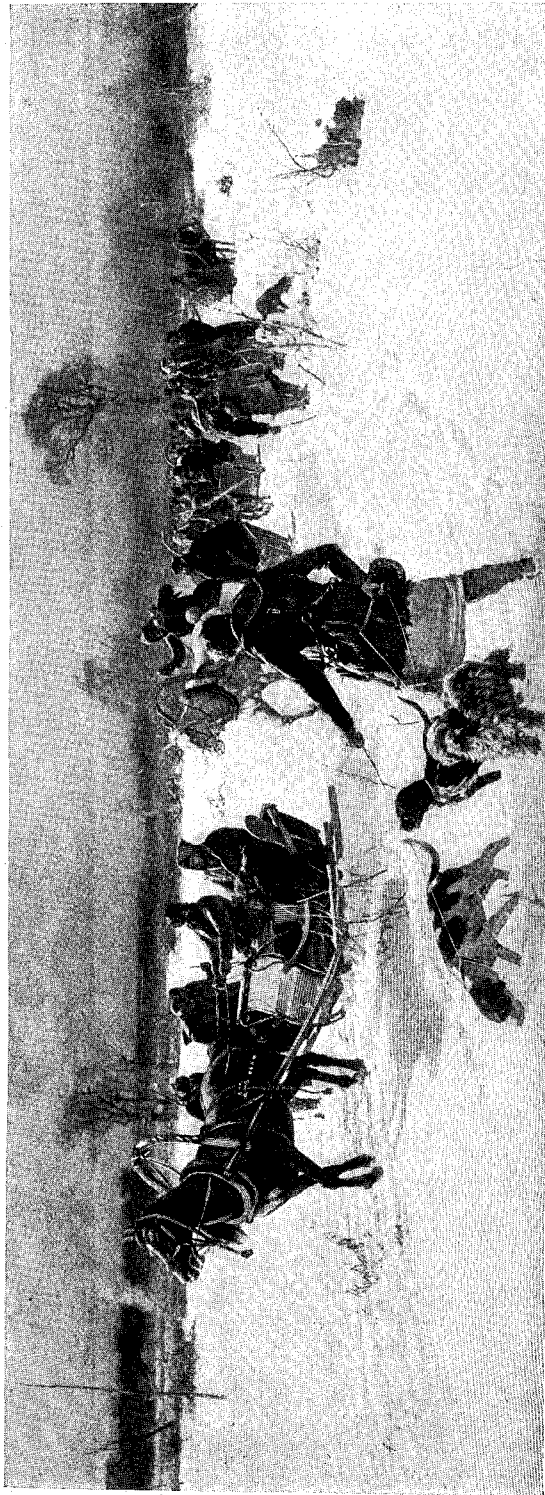


THE KAISER AS A SPORTSMAN.

What William of Germany owes to the American playmates of his boyhood—His intense love of sport, and his prowess as deerstalker, bear hunter, whaler, and yachtsman.

THE popularity of the United States in Europe is largely due to the American girl, the American trotter, and American sports. A copy of Herkomer's celebrated portrait of Miss Adele Grant—now Countess of Essex—hangs in nearly every palace and museum on the continent. Our horses annually take prizes in London, Paris, Berlin, Venice, and Vienna. The achievements of the Yale boys, the Princeton "tigers," and the New York "giants" are commented upon in the cafés of the Boulevard des Italiens, of the Ringstrasse, and of Unter den Linden perhaps not as learnedly, but almost as eagerly as by the New York evening papers. Buffalo Bill made more money in London and in the German capitals than in New York; and American sporting goods are for sale in every city of the old world.

"If I ever come to America," said the Emperor William to Mark Twain, at a dinner given in honor of the humorist at the palace of General von Versen in the Kaiserstadt, two years ago, "I must see that trio of games—baseball, football, and polo. I have tried to introduce them in my country, but our attempts



The Kaiser's Return from a Bear Hunt.
From a photograph by the Berlin Photo-graphic Company after the painting by J. Fodor.



