

# The Private Life of the Kaiser

FROM THE PAPERS AND DIARIES OF

THE BARONESS VON LARISCH-REDDERN

The Kaiser and Kaiserin's Late Major Domo, Chief of the Royal Household at Berlin and Potsdam

Baroness von Larisch-Reddern is the TRUE name of the Berlin Court Lady, who gave the story of the Kaiser to Henry William Fisher. Ursula, Countess von Eppinghoven being a nom de guerre, heretofore used to shield her.

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### Courtly Manners That Smack of a Cheap Vaudeville Green Room—A Royal "Lady" Who Would Be Blackballed in a Theatrical Boarding House—Kaiser Mistakes Friend's House for a Speakeasy—Insulting Story Told to Innocent Young Girl—Transparent Royal Affections—William's Blood Lust—How He Treats the People Whom He Casts Out of House and Home—The Indian Royal Man-Hunter and the Kaiser Imitating Him

Royalty itself caricatures the Kaiser and Kaiserin and royal servants show disrespect on occasion. "The Allhighest" busy all the time proclaiming himself a glutton, browbeating, cruel master and as a thief for blood, while the Kaiserin cannot conceal the pettiness of her mind and the vulnerability of her Kaiser enjoys himself. — Business of State must wait while Kaiser enjoys himself. — How the Royal Butcher is disappointed he assaults friend and foe alike. — Kaiser's killings in peace and war. — How one Englishwoman treated Kaiser's photos. — The book that ruled "the mightiest monarch on earth."

(Continued From Yesterday)

"Courtly manners," they say—Well, look at these. The riding-school of the Berlin royal stables was gay with the women of our Court and society. His Majesty proposed to make the Hubertus hunt the event of the season, hence the preparations. Some of us had to become used to fresh horses, others had to learn anew the intricacies of the various bugle-calls.

Quite unexpectedly the Hereditary Princess of Meiningen (the Kaiser's sister) walked in with her lady-in-waiting, Baroness Ramin. I saw at once that Her Royal Highness had indulged in "a lively breakfast," for her face was flushed, and she addressed pleasantries to everybody—even promised to ride a la Florence Dixey if somebody would lend her a pair of breeches.

"Consense!" cried the Princess of Hohenzollern. "Lachen," raising, I assure you, everybody knows that she wears the trousers." "The real article, the real article," retorted Charlotte, adding with a shrug to the shoulders, "What suffices for the menage will do at all for the menage."

Kaiser's Sister Caricatures the Kaiserin Then turning to Ramin, she continued: "Now I will show you how my sweet sister-in-law" (meaning the Empress) "mounts." She had her horse brought round to a platform reached by three steps, and, ascending, raised herself on tiptoe and let herself fall into the saddle with a thud that caused the horse to stagger.

"Just like a majestic sack of flour, eh?" she cried. "The more pity for the beast." Then she rode off, tugging the chestnut to all sorts of capricious and fancy steps. Princess Therese was at Her Royal Highness's side like a flash, and as they cantered about, each trying to outdo the other in feats of daring, both laughed boisterously. But if courtiers have long ears, Nemesis has legs of corresponding calibre. Indeed, in this case the dread goddess must have worn seven-league boots, for twelve hours after the impertinent words had fallen from privileged lips word was sent around that ladies were not wanted at the forthcoming outing—neither Ladieships, nor Princesses of the blood royal!

It being the first time that the Meiningen, Hohenzollern, and Hohenzollern catered down publicly, the sensation in polite circles was tremendous. Next day attended Her Majesty at Schloss Stern, in Grimewald. Was it the English hunt costume that proved so becoming, or was it Wilhelm in his red coat and silk hat, or the recollection of the victory just won? Auguste Victoria looked fresh and rosy and resplendent as she galloped over the frozen ground.

Of course, royal hunts are arranged with a view to fatigue their Majesties as little as possible, and, accordingly, the boar was set free at a point where he could be brought to bay within a quarter of an hour. However, one must not run away with the idea that in our sphere promises are always kept or commands always obeyed.

As a matter of record, royalty employs in its army of retainers scores of laggards, and while I admit that the all-highest boast no special virtues entitling them to a higher standard of choice than Mr. Smith or Mrs. Brown, I will not disguise the fact that they are subject to the same routine of annoyances as yourself and neighbors.

