

THE KAISER AS I KNEW HIM FOR FOURTEEN YEARS

By ARTHUR N. DAVIS, D. D. S. (Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

(Continued.)

Later on, when I read of the intercepted note from von Zimmerman to Eckhardt in which the Foreign Secretary declared that "the employment of ruthless submarine warfare now promises to compel England to make peace in a few months," I realized how high in the councils of the nation this optimistic Prince was, but whether he got his optimism from the Kaiser or imparted some of his own to that arrogant monarch, I do not know. It was quite evident, though, that they were of the same mind on most of the questions of the day, and the interesting part about it was that they were both almost invariably wrong.

From the beginning of 1916 until about the middle of 1917 the great army headquarters was located in the Prince's palace at Pless, and during most of that period he was there, too. Naturally he came in contact with the Kaiser and was of the high command, and I was at this time anything but a stranger. It was merely an echo of what he had heard in the army councils.

After the Kaiser issued his first peace note, which was the result of his obvious purpose was summarily turned down by the Allies, von Pless called to see me, and our conversation naturally drifted to that development.

"Of course, they refused it!" he declared, in the most satisfied manner. "We KNEW they would refuse it. We WANTED them to refuse it. If they hadn't refused it, we would have made our terms so harsh that they would have had to refuse it. But it is the same; it got the French and English into hot water trying to explain to their people why they didn't make peace with Germany when she was willing to do so. In this way, we may be able to split the Allies. Russia is going to quit any day. There's going to be a revolution and we'll be able to get our forces on the western front and crush the enemy there!"

"I always liked England," he added, "but Lloyd George is ruining that country and now he'll certainly have his hands full explaining why he doesn't make peace."

Shortly afterwards the Kaiser came to me and said exactly the same thing. "We've got the English and the French governments in a nice predicament," he said, "trying to explain to their people why they don't make peace with Germany. He laughed hilariously as he added, "They're wild with rage at us for surprising them in this way. The Socialist meetings which followed at Stockholm were what Germany wanted, but the allied governments were clever enough to see the ruse and prevented the delegates from leaving their respective countries."

After America declared war, Prince von Pless readily admitted that his prediction in that regard had been wrong, but he was nevertheless bold enough to venture another one: "We didn't think America would do it, I admit," he declared, with all his old optimism, "but anyway, America won't fight. She had to go into this war to protect her honor, and she will avail herself of the opportunity, perhaps to raise an army for use eventually against Japan, but she won't fight in Europe—you may depend on that. She hasn't the boats to carry the men and boats can't be built overnight, you know!"

Since then, of course, the Prince has been shown again how unreliable his prognostications seem to be, but fortunately I am not on hand to crow over him. The day I left Berlin, I received a telegram from him asking me to reserve time for him on January 24—two days later—when no doubt I would have heard some additional prophecies.

Referring to the Prince's optimism reminds me of an epigram that became current in Berlin during the war and which may not, perhaps, have made its way across: "The Berliners are optimistic and gloomy; the Viennese are pessimistic and gay!"

There was one point upon which the Prince von Pless was more honest in his statements than the Kaiser. I refer to the Kaiser's complaints against America for supplying munitions and money to the Allies.

"We haven't a leg to stand on," he frankly admitted when we discussed that question. "Why, in the last twenty years we have supplied more munitions to warring nations than any other four countries in the world put together!"

Despite his overweening confidence, which at times approached bragadocio, the Prince was sportsman enough to admit his miscalculations, and when the Kaiser, through and through, in his convictions that might makes right and that "Deutschland ueber alles" was a most worthy sentiment, he had much in him that distinguished him from the rest of his kind.

I complained to him on one occasion of the manner in which the royal family played havoc with my practice by upsetting the routine of the day, sometimes without much previous notice. "Davis," he said, "you are foolish to tolerate it. It's all right, of course, to accommodate the Kaiser and the Kaiserin, and the Crown Prince and the Crown Princess are perhaps entitled to similar consideration, but as far as the other princes and the nobility are concerned, if we were you I certainly wouldn't allow it. They may object terribly at first, but they will soon fall into line!"

could hardly have been made. At any rate, the Princess was reported to be a spy, and it was said she had been arrested, in corroboration of these stories it was pointed out that she was no longer seen at the palace. The truth was that she was serving in hospitals as a Red Cross nurse.

She came to me in her Red Cross costume one day and I told her of the rumors I had heard. They seemed to amuse her very much and she asked me to repeat the stories to her husband when he came to see me. "It will amuse him immensely," she declared.

