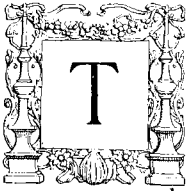


At the Kaiser's Court

BY MADAME DE HEGERMANN-LINDENCRONE

Berlin, 1903.



HE *Schleppenkur* is a great event in Berlin. It takes place before the birthday of the Emperor. I had never seen anything like this ceremony, and it interested me very much. Perhaps it will you. One is expected at a very early hour in the evening—eight o'clock. This makes it necessary for one to begin to dress at six. Naturally you go without any dinner; a cup of bouillon is considered sufficient to keep you alive.

It is the custom for diplomats to engage for the evening a *Schutzmann* (a heavy, mounted policeman). Our particular one was waiting for us before our house, and rode at the head of our carriage until we arrived at the entrance of the château. He looked very important, but I do not think he was of much use. However, it seems that a *Schutzmann* comes under the chapter of "*No-blesse oblige*," so we took him. He did a great deal of horsemanship, but never dared to disobey the policeman's orders, and when we arrived at Portal Four we had to wait for the file like other people. He did not call up our carriage at the end, but had to be called up himself by the police force; then he appeared bristling with energy, and galloped at our horses' heads to our door, where we laid our offering in his hand and bade him good night. The *Schutzmann* is one of our privileges and nuisances. I felt sorry for people who had been standing in the cold street for hours to watch the procession of carriages and the gala coaches (which the ambassadors use on this occasion), because they only got a glimpse through the frost-covered windows of glittering uniforms and dazzling diamonds. Your dress (instructions as to which are printed, even to the smallest detail, on the back of your invitation) must be a *ball dress*, with a train four me-

ters long, short sleeves, a *décolletage* of the Victorian period, and white-kid gloves.

We arrived at the Wendel entrance and mounted the long and fatiguing staircase before we reached the second story, where the state apartments are. In the hall of the *Corps de Garde* were several masters of ceremony, who received us with deep bows. I wondered what certain large baskets, which looked like clothes-baskets, were, and was told that ladies wearing boas or lace wraps around their shoulders were expected to drop them into these baskets. They would then be conveyed to the other staircase, where, after the ceremony, we would find our servants and carriages—and, we hoped, our boas! We passed through different rooms where groups of ladies were assembled. The *Corps Diplomatique* filled two rooms. The ladies were in the first one, which leads to the Throne Room.

The Hungarian and Russian ladies wear their national costumes, which are very striking and make them all look like exotic queens. The English ladies wear the three feathers and the long white tulle veil, which makes them look like brides. We others wear what we like—ball dresses of every hue, and all our jewels. No one can find fault with us if our trains, our *décolletage*, our sleeves and gloves are according to regulations.

The chamberlains arranged us, consulting papers which they had in their hands, after the order of our rank. Being the newest member, I was at the very end, only the wives of two *chargés d'affaires* being behind me. The one directly behind me held up my train, just as I held the train of the Peruvian minister's wife in front of me. I hope that I have made this clear to you! The *doyenne* stood in front of the door which led into the Throne Room through which she was to enter. Four meters behind her was her daughter, holding her train,

and behind her were the ladies who had not already been presented at Court.

The room not being long enough, we formed a serpentine curve, reminding one of the game called "Oranges and Lemons." It must have looked funny to any one not knowing why we were so carefully tending the clothes of other people. We never let go the train of the colleague in front until she reached the door of the Throne Room, where we spread it out on the floor. Then, as the lady passed into the room, two lackeys (one on each side of the door) poked the train with long sticks until it lay peacock-like on the parquet.

This is rather a critical moment. One has a great many things to think of. In the first place, you must keep at the proper distance from your predecessor. Of this you can be pretty sure, because if you walk too fast there is the restraining hand of the chamberlain to prevent you. Still, there is always the fear of dropping your fan, or tripping over the front of your gown, or of your tiara falling off.

When I came in I saw his Majesty standing on the throne, stately and solemn. For two hours he stands thus. With a mass of officers on my right and a few chamberlains at intervals on my left, I advanced very slowly, and, I hope, with a certain dignity. I saw the train of my colleague turn the corner around the officers. Two other lackeys darted forth and pronged my train in place. I made my courtesy first to the Emperor and then to the Empress, who stood at his left.

Next to her Majesty stood the *Grande Maîtresse*. I put myself by her side and presented Frederikke and our secretary's wife, and the *Grande Maîtresse* said their names to the Empress. Then as we passed out a servant picked up our trains and threw them over our arms, disappearing through the door of the immensely long gallery, which is filled with pictures commemorating the numerous battles and events of the last forty years. I wondered, when I looked at the stretch of carpet, how any one carpet could be made so long. As I was the latest arrival among the ministers' wives, I and my two acolytes were the last persons to enter the *Weissesaal* where the buffet

