

FIGURE OF GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS OVERSHADOWS CZAR



THE CZARINA



GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS



GRAND DUKE DMITRI



GRAND DUCHESS OLGA



THE CZAR AND THE CZARVITCH

THE war has made the czar a changed man. Instead of the invisible aristocrat, concealed from his people behind great palace walls, enormous parks and files of Imperial guards, protected with infinite care from the assassin, he has become almost a democratic ruler. Everywhere he appears among his people and among his soldiers, returning their greetings, blessing them and encouraging them. Discretion is thrown to the winds. Several times he has penetrated to the battlefields of Poland and would have exposed himself to the shrapnel of the Prussians had not his entourage skillfully rendered this impossible.

His dress is simple and he is often seen in peasant garb—that is a suit of some fine material cut in peasant blouse style, a manly-looking costume of which the true Russian is very proud.

More remarkable still, the queen, always before the most exclusive of royalty, has gone among her people, visiting the sick and wounded. The Russians scarcely knew her before.

There is in all this ostensible activity a little more than the desire to arouse and encourage the fighting nation. There is more, for instance, than inspired the visit of King George to his troops in Flanders. This extra element is anxiety, a lively fear and not of German howitzers. The victories of Russian arms have their sweetness mixed with bitterness for the czar and his family.

Why? The reason is none other than the majestic figure of the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholasievitch, the commander in chief of the Muscovite forces. The czar has long suffered by physical comparison with his soldier cousin—now he suffers in a more serious way.

If ever there was a king in looks it is Nicholas Nicholasievitch. He is full six feet six inches in his stockings, lean but graceful, with a head in which the keenest intelligence is combined with vast dignity and force.

When he is with the czar the latter by comparison is weak and insignificant looking, a cod-dled monarch. In secret the czar's subjects are not slow to speak of this and many avow history of the past twenty-five years would have been far different if this tall Mars had been in his cousin's place, that the humiliation of the defeat by Japan would have been spared the proud Russians.

It has to be remembered that the commander in chief has taken his commission to make him dictator of Russia. The proclamations to the Poles and the Jews promising liberties in exchange for loyalty during the war were not signed by the czar, but by Nicholas Nicholasievitch. This was astonishing in itself and many have maintained made the promises null and void because the promising party would never have the power, if he had the wish, to carry out his obligations to the oppressed peoples.

Yet, would the czar dare to oppose his victorious general by refusing to grant a request to carry out these promises? Such an issue might prove a popular one for Nicholas Nicholasievitch.

The history of Grand Duke Nicholas begins in an unhappy youth. He clung to his German mother, whose Russian husband had woefully wronged her and ruined the family fortune. But come to manhood, he followed straight in his father's footsteps, for the parent was one of Czar Alexander I's famous field marshals, who many times had scourged the enemies of Russia.

Alexander III was not especially fond of the young Grand Duke Nicholas, for noble and peasant alike consciously or unconsciously gave more homage to this splendid giant than to the three spindling, dull sons of the ruler. He ordered that the grand duke's army activities must be limited to the cavalry—but the only result was soon to be told that his horsemen, thanks to

Nicholas Nicholasievitch, were now the best in Europe!

Meantime the Nicholas' family life was not free from the scandal which so often has made the title "grand duke" a reproach. He first married the middle-aged widow of a wealthy trader. He did not bring her to court, but left her at Moscow, where she would be safe from the slights her extraction might earn her in higher company. She died and her husband, now a rich man, only too quickly wedded the Princess Anastasia of Montenegro, with whom he had long been in love. It was while she was the wife of another man, the duke of Leuchtenberg, that Nicholas Nicholasievitch wooed and won her. She persuaded Czar Nicholas to permit her divorce.

Anastasia is a large-framed, vigorous, ambitious woman, devoted to the cause of the Slavs. She is a firebrand and unscrupulous in methods to further her husband's progress to the position of natural leader of the Russian Slavs. It is said her husband is altogether too intimate with a certain lady of the imperial ballet, but this does not seem to affect the relations between the wedded couple. She is always magnificently clad and is as regal in figure as her husband.

Throughout the Japanese war the soldiers hoped Grand Duke Nicholas would be their leader and he was again and again promised to them. Many believed final disaster would have been averted if the czar had conquered his jealousy of his popular cousin. After the war, when the throne was threatened by the revolutionists, the czar was forced to fall back on the man he had slighted and the grand duke restored order by stern means. He was in danger of assassination, and commanded admiration by constantly going about the streets unattended.