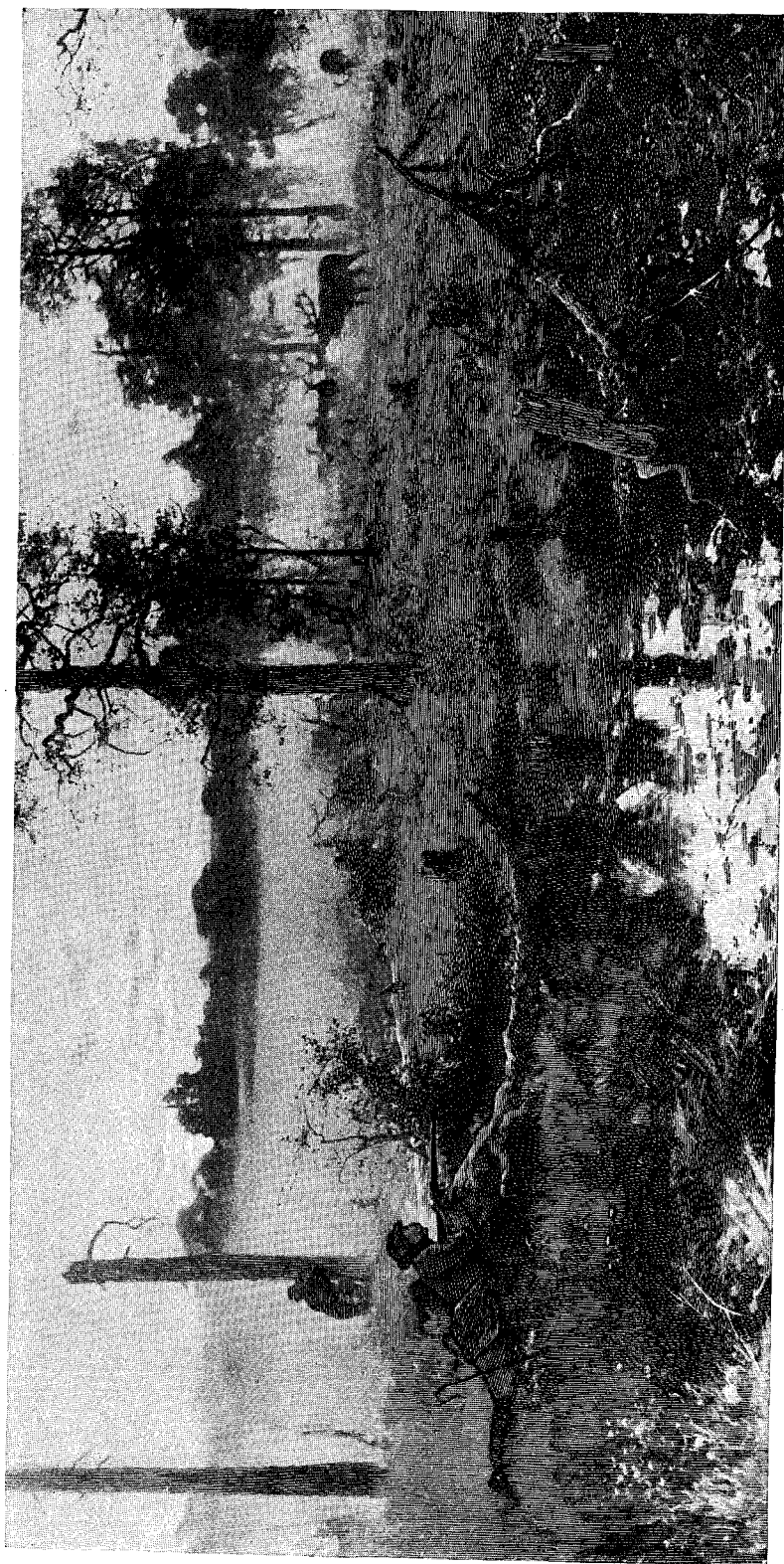
An Imperial Bear Hunt.

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by J. Falat.

proved very tame affairs. I am most anxious to see the real thing."

His majesty has witnessed these games in England, but, strange to say, the British players did not appear, in his eyes, to be the genuine article. The Kaiser is a man of fixed notions. For instance, up to the hour that he visited Rear Admiral Kirkland on the majestic Columbia, in the har-

bor of Kiel, he thought that England alone possessed a navy worth speaking of. After inspecting the splendid cruiser and her sister ships, the San Francisco and the New York, he changed his mind upon the subject of sea power, actual and potential, and with the honesty that characterizes all his utterances paid the United States' marine forces a high compliment.



The Kaiser Stalking Deer.

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by J. Falck.