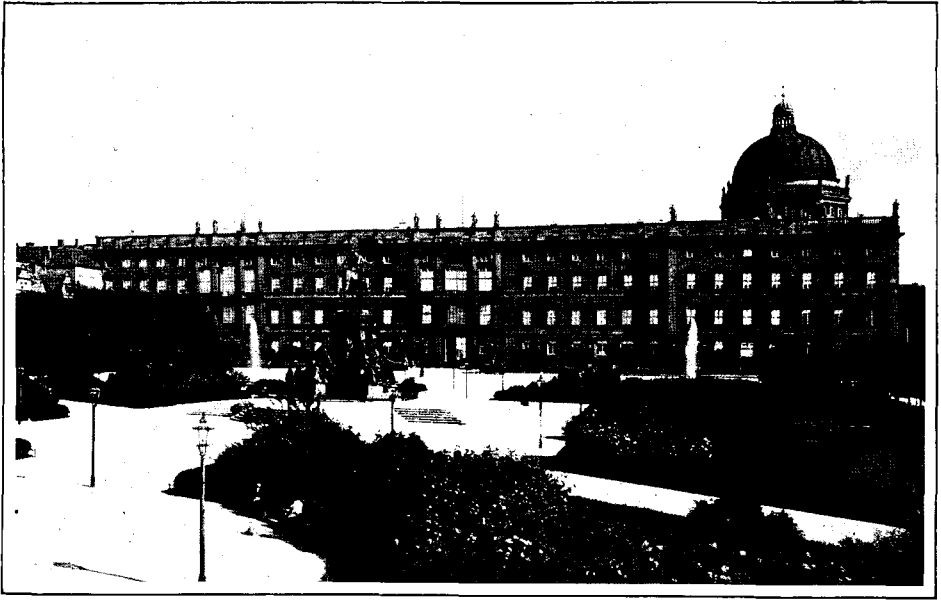
stood. This buffet extended almost the whole length of the vast room. We refreshed ourselves. My little self was in sad need of being refreshed, and I devoured the *butter-brod* spread out temptingly under our eyes, and drank some reviving champagne, and waited for my better half, who, with the other better halves, was making his bow to the sovereigns. The ladies of the *Corps Diplomatique* pass before the throne first and are followed by the gentlemen; then come the highest-ranked princesses, and so forth. It is very fatiguing moving about with one's court-train dragging on one's arm, and I for one know that I was glad when we went down the marble staircase and found the servant who had sorted our boas from the baskets. There is no antechamber at the foot of this staircase, so one must stay exposed to the wintry blasts when the door is opened to let people out.

It is extraordinary how long it takes ladies to disappear after their carriages are announced. They say a few last words, linger over the picking up of their skirts, and go out leisurely; also the servant seems unnecessarily long mounting his box and settling himself before the coachman drives away.

The 21st of January is the Emperor's birthday. The whole city is beflagged and there are all sorts of illumination preparations—"W's" in every dimension and color, the Emperor's bust surrounded by laurel-leaves and flags in every window. Johan went in gala uniform to the chapel in the *Schloss*, where a religious service is always held, after which every one goes to congratulate his Majesty and see the *défilé-cour* afterward.

In the evening was the gala opera. Johan dined with Count von Bülow, the Prime Minister, at five o'clock, while I dressed for the theater. We were obliged to be there at eight o'clock sharp. "Sharp" is the word here. There is no loitering where the Emperor is concerned. Everything is on time, as his Majesty is sometimes *before* the hour mentioned, but never *after*.

The Opera House is rather small, but was beautifully decorated with garlands of artificial flowers hanging from the center of the dome down to the bal-



THE ROYAL PALACE AND LUSTGARTEN—BERLIN

conies, and from the proscenium-boxes to the orchestra. In the center of the house is the royal box, the balustrade of which is covered with real flowers. From all the balconies are hung beautiful carpets covered with festoons. The whole interior was a mass of color.

The Emperor and Empress sat, of course, in the front of the box, while the other chairs were filled by royal guests who had come to Berlin to congratulate the Emperor. The King of Saxony, the King of Württemberg, and the other German royalties all sat in the royal box. The Emperor's sons had their seats in the balcony.

The ambassadors occupied the four proscenium-boxes. The highest princesses of the German nobility sat in the next balconies, the *Corps Diplomatique* in the boxes and balconies adjoining the royal box. All the officers and secretaries of the embassies sat in the parquet.

When the audience was seated the Director-General of the Royal Theatres entered the royal box, came forward and knocked his wand three times, a signal that their Majesties were about to enter. The royal party came in very quietly and took their places. Every one in the house stood up and bowed. It was a

pretty sight from our balcony to see all the men's heads in the parquet bend down while they saluted their Majesties. It looked like the swaying of wheat by the wind.

Gradually all the lights were turned out and the overture commenced. The opera was "Carmen," with Madame Destinn in the title rôle.

In the *entr'acte* the diplomats and the ladies and gentlemen in the first balcony were told to go to the foyer, where they were presented to the various royalties assembled there.

The Empress was covered with magnificent diamonds and pearls, and the jewels displayed by all these royal ladies, and all the glittering uniforms of the princes and officers, made a splendid sight.

The Emperor came toward me with a gleam of recognition and commenced in an entirely unceremonious way, shaking me heartily by the hand: "How do you do? It's a long time since I saw you."

"Not since Rome, when your Majesty was there in 1889," I answered.