Just what happened when the present war broke out remains to be told. It will be an interesting story. It is known that the czar aspired to follow the Kaiser's example, take the field with his soldiers, and "be his own field marshal." What pressure was brought to bear to dissuade him from this purpose and to force his acceptance of Grand Duke Nicholas is hard to say. But there are rumors that the mobilization was well along before the czar knew of it.

It is to be remembered there is a Junker party in Russia as well as in Prussia. And this party claims the grand duke as leader.

The present situation is this: The cabinet council of the empire meets every day at Peterhof. Its resolutions are outwardly submitted to the czar for confirmation; but, as a matter of fact, the cabinet simply O. K.'s the orders of the all-powerful commander in chief and the czar then also attaches his signature. In time of war the cabinet does not dare defy the army head, nor does the czar.

If all this is concealed from the mass of the Russian people, it is entirely clear that astute German, the czarina. Supposed to be a nervous invalid, she has suddenly donned the garments of the Sisters of Charity with her daughters and entered the hospital wards. She is even present at operations and has bound up the soldiers' wounds with her own hands. Anyone who knows the almost religious attitude of the Russian peasant to the "Little Father" can realize the wild enthusiasm aroused among those whom the czarina thus visits.

Can the czarina be striving to win back for her family the personal popularity the grand duke is taking from her husband? It may be so.

Her little son, now ten years old, is suffering from an obscure ailment and may never grow to maturity. If he lives he might have hard work in gaining the throne, for the tradition of blood inheritance is not any too strong in Russia. Many times in her history Russia has seen inheritance by might instead.

If the czarvitch dies the succession would fall to the Grand Duchess Olga, eldest daughter of the czar. To bolster up her claims the czarina is said to be working for a marriage with the Grand Duke Dmitri. Dmitri is closer to the succession than Grand Duke Nicholas. But he is little of the soldier—a handsome fellow, yet too elegant and irresponsible.

If the betrothal were announced of Olga and Dmitri with the proclamation that Olga is to ascend the throne in the event of her brother's death, the party of the Grand Duke Nicholas would know what that meant. It might be well followed by a conflict. Would the army stand by the czar or by their leader of the great war?

WORK ON THE FIRING LINE

Monk Went into Twelve Battles with Bavarians and Was Wounded in Foot.

A South German monk who entered the First regiment of the Bavarian Royal Guards as a volunteer officer at the beginning of the war, is now lying wounded in the hospital at Freiburg. He described his experiences when he was interviewed:

"On August 10 our battalion was sent direct to the frontier. Then we proceeded in forced marches as rapidly as possible to the Vosges mountains, where the French had already taken up their positions.

"The French had entrenched themselves so securely and firmly that they could hardly get out again. All who fled we shot down. At nine o'clock their positions were ours. They threw away everything they had—rifles, blankets and knapsacks—in the panic of fear. All their trenches were full of dead and wounded.

"Our artillery had come up meanwhile; their shrapnel tore fearful gaps in the ranks of the fleeing Frenchmen, as they could not scatter in the narrow valley through which they had to retreat.

"The French prisoners we took seemed to regard us as monsters. Everywhere we went afterward the French terrified the people by crying, 'The Bavarians are coming!' They remember us still from 1870.

"I took part in twelve great battles. The last was near Epinal, where we were lying three days under fire. I was wounded about four o'clock in the afternoon of the third day. That was the worst day of all. The shrapnel burst over us from two sides at once. We sought protection even behind the dead.

"It was the fiercest fire I ever saw. I pushed my way back through the hail of bullets, and a piece of shrapnel tore my knapsack open. Finally I reached a dismantled battery and lay down under cover of the timbers. The bullet which passed through my foot was buried in the sole of my shoe, and the shrapnel was found in the meat tin. I have them both as souvenirs."

THE WIDOW'S HINT.

"Is it true that the widow proposed to Tompkins?"

"Yes, in a way. Tompkins was calling there one evening, when she handed him a novel to read entitled 'Put Yourself in His Place.' Tompkins took the hint."

PLAYED A DUAL ROLE.

"Now," said a newly-made husband, "I am your captain, and you must let me command you through life."

"You have a dual capacity," replied the former widow, "because you are my captain and my second mate, also."—London Telegraph.