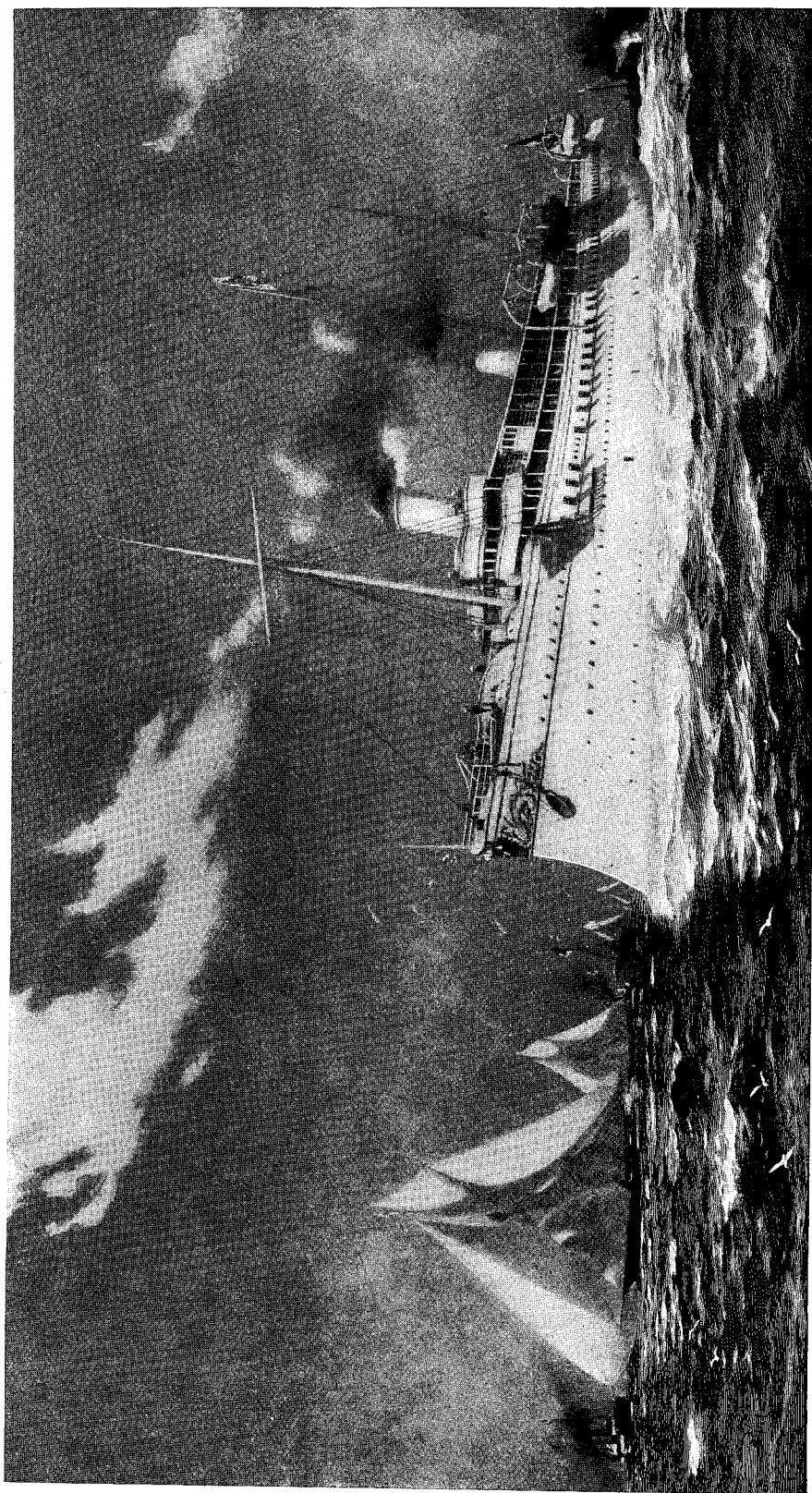


The Kaiser in Hunting Costume.

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by J. Falat.

The Kaiser's special admiration for American sports may probably be traced to the days when Poultney Bigelow and the late John Adams Berrian were among the closest friends of his youth. Mr. Berrian, whose

brother is now a teller in the Western National Bank in New York, was Prince William's school fellow at Dr. Lindenkohl's in Cassel. Mr. Bigelow, a son of the diplomat and editor of the "Writings and Speeches



The Kaiser's Steam Yacht Hohenzollern at the Kiel Regatta.
From the painting by H. Dohrd.—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

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The Kaiser on Board of the Hohenzollern.

