

ECLECTIC READINGS

LITTLE STORIES  
• OF •  
GERMANY



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To

MY LITTLE GERMAN FRIENDS

Daisy and Freddy Swan

IN WHOSE MUNICH HOME THESE STORIES

WERE WRITTEN

I AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATE

THIS BOOK



Queen Louise of Prussia and Her Sons

*Frontispiece*



# Little Stories of Germany

BY

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AUTHOR OF "LITTLE STORIES OF FRANCE," "HUNTING AND  
FISHING," AND "IN FIELD AND PASTURE"

WITH A PREFACE BY

F. LOUIS SOLDAN

SUPERINTENDENT OF INSTRUCTION, ST. LOUIS



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LITTLE STORIES OF GERMANY.  
W. P. I

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## PREFACE

READING ranks first in importance among the studies of the elementary school. It enriches the mind of the child. It gives him a larger vocabulary, and is the most valuable aid in instructing children in the correct use of language in speech and writing. There was a time when the school reader was the only reading book placed in the hands of children. Modern education, however, tends to introduce the child to a wider circle of books, and not only seeks to impart the ability to read, but to engender the desire to read, and to inculcate a love of books.

This tendency of modern education has given rise to a new literature of the utmost educational value. Books are being written for the young which are at once interesting and instructive. They have for their purpose to supplement and deepen the lessons of the school. Good reading opens the whole world, present and past, and enlarges the otherwise narrow circle of the child's mental life. It has, therefore, been the practice of modern education to furnish supplementary reading and to initiate the child at an early time into the use of the public library.

While the great masterpieces in poetry and fiction, as far as they come within the mental sphere of the child,

rank first in their value as reading matter, history is of nearly the same, if not quite the same, importance. History is of obviously higher value than the average fiction, and is likely to become as fascinating. There is no better way of introducing the child to the reading of history than to place short biographies and historical sketches in his hands.

The present volume, *Little Stories of Germany*, will be enjoyed by young readers, and it is one of the books by which they are sure to profit. It contains food for mind and heart. The stories are seemingly detached, and each may be read independently; but the whole book presents a connected history of the German people. Each of the great events is, in proper succession, presented in the form of a short sketch. The history of Germany is of interest to every reader on account of the influence which that nation has had on the culture of the human race.

The author has wisely selected subjects that show the influence which the German people have had on the history and culture of the world, such as Hermann's defeat of the power of Rome, Peter the Hermit, Albrecht Dürer, the Artist, the Invention of Printing by Gutenberg, Frederick the Great, Schiller, Goethe, Beethoven, Richard Wagner, the Battle of Waterloo, etc.

The little book will prove a valuable addition to the libraries of schools and homes.

F. LOUIS SOLDAN.



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# LITTLE STORIES OF GERMANY



## THE STORY OF THE FIRST GERMANS

THE Germany of ancient times was strangely different from the Germany which we know to-day. The first books that tell us of this land say that it was a dreary country covered with forests so dense that neither the winter nor the summer sun could penetrate their branches. They tell us of great rivers that in the springtime swelled to torrents and came roaring down the mountains and flooding the valleys. They tell us of long tracts of sand where only the coarsest grass could grow, and of mountains whose sides were beds of rock. Surely, ancient Germany seemed more like a home for wild beasts and birds of prey than for men and women.

There were, however, in these bygone days, tribes scattered here and there throughout the country who were brave and strong enough to claim this Germany for their own. They were a hardy race, straight and sturdy as the pines and beeches in the



primeval forests about them. Their hair was long and yellow, and their blue eyes keen and piercing as a bird's. They did not dread the long, bleak winters, for, when they were little babies, their mothers had dipped them every day in the cold mountain streams, and so hardened them to endure exposure. Nor were they afraid of the wild beasts that prowled through the forests, for the first lesson that a boy learned was to hunt and shoot. So these early Germans grew into manhood, strong of limb and fearless of heart.

These tribes lived for the most part in clearings in the woods, near some stream or river. Their houses were made of interlocked poles covered over with thatch. The only openings were a door and a hole at the top of the hut for the smoke to pass through. When the men and boys were at home, they slept in the rude huts like the women and girls, but when they were away at war or on the hunt they rolled themselves in wolves' skins and slept on the ground. They did not mind this, for they loved to be out of doors, — they loved the wind, the stars, and the great trees. Their chief god, Wotan, they called the god of the heavens and the air. German peasants to-day, although they no longer believe in Wotan, like to tell tales about him. He has only one eye, they say, and that is the sun. He is a

wild huntsman who rides madly over the tops of the trees, blowing his horn and chasing before him dogs who breathe out fire.

Another German god was Donar, the god of thunder. He had a long hammer which he hurled when he was angry.

But no matter how far he threw it, it always bounded back to him. And then there was the goddess who loved little children. The Germans believed that she was the moon, and that the stars were the souls of their children who had died.

There were special seasons in the year when the freemen of the tribe gathered in the depth of some somber wood and worshiped Wotan. All came armed, for the right to carry weapons was in those days a sign of freedom. It was at these feasts that the young men of the tribe were first presented with their shields. Each youth was then assigned to some



The God of Thunder

chief. It was his duty henceforth to guard the chief night and day. In battle, the chief fought for the victory of the tribe, but the young men fought for their chief. No disgrace was so black as that which fell upon the youth who deserted his chief or lost his shield. The shame of such a deed followed him through his whole life.

While the men and the boys were away at war, the women and girls worked in the fields. They gathered honey, too, from the swarms of wild bees in the woods, and brewed from it a drink called mead. Later they learned to spin and weave a rough kind of cloth, and then the Germans stopped dressing in the skins of wild animals and made, instead, loose garments from this woven cloth.

The return of the men of a tribe was always celebrated by a great feast. They did not gather, however, at one long board, but each man had his own rough-hewn stool and table, and his wooden bowl and plate. Behind each man stood his slave holding his master's sword. The bowls were filled to the brim with mead, and, while the warriors drank, the bards of the tribe sang songs. If they were battle songs, the men beat wildly upon their shields. The feast lasted long into the night, until finally every German had fallen asleep to dream of the great deeds he would perform on the morrow.

## THE GERMANS MEET THE ROMANS

IN the southern part of Germany lie the great snow-peaked Alps, and it was here among these mountains that there lived, about one hundred years before Christ, one of the strongest of the German tribes. This tribe was called the Cimbri, which means warriors or champions. They were naturally a restless people, and the rough, wild country which they had chosen for their home made them more so. The small valleys among the Alps were not large enough to supply grain for this tribe, which was growing larger year by year. Thus it was that the Cimbri, seeking a new home, wandered through the Alpine passes and came down into Italy. They must have been a wild-looking horde. Their long red hair hung about their shoulders. On their helmets were huge wolf heads with open mouths, or eagles with spread wings. Their shields glistened white in the sunshine and their two-pointed spears were polished and shining.

When the people of northern Italy saw these barbarians advancing upon them, their hearts quaked with fear. They shut themselves within their walled towns and called upon Rome to hasten to their aid. The Roman soldiers came, but the Cimbri fought them desperately. The wild tribe did not know then



that they were fighting the best-trained army in the world. They had not heard of the victory after victory that these Roman soldiers had been achieving. Nor did the Cimbri dream of the great wealth that was hidden in the Italian cities. But what these men of the north did know was that starvation lay behind them in the mountains, and that before them stretched great plains green with orchards and fields of grain. The Cimbri were fighting for a home, and they defeated the Romans.

Would these barbarians advance against Rome now? the terrified Italians asked one another. But the