Nurse-Girl Does Her Majesty I remember that on the occasion of a visit to the Neues Palais by the late William Walter Phelps, of New York, who was American Minister in Berlin in the early nineties, Her Majesty offered to show him the baby, and I was requested to fetch the child.

"May I please Your Majesty," I said, "I am very much mistaken, the Prince drove out with his nurse a couple of minutes ago." "That is impossible, Baroness," said the Kaiserin. "I distinctly told Mrs. Matcham she must not leave before lunch."

"To make sure, I repaired to the nursery, where I found that my surmise was correct. "But why did nurse disobey?" exclaimed Her Majesty. "Begging Your Majesty's pardon, she old Countess Brockdorff she knew herself when it was best to take out the youngster."

I had naturally hesitated to say so, but the Kaiserin, turning to Mr. Phelps, with a smile, said: "You perceive, Mr. Minister, we are all in the same boat with respect to servants. They are the real masters of every household. If you want to see that baby, I shall have to temporize with Mrs. Matcham."

To return to the royal pig-trot. When Their Majesties Hunted Their Majesties followed with the well-peopled "field"—that is to say, the latter kept together during the first mile or two, but, later, redcoats began to drop out until at the finish scarcely a baker's dozen reported, among them, on his high English hunt, the Kaiser, very proud of his achievement.

Wilhelm felt, I suppose, that for him to engage in such violent exercise was tempting fate, considering that, while his right arm only is of practical use in the management of

decisions, the Kaiser in his new "hunt uniform," the Kaiserin wearing a gown of white cloth, silver-braided. But though conditions seemed favorable—moon discreetly hidden behind clouds, wind blowing out of eminently correct quarters—something managed to frighten the stags away and out of reach as often as a flight of antlers came before William's barrel.

The Kaiser allowed himself to be fooled in this fashion three long hours, until finally, losing patience, he ordered the horses brought around. Getting into the carriage, he noticed an old gamekeeper, who stared at the Kaiserin in a rather disrespectful manner.

"What is it, my man?" inquired the Kaiser, who was beginning to suspect; "perhaps you can tell us why no confounded deer would come within range this evening."

Wise Peasant Tells the Truth "To be sure, Majesty, plain as daylight, that. Any fool knows that animals are skinned of white."

The remark was so apropos that Wilhelm overlooked its rudeness, and, turning to his wife with a mock bow, exclaimed: "That settles your hacon, Dona. In future I shall know better than to take a fashion-plate hunting with me."

The disgruntled couple arrived at the chalet after midnight, and the Kaiser told me he would take supper alone, i. e., with his gentlemen. Accordingly Auguste was in a fearful temper, though the cook had provided potatoes in their jackets and cold pork. Everything and everybody was in the wrong and was scolded.

"Of course, none of you ladies knew enough to remind me that I possess not one garment fit for the chase." With these words, the Kaiser wound up a long series of complaints, adding: "Order Lampe to get up a full-skirted hunting-costume of the usual material, with green velvet trimmings, within forty-eight hours."

"But His Majesty being so particular as to color," I ventured to suggest, "would it not be better to send a sample of cloth?"

"A good idea," cried our mistress, her face lighting up. "After His Majesty has retired, get the valet to cut a sample from one of the turnings of his suit and enclose that to Lampe. And be sure to use an envelope with the imprint: 'On His Majesty's Service.' That will carry it through by noon tomorrow."

While His Majesty inflicted his costly presence upon the nobles and rich officials of Berlin and Potsdam according to his whims and preferences for society, his visits to the hunting-grounds of friends in all parts of Germany were matters of routine, as he looked upon the use of the country's preserves in the old feudal sense: as his sovereign right.

Whoever, prince or private, entertained the Kaiser to a shooting, was sure to receive, at the opening of the next season, a letter from the Court-marshal announcing that His Majesty will be graciously pleased to designate his game on such and such days—this if the first hunt was entirely satisfactory.

When His Majesty went to a shooting, he seldom stayed longer than two days, the cost of his entertainment being between forty and fifty thousand marks (eight to ten thousand dollars), and one need but glance at the preparations on cost of the outlay, which, moreover, was vastly larger at the first visit.

