



Mme. Kalinina, a Countess, is conducting a studio of Russian art objects and a tea-room and is happy in her new plane.



"At Your Service, Ladies!" Says Headwaiter Theodore Lodijensky, Former Major-General and Once Military Governor of Moscow. He Works in a New York Restaurant.



Countess Nierotts, Chief Lady-in-Waiting of the Late Russian Empress, Has Been Reduced to Making Her Own Clothes.

Does a General Wait on Your Table or a Countess Mend Your Clothes?

It Does Happen, and Here's a Noblewoman Who Is Now a Manicure; a Czar's Favorite Who Is a Public Singer and a Princess Who Came as a Stowaway.



Mme. Elizabeth Girenko, a Relative of the Late Czar, Is a Manicure in a Chicago Hotel.



Princess Andronikoff Making Lace in Her Humble Paris Home.



Mme. de Toronoff, Favorite of the Late Czar, Who Narrowly Escaped Death, Is a Singer for Her Bread.

THE waiter in a quaint little coffee shop just off the theatrical district of New York, lost control of a loaded tray one evening and let it go crashing to the floor.

"Alas," he sighed, "I never should have done that if I had watched my Ukrainian servants more closely. They were perfect at that sort of thing." The waiter, it happened, was a Russian noble who once had a house in Petrograd and vast acres in the Ukraine. So the next time your waiter blunders look at him closely before you administer a rebuke. He, too, may be suffering from the handicap of a noble upbringing. And if your laundry shows unmistakable signs of maltreatment consider a while before you protest. The untrained fingers of an impoverished Russian countess may have done the damage.

For it is really not unusual these days—especially in New York and Chicago—to be waited on by a Russian general or to have your clothes mended by a countess. The explosion in Russia propelled the forlorn aristocracy of that fated land into all the larger cities of Europe and America. There are large colonies of them in Constantinople, Berlin, Paris, London, New York, Chicago and San Francisco. In practically all cases they came to their new homes empty-handed. And in just as many cases they have turned to any task they could find.

Some of them developed new abilities rapidly. Others were not fortunate and, aristocrats though they are, find themselves tied to such tasks as cleaning up stables, washing clothes, making lace, or trimming nails. The noble refugees in Paris have developed lace making into a considerable industry. Here are a few stories of what has happened to some of these uprooted nobles. Their experiences bristle with romance, adventure and struggles with hardships. They are typical.

A motionless form lay in a third class compartment of the night train from Moscow to Petrograd. Huddled near, sat a woman dressed in the uniform of the Russian Red Cross. The train stopped; the door was flung open, and a Bolshevik guard entered. He poked the figure on the bench with the butt of his gun and cursed him.

"Citizen," expostulated the Red Cross nurse, "he is a madman in a strait-jacket. I am taking him to Petrograd under special permit."

The guard examined the permit, found it correct, looked at the bewhiskered face of the madman, and slammed the door. The train went on its way.

The "madman" was Maj.-Gen. Theodore Lodi-

jensky, former aide to the Czar, military governor of Moscow, and an official hunted by the entire Bolshevik army. The Red Cross nurse was his wife. They were on their way to the United States and freedom.

They arrived in New York with \$50. After innumerable hardships, Lodijensky obtained work in a shipyard on Staten Island at 50 cents an hour. When this work slackened he got another job, this time in charge of an express company's stables.

Meanwhile his wife borrowed a few dollars and opened up a millinery shop on East Fifty-seventh street. Her success was immediate. This gave the General an idea which flowered in the shape of a tea room over his wife's hat shop. Visitors to this little inn are now greeted by the Major-General, who in the capacity of major-domo, ushers them to their seats and insures their getting proper service.

The Lodijenskys not only put themselves on their feet but were able, through their good fortune, to offer sanctuary to another noble lady. In Mme. Lodijensky's shop sits a woman designing charming little hats. This woman is the Baroness von Keppen, once lady-in-waiting to the Czarina.

