

# GRAND DUKE SPENDS THIRTY YEARS IN EXILE

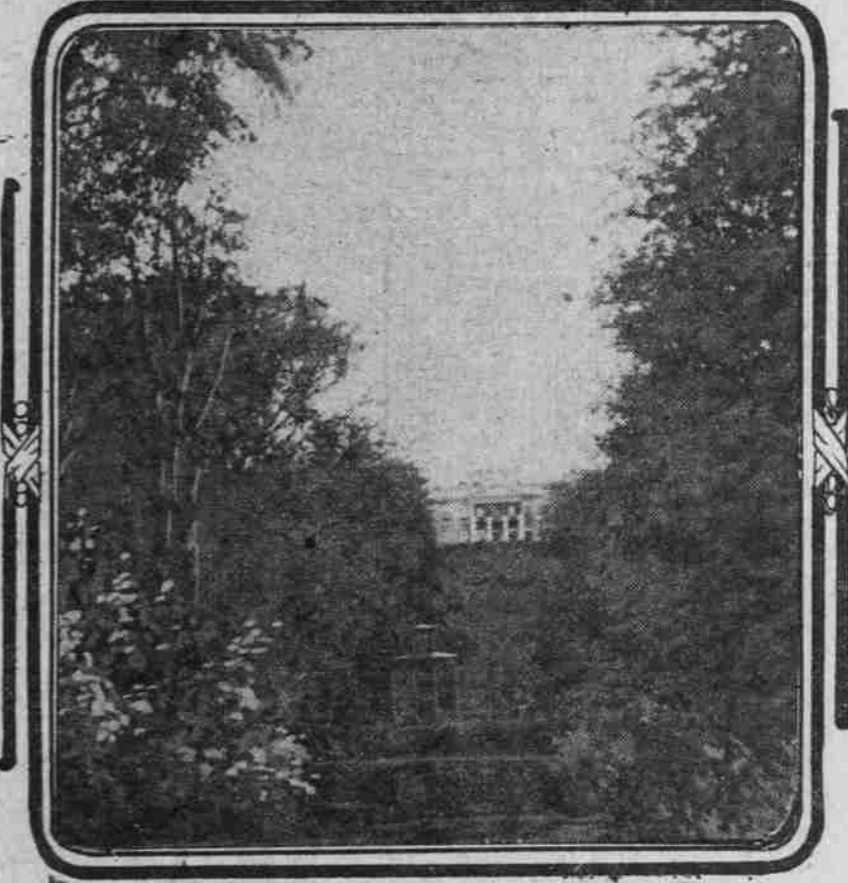
Amazing Story of How a Progressive Relative of Tsar Nicholas lives Forgotten in the Wilds of Tashkent—Hunting Now His Main Interest, but He Used to be the Terror of Reactionary Drawing Rooms—Saved from the Dungeon by the Late Dowager Empress—Name Was Removed from Family Records and Army Lists—Alexander III Even Forbade Mention of It at Court—Father Was Also an Exile for "Western Ideas"—Grand Duke Nikolai Konstantinovich Still True to Forward Opinions—Hopes His Son Will See Russia Free.



A CORNER OF THE PARK WHERE THE FORGOTTEN NIKOLAI KONSTANTINOVITCH LIVES THE LIFE OF A HUNTER.



GRAND DUKE NIKOLAI KONSTANTINOVITCH



FORGOTTEN GRAND DUKE'S REGAL HOME HIDDEN IN THE FORESTS OF TURKESTAN.

ODessa, Aug. 1.—(Special.)—Reaction strikes deep in Russian life. But how deep one can only judge from time to time when a discovery is made that seems to tear aside for a moment the veil of secrecy drawn for years before the skeleton cupboard of the Romanoffs.

Such an incident occurred a few weeks ago, when it became known that a Russian Grand Duke, relative of Tsar Nicholas but long ago forgotten, was still living in the wilds where he was exiled almost a generation ago. Since then I have been fortunate enough to meet Captain Harvey, an American with a roving disposition and a taste for big game shooting, the only foreigner who has ever spent a night as the guest of this noble exile. Here is his story, just as he told it:

Last Fall, whilst hunting in Russian Turkestan, the chase brought him near Tashkent, one of the last Russian outposts before the British frontier is reached. Here, in a forest, he came upon a tall, whiskered man of sixty, accompanied by an attendant, who carried his second gun.

