

Newest Love Affair of Russia's Unhappiest Prince



"The Jacquerie," Rochegrosse's Powerful Painting of an Incident of the Peasants' Uprising in France Long Before the Revolution, the Brutalities and Outrages of Which Were Paralleled, According to Dmitri's Story, by the Fate of the Czarina and Her Beautiful Daughters.

THE Grand Duke Dmitri Pavlovitch is perhaps the most romantic and the most tragic figure among the many Russians who have experienced unspeakable sufferings in recent days.

The young Grand Duke was the only son of the Grand Duke Paul, the late Czar's uncle, and, therefore, was the Czar's first cousin. He was for a time mentioned as a probable successor to the Czar, in view of the Czar's feeble health, and this proposal was greatly favored by conservative Russians. To help this project it was planned that Dmitri should marry his cousin, Grand Duchess Olga, oldest daughter of the Czar.

The Grand Duke has had many escapes from death—and many unhappy love affairs. Nearly all his adventures have been tragic or unhappy, so much so that the London newspapers—he is now in London—have called him "Russia's unhappiest prince" and "the melancholy prince."

He took a leading part in the plot to kill the scoundrel Rasputin, in order to rid the Czar of the "dark forces" that were ruining him. The scoundrel died, but it was too late to avert disaster for Russia. The revolution sent Dmitri abroad, ruined and an exile. His father, Grand Duke Paul, was one of the first princes to be killed by the Bolsheviks, while his stepmother, Princess Olga Paley, barely escaped with her life, and his relations and friends fell by the score almost daily. Then came the dreadful tragedy of the assassination of his cousin the Czar, with the Czarina and her five children.

The British royal family has shown much kindness to their cousin, Grand Duke Dmitri, in London, but he is an erratic prince not to be comforted by conventional attentions. The latest information about him is that he is intensely interested in the beautiful and dashing American dancer, Theodora Gerard, commonly known as "Teddy." But even this affair does not seem likely to bring happiness to the unhappy prince.

A large part of London and a part of New York believe that the Prince is in love with the black-eyed dancer. They say that he fell in love with her not for her personal charms, her brilliant eyes, her flashing smile, her light and slender figure, the swift grace of her movements. He yielded his heart to her, the gossips say, for a far different reason. He loves her because she listens tenderly to his stories of the horrors of the Russian revolution.

It would be hard to find two persons of careers and characters more widely different than "Teddy" Gerard, the dancer, and Dmitri Pavlovitch, who may become Emperor of Russia.

Miss Gerard is from the light-hearted South. Dmitri, son of royalty, is of the sad North. She is an Argentinian, born in Buenos Aires. Her parents are French. Her true name is Theodora Gerard Cabre. Her parents brought her from the gayest country in South America. She finished her growing up in prosaic Hoboken, N. J. There an impressionable young man wooed her. She married him when she was sixteen because he promised to secure a divorce, but youth is impatient. To sixteen the six months required for a residence seemed an intolerable time. She returned and sang and laughed and danced in the chorus at the Casino. It was in

"Havana." She went to Europe. She became an idol of Paris. She gave the gay capital her version of the vampire. It is interesting and typical that she dressed as the wrecker of men's lives in a lovely pink gown instead of the stereotyped black one.

At thirty-one Miss Gerard can review a life filled with more events than are encompassed in the existence of most women of eighty. Mrs. E. R. Thomas, once the beautiful Linda Lee, of Kentucky, became jealous of Paris's idol and named her in her divorce suit. This course, Miss Gerard declared, was "catty." But Mrs. Thomas secured her divorce.

Again jealousy beset the path trod by her dancing feet. E. R. Thomas became jealous of Edward Cripps, now Colonel Cripps. Mr. Cripps is a colonel of the Hussars, having won his title and many decorations because, leading twenty men, he captured a trench of Turks. It is to be hoped that Colonel Cripps and the melancholy prince will not engage in a duel of jealousy.

Grand Duke Dmitri, too, at twenty-nine, has some heart adventures stored away in memory's rose-leaf and lavender chest. There was the trim housemaid whom his cousin-in-law, the Czarina, caught him kissing. The Czarina then urged the Czar to banish his kinsman for the household good. While the Czar was hesitating, according to his indecisive temperament, court circles wagged active tongues about the lad's absurd devotion to the impeccable Princess Beloselsky, formerly Miss Susie Whittier, daughter of the late General Whittier, of Boston. These two so opposite adventures caused the youth to be exiled when he was twenty-two. He went to Rome, where he was seen in the company of the Princess Radziwill and her sister, Gladys Deacon. There was an evening when the public feasted its eyes upon the trio while they feasted at the Excelsior. The table was decorated with the Princess's favorite flowers—red roses and red carnations.

The stirring events of this young Prince's life he told to Miss Gerard in London, and during the telling, it is said, he fell in love with her.

He met her first in Petrograd, while she was dancing in the Russian city. It was before the war. With other princes and nobles he attended parties at which the dancer from America was a belle. But neither was greatly attracted to the other. Death and disaster were needed to form bonds between the then light-hearted pair.

When he met her again she was playing in "The Eclipse" in London. He saw her in the play. The manager brought to him her message of sympathy about the trouble in Russia. The Grand Duke sent an appreciation. Since the Russian was pitied and the American admired by everyone they were "invited everywhere." They met at many parties—gay ones on the Strand and fashionable ones in Mayfair.

In Miss Gerard's boudoir apartment, small and brilliant as a jewel, the telephone rang one afternoon. Lady Portarlington was on the wire.

"Dear Teddy," she said, "poor Dmitri has received the most awful news. The Bolsheviks have killed his father. Dmitri likes you so much. May I bring him to you?"

"Certainly. At once. This very minute."