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by H. Prell.

of Samuel J. Tilden," never had the honor of sitting on the same benches with the mightiest monarch of the world, though he has time and again been credited with it. He was, however, the Kaiser's first instructor in the noble art of hunting Indians, in scalping and in tomahawking. Poultney, then about ten years old, led the merry chase through the halls and corridors of the ancient schloss on the Spree, wearing a profusion of red paint, long raven hair, a feathered crown, and a highly polished wooden knife. Prince William served as one of the minor braves until he was fully up in the business, while the children of court officials and army officers—all with the obligatory *von* before their names—masqueraded as the pursued palefaces. Happy days they were for the grandson of William the Victorious, and the wide awake American boy who was blissfully innocent of the meaning of *l'ère majesté*, and entirely indifferent to princely favor or displeasure.

"The German playmates of his royal highness," a court official of the period informed me, "quite naturally for them, allowed him all the sway his imperious nature demanded, accepting his cuffs and childish bits of impudence as a matter of course. Not so Poultney. The mild mannered gentleman of today was a most pugnacious youngster, and taught the prince many a much needed lesson in modesty and self denial. The firm stand he took against boyish absolutism first startled and then fascinated the headstrong prince. Almost against his own will, he conceived a liking for the one lad among his comrades who refused to be 'bulldozed.'"

While the future emperor mastered the intricacies of Indian warfare, Poultney introduced him to his own favorite author, Fenimore Cooper, in order that practical teaching should be properly backed by theoretical information. "The Pathfinder" and "The Deerslayer" proved to be the pleasantest surprises his royal highness had ever encountered. Weisse and Salzmann, Nieritz and Von Horn, even J. H. Campe with his wondrous "Robinson Crusoe, Jr.," paled into insignificance by the side of the "moccasined person treading into the tracks of the moccasined enemy, and thus hiding his own trail," and the master of woodcraft who had always a profusion of dry twigs ready, on which somebody stepped, thereby alarming all the reds and whites for several hundred yards around, and leading up to a gory spectacle to be pictured in another chapter. Young Wilhelm fairly reveled in

the delights of Cooper's romances—the accuracy of which had not yet been attacked by Mark Twain. He fully believed in the "craft of the woodsman," the "delicate art of the forest," as the redoubtable Fenimore pictured these phases of wild life. To him it seemed perfectly proper that a skipper whose vessel is driving towards a lee shore in a gale, should steer for a particular spot because "he knows of an undertow there that will hold her back against the gale and save her;" he admired *Bumppo's* military talents in his unequalled performance of "following the track of a cannon ball across the plain through a dense fog," and advertised the *Pathfinder's* crack shots to all his friends as achievements of superhuman skill. These romances helped to instill into the prince's breast a certain hankering for the land of the free, a liking for its institutions and its sports, that has steadily increased with years.

When Wilhelm and young Berrian met in Cassel, the former was past the age of romantic fiction. He sought the company of the American boy to receive lessons in boxing, tennis, baseball, and football, in exchange for tuition in riding, fencing, and marksmanship. As a result of this friendship, the heir to the German crown and the aspirant for New York professional life had many an exciting set to with each other; and as Berrian was a bold and frank young fellow, he taught the prince many things besides athletics. The fact that his majesty's imperiousness is tempered by a wholesome democracy that wins him the love of his people, is principally due to the influence of the American friends of his youth, who made him respect republicanism, and, by their example, demonstrated the value of self restraint and of deference to the opinion of others.

"I am satisfied," Baron von Richthofen, the late president of the Berlin police forces, recently said, "that the Kaiser would not have attained maturity had it not been for his love of sport and bodily exercise. As a boy and young man he redeemed himself from hereditary disease by a series of physical and gymnastic efforts entirely foreign to the German mind and customs. His parents, anxious that he should learn the English language thoroughly, selected playmates for him among the young people of the English and American colony in Germany, and these lads taught him the sports which he was most eager to learn, and which benefited his physique immensely."

Occasional rumors to the contrary notwithstanding, the Kaiser enjoys today the

very best of general health. He is an accomplished tennis player, a splendid skipper and yachtsman, a fine shot; he sits a horse better than any Hohenzollern did before him, he is an enthusiastic hunter of bear and elk, and on his northern trips he has shown skill and daring in harpooning whales. All this activity would have been impossible without the rigid corporal discipline to which he owes his triumph over constitutional defects that have in the past imperiled his faculties and even his life.

