

Recent Matrimonial Miseries of Royal Couples.

Princes and Princesses, with Nothing to Do but Behave Themselves, Who Have Squabbled, Acted Outrageously, or Run Away from Home



The Duke of Orleans, Pretender to the Throne of France and Head of the Ancient House of Bourbon, Who Has Run Away from His Wife, the Archduchess Maria Dorothea of Austria.

It would certainly seem as if there was no excuse for marital troubles among the royal families. These people of royalty are born into the world with everything that most people have to work and fight for—money, position and little or no cares. Scarcely anything is required of a king, a queen or a prince nowadays except that they behave themselves. The one thing that might be expected of them is that they set an example of domestic fidelity and self-restraint.

At the present moment and in the past few weeks the world has been treated to the spectacle of half a dozen royal rows, runaways, desertions, separations and threatened divorces.

The latest episode of this character is the wild flight of the Princess William of Sweden from her husband. The Princess was the first cousin of the Czar of Russia and the daughter of the Grand Duke Paul of Russia. Before her marriage she was known as the Grand Duchess Marie Pavlovna of Russia.

The Princess William, otherwise the Grand Duchess Marie, is an American variety stage actress. In this respect she differs from most European royalties, who look better fitted for the scrubbing profession.

Prince William is the younger brother of King Gustave of Sweden. He is a very lanky and rather homely prince. During a long visit to the United States in 1907 he impressed everybody as a very democratic and good-natured fellow. He complained bitterly about a New York dentist's bill for \$800 for beautifying his face. Sweden is a rather weak country that has a dangerous neighbor in Russia. She has to keep on good terms with the Russian bear, and it was considered a fine thing when Prince William in 1908 married the first cousin of the Czar. The imperial family of Russia, which is the richest in the world, gave her a dowry of \$500,000 and a palace in Stockholm, the capital of her husband's country.

The royal family of Sweden is very middle class. It is derived in the male line from Bernadotte, the marshal of Napoleon who was an innkeeper's son and married a trades-

man's daughter. The Swedish kings and princes have discarded the pomp of royalty as far as possible, and live like a cultivated professional family, devoting themselves to music, painting, literature and other high objects.

The young Russian princess, accustomed to the barbarous luxury and the gay dissipation of St. Petersburg, found this life altogether too simple and unexciting. She wrote letters to her Russian relatives and many friends, recklessly making fun of the Swedish royal family, its plebeian origin and modest amusements. This led to frequent quarrels with her husband.

To compensate for the unexciting court life, the Princess acted as a spy for the Russian War Office in Sweden. She found a congenial companion in a handsome Russian military attaché. Recently a Swedish politician discovered positive evidence that the Russian diplomatic representatives in Sweden had been purchasing Swedish military secrets. The Swedish Government declined to ask for the recall of the Russian officials. It now appears that this reluctance was the Government's fear of revealing the Princess William's relations with the Russian officials.

When the excitement was at its height the Princess packed her trunk and ran away from her husband to Paris. There she continues to pour sarcasm upon him and all his family.

Stockholm is full of stories about the escapades of this madcap Princess. According to one account, she attended municipal art classes disguised as a working girl. That does not seem a very serious offense, but having a secret residence in the city is whispered against the Princess. In any case, she had evidently not sufficient interest or occupation to keep her at home with her husband.

The Duke of Orleans, pretender to the throne of France, is now a wanderer upon unknown seas, while his wife, an Austrian duchess, is bringing a divorce suit against him.

Even the German Kaiser's family has been disrupted by domestic unrest. The Kaiser is a very affectionate father, and he prides himself on the fact that his family life is like that of a simple, old-fashioned German family. All the women are supposed to understand cooking and have as many children as possible. The Empress is an expert in every branch of domestic science, and has had seven children. Her critics say that, though she dresses expensively, her taste is shocking.

Now this very domestic Emperor and Empress are pained to hear that the wife of their second son, Prince Eitel Fritz, has run away from her husband. The Princess was formerly the Duchess Sophie of Oldenburg, and was married in 1906. She has had no children, which has been a cause of annoyance to the Kaiser.