Lady Portarlington arrived, bringing with her the tall young man with the pale face and tired eyes. Miss Gerard gave them the easiest chairs and softened the light to a faint pink glow.

"Now tell me about Russia, Dmitri," she said. She listened well. It is a rare accomplishment. Women's minds travel faster than men's speech. Fair listeners are in haste to hear the end. They interject and exasperate. But Miss Gerard, fastening her eyes of velvet blackness on his, was silent as the Sphinx.

"It was so hideous, Teddy," he said. "My poor father. You know how I loved him. I was his only son."

"Dear father had been in prison, ever since the revolution. They had promised him his freedom the next day. The devils! He believed it. He and two other noblemen expected that with the dawn they would pass out of the prison gates and be free. He was led with his two companions out into the prison court. They sniffed the clean air. They lifted their bowed heads. Hope shone in their eyes.

"But first we must do something else," said their torturers. "What it is you shall see." A crowd of prisoners were brought out. My father recognized many of them. The fends shot them all, every one, before his eyes. Then they thrust father and his two companions back against the wall and shot them to death."

As he told this Dmitri held his hand before his eyes, as if to shut out the memory of the horror.

A few words from Miss Gerard. Not more than "Poor Dmitri! Poor boy! How sorry I am!" But she had listened with volumes of eloquence in her deep black eyes. As Lady Portarlington expected, he left the boudoir apartment calmed and consoled.

There was that strange Christmas party at Shepherd's Market. Shepherd's Market is poor and picturesque—a London Greenwich Village. Struggling, unrecognized art abides there. In this company lived Dikran Kouyoumjan. He was a writer, who has since written a successful book. He was writing it then—writing it so assiduously that he had not bought any Christmas supplies. And there was another reason for the omission.

Teddy Gerard wrote to the garret-styled studio—in Shepherd's Market. "You know, we players don't play on Christmas," she said. "I have taken a fancy to dine in your studio. Will you supply the place? I will send the dinner. We will have in five or six of the boys. What do you say?"

"Oh, Teddy, will you?"

It was a unique Christmas party. To it came the Grand Duke Dmitri, bringing his



Interesting Pursuit of the Fascinating Miss Teddy Gerard by the Melancholy Grand Duke Dmitri, Whom His Aunt, the Ill-Fated Czarina, Banished for Kissing Her Housemaid



Two Charming Poses of Miss Teddy Gerard, Whom Grand Duke Dmitri Wants to Marry.

unspeakable torture. Do you understand, Teddy? Those gently nurtured women were tortured by creatures below the beasts.

"My uncle, the Czar, was taken into another room in the cellar and was shot. My aunt and her daughters remained imprisoned for many hours afterward. They were tortured by the human refuse. They were subjected to nameless indignities, hideous familiarities.

"The poor little Grand Duchess Olga, the eldest daughter, the one I was to have married—she and Tatiana fell to their knees under the barbarians broke open the door. They besought them for the boon of death. They said, 'We beg you to kill us now. We entreat you.' Tatiana, they say, tried to fling herself on the sword of the man who was first to enter. They knew the horrors that awaited them. But no. Their lives were spared for many hours. They remained there until day-break, the prey of savages."

"At least," Miss Gerard said at this strangest of Christmas parties, "you avenged their sufferings before they occurred. You helped to kill the traitor Rasputin."

"Yes," he answered, and the story followed. "We knew that he had turned his bestial eyes upon the lovely Princess Youssupoff. We knew that he was on his guard against us. But we knew the lure of a lovely woman was stronger in him than fear. We wrote a note, signing it by the Princess Youssupoff's name. We said, 'Will you dine with me to-night at the palace?' He arrived. We knew he would. Prince Youssupoff and two others and I received him. It was in a subterranean room. He turned upon us a look of malevolence. He knew why we were gathered, but he did not flinch. Youssupoff said, 'The princess will be here presently. Shall we begin?'

"We sat at the table and drank. We had poisoned the wine. To our amazement the huge brute drank and drank. The poison did not affect him. 'Can it be true? Does he possess supernatural powers?' we silently asked ourselves. The dinner was well on. Rasputin's eyes turned to the door. He was waiting for the entrance of the princess. As with one accord we arose. As with one accord we said, 'You are a traitor. We are going to kill you.' Rasputin answered but one word. 'Yes,' he said, and backed toward the door.

"But two of us barred his way. The executioner had been chosen. It had been determined by the tossing of a coin. Prince Youssupoff or I was to do the deed. The



Grand Duke Dmitri Pavlovitch, One of the Executioners of Rasputin, the Mystic Whose Influence Upon the Forerunner Royal Family of Russia Helped Precipitate the Revolution Against the Czar.

coin gave the chance to Youssupoff. He cast himself upon the giant. He bore him down to the floor. He throttled him. One of the noblemen fell fainting at the sight. The other left the room. 'Go,' said Youssupoff, 'he is dead.' He flung the tablecloth about the big, silent form.

"I went out by the rear door. I drove a car around to the front gate. I was to wait there for the monk's body and drive across the bridge and fling it into the river. A servant opened the gate.

"My God," he said, "Youssupoff is murdering Rasputin." I went back to the underground room. There lay Youssupoff choking on a divan, struggling for breath, waving his hands as though trying to drive someone from him. I shook him. 'What has happened?' I asked. I helped him to his feet. He stood looking down at the false priest still wrapped in the tablecloth.

"He is dead," said Youssupoff. "Yet after you went out of the room he struggled with my knees, caught at my throat, and with a tremendous effort flung me on the sofa. Then he fell back and the cloth smoothed itself over him."

Dmitri was exiled for his part in ridding Russia of its tyrant. He went to Paris and Rome. He came to London. He goes about, but because of his pale face and his memories he is as a ghost at a feast.