(To Be Continued To-morrow)

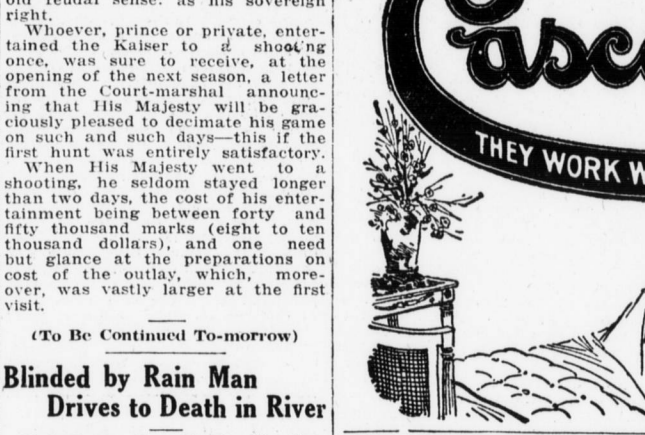
### Blinded by Rain Man Drives to Death in River

Enlontown, Pa., March 28.—Evidently by a heavy rain storm, Robert P. Keffer, aged sixty-two, a well-known farmer of High House, drove his horse into the Monongahela river and was drowned. The horse was also drowned.

Keffer, in a buggy, was on his way from Masontown to High House. Losing his way; supposedly, he took

a road that lead him away from High House, instead of toward it. The horse went to edge of the Monongahela River, drew the buggy up the gangplank for a ferryboat, and then stumbled off into ten feet of water at the other end of the boat. Keffer's body was found 400 yards down stream. The horse and buggy were completely submerged.

Complexion Rosy. Headache Gone. Tongue Clean. Breath Right. Stomach, Liver and Bowels Regular.



## Cascarets

CANDY CATHARTIC. THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP.

2 More Days to Wait, Then You'll See "The Kaiser's Finish"

"Harrisburg's Dependable Store"

### THERE are many reasons why the young men of Harrisburg flock to Wm. Strouse & Co. for their clothing, but the one we like to hear most is, "I come here because you have the right styles and fabrics at lowest prices," and we hear it time and time again.

We are proud to say to the men of Harrisburg that we sell STRATFORD CLOTHES, for the name means all that Wm. Strouse has incorporated into his business—integrity, honor and style. These principles have made our store what it is to-day, "The dependable men's store of Harrisburg." There are quarter silk trimmed, silk sleeve lined garments that are the wonder of every man who buys them, and the envy of every man who doesn't. For they won't last long at Wm. Strouse prices.

\$25---\$30---\$35

The most fastidious dressers can't help saying that our Stratford and Adler-Rochester Clothes are "par excellence" to anything they've yet seen this season — We won't go into details for a Wm. Strouse guarantee means they're real values.

### Adler-Rochester Clothes

(For the conservative man)

### Stratford Clothes

(For the smart young man)

\$40---\$45---\$50

"Rainbow Tints"—Neckwear \$1

Wm. Strouse Hats Don't Stay Here Long There's a New Shipment just in... \$5

Metric Shirts---The Nation's Best \$2 to \$10

### Boys! There's a Big Surprise

At Wm. Strouse's waiting for you. That's what all the Boys of Harrisburg are coming to our store for—Mothers appreciate the qualities of our suits, the courtesies we extend to them, and the pleasing surprise we have for their Boys, and they've told all their friends about The New Store — "Harrisburg's Dependable Store"—

Boys' Suits, \$7.50 to \$15.00

## Wm. Strouse

310 Market Street Harrisburg, Pa.

### DEAR FOLKS:

THINGS run in Cycles of Six in the Wilson & Co. organization. "Six" plays an important part in the business.

There are six letters in the word WILSON. There are six vice-presidents—first aids to Mr. Wilson. That started the "Six" idea three years ago this month when Mr. Wilson gave his name and himself to the business. The workers considered it a good omen.

And one of the first things done after Mr. Wilson took hold was to adopt a slogan that would mean something and that would keep everybody on their toes to live up to it. The slogan selected was:

"The Wilson Label Protects Your Table."

