme possibilities; but they are possibilities, none the less. Advocates of the amendment assert that regulation under the amendment will not be strictly applied to farm boys and girls. The opponents of the amendment retort that its advocates have steadfastly refused to

exempt farm boys and girls from its provisions, and that what they refused to do when they had no legal authority they probably will not do voluntarily when the amendment is ratified and the enforcement law passed.

OUT of the fight over the Child Labor Amendment will probably grow a movement to amend the method of amending the Constitution. As the Constitution now is, no State can finally reject an amendment. A State may ratify, and that action is final. That State may not later rescind its action. Another State may refuse to ratify, but it does not by that action reject the amendment. Any future Legislature, or the same Legislature at a later session, or even on a later day of the same session, may ratify.

This situation, it is asserted, gives an unfair advantage to the advocates of an amendment—not this amendment only, but any amendment that may ever be proposed. The question of ratification comes on. Its advocates and its opponents exert themselves to put the facts before State Legislatures. The opponents triumph—more than one-fourth of the States refuse to ratify. Still, the opponents of the amendment have not defeated it. Its advocates may concentrate their efforts next year in a particular State, the year after that in another State, and so, by single-shot action through a term of years, secure ratification by the necessary number of States, though any number of those States may previously have voted against the amendment. Here, it is contended, is a rule which works only one way; no State may reconsider and reverse its action of ratification; any State may consider and reverse its action of rejection.

There is no time limit upon ratification of any amendment. Two or three States might now, it is pointed out, ratify amendments proposed before the Civil War, forgotten by practically everybody alive, and make them parts of the Constitution of the United States, though the States which ratified them seventy years ago might have—almost certainly would have—a different opinion now as to the need for such amendments; they could not rescind the action taken by a Legislature which represented the grandfathers of the generation now living.

Some means should be provided, it is