PROMINENT PEOPLE

KAISER'S CHIEF OF STAFF



Lieut. Gen. Erich G. A. S. von Falkenhayn, recently made chief of staff of the German army to succeed Von Moltke, is only sixty-three years old—rather young as the age of commanding officers goes in modern armies. He is live, energetic; a bundle of nerves, sometimes agreeable, sometimes irascible, intonational, aristocratic and venturesome.

The only active service undertaken by Falkenhayn previous to the present war was during the Boxer rebellion, when he served on the staff of Count Waldersee. After the Boxer war he was retained by the Chinese government to instruct a number of young officers in the Chinese army.

For a dozen years or more the Kaiser has been particularly interested in Falkenhayn. As a definite earnest of his trust and regard he placed under Falkenhayn's charge and intrusted to him the military education of the crown prince. One reason for the

camaraderie which has developed between Falkenhayn and the crown prince (though the new chief of staff is considerably older than the heir apparent) lies in the superior birth of the general. His noble blood dates back seven or eight centuries.

His viewpoint on all matters is purely that of the soldier. He has never been a diplomat and never an agitator.

GABE E. PARKER

Animated by a sense of obligation to his own people, the Indian race, and especially to the Choctaw nation, which contributed from tribal funds to pay for his education in the public Indian schools of Indian territory, Gabe E. Parker, appointed by the president commissioner of the Five Civilized tribes, takes up those duties with the anxiety and hope to advance the interests and welfare of those intrusted to his charge. Muskogee, Okla., is his headquarters.

Mr. Parker is one-eighth Indian. His mother was one-quarter Choctaw. His father, a Kentuckian, owned a ranch in Indian territory, near Fort Towson, now in southeast Oklahoma, where Gabe E. Parker was born September 29, 1878. He has one brother and two sisters.

The country schoolhouse, an Indian school for the children of the Choctaw nation, provided him with the rudiments of his education. Later he went to Spencer academy, also an Indian institution of learning. He obtained his degree as a bachelor of science from Henry Kendall college. Two things stand out in his memory of college days: That he met his wife, who was a fellow student; that he closed his course as valedictorian of his class, graduating with the highest honors in 1899.

The death of his mother diverted him from the study of law, and he returned as an assistant teacher to Spencer academy after his graduation, and in three months was made principal teacher. After a year of teaching there, in 1900 he was transferred as principal to Armstrong academy, another Indian institution, and in 1904 was superintendent. He was occupying this post when called to Washington to become register of the treasury.



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HEROINE OF PRETTY ROMANCE



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Elizabeth Reid Rogers, a pretty southern girl who made her Washington debut two years ago, has come into a romance that reads like a story book, inasmuch as she is credited with being engaged to the nephew of the Kaiser—one Prince Christian of Germany, a captain in the imperial navy, on duty at present, on a man-of-war in the Kiel canal.

The young folks met at Cairo, where Miss Rogers was stopping with her mother, who sets the pretty girl a difficult example to follow when it comes to looks.

Mrs. Rogers was a Tennessee belle and beauty, Miss Eunice Tomlin of Jackson. She married a scion of the Blue Grass state, in young Reid Rogers of Mt. Sterling, Ky., a protegee of the multimillionaire, Theodore P. Shonts of New York and Panama, largely through whose instrumentality Mr. Rogers, whose mother and Mrs. Shonts were intimate friends, became

general counsel of the Panama canal. The Rogereses are prominent in the ultradiplomatic set in Washington, where they have been spending the last few winters. Miss Rogers is all vivacity and temperament and charm. She shows her Kentuckiness in her devotion to horses. She and her father ride together frequently. Mrs. Rogers and Miss Rogers are in Berlin.

PENNSYLVANIA'S NEW GOVERNOR

Martin G. Brumbaugh, the new governor of Pennsylvania, is one of the best-known men of that state as an educator and friend of the schools. His achievements as a county superintendent, then as the organizer of the schools in Porto Rico, and in the last eight years as superintendent of schools in Philadelphia, won for him popularity and the greatest support a candidate for governor has received in recent years in Pennsylvania.

Doctor Brumbaugh is a rugged, healthy figure of a man, a perfect product of outdoor life and truly representative of his German stock. He is the picture of a powerful athlete, erect, and towering over six feet. He is impressive of the physical giant, rather than the intellectual. Nothing in his appearance betokens the lines of a student or recluse. His leonine head, double-barreled square jaws, and thick yet well-developed body, recall to mind one of the characters in Wagner's operas. The most striking facial characteristic of the man is his craggy, beetling brows. His keen, discerning, kindly glance travels beneath the abundance of hair, overhanging his steely eyes.