Unlike most princes, Wilhelm, at first, did not take kindly to the chase. He had read of Frederick the Great's conviction that "hunting is a pastime for butchers," and he regarded his illustrious ancestor as a monarch of infallible judgment. Initiated into the delights of deerstalking and bird shooting, however, he changed his mind. Now the various game seasons in Germany, Italy, Austria, and Sweden know the emperor panoplied with gun and knife, bird rifle or spear, as occasion demands. His castles and hunting boxes are decorated with hundreds of gorgeous antlers belonging to deer and elk that at one time or another have paid with their life blood for the imperial Nimrod's triumph. Nine tenths of these trophies, it is true, would not be greatly prized by American sportsmen, for they are the product of deer driving, not of stalking; and the slaughter of a deer drive on the continent of Europe certainly deserves Frederick's biting criticism.

Imagine yourself in the midst of the royal preserves, in readiness for the great hunt. At one end is the chateau, filled to overflowing with guests clad in gray suits trimmed with green and set with buttons cut from buckhorn; at the other a stockade, guarded by hundreds of peasants and packs of fierce hounds. While the lords in the comfortable castle make merry and drink one another's health, a multitude of animals, driven-together and imprisoned in the inclosure, tremble with excitement and fear. In the royal preserves in East Prussia, Brandenburg, the Rhineland, and Silesia, the game will include roes, several kinds of larger deer, boars, and foxes. In front of the stockade a long, narrow strip of forest is cleared, and among the trees scaffolds are erected. On these the hunters take their places to shoot down the animals that rush from the inclosure when its gates are opened. While this is being done, the game beaters and hounds are admitted at the rear of the stockade to drive out any game that may be left there.

It is said that at these drives the emperor

frequently kills from fifty to sixty head of deer and boar, together with a few stray foxes, without moving from his stand. Two chasseurs sit behind him, constantly reloading his stock of rifles, and considering the advantages of his position, he scarcely does better than would be expected of a good marksman. And Wilhelm is a crack shot, one of the best in the Fatherland, which is all the more creditable when we remember that he handles the gun with his right hand only, his left being crippled and useless.

To the Kaiser's credit it should be stated that he prefers a good, old fashioned still hunt, or a spirited chase on horseback, to all other forms of the chase royal. Count Eulenburg, General von Waldersee, or some other trusted friend, usually accompanies his majesty on these private hunting expeditions in the forest wilderness of East Prussia or Silesia, or nearer home in the game parks close to Potsdam and Berlin. In the deep shades of these great woods the Nimrods, entirely unattended but for their rifle loaders, creep stealthily upon the game, trying to outwit and outgeneral it, anticipating at every crackling of the brushwood the tread of an advancing stag. The chase ends with an impromptu luncheon on the grassy carpet, under the shade of a rocky crag, or beside some sylvan stream.

Count von Moltke, the imperial adjutant, told the writer that on one such occasion the luncheon party was surprised to hear behind them the crashing step of an elk. Climbing upon a rock, the Kaiser saw the magnificent beast plowing among the dry leaves with his great antlers, as he thrashed them about in defiance of a supposed adversary. Suddenly he was observed to start forward at a run, and—the wind being behind him—in another minute he burst into full view of the hunters. Fearful only of the danger behind him, he reached the ford with one elastic bound, when a shot rang out from the Kaiser's unerring rifle, and the elk stumbled, threw his hind feet high into the air, and fell in a heap.

"This rare good luck," concluded the adjutant, "so pleased the emperor that he insisted upon having his venison that very evening, cooked in a chafing dish dusted with capsicum and lubricated with slices of fat pork. Of course the prime flavor of rare old port was added, too, but I had my doubts as to the meat's identity. Fresh venison could hardly be expected to be so sweet and juicy. Our royal cook, the old forester, probably substituted a haunch that had hung for a week or so."

Though he greatly prefers these unconventional expeditions, etiquette requires that the Kaiser should occasionally take part in the less interesting formalities of an official hunt. The pleasantest of these affairs is the "Hubertus hunt"—named after the patron saint of the chase—which is held annually in the fall of the year at the *jagdschloss*, or hunting castle, of Wusterhausen, near Berlin. The imperial family, the princes and princesses of the blood, and all the great aristocrats, drive out to the forest in state coaches drawn by four, five, or six horses, with bugles and pages and outriders galore. At the grand meet they find awaiting them richly caparisoned saddle horses, the master of the hounds with his pack, and a small army of foresters and gamekeepers. After a little ceremony all mount and gallop to the place chosen for the hunt, where at stated intervals a roe, stag, or boar is liberated, to be pounced upon by the dogs, and promptly brought to bay. The huntsman who chances to be first in the field thereupon jumps from his horse and distinguishes himself by plunging his knife into the victim's throat—a feat that requires some skill and involves a spice of actual danger.