"So long ago? I remember it so well! As if it was yesterday!"

"I, too," I said. "I remember your Majesty being in the Statue Gallery of

the Capitol, where you looked like one of the statues itself, in your white uniform."

"I remember," he said. "It was a dreadful glare."

"It was the first time they ever put electricity in the Capitol."

"They put too much in," he said; "and such a lot of people. Dear me! I shall never forget it. Didn't I look bored?"

"No. Your Majesty looked very serious, and as handsome as a Lohengrin," I answered.

"Lohengrin, really? I did not see any Elsa I wanted to save."

"Oh, I meant only a Lohengrin *de passage*," I replied.

The Emperor laughed. "That is good."

"I recollect what your Majesty wrote on the photograph you gave Mr. Crispi."

"Really? What was it? I don't remember."

"You wrote, '*Gentilhomme, gentilhomme. Corsaire, corsaire et demi.*'"

"What a good memory you have!" he said.

In case, my dear, you don't understand this, I will tell you that it means: "If you are nice to me I will be equally nice to you, *but* if you are horrid I will (pokerly speaking) see you and go you one better."

The Emperor said very kindly: "I am very glad to have you and your husband here, and I hope you will like Berlin. But," holding a finger warningly, "don't expect many Lohengrins."

DEAR L.,—I have been to my first Court ball here. I will describe this one to you, and never again.

The invitation we received was very large. It told us that we were invited by order of his Majesty, King and Emperor, to appear at the *Königlich Schloss*, Thursday, at eight. We were accompanied, as usual, by the policeman on horseback. It amused me, while we were waiting in the carriage, to see standing before one of the entrances to the Palace a whole line of soldiers with serviettes hung over their shoulders. They were there for the purpose of washing the dishes after the supper.

As I have said before, the *Wendel-*

trappe is very high and tiresome to mount. We found the hall of the *Corps de Garde* filled with youthful pages whose ages are anywhere from fifteen to twenty. They were dressed in red coats, with large frills of lace, held in place by their mothers' best diamond brooches, neat little low shoes with buckles, and neat little white-silk legs.

I glided along the polished floor through the different rooms, which were empty, save for the numerous chamberlains. All had papers and diagrams in their hands, and they told the gentlemen as they passed whom they were to take in to supper, and the name of the supper-room. Each room has a name, as "Marine Room," "Black Eagle Room," and so forth.

On the walls of one of the rooms we passed through were brackets which held great silver tankards, and the silver balcony intended for the orchestra was so near the ceiling that I wondered if the heads of the musicians did not bump against it.

The long gallery was filled with officers, whose uniforms were of every imaginable color and description, and gentlemen who looked as if they had just stepped out of a picture-frame. They wear their calling on their sleeves, as it were. The academician has a different costume from the judge. I noticed a clergyman in his priestly robes, his Elizabethan ruff around his neck, his breast covered with decorations. He was sipping a glass of hot punch and smiled benignly about him. He had a most kind and sympathetic face. I would like to confess my sins to him, but just now I don't happen to have any to confess.

Tea was passed about while we were waiting to enter the ball-room. In the *Weissesaal* the *Corps Diplomatique* has a raised platform reserved for it on the right of the throne, on which we ladies, beginning with the ambadress, stand, following precedence. On the other side are all the princesses of the German nobility. I was shown to my place on this platform.

When the two thousand people collected in this room raised their voices a little more than was seemly, the Master of Ceremonies pounded his stick on

the floor—there was to be no loud talking—silence reigned a moment, and then the unruly guests burst out again, and were again reduced to silence by another and more ominous thump. The musicians began the march of "Tannhäuser." This was the signal for the entrance of the sovereigns. No one dared to breathe. People straightened themselves up, the ladies stepped down from their platform. From the middle arcades the young pages—twenty-four in number—entered in pairs. Then came the Oberhof Marshal alone, followed by the four greatest personages in Berlin—the Duke Trachenberg, Prince Fürstenberg, Prince Hohenlohe, and Prince Solms-Baruth. After them came the Emperor with the Empress on his arm. Every one bowed to the ground. They were followed by the five sons of the Emperor—the Crown-Prince, Prince Adalbert, Prince Eitel Fritz, Prince August Wilhelm, and Prince Joachim; then all the princes and princesses of the House of Prussia.

