

# GUARDED by REGIMENTS or SHIELDED by LOVE

## STRIKING DIFFERENCES IN THE BABY DAYS OF HEIRS TO THRONES

IT WAS a pathetic paragraph that came in the news dispatches from St. Petersburg the other day, telling how the little czar, heir to the crown of all the Russias, is constantly guarded by soldiers while playing in the gardens of his terrified father's summer home.

And, at the same time, far across Europe, under the sunny skies of Spain, another royal youngster is pottering about in solitary play, his palatial home surrounded by regiments. When he goes out to ride troops of cavalry clatter along about the carriage.

How differently has the lot of young

fires of revenge for years of tyranny, iron rule and countless official murders.

So, whether he be at Peterhof, which his parents have seemed to prefer, in St. Petersburg, as a place of residence during the colder months, or at Tsarskoe Selo, where much of the pleasanter season is spent, the boy, whose boyhood has been so unlike that of other boys, passes his youthful days.

All about the great gardens, where he plays, stand soldiers, grim, silent, with loaded weapons and fixed bayonets. In the palace corridors are other hundreds of armed men, standing like statues, seeing everything, hearing everything, but giving no signs of life, except when the child approaches one of them. Then the man presents arms in silent, reverential salute.

Carefully shielded at all times, too, since his birth, has been the young Prince of Piedmont, heir to the throne of Italy, now nearly 4 years old. He has the advantage, however, of being held in greater favor by the majority of his future subjects than the unfortunate czarévitch.

As in Madrid and St. Petersburg, troops are ever watchful of the safety of the royal family. During most of the year they do not live in the royal palace at the Quirinal, but in the small palace at the bottom of the garden,



The Hope of Spain in Soldier's Uniform



The Future Edward VIII of England is now at a Naval Training School



The Happiest of them All - Little Olaf of Norway



The Sturdy Grandson of the Kaiser



Russia's Future Ruler is Always Surrounded by Troops



The Prince of Piedmont - Crown Prince of Italy

Prince Olaf, heir to the throne of Norway, been cast! No guards in military trappings dog his heels. He is the idol of his people, securely sheltered by their love. Any one of them would lay down life to shield merry little Olaf from harm.

WHEN, some months ago, the king and queen of Spain visited England, the most amazing measures were taken to protect the royal baby, the Prince of the Asturias, from harm. It was stated—and afterward virtually acknowledged—that on that part of the journey which lay through his own future dominions a spurious "prince" was substituted for the original, so fearful were his royal parents of an attempt upon his life.

The queen has never fully recovered from the excitement of the attempt on the life of herself and the king at the time of their marriage, when a bomb, thrown at the royal conveyance, narrowly missed its intended mission of killing them. A number of persons were killed and injured.

Another terrible shock was the tragic death of King Carlos and the crown prince of Portugal. After that event the guards were doubled about the palace in Madrid, and a swarm of

detectives assisted in guarding the members of the family, and especially a heir to the throne. No longer was the baby taken out for his daily airing in the gardens around the palace. His playground was transferred to the roof, 100 feet above the street, while troops could be seen on guard in every direction.

But it was the visit to England that furnished the comedy flash in the melancholy drama. The royal parents had been warned by the police that an anarchist outrage would probably be attempted while on the journey from Madrid to the frontier.

Accordingly—so the story goes—an ingenious plan was adopted to save the Prince of the Asturias from possible harm. It was necessary that the child be taken along, and, apparently, he was to go with his royal parents.

But when the journey began another child was substituted—the baby of a faithful retainer in the palace. It was about the same age as the prince and, to some extent, resembled him, at least from a little distance.

On the journey to the French frontier the bogus baby was shown frequently to persons at the stations along the route, but upon reaching the border line was quietly returned to its mother in Madrid.

That night another party set out quietly, almost secretly, from the Spanish palace. It included another lady-in-waiting, a baby and a

lined the way; no one paid the party the slightest attention. There was no special train waiting for them at the station—only a special car attached to the regular train, such as might have been commanded by any woman of wealth. The journey out of Spain was made quickly and safely, and soon the youthful pride of Castile was reposing happily in his anxious mother's arms.

When his imperial father sailed down the gulf of Finland, not long since, to meet the English king, the poor little czarévitch, who was taken along, enjoyed his first extensive outing for many a day. His pleasure in the trip was almost pathetic.

Clad in his little uniform—that of the proud regiment of which he is honorary colonel—the boy on whose young shoulders rest the hopes of the Romanoff dynasty romped merrily up and down, and the care-worn, haunted expression passed temporarily from the father's face, as he watched.

Few boys have ever been born to greater responsibilities and, doubtless, to greater troubles. Thousands of troops stand always between him and the tens or hundreds of thousands—no one knows their number—of implacable countrymen, in whose hearts burn the

built by one of the Popes and set apart by the grandfather of the present king for the use of princes visiting Rome.

Even at this early age the boy's training has much of the Spartan rigor about it. Early in the morning he is taken from bed, given his bath and eats his simple breakfast. Like his royal father, he will be subject to a semi-military education, and is in preparation for it.

In striking contrast to the lives of these royal youngsters, who are constantly guarded by regiments, are those of others who are shielded from harm by their people's love.

A conspicuous example of the latter happy fate is little Olaf, crown prince of Norway, now about four and a half years old. He is almost as popular in England as in Norway, and his visits to London are made occasions of striking demonstrations of esteem by the people of that city.

His daily drives are much like those of any child of the better classes; squadrons of cavalry do not clank along beside his carriage. Attired in his sailor suit, attended by his nurse and accompanied by his favorite terrier, he presents a charming picture. All the people stop to greet him, and he always returns their salute in the military way, bringing his hand to his cap.

In the royal park Prince Olaf is often seen with his little wheelbarrow, helping the gardeners cart away leaves or weeds, or building sand forts and planting the Norwegian flag on top of them.

Stories of Olaf's exploits and sayings greatly delight his countrymen. Recently a very bald guest at the royal summer home appeared with his scalp covered with scratches, which he had sustained in a mimic fight on the floor with Olaf—a comb, which the little fellow had tried to make as realistic as possible.

Too young yet for extensive indulgence in outdoor life is the little grandson of the Kaiser, who will sit, some day, on Germany's imperial throne. Already, however, he is securely entrenched in the affections of his admiring people.

The boy who will be, if he lives, King Edward VIII of England—the eldest son of the Prince of Wales—is another who knows nothing of guarding troops. Just now he is attending a naval school, where he is treated exactly like the other students, and where he applies himself assiduously to the task of acquiring knowledge.