Of his numerous trophies, the emperor prizes none more than the bear skins and gigantic aurochs horns that he has brought from Russia. Bears may be hunted almost in any part of the Czar's country, but the aurochs, the *bison bonasus* of scientists, the European counterpart of the buffalo of our Western prairies, is much rarer. But for artificial protection it would long ago have become extinct, and today it is found only in the remote valleys of the Caucasus and in the imperial preserve of Beloweschki, in the Lithuanian forests. There the rarest species of the bovine family lives wild in his natural state, fed and protected by an army of keepers at an expense of a million dollars a year. The aurochs is a ferocious animal when attacked, and a hunt in Beloweschki is royal sport, indeed. Only the most exalted persons are permitted to engage in it, as the Russian emperor's guests.

Quite as exclusive a sport is the *auerhahn* shooting of a few mountainous districts of southern Germany and Austria. The fact that only about a hundred of this rare species of grouse are shot annually in the two countries shows what a scarce and almost inaccessible game bird it is.

That the Kaiser has long since overcome his early prejudice against the huntsman's sport is shown by the fact that he has sat for several portraits, by Falat, Deiker, and

other leading artists of Germany, in the picturesque garb—said to be of his own designing—which he wears during his winter hunting expeditions. He displays no reluctance, nowadays, to add the character of a modern Nimrod to the many guises in which the world knows this versatile monarch who is at once a soldier, a sailor, a statesman, a musician, an artist, and a traveler. Some of these paintings are reproduced on the preceding pages.

One of the best portraits of the emperor is the one that appears on page 642, representing him as he stands on the bridge of the royal yacht Hohenzollern. It was long his ambition to own just such a ship as this splendid flier, one of the finest and most powerful steam yachts afloat, and the proudest creation of the Vulcan works, near Stettin. Every summer he spends much of his time on board of her, and she is as well known in the fiords of Norway as on the coast of the Baltic or the Channel. After his first trip on the Hohenzollern the emperor wrote to his mother:

"Any man who, standing alone on the bridge of a ship, with the star lit firmament of the Lord Almighty as his canopy, and the boundless sea as the only object presenting itself to vision, takes occasion to question his conscience, to weigh his responsibilities, and to contrast them with his inclination to do good and keep in the path of righteousness, will not hesitate to pronounce a sea voyage a salutary thing for himself and those depending upon him. It would greatly benefit some people if they experienced at least once in their lives such an hour of supreme meditation, and thus were put in a position to be their own judges. A short space of time spent in the manner described is well adapted to rid one of self conceit and convey a healthy lesson, of which, I dare say, we all stand in need."

The preceding sentence, indited in the Kaiser's own somewhat Germanic English—a style which Mark Twain successfully imitates upon the platform—may sound a trifle inflated, and yet its sentiment has a true ring. According to the testimony of all observers, aboard of one of his own vessels Wilhelm becomes a comrade among comrades, and on the ocean his real good nature and ready sympathy, especially for those who most need sympathy, shine forth brightly.

About the middle of the coming month we shall probably hear of the Kaiser at Cowes, with his fine cutter yacht, the Meteor—which once, as the Thistle, before the emperor bought it and changed its

name, raced unsuccessfully for the America's Cup. Since then his majesty has sailed it in several of the English south coast regattas, against such champion cutters as the Prince of Wales' Britannia and Lord Dunraven's Valkyrie II. Two years ago the last named yachtsman took dire offense

at the management of the Kaiser's boat in one of the races off Cowes, and is said to have expressed a highly unfavorable opinion of its owner's sportsmanship—an opinion that found few to indorse it. This year it is to be hoped that everything will pass off smoothly.

Henry W. Fischer.



CANDIDA PAX.

I.

A GLASSY river winding through rich fields,
Where scent of hay is in the evening breeze,
And where, within the shadow of the trees
I linger, while a subtle rapture steals

II.

About me, with the sense of hidden things—
The touch of vanished hands, a whispered word—
A chord, long lost, from some sweet throated bird
Returns to me with whirr of angel wings.

III.

Mute, spellbound by the presence of a guest,
I stand with arms outstretched, and lifted face ;
To feel again the passionate embrace,
The kiss from lips that speak of love and rest.

IV.

The daylight fades, the shadows deeper lie
Under the trees, no sound of life is heard ;
Even the song is hushed from that sweet bird,
And peace reigns over earth and sea and sky.

V.

O white robed messenger of peace, come when
My eyes are closing to the light of day ;
Lift up in thy strong arms, and bear away
My soul in peace—I shall be happy then.

Charles Williams Barnes.