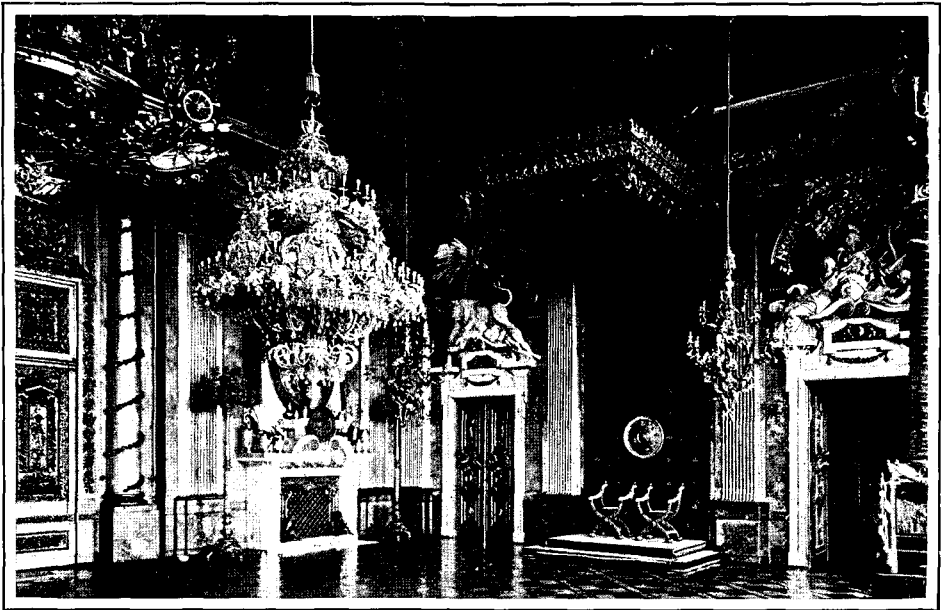
It was a very imposing sight as they all marched in. When the Emperor and Empress reached the throne, they made a stately bow to each other and separated, the Queen turning to the *doyenne* (the first ambassadress), and the Em-

peror crossing to the ambassadors. Each *chef de mission* stood in front of his secretaries and presented them.

My place was between the wives of the Swedish and Brazilian ministers. My neighbor was very unhappy because she was not able to use her eye-glasses. Eye-glasses are one of the things that are not allowed, such as boas or lace wraps.

The Empress spoke to all the ladies in either German, French, or English. She was accompanied by the *Grande Maîtresse*, who stood near her.

Right behind the Emperor are two gentlemen who are always within speaking distance. The first is the tallest young man to be found. He wears a red uniform, white knee-breeches, very high boots, a breastplate representing a brilliant rising sun, and a high blazing helmet surmounted by a silver eagle. This makes him the most conspicuous person in the room, so that you may always know where the Emperor is by seeing the towering helmet above the crowd. The other is General Scholl, a dear, kind old gentleman, who is dressed in the costume of Frederick the Great's time, with a white wig, the pigtail of which is tied with black ribbon, a huge



THE THRONE-ROOM OF THE ROYAL PALACE

jabot of lace with a diamond pin on his breast.

All the other Court persons wear dark blue dress-coats, with gold buttons, and carry in one hand the awe-inspiring stick, and in the other the list for the suppers. Some of them are rather vain about

The Empress was followed by a very tall young officer. He wore a red uniform and a hat with a high, red feather, easily seen from a distance. Countess Brockdorf, to distinguish her from other ladies, wears a long black mantilla on her head and looks like a *duègne à l'Espagnole*. The other ladies of honor stand near the Empress in the background. I forgot to say that the wives of foreign ministers have *fautouils* on their platform, behind which stand the wives of their secretaries.

The ball was opened by the Crown-Prince, who danced with the youngest *demoiselle d'honneur*, then the other princely couples joined. None but the Prince have the privilege of dancing at first. The *valse à deux temps* only is permitted. The Court likes better the old-fashioned method of revolving in circles round and round the room, but occasionally it permits the lancers.

The young ladies and gentlemen, who had been practising their dances for weeks, began their gavotte. The ancient *ballet-danseuse* sat up under an arch in the ceiling, and held up a warning finger if any mistake happened. The dances they learn are gavottes and minuets, which are very ingeniously arranged. Some of the officers looked rather awkward when



EMPEROR WILLIAM IN THE UNIFORM OF THE "CORPS DE GARDE"

their legs, and stand profile-wise so that they can be admired. They do look well turned out, I must say, with their silk stockings and low, buckled shoes.

The ladies of the *Corps Diplomatique* are not always as observant of Court rules as they ought to be, and their *décolletage* is not always impeccable. If Worth sends a corsage with the fashionable cut—what do they do? They manage, when they stand on their platform *en vue*, to slip their shoulders out, thereby leaving a tell-tale red mark, only to slip the shoulders in place when royalty has its back turned.

they had to point their toes or gaze in the eyes of their partners. During one of these dances the Empress went off into the gallery, next to the ball-room, and ladies new to the Court were brought up and presented to her.

Princess Henry and Princess Leopold then made the tour of the guests. Each time a royal person came to speak to us we were obliged to descend from our platform, in order to be on the same level. The Emperor talked with all the ladies. To me he spoke in English, which of course he speaks perfectly. He was dressed in a Hussar uniform, and

held his *képi* in his left hand, and offered his right. He showed me a new decoration he had just received from the Sultan. He pointed out the splendid diamonds and seemed very much pleased with it.

A *Vortänzer* (the leader of the dance) is chosen in the beginning of the season. It is his duty to arrange all balls and lead all cotillions that are given by society during the winter. He gives advice, indicates the officers who dance well—in fact, arranges everything. The young people pass three delightful flirtatious weeks learning these gavottes and minuets. Many a happy couple date their bliss from those dancing lessons.