Many of the Russian aristocrats who are now enjoying sanctuary in this country hope that conditions will one day permit them to return to their homes. Not so with Countess Maria Songaylo Kalinina.

It took her six months to reach America and when she arrived she had only a few jewels and a stout heart. She capitalized both and now presides over one of the finest art establishments in New York City. She has no intention of returning to Russia save as a visitor. She has ex-

pressed the wish that her seven-year-old boy grow up an American citizen and toward that end she has taken out her first citizenship papers.

Mme. Kalinina is a countess in her own right. Her husband was an advocate-general in the Russian Army. Their tangerine plantation in Batum was a model for all other Russian plantations, but when the Red armies swept down upon her they made her estates a waste and herself a penniless widow. They murdered her husband before her eyes.

The studio which she now maintains on Tenth street, New York, is a veritable treasure trove of Russian art objects. There are draperies, wonderful wood carvings and brass work, tapestries, rugs and what not, and she herself cooks dainties and serves tea. Since setting herself up in business she has had many remunerative commissions. Save for one thought she would be per-

fectly happy. She cannot forget the plight of her countrymen who are still in Russia.

Anna Pavlova, the celebrated dancer, was introduced to a Baroness Lyja de Toronoff at a fashionable party in an eastern city the other day. She started, then smiled pleasantly, and extended her hand. She had met the Baroness before, she said. Though neither mentioned the fact at the time, Pavlova and De Toronoff had met in the Royal Russian household eleven years ago when Pavlova was about to start on a tour of Europe and America after being released for this purpose by the Czar. At the same time Mme. de Toronoff was beginning her reign as the Czar's favorite entertainer.

Pavlova is now a fixture with American audiences and Mme. de Toronoff hopes to establish herself as a singer. Neither of them feels any

animosity toward each other now, but as a result of a rivalry for the Czar's favor, which once existed between them, a strange sequence of events was started in motion.

It so happened that the Czar's valet, a man named Boris Schumalki, was madly in love with Pavlova when she was head of the Imperial Ballet. When De Toronoff appeared and the Czar tired of Pavlova, Schumalki was infuriated. And when he saw Pavlova driving away for a tour of two continents he vowed that he would make the humiliation of his ruler and the new favorite his purpose in life.

His time came with the Soviet outbreak. He made straight for De Toronoff, dragged her from the palace and turned her over to a squad of Soviet soldiers. They carried her far into the country and left her in a tumbled-down castle under the guard of an ugly old crone who had a personal grievance against the Czar on account of having been struck once by the Imperial automobile. After days of bread and water diet and nameless insults, Mme. de Toronoff managed to escape and make her way to the house of a family she had once befriended near Petrograd. Through their aid she finally fled the country and came to America.

Struck by the quiet dignity of the manicurist who was polishing his nails in a Chicago hotel, a business man of that city made inquiries about her. He found out that she was Mme. Elizabeth Girenko, a Russian noblewoman said to be a relative of the late Czar.

Her husband was killed in the revolution. She made her living for a while by sweeping up sidewalks. Finally she escaped to Berlin, where she met a Minneapolis millionaire who paid her flattering attentions. In response to his urging she came to America and found that he was married. He gave her money and sent her to Chicago, but after three months withdrew all support.

Mme. Girenko is "contemplating suit against this millionaire."

After stowing away on a steamer in a German port and being sent back from mid-ocean, and after finally getting passage again on an American-bound steamer, the Princess Elizabeth Tschernitschew, formerly Miss Elizabeth Schlich of Louisville, Ky., recently arrived in New Orleans.

When the Reds broke loose in 1919 they swept down upon her family in their castle of Niev Novgorod. Her husband was crucified on the castle entrance, her property, estimated at millions, was seized, and her 12-year-old son was taken from her. She has never heard from him since. She walked all the way across Germany. She stowed away on the steamer Gascanier, bound for New York, dressed as a boy. For five days she remained hidden in the hold without food or water. When discovered she was too weak to stand.