Please note that there are six words in this slogan. They are very important words.

The next thing on the program was to develop a fine working spirit in the organization in which all should take part workers and officials.

That was done at once. Please note that there are six letters in the word "spirit."

Now you have had six letters from me thus far in which I have dwelt mainly on the "spirit" that exists in the Wilson & Company organization. I think I have proved to you that the real foundation of a successful business must be built on the heart, the happiness, the loyalty, the integrity, the enthusiasm and the pride of its workers—coupled with the honest appreciation, recognition and co-operation of the head of the business and his official family.

The foundation of the Wilson & Co. business is built on these six principles, and that is why its slogan, "The Wilson Label Protects Your Table," means so much to the peoples of the world.

What would this slogan amount to if it did not have back of it the honest and sincere efforts of the official family and its twenty-five thousand loyal, earnest workers?

It would be a scrap of paper only—and the world has had enough of "scraps of paper."

People want the real thing now. In food products they are getting it under the Wilson label.

I am starting another series of six letters to-day in which I will treat on other angles of the Wilson & Co. business. I propose to stick to the "Six" idea. Please note that the word "angles" also consists of six letters.

What I mean by "angles" is this: I propose to show you, for instance, that the workers consider that their own honor is involved in producing foodstuffs that will justify the Company's slogan—which should be very reassuring to you when it comes to buying Wilson & Co. products.

I think it is great, myself, that the good, pure things to eat supplied by the Wilson & Co. are backed up in their production by twenty-five thousand workers who recognize their individual responsibility and who would not, under any circumstances, either wilfully or deliberately take part in sending out to their fellow human beings in all parts of the world, imperfect or impure food products.

They would not have it on their consciences to do such a thing, and I know, for I have talked with hundreds of them—many in every department of the business—and they are imbued with the spirit to give to the Company all they have of skill and care and loyalty and honor. Take as an illustration what a Russian workman employed in the Sausage Department said to me. I noticed his enthusiasm and the swiftness and skill with which he worked and asked him why he was so interested.

"Oh, I like to help make good things to eat," said he in broken English. "I eat 'em myself. I have wife and eight children, and I give 'em good food. Wilson things good eating. My wife and children they keep very well because they eat pure food. So do I. I like to work here. My boss there very good to me and to everybody. He makes us proud of our work. Nothing goes wrong here. We all very careful. We stand by Wilson name. Sausages that go out under Wilson label are fine very best. I know. I eat 'em. They very, very good."

Then he turned to me and taking a lead pencil and a piece of brown paper out of his pocket he wrote his name, the last name of which is the proverbial long Russian name. Then he drew his pencil through the last few letters and said: "Just lose 'em. Too many letters. Now have short American name. Soon going to be American citizen, too"—and he smiled and went back to his work.

The true test in the production of food is when the worker is willing to eat what he produces. I saw with my own eyes how sausages are made and I want to tell you that I now have a very much keener desire than ever before to eat sausages and griddle cakes for my Sunday morning breakfast.

Sincerely, William C. Freeman, 131 E. 23rd St., New York City.

### To Create Strength After Sickness

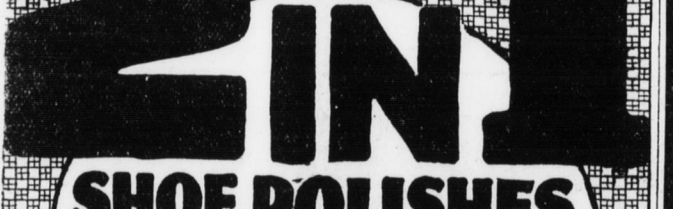
any doctor will tell you there is nothing better than

## Vinol

Because it contains: Cod Liver and Beef Peptones, Iron and Manganese Peptonates, Iron and Ammonium Citrates, Lime and Soda Glycero-phosphates, Cascarin. Contains no oil. Pleasant taste.

### THE MOST RELIABLE TONIC

All Druggists



### SHOE POLISHES

Save the Leather and Keep your Shoes Neat

LIQUIDS AND PASTES FOR BLACK, WHITE, TAN AND OX-BLOOD (DARK BROWN) SHOES THE F. P. DALLEY CORPORATION LTD, BUFFALO, N.Y.