They fell into conversation, the Russian speaking good English. His bearing was not only that of a gentleman, but had in it something of authority, and as they neared the town he asked the American to come to his house and see some bears he had shot. Presently they approached a palace, built on the top of a hill, but so well masked with timber as to be hidden from the casual observer. On the terrace sat a woman with gray hair and a pleasant smile, whom the Russian introduced as his wife.

"They both puzzled me," admitted Harvey. "There was something grand about the man, though I knew he was not a high official, for I had met them all. I told him my name, but he did not tell me his, and all the time I had was that his wife addressed him as 'Nikolai Konstantinovich'—or Nicholas, son of Konstantine. She had not the grand air, and not the culture and knowledge of the world he showed. I could not get him to talk about himself, however skilfully I tried, and the palace, set in the wilds of Turkestan puzzled me immensely."

They were still chatting when night fell and Harvey rose to go. But his host and hostess would not bear of it. Harvey protested, but feebly, for he had grown more and more interested in this mysterious household, where

the wife—as is usual in Russia—was so overshadowed by her husband, and the host's bearing was so out of keeping with Turkestan.

"Besides," remarked the host, gravely capping his persuasion, "I fear your exit from the park gates would be hard after dark!"

"Why?" asked Harvey, though the other man's tone did not invite the question.

"Because there is a strong guard outside," he answered dryly, and changed the subject.

**Admits His Identity.**

Harvey glanced from husband to wife and wondered if he had fallen among some mountain banditti, who meant to kidnap him for a ransom. But the host was calmly smoking and his wife's eyes were cast down. Still it was all weird and uncanny. The park around was pitch dark; the forest lay between it and the town. What did it mean? A servant had taken Harvey's gun when he entered the terrace. Clearly there was fascination for an adventurous sportsman in such a riddle; so the visitor felt a glow of pleasure at the prospect of seeing it through.

The evening meal was served in a spacious dining-room with the same dignified simplicity that characterized the whole house. The food was good, the wines excellent. After supper, they went out on the terrace again, the host talking brilliantly of everybody but himself and everything but Tashkent.

When his wife, who said but little, had gone in, the two men remained together in the dark and silence for some time. Then the Russian said, with startling suddenness: "You are wondering what it all means?"

Harvey admitted his curiosity, and was staggered to receive the quiet reply: "I'm the Grand Duke Nikolai Konstantinovich."

Harvey knew something of Russian history. "But you're dead 30 years ago," he stammered.

The Grand Duke laughed.

"That is what my cousin Alexander III had circulated in Petersburg," he agreed. "In a way, it is true. Politically, I died 30 years ago. My existence came to a sudden end. You will no longer find my name in the lists of the Tsar's uncles, cousins and brothers. At the age of 30, I was brought here, to the wilds of Turkestan, at the behest of the Dowager Empress, Alexander II's widow. Alexander III, my first cousin, would have given me

other punishment for my liberal ideas; the present Tsar, his son, has forgotten all about me—so much the better. "I have not spoken to a foreigner since I left Petersburg. I cannot say how glad I was to meet you in the forest this afternoon, for, when a young man, I had what were then called 'western ideas.' They nearly brought me solitary confinement for life in a cell of Schlusselberg Prison regardless of the whole house. The food was good, the wines excellent. After supper, they went out on the terrace again, the host talking brilliantly of everybody but himself and everything but Tashkent.

"But what was to be done, Captain Harvey? It is not so easy to get rid of a Grand Duke as you may suppose; for foreign opinion is against their being shot. In the days of our great Catherine, or even of my own grandfather, Nicholas the First, things were different. Nowadays, the strangling of a Tsar's uncle would lead to unpleasantness at foreign courts."

"At first, Alexander III thought to send me to a dungeon of one of our castles and keep me there for life among the rats and damp; not much of a life for a young man of 30, with a taste for shooting and outdoor life. Even today, after 30 years of exile, I believe my cousin thought he was doing the best thing for the country when he sent all who had western ideas to Siberia. He would have sent me had he dared, but the dungeon plan appealed to him almost as much. People could be told I had gone to the shores of Finland for change of air.