Later on a rumor gained ground that the Prince himself had caught her with incriminating "papers" and had murdered her with his own hands! These rumors about the Princess von Pless gained ground the more readily because it was well known throughout Germany that the English wives of even the most prominent Germans could not repress their pro-Ally leanings. I am sorry I cannot say the same thing of the American wives of German nobility. There may have been exceptions. I am at this time anything but a stranger. It was merely an echo of what he had heard in the army councils.

CHAPTER XII The Kaiser's Appraisal of Public Men.

No one ever speaks to the Kaiser until addressed. As that monarch's subjects are firmly fixed and he will stand no opposition, any erroneous idea he may entertain is very apt to remain with him. His advisers were apt to leave him in error rather than arouse his ire by attempting to set him right. But for the fact that he was very fond of asking innumerable questions, his store of information might have been extremely scanty.

In the course of my conversations with him, he frequently expressed his views of men who were in the public eye. Upon what basis they were founded he did not always enlighten me, but even when I knew them to be erroneous, I realized it was useless to try to change them and I did not often take issue with him. When I did, his eyes would flash fire, but I had expected that and I continued just the same.

Before the war, even when his criticisms of public men were adverse, he usually clothed them in temperate language. After the war, however, he sometimes became vituperative and abusive and made little effort to restrain himself. There was no question of the Kaiser's familiarity with current affairs and his broad knowledge of individuals who occupied important places the world over. I asked him one what papers he read that he kept so well posted upon what was going on in the world, and he told me that that one of his secretaries clipped most of the important newspapers and magazines and laid everything of interest before him.

(To Be Continued.)

A GIVING OR A GETTING WAR

By WILLIAM T. ELLIS

By William T. Ellis Recently there befell an incident in a street car running from Philadelphia to the neighborhood of the Delaware river that portrays two attitudes concerning the war. A loud-voiced woman was talking across the aisle of the car to an acquaintance, recounting the prosperity that has come to her since her husband went to work in a munition factory, at high wages. She wound up smugly with, "So I don't care how long this war lasts!" "You don't? don't you!" exclaimed a woman in the seat behind, suddenly rising and bringing her umbrella down upon the other's bonnet. "Well, I do, for I have three sons in the army! So take that!—and that!—and that!" whacking the astonished profiteer at every phrase. The other women in the car, moved in their elemental impulses, applauded the mother.

Crass, but real, the incident suggests the line of division that war has drawn between two major classes of people. To some it is a getting war, a time for money-making and for enhanced social position; while their bodies are surrounded by abundance. They have money, but have not life. Their capacity for lavishness in love has been lost, and if a celestial surgeon were to operate it would be discovered that their souls have become shrivelled and weakened little organs, like their appetites. Their generous impulses have been atrophied. The grace of giving has departed from them. True, they make contributions—which they term exactions—to public charity lists; but this they regard as a penalty imposed upon them by society, a refined sort of tax, and an essential business expenditure. Of cheerful giving, they know nothing whatever.

Stigma deep and lasting, is attached to all who construe this greatest of mankind's tragedies as an occasion for personal advantage. There is something instinctive in wholesome human nature which revolts against this culture quality. "Blood-money," we murmur, as we watch the ostentation of the war-enriched ghouls. Legislation and common sentiment are growing stronger against all forms of war profiteering. The person who has merely made money out of humanity's Calvary is like unto a Jerusalem Jew who peddled stools to spectators for witnessing the Crucifixion of Jesus. Unless I am very much mistaken, these profiteers are not incurring personal odium themselves, but they are also selling their sons and daughters to the shame of the years. The next generation will be pointing the finger of scorn at certain families, crying "They made their money out of the war for the world's liberty."

"That man may last, but never lives. Who much receives, but never gives. Whom none can love, whom none can thank. Creation's blot, creation's blank."

These jaded men with tired eyes and worried lines, who have plenty of servants and sycophants, but few friends, are a pitiable spectacle, as they lounge, overful and gouty, in the luxurious chairs of exclusive clubs. Existence has no real sweetness for them. The glow of vital impulses has departed forever from their lives. Money and its amrams engross them. Instead of devising ways for giving money, they petulantly complain that everybody is trying to get it away from them. They resent the stern mandate of civilization that they shall at least make public bequests in their wills. A rich man irreparably disgraces his family if he leaves nothing to charity.