As I knew who was to take me in to supper, I waited in my place until my partner, the Minister of Justice, came to fetch me. I was very happy to be portioned off to such a charming gentleman. We were told to go in to the Marine Room, where were the Emperor and Empress. Each prince had a table for twelve, over which he presided. At ours was Prince Adalbert, the Emperor's naval son. A supper for two thousand guests sounds rather formidable, does it not? With a slight difference in favor of the first three rooms, the same supper is served to all. A supper here is just like a dinner, beginning with soup, two warm dishes, an entrée, dessert, fruit, and coffee.

On our return to the ball-room there was some more dancing. The last dance was the prettiest of them all. Their Majesties took their places on the throne, and stood watching with a pleased smile the procession of dancers, who came in, four pairs at a time, from the last door of the ball-room. In each group, the four officers belonged to the same regiment. First they danced a gavotte, and then twirled off in a waltz. Then the other four couples came in.

There were forty or fifty couples altogether. When they had all entered they formed a fan-shaped line and advanced toward their Majesties, making the deepest of courtesies. Then they spread out and made one large circle. The Emperor and Empress bowed their



THE EMPRESS OF GERMANY AND HER FAVORITE HORSE

thanks and the dancers retired, the orchestra sounding a fanfare. The ball was over. The Emperor offered his arm to the Empress, and all the princes followed in the same order in which they had entered. As we went through the long gallery servants handed glasses of hot punch about, which were very acceptable before going out in the cold air. I happened to glance in the open door of a room we passed and saw a Mont Blanc of serviettes piled up to the ceiling, and next to that room was a regiment of soldiers wiping plates.

After the *Schleppenkur* and before the

Kaiser's birthday comes the *Ordens Fest*. It is a yearly entertainment the Emperor gives to those who have received the Prussian order of the "Red Eagle," the highest in rank of the elder members and all the newly made. Johan has just received the decoration. Here one sees all sorts of people from cab-drivers to princes. There is a luncheon for two thousand guests. The Emperor and Empress walk about and talk to as many as they can. The other evening we went to the Winter Garden, and the head-waiter said to Johan, "I have not seen you for a long time, your Excellence—not since we lunched together in the *Schloss* at the *Ordens Fest*."

DEAR L.,—At one of the Towers's costume balls Mr. L., of American renown, dressed conspicuously as Jupiter (of all ironies!), stalked about, trying to act up to his part by shaking in people's faces his ridiculous tin bolts held in white kid-glove hands, and facetiously knocking them on the head. He happened, while talking to a lady, to be right in front of one of the young princes. A friend tapped him discreetly on the shoulder, giving him a significant look. "What is the matter?" said Mr. L. in a loud voice, glaring at his friend. A gentle whisper informed him that he had better turn round and face the prince. "Heavens!" said the ungracious Jupiter, "I can't help it; I'm always treading on their toes" (meaning the prince's).

Speaking of indiscretions, I was told (I cannot say whether it is true) that Mrs. X, one of our compatriots, having met the Emperor in Norway, where their yachts were stationed, and feeling that she was on familiar enough terms, said to him, "Is it not lovely in Paris? Have you been there lately?"

"No, I have not," answered the surprised Kaiser.

"Oh, how queer! You ought to go there. The French people would just love to see you."

"Do you think so?" said the Emperor with a smile. Thus encouraged, she enlarged on her theme and, speaking for the whole French nation, continued gushingly, "And if you would give them back Alsace and Lorraine they would simply adore you."

The Kaiser, looking at her gravely, as if she had solved a mighty problem, said, "I never thought of that, madame."

The dear lady probably imagines to this day that she is the apostle of diplomacy. She came to Berlin intending (so she said) to "*paint Berlin red*." She took the list of Court people and sent out invitations right and left for her five-o'clock teas, but aristocracy did not respond. Berlin refused to be painted.

September, 1905.

The Kaiser came to Copenhagen on the *Hohenzollern* (his yacht). Johan and I met Frederikke and Nina and stayed with them during the Emperor's visit. There was a very large dinner at Fredensborg, a dinner at Charlottenlund (the Crown Prince's château) in honor of the Kaiser. Prince Carl, who is about to be made King of Norway, was there. Princess Maud was in England. The King seemed to be in the best of spirits and the two sovereigns laughed and joked together. The Emperor has a great affection for King Christian and loves to show his respect and devotion. He often puts his arm around the King's shoulder when talking to him. I will just add here that Johan received another decoration, and Frederikke, who is now Minister of Foreign Affairs, received a grand cordon.

The Kaiser went to a dinner given in his honor at the X's. . . . Johan, Frederikke, Nina, and I were among the guests. At the end of the rather long dinner a little episode happened which shows how quick the Emperor is to understand a situation and perceive its humorous side. According to custom, the Emperor occupies the hostess's place, with her at his right. Herr X made signs to his wife across the table, and, in a stage whisper, begged her to find out from the Emperor if he wished coffee served at table or in the adjoining salon. The hostess apparently neither heard nor understood; at any rate, she said nothing to the Emperor. The host asked again in a stagier whisper, and made signs with his head toward the other room. Still no answer. The Emperor, looking over to me (I sat next to the host), said, with a merry twinkle

in his eye, "Something wrong in the code of signals." A few moments after he said, quite casually, to the host, "Would you mind if we have coffee in the other salon?"