"But at last his mother persuaded

him to send me here to Turkestan. There was no railway 30 years ago, so Turkestan was as remote as the North Pole today. Most of my fortune was confiscated, but the Dowager Empress helped me in this as well and I was, after a year's good behavior here, allowed to enjoy a comfortable revenue. Still for the first few years I was closely watched by the Governor-General of Tashkent, who had strict orders never to allow me outside the boundaries of a house and grounds near the town. But he made life as agreeable for me as he could and even in those early days his kindness enabled me to enjoy hunting expeditions, on which he always accompanied me. After some years I built this house, in the pattern of the one I was born in. It helped me to forget many weary days. Of course, no letters were allowed to reach me from the outer world and I learned I had, by the Tsar's orders, been struck off the lists of his relations and the army, and the mention of my name was forbidden."

Captain Harvey said he had been in the neighborhood for a month and never heard the Grand Duke mentioned. "The fact that I am forgotten has for a long time been in my favor," said Nikolai Konstantinovich. "Gradually, the military surveillance slackened. It has now practically ceased, except that nobody is allowed to leave my park gates after nightfall. A picket of soldiers is always stationed there. Had you left us when you wished, you would have been arrested and brought up before the Governor-General. The present Tsar, who has forgotten my exist-

ence and is probably quite as reactionary in ideas as his father who exiled me, might have been reminded of my presence, and have made things uncomfortable for me. I wish to remain forgotten at court."

The grandson of the Iron Tsar paused. "On the other side of the Atlantic," he resumed, "you know what freedom means. I hoped, as did my father before me, that Russia would know too. Like him, I was born too early. My son, who has not the right to be called a Romanoff, may live to see it. My daughter is married to an officer here. They are as happy as I have been in my married life. My wife was the daughter of a military official in Tashkent and I married her five years after coming here."

Next morning the American took leave of the Grand Duke. At lunch that day at the hotel Harvey met an official he knew and a little diplomatic questioning confirm the Grand Duke's story.

Further, he learned that Konstantine Nikolavitch, his father, was also an exile for the last fifteen years of his life, for holding too liberal views about government. The Grand Duchess Alexandra Pavlovna, Konstantine's wife, was not allowed to share her husband's exile in the Crimea. She lived in her villa at Petrovsk—her husband banished to the Crimea and her son to Turkestan. During her last illness, however, her husband was allowed to visit her. He died soon after and the Tsar ordered his Crimean house to be searched for revolutionary documents; but before the officers arrived the place

was burned down, it is said by a trusty servant who had pledged his word to guard the secrets of his dying master. ROBERT T. FOWLER.

## LOOK ME OVER CAREFULLY AND TELL ME WILL I DO?

Gus Edwards Latest Song Success the Big Hit of Jardin de Paris

Lyric by WILL D. COBB

Music by GUS EDWARDS

1. When Nan - cy Brown, left our old town, We girls did - n't think her so pret - ty, And that Par - a - graph, hand - ed me - a laugh, And I've heard it said, the stage door led, To - for - tune for girls who were thrif - ty, So I sneaked in first, when the "Pol - lies" re - heard, And

lost her big hit in the cit - y. Now if she could "get by," Why the Elig - field picked me out of the list - ty. So if you should be here, Oh, you doest should - n't II Of course if there is an - y doubt, Take your San - ta Claus dear, Who gives all those "show shops" a - way, With some poco rit.

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pen - cil and slate And come on, cal - cu - late, What's the chan - ces for me win - ning out... near Burnhart's name, In big let - ters that flame Like a Dia - mond Jim Bra - dy, well, say...

**CHORUS.**

Look me o - - ver care - ful - ly, And tell me will I do!.....

Put me down,..... and add me up,..... I'll make some "sum" for you,.....

Mark me "one"..... for sen - ti - men - tal, "Two" for kind..... and "three" for gen - tle,.....

Look me o - - ver care - ful - ly, And tell me will I do!.....

Look Me Over Carefully No. 241.