In contrast to these dwarfed spirits consider that splendid Adventurer, who was lavish with his life to the limit of the hill-top and its cross; and who, although he made his climatic gift when still a young man, is the world's most conspicuous Success. His philosophy of giving, and His great gift of himself, are the eternal condemnation of selfishness. What the "drives" uncover War loans and Red Cross appeals, Y. M. C. A. "drives" have uncovered many depressing instances of men and women who are sordidly self-centered and small-souled. But why dwell upon these? For the inextinguishable glory of all these patriotic and public-spirited efforts is their

revelation of how rich and poor have given of their abundance and of their poverty. The most daring dreamer of the possibility of beneficence never imagined that such stores of wealth could be outpoured at the call of altruism. Belgium, Armenia, Serbia, France—all have become symbols of the open-heartedness and open-handedness of the world. Old standards of charity have been so far surpassed that henceforth we must do our thinking in new and larger terms. We have tapped unsuspected reservoirs of good will and generosity. This is the war of the merciful heart. A mood of ministry to men has accompanied all the hurt of the battlefield.

These "drives" have burst the bonds and barriers of human hearts. Myriads have come for the first time, by way of experience, to an understanding of the mind of Christ. They have learned how to spell "sacrifice," deeming it a luxury to be permitted to share the hardships of the fighting men. Audacious spirits have not only welcomed the hardship in order to give, but some have even gone into debt in order to do so.

"Give as you would if an angel Awaited your gift at the door; Give as you would if to-morrow Found you where waiting was o'er; Give as you would to the Master If you met His searching look; Give as you would of your substance If His hand your offering took."

The Paradox of Plenty Great Britain has not for centuries been so fat in soul as she has grown during war's lean days of rationing. She has been stripped to strength. That is the paradox of the war. Sacrifice has meant real attainment. Self-denial has proved to be acquisition. The givers have been the real getters. In the school of material adversity, the world has come to spiritual prosperity. All the loving and serving and self-forgetting which have followed in the train of the great struggle have produced nobler, wiser, stronger and more fraternal men and women.

It seems as if there is an eternal process of equity at work whereby lavish lives are made rich. God does not let himself get into debt to any man. His old word is true, "The liberal soul shall be made fat"—and fat souls are the most desirable possession of the race."

"A rich woman dreamed that she was in heaven and saw a fine mansion being built. 'And whom is that for?' 'That is for you.' 'But I have lived in a manor on earth. I should not know how to live in a cottage.' 'The answer was full of meaning: 'The Master Builder is doing his best with the material that is being sent up.'"

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I take pleasure in informing my friends and the public that I have purchased the ENTIRE STOCK of the well-known E. L. Rinckenbach Jewelry Store, 1215 North Third Street Consisting of Large and Well-Selected Lines of DIAMONDS --- WATCHES --- CLOCKS --- SILVERWARE --- JEWELRY --- CUT GLASS --- NOVELTIES --- ART GOODS, Etc.

These goods will be removed as soon as possible to my stores, 302 Market Street and 1 North Third Street, where they will be classified, arranged and marked down in price preparatory for a

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321 MARKET STREET

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NOTICE Hours of this store—9 a. m. until 9 p. m.—Saturday's 9 a. m. until 10 p. m. Household Needs 100 5 gr. Cascara Tablets 35c 100 Calomel Tablets 19c 100 5 gr. Aspirin Tablets 98c 100 Bicarbonate Soda Tablets 23c 100 Rhinitis Tablets 35c 100 Bell-Ans 53c 200 Bliss Native Herbs 73c 100 Lysol 79c 100 Ovoferrin 79c 100 Miles Nervine 79c 50c Phillips Milk Magnesia 34c 100 Hood's Sarsaparilla 79c 100 Quaker Herb Extract 79c 50c Regulol 37c 100 S. S. S. (Swift's Specific), 79c 100 Swamp Root 79c 100 Scott's Emulsion 89c 100 Sloan's Liniment 79c 50c Shiloh's (For Cough) 38c 100 Pierce's Discovery 81c 100 Pierce's Prescription 81c 100 Anuric Tablets 81c 100 Caldwell Syrup Pepsin 79c 100 Varnesis (Green) 83c 100 Park Davis American Oil 65c 100 Bromo-Seltzer 79c 25c Energine 21c 100 Pinkham's Compound 81c 100 Tanlac 79c 50c Usoline (pint) 39c 100 Pinaud's Hair Tonic 89c 100 Hay's Hair Health 69c 100 Wyeth Sage and Sulphur 73c 100 Danderine 69c 100 Herpicide 79c 50c Parisian Sage 39c 50c Q-Ban Tonic 39c 100 Resinol Ointment 75c 60c Musterole 39c 75c Analgic Baume 48c 60c Doan's Kidney Pills 43c 50c Williams' Pink Pills 34c 50c Vick's Vapo-Rub 38c Automobile Supplies Prepared Wax 69c Cleaner 39c Prepared Wax 39c Auto Lak 49c Black Lac 49c Stop Squeak Oil 49c Chamois Skins, All Prices. Sponges, Selected Forms. Sheeps' Wool, All Prices.