The Emperor that evening was in excellent spirits. In his short mess-jacket he looked like a young cadet. He told us several amusing anecdotes and experiences in a most witty manner. Nina said to him: "Your Majesty, I have been looking in all the shop-windows to-day to see if I could find a good photograph of you. I wanted to bring it, and was going to ask you to sign it, but . . ."

"But you could not find anything handsome enough, *hein?*" inquired the Emperor, laughing.

"That is true," Nina answered. "Your Majesty's photographs do not do you justice."

Beckoning to an adjutant, the Emperor said, "I want you to send to the shops and bring what photographs of me you can find."

The man departed. Although it was nine o'clock and most of the shops must have been shut, he did manage to bring some. Then the Kaiser examined the photographs, with a little amusing remark on each. "I do not think this is handsome enough—I look so cross." "And this one looks conceited—which I don't think I am. Do you?"

"Not in the least," Nina answered.

"In this one," he remarked, "I look as if I had just ordered some one to be hanged. And this one (taking up another) looks like a Parsifal *de passage*"—referring to something I had once said.

"I did not say Parsifal, your Majesty. I said Lohengrin."

"All the same thing," said he.

"Not at all," I said. "One was a knight and the other was a fool."

"Well," he laughed, "I look like both."

He did not like any of the photographs, and sent to the *Hohenzollern* for his own collection. His servant came back almost directly—he must have had wings—and brought a quantity of portraits, which were much finer and larger than those from the shops. He begged us to choose one, and he wrote something amusing on it and signed his name.

DEAR L.,—The King of Spain is in Berlin now on a visit of a few days to the Emperor. We only saw him at the gala performance at the opera. The Kaiser had chosen "The Huguenots." It was beautifully put on. Madame Hempel sang the part of Marguerite de Valois, and Madame Destinn sang Valentine. The house was decorated in the usual manner with carpets hanging from the balconies, and flowers in great profusion everywhere. The King of Spain sat between the Kaiser and Kaiserin. He looks very young and very manly, with a determined jaw and a pleasant smile, but he is not handsome. After the first act, when we all met in the foyer, every one was presented to him. The Emperor stood by him, and sometimes would take him by the arm and walk about in order to present people to him. The Spanish ambassador and ambassadress, M. and Mme. Ruata, stood near him. I was presented to him, but I did not get more than a smile and a shake of the hand—I could not expect more. Johan was more favored, for the King asked him how long he had been in Berlin; you must confess that even that was not much!

I was compensated by having quite a long talk with the Kaiser—long for him, as he has so many people to talk to, and he feels, I am sure, every eye of the hoping-to-speak-to-him person in the room. He said: "I have just been reading the memoirs of General Moltke. Did you ever know him?" he asked.

"No," I said, "I never saw him, but I have a letter from him, written in 1856 to my father-in-law, dated from the Tuileries."

"He often speaks in his letters of your husband's grandparents' home in Copenhagen—how he always felt at home and happy there, and was always sure to find a charming circle of interesting and literary people. You must read it; it would interest your husband, too."

"Did your Majesty ever hear about Moltke's visit to some grand-ducal Court? I think it was my father-in-law who told me. Moltke thought, of course, that as he had all the grand cordons and decorations in creation, he had also that of this Court. When he was going to visit the Grand Duke, he said to his ser-

vant, 'Don't forget my decoration.' The servant looked high and low for it, but could not find it, and, thinking that he had mislaid it, went and bought one and put it in the trunk. When Moltke put on his uniform he was delighted to see the decoration in its place. He arrived for his audience, and the Grand Duke entered with an *étui* in his hand containing the decoration. He had reproached himself for not having conferred it on the general before, and intended to hang it around Moltke's neck himself. Imagine his surprise at seeing it already there!"

BERLIN, 1910.

Saint-Saëns and Massenet came to Berlin to assist at a sort of *Congrès de musique*. Massenet was invited to lead the orchestra in "Manon," and Saint-Saëns in "Samson and Delilah." They accepted an invitation to lunch at our house, and I was delighted to see them again. They had come, they said, with prejudices on fire. They were sure that they would dislike everything German, but, having been begged to visit the Kaiser in his *loge* after the performance, they came away from the interview burning with enthusiasm. How charming the Emperor was! How full of interest! So natural, etc., etc. They could not find words for their admiration. That is the way with the Emperor. He charms every one.

The first of my articles about Compiègne appeared in *Harper's Monthly* in the summer. At the ball at Court in the following January the Kaiser came to speak to me, his face beaming with the kindest of smiles.

"I can't tell you how I have enjoyed your articles. I read them to myself and read them out loud to the Empress."

"How," said I, "did your Majesty discover them?"

"I have always taken *Harper's Magazine*, ever since I was a little boy. You may imagine how astonished I was when I saw something from your pen. Your description of Napoleon III. is quite historical. You gave me a new idea of him. In many ways I always regret that I never saw him. I could have once, when I was quite small. I was with my parents at Nice and the

Emperor came there, but I did not see him."

