

# AS WOMEN SEE THE WAR

*Being Our Regular Semi-Monthly Woman's Supplement in Martial Form*



OF THE KAISER'S HOUSEHOLD.

On left: The Crown Princess Cecilie. Centre: The Princess Victoria Louise. Right: The Empress of Germany. Dread's natural prey in the present crisis.



## Fair Heads That Lie Uneasy

By M. J. T.

WHEN daggers had been gripped for the doom of Caesar, it was not he, but Calpurnia, his wife, whose dreams had foreshadowed the tragic occurrence which made the Ides of March of that year famous. The which instances the common knowledge that she who shares the pillow of a monarch must more than share the unrest which attends it, since "Uneasy lies the head which wears a crown."

There are fair heads in Europe at the moment for whom the last month and over the midnights must have been filled with fateful horror. And where guilt is how great must be foreboding!

Does the wife of Kaiser Wilhelm tremble as the sister of Skule, in Ibsen's drama, feared when her brother, the barked pretender, embarked upon his course of devastation? Does "Sleep no More!" on lips not mortal trouble, rather, an incriminated woman as it broke the rest of the guilty wife of Macbeth? Alas! It is altogether likely that the Kaiserin's heart is a mother's, simply, proud and wracked in the self-same moment, that six tall sons of hers are doing battle.

Another royal woman in Berlin who is probably praying other prayers than the official one ordained by Kaiser Wilhelm is the mother of the Emperor's eldest grandson, the youthful Kronprinzessin Cecilie. A charming picture of the boy is extant in which he is leaning intimately against the gilty (with a "u," if you prefer it) bosom of the highly decorated war-lord whose expression, for the nonce, is strangely human. One wonders, as his mother probably wonders, what chances the boy has now of becoming Kaiser.

There is also the daughter of the mad monarch—his only daughter—the bride of a twelve-month who, by recent advices, is now a mother. Whatever may be said of Kaiser's stupidity, he did a neat thing to arrange that marriage, which salved over a feud inside his country. The bridegroom was the Prince of Cumberland. Does the young wife (not too happily wed if gossip may be trusted) feel with her mother, and the Crown Princess, the weight of curses piled upon her father?

AT that wedding, scarcely a year ago, Princess Mary of England was bridesmaid and her royal mother and the bride's mother bowed from one processional carriage upon the crowded and cheering "Unter den Linden." And now must Her Majesty, England's Queen, contribute a son to the British forces while two of her brothers, the Duke of Teck and Prince Alexander of Teck, are wielding veteran blades against the Prussians. And while Princess Mary supports her mother, the fair head new to its grown-up coiffure must think strange thoughts of a world that sunders cousins. 'Tis Mars' little way.

The Czar of Russia was another royalty hailed by the populace of Berlin when he, too, attended the nuptials of the Princess. He saluted the gay young daughter of his cousin. Russia kissed Germany, so to put it, and the latter, in the person of Victoria Louise, seemed almost willing to "turn the other cheek." The osculations are done, unfortunately. And now, in the city of the changed name, the sad Czarina and her bevy of daughters must spare a thought from their standing sorrow, the little Czare-



QUEEN ELENA OF ITALY

The rare Diana of the hills of Montenegro, whom the King of Italy married for love. She is the sister-in-law of the Servian Sovereign, King Peter.

witch's illness, to the newer distress of cloven friendship and the bitter sea of hate that "flows between." The Czar's fair wife was a German princess, and now she must see her adopted country engage to the death against her fatherland—her brothers and cousins fight against her husband. Alix of Hesse is nigh distraught with terror.

So much for the griefs of royal women in three of the greatest of European countries, whose lords, though joined by ties of kinship, are less like a family party at present than the crop which is said to have sprung from a dragon's teeth. And yet there are women in palace chambers who must suffer more by the war than even these do.

There is Belgian's Elizabeth, Albert's consort, and worthy by virtue of her heroic patriotism to share every tribute paid that monarch. Her palace became a hospital and she a ministering angel as soon as calamity threatened her country and need was to serve the sick and wounded. The women of her court had called her eccentric. True, she was a victim of neurasthenia. Her father, a sister, also her brother, she had lost by death in rapid succession—the sister under tragic circumstances. Small wonder if gayety fell shy of her and "melancholy marked her for her own." It took this war to endear her to Belgium. She is crowned anew in the eyes of her country. But there are sharp thorns in the shining circlet, for this woman, too, had a German childhood!

Italy's beautiful queen is a Montenegrin. Her distress has been acute at her husband's position of enforced oscillation 'twixt right and contract. He has sought to maintain an imperilled neutrality as much for the sake of his well-loved consort, who is sister-in-law and friend of the Servian monarch, as for Italy itself, a land war-weary and confronted with the problem of "taking sides."

In his country of regicides, Francis Joseph has no wife to be wracked with premonitions. The Empress Elizabeth died by the assassin, sixteen years ago at Geneva, even as the price of the crown of distress was exacted by violence all too lately from the poor fated Duchess of Hohenburg. How dread must appear the prospect of succession to the wife of the Austrian Archduke Francis Joseph!

And so is the saga of the poet vindicated. How uneasy lies the head which wears a crown!

## "Unholy Glee"

WHEN a poet took "Liberty" for his subject and coupled as the foremost champions of it Switzerland and England—

"Two voices are there; one is of the sea,  
One of the mountains; each a mighty voice:  
In both from age to age thou did'st rejoice,  
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!"

he pointed out that in the fight against Tyranny, noble zeal was the animating passion which was