Prince Eitel Fritz is the fattest of all the Kaiser's sons. He is said to be devoted to the bottle and the table. This may have something to do with his wife's leaving him. His daily la-

hors consist in putting on and taking off the uniforms of various regiments. Once he fell heavily from his horse and hurt himself, an accident which uncharitable people connect with his bibulous habits.

The Princess has run away to her castle in Oldenburg and refuses to return to her husband. A generation ago her husband or some other royal relative would have seized her and taken her back home, for royal princesses were treated more autocratically than any subject. To-day few royalties would dare to exercise such authority, and they are more anxious to keep the scandal quiet than to keep the Princess at home.

Another affair recently threatened to disrupt the serenity of the Kaiser's family. His only daughter, the Princess Victoria Louise, married the young Duke of Brunswick, who is heir to the old kingdom of Hanover, which Prussia seized long ago. The Kaiser proposed to allow this son-in-law to reign in the dukedom of Brunswick on condition that he would renounce his claim to Hanover, a claim that has always been an unpleasant reminder that one German monarch has grabbed another German monarch's territory.

The Duke refused to renounce the family claim. The Kaiser called upon his daughter to persuade her husband. She failed.

The poor Princess was torn between allegiance to her imperious father and her young husband. Suddenly the Kaiser gave in and allowed his son-in-law to have his dukedom without giving up his claim to a kingdom.

Another episode which has greatly injured the prestige of royal families is the affair between King Manuel and his wife. Everybody knows that the bride of the young ex-king of Portugal within a month of their marriage was seized with a mysterious illness. She remained in a hospital for two weeks, and during that time it was freely asserted that she would never return to her husband.

Very circumstantial reports concerning the nature of her illness explained this unwillingness. There was much in King Manuel's previous career to lend color to these reports. If a king without a throne and no work to do cannot keep a wife for a month, of what use is he? It is true

that since then Manuel and his wife have been living together, but a strong impression prevails that this is only a temporary arrangement to which they have been forced by the anxiety of their families to avoid an unparalleled scandal.

At this moment Manuel's career, and the mysterious happening on his honeymoon is being used as an object lesson against monarchy by the Socialists of every European country.

Up to the time of Queen Victoria's death no immediate members of her family had ever obtained a divorce or separated from wife or husband. Such an occurrence would have horrified her. She would have done her utmost to prevent it, and then she would have given the offenders a tremendous lecture. Within twelve months of her death one of her granddaughters, the Grand Duchess of Hesse, obtained a divorce from her husband, the Grand Duke.

As a matter of fact, she left her husband and made things so unpleasant for him that he declared himself divorced by his own authority as sovereign. The Grand Duchess told her



The Kaiser's Charming Daughter and Her Young Husband, Whose Honeymoon Was Disturbed by an Old Dynastic Question.

friends how her husband spent his time in boorish and silly amusements, squirted dirty water down her neck at the dinner table, dressed himself as a woman and did other odd things. Her life was one of utter misery.

In a few years the divorced Grand Duchess married the Grand Duke Cyril of Russia, another cousin of the Czar. It is interesting to note that during seven years of married life with the Grand Duke of Hesse she had no children, but within two years of her second marriage she was blessed with two.

The situation grows still more complicated when we find that the Grand Duke of Hesse married a second time and had two children within two years.

Dozens of cases of separations and disagreements in royal families have occurred within the past two years, and everybody knows of others that are likely to become public from day to day.

Close observers believe that the ideas of Mrs. Pankhurst and other leaders of woman's emancipation have penetrated into royal circles. Royalty was until recently the greatest stronghold of the old barbarous convention that man may do as he pleases and women must be strictly virtuous. The royal husband is al-



THE UNHAPPY GRAND DUCHESS CYRIL OF RUSSIA



Ex-King Manuel of Portugal, with His Bride, Whose Separation During Their Honeymoon Has Shocked Public Opinion More Than Any Other Occurrence in Royal Families.

Princess William of Sweden, Born a Russian Grand Duchess, Who Has Fled from Her Husband to Paris.