DEAR L.,—The visit to the Berlin Court by King Edward and Queen Alexandra is already a thing of the past, but I must tell you about it while it is still fresh in my mind. We, as *Légation de famille*, went to the Lehrter Station to meet them on their arrival. When the train steamed in the Emperor and Empress went forward to the door of the carriage, and as the King and Queen descended they all embraced affectionately. The Empress led the Queen to the waiting-room, where she presented all the ladies who were there. There was music inside and outside of the station. In fact, everything was so exactly like the reception of our King and Queen, which I have described before, that I will not repeat myself.

King Edward looked tired and coughed constantly. The Queen, whom I had not seen for a long time, seemed quite unchanged and charming as ever. There is not much time on such occasions to say more than a few words to each. We saw them drive off amid the most enthusiastic greetings from the populace, massed together in the square.

That evening there was a state banquet, served in the *Weissesaal*, at which the Kaiser read his speech in English to the King, and the King read his reply.

I sat between Lord Granville and Sir Charles Hardinge, between a cross-fire of wit and fun. The Court orchestra, up in the gallery, played subdued music during the dinner, so that conversation was possible. Their four Majesties sat next to one another on one side of the table, and the *Chancelier de l'Empire* sat opposite the Empress. The English embassy and ourselves were the only diplomats among the hundred guests. The bonbons which were served with the fruit had photographs of King Edward, the Queen, and the German Imperial family, and *were handed to the pages!* These offerings are meant, I suppose, as a polite attention and little souvenir of the occasion, but the guests for whom the bonbons are intended go away empty-handed. These pages belong to the highest families in Germany, and are present at all Court functions, such as



THE KAISER AND HIS FIVE SONS EN ROUTE TO THE ARSENAL ON HIS BIRTHDAY

balls and dinners, and stand behind each royal person at the table.

After dinner we went into the long gallery, which in one part was arranged as a salon, with *fauteuils* and chairs in circle.

To show what a wonderful memory King Edward has, he said to me, "Do you remember a song you used to sing (I thought he was going to say 'Beware'), with something about 'I mean the daughter'?"

"Yes, your Majesty; I remember very well. It was: 'I know a lady, a Mrs. Brady.'"

"Yes, that was it . . . 'and has a daughter,' wasn't it?"

I said: "What a memory your Majesty has! Fancy remembering that all these years. It was when your Majesty came to Sommerberg to play tennis with Paul Hatzfeldt."

"That was a long time ago," continued King Edward. "I was stopping then with the King and Queen of Denmark at Wiesbaden. I remember it all so well. Poor Hatzfeldt! You know what Bismarck said about him?"

"Was it not something about his being the best horse in his stable?"

"That is it," the King answered.

"You have a good memory, too. How is Countess Raben?"

"You mean 'the daughter'?"

The King laughed. "Yes, I mean 'the daughter.'"

We did not stay long after the dinner, as evidently their Majesties were fatigued after their journey. The King coughed incessantly and the Queen looked very tired. I think that she is beginning to look very like her mother, the dear old Queen.

The next day hundreds of Court carriages were flying about Berlin. I wish you could see the packages of cards that were sent to us. In the evening was the gala opera. The Opera House is always decorated in the same way, and there is always the same audience.

"Sardanapal" was the play chosen by the Emperor for this performance. I thought it very interesting to look at, but impossible to understand. It was a combination of orchestral music, choruses, and pantomime. A dreadful-looking Nubian came out before the curtain between acts and told us in German poetry what was going to happen. The Emperor had taken a great interest in the play, and had indicated all the costumes himself. Every dress was a study,

and entirely correct, you may be sure, if the Kaiser had anything to do with it. The ornaments which the actors wore were copied from specimens in the museums. The scenery was very fine, and when Sardanapal was burned up, with his wives and collection of gold and silver things, the whole stage seemed to be on fire. This almost created a panic, and would have done so if the audience had not seen that their Majesties sat calmly in their seats. It was very realistic. The Emperor told me afterward in the foyer that the flames were nothing but chiffon, lighted with electric lights, and blown up with a fan from beneath. When the fire had done its work there was nothing left upon the stage but red-hot coals and smoldering débris. It was all very well, if we only had been spared the lugubrious man with the Nubian beard.

The next day the luncheon in honor of their English Majesties, given by Sir Edward Goschen, the English ambassador, was full of emotion. King Edward wore the uniform belonging to his German regiment, which, besides being buttoned tightly and apparently much padded, has a high and tight collar. He had received a deputation of most of the English colony, and already looked wearied before we went in to luncheon. This was served in the ball-room and was a long and elaborate affair. The King sat opposite the Queen, and Sir Edward and Lady Goschen sat at either end of the table. All the princes, the German nobility, and ministers were present.

The King apparently had a good appetite, and talked with his neighbors right and left and opposite, and seemed to enjoy himself. When we re-entered the drawing-room the King lit an enormous cigar, and, seating himself on a low sofa, talked and smoked, when suddenly he threw his head back against the sofa, as if gasping for breath. The Queen, who was on the other side of the room, rushed instantly to the King and quickly unbuttoned his collar and opened his coat. The two English physicians who had come with the King were finishing their lunch in another room. They were instantly called in, and they begged the guests to leave the salon, in order that the King might have

more air. The King had not fainted, but, on account of the tight collar, the heat of the room, the big cigar, and the violent fit of coughing, it was almost impossible for him to get his breath. The physicians helped him up from the low sofa into a high chair, and took away the cigar, but the King, as soon as he could speak, said, "Give me another cigar." The physicians protested, but the King insisted upon the cigar, which they were obliged to give him. The guests returned and the conversation rallied for a while, but the emotion of the few moments before could not be easily calmed.

The King left the room quietly, hardly any one seeing him, reached the automobile, and drove to the Castle. The Queen followed him a few moments later.

We were prepared to receive notice at any moment that the ball fixed for that evening would be countermanded. But it was not, and eight o'clock—the hour one goes to Court balls here—found every one assembled. As usual, we took our places on the platform reserved for the ladies of the *Corps Diplomatique*, and then, with the ceremonial which I have so often described, their Majesties, preceded by the pages and Court notables, entered. The Emperor gave his arm to Queen Alexandra, and the Empress entered with King Edward. It is customary for the Emperor and Empress to make a tour of the invited guests, but this evening the royal persons stayed on the throne and did not move during the dances.

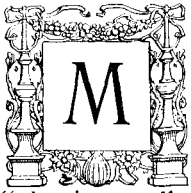
King Edward and the Queen supped at the table of the Emperor, and immediately after retired to their rooms, and were seen no more. During the whole of the evening they had not spoken to a single person.

The next morning their Majesties took their departure from the Lehrter Station. We went to bid them good-by. The Emperor, in speaking to me, said: "You know, my uncle had such a fright the other night when he saw the fire, he wanted to leave the theater; it was only when I told him that the flames were chiffon that I could quiet him."

When King Edward bade me good-by, he said: "Please remember me to Countess Raben," and added, laughingly, "I mean the daughter."

A Mind-cure

BY ALICE BROWN



MR. ELBRIDGE DROWN lay in the west-room bed and listened to the small noises in the kitchen where her husband was washing the supper dishes and "clearing up." She knew every slightest variation of sound. This was the fumbly fall of the brush-broom coming off the handle when he swept under the sink. She wished he would remember that for the kitchen floor a corn broom was "plenty good." That little click indicated his pouring the sweepings from the dust-pan into the stove. She knew a rim of dust would be left on the stove top, to smell when he built the fire for breakfast. She was tempted to call to him, "Brush the stove off 'fore you put on the cover." But she closed her lips tightly and clenched her small hands under the sheet. If Elbridge was doing the work, he should not, she had resolved, be "picked upon" meantime.

Nabby Drown had given out, the neighbors said, and, with the doctor's concurrence, was taking a rest-cure in bed. But the neighbors had little hope of the result. It was not, they reasoned, as if it didn't run in the family to give out. There wasn't one of Nabby's folks but was as nervous as a witch. Nabby's own father had one day thrown down the rake in the hay-field, walked in and gone to bed, and he hadn't got up again for six years. Then one morning, again in haying-time, he had risen and dressed, sat down at the breakfast-table with the hired men, and had afterward gone out mowing. Only his old scythe, that had hung in the barn waiting for him, was rusty, and he had had to borrow one; the corroded tool seemed to be the only after-sign of his long resting, so exactly did things go on as they had before. Nabby had taken her father's breakdown as something inevitable, but she had never dreamed of falling into the

same pit until one morning she had waked and thought the bedroom world looked queer; and when she set her feet on the floor she had felt unequal to moving them an inch from the spot they covered. But they did carry her to the bedroom window, and there she called to Elbridge, going out to milk:

"I guess I'll go back to bed."

"All right," said Elbridge, "I'll blaze up the fire."

This was a year ago, and Nabby had been in bed ever since, and Elbridge had been perpetually blazing fires, and cooking queer dishes, and eating them without complaint. Nabby ate chiefly bread and milk. Everything else, she said, went against her. But she did not say it was because "man's cooking" looked to her an unholy thing.

When the sounds in the kitchen had ceased, and she judged Elbridge might be stepping out for his after-supper smoke on the bench by the door, she rang the little bell at her side. Elbridge, she thought, would be willing to forego his pipe for the news she had to tell him. He came at once, a tall, stoop-shouldered man with thin cheeks and scanty hair, and a tired look in the eyes. He stood there and rested his brown hands on the footboard of the bed, and his eyes interrogated Nabby's face, a puckered little eager face bound by the ruffled circlet of her nightcap.

"Elbridge," said she, with an intensity fitted to the importance of what she had to tell, "Sister 'Lizy Ann's broke down."

Elbridge loosed his sustaining grasp of the footboard and with a slow yielding of his stiff muscles sank into the chintz-covered chair at the foot of the bed as if he, too, had broken.

"Sophy Slade told me not an hour ago," said Nabby. Her voice rose higher with the augmentation of interest in her tale. "She come in here to borry a mite o' sody. She'd just been down to the medder coltsfootin', an' she looked in on