Duchess Sophie of Oldenburg, Wife of the Kaiser's Second Son, Prince Eitel Fritz. She Has Just Run Away from Her Husband.

lowed even more than the ordinary man's license to disregard morality, while the royal wife is told that she must avoid even the appearance of unconventionality.

Princesses are married by their families or by the politicians of their country to princes they do not love and perhaps scarcely know. They are told they must do nothing but raise children and wear expensive clothes, and pretend that they are perfectly happy wives.

The arrangement suits the average prince, because it leaves him free to indulge all his sensual tastes without hindrance or responsibility. To the wife it means a kind of gilded imprisonment.

The tyranny to which royal prin-

cesses were subjected until recently would almost pass American comprehension. The Queen of Roumania, known to literature as "Carmen Sylva," in her recently published memoirs tells how her grandfather used to beat his second wife, an amiable and talented young woman.

Such practices were common among royal families at that time. The accidental fact that her father was devoted to culture made the Queen the exceptional figure she is among royalties.

To-day there are signs of revolt among the women of nearly every royal family against the old conventions and tyrannies. Some of their methods of revolt are not very sen-

sible or moral. That is natural, because they have been reared in idleness and nursed on wrong traditions. They carry the heritage of many generations of wrongdoing in their brains and nerves.

The Brand New Futurist Way of Writing Poetry

Paris, Dec. 4.

F. T. MARINETTI, the great leader of the Futurist movement in Europe, has invented a new kind of poetry that is worthy of Futurist art.

Marinetti has declared war on present conditions. Our governments, our literature, our art—all must be changed straightway to meet the demands of modern science.

We must live quicker. We must free ourselves from all sentimentality. We must recognize that there is no hereafter, no beauty in landscape, that war is better than peace, that the only real joy is in violent adventure.

The Futurists hate everything that pertains to culture and refinement. The only beauty is violent, shocking, something that stirs you up!

Marinetti is the poet of "wireless ideas and freed words," connected into sentences are unnecessary. For example, his "Siege of Adrianople" contains no sentences, just noises like these:

(Rattle chain constantly on floor during recital.)

—Boom Boom—
—Boom! BOOM! Boom! Boom!
—Bang, Bang, Bang, Bang!
—Bang, Bang!
—Charge! Boom! Boom—bayonets!

—Ah dash that—Boom! Boom!
—Boom!—Boom!
Move them up closer—bang, bang!
—Boom!

His "Twilight on the Seine" is much of the same sort; gentle choo-choo-choo—Getting louder and softer as the steamboats approach and go away—a swear word or two from a dispute between two cab drivers on the bridge—a gurgling sound made in the throat to keep the water in the mind of the hearer. An automobile accident in the streets of Paris in which a woman killed is depicted in the following words:

Honk! honk! honk!
Honk! honk! honk!
Curses of Cabdrivers, truck drivers and Chauffeurs.
Men, women and Children running for their lives.
Honk! honk! honk!
Honk! honk! honk!

Poor girl hurrying home from work.
Looks at young man.
Honk! honk! honk!
Honk! honk! honk!
Policeman foolishly waving his arms.

Chaffeur cries:
"Curse you, get out of the way!"

Honk! honk! honk!
Honk! honk! honk!
Shrieks!
Squash!
Blood!
Silence!
Honk! honk! honk!
Honk! honk! honk!
Flesh is cheap.

Marinetti has rewritten Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," which he considers to have good points in this form:

Bang! Bang! Bang!
Clatter of horses,
Rattle! Rattle! Rattle!
Idiot gives wrong order.
Soldiers curse, don't argue.
Paid to be killed.
Russian guns all wound them.
Bang! Bang! Bang!
Bang! Bang! Bang!
Whizz! Boom!
Ripping flesh.
Squash! Whirr! Whirr!
Shrieks; Howls! Curses!
Six hundred idiots
Better dead.
Still we admire them.
Hope to see more killed next time.

Mr. Marinetti, publishing an explanation of his ditistic ideas, says: "Futurism has for its principle the complete renewal of human sensibility under the action of the great scientific discoveries. Horror of all that is old and well known is at the base of the movement. I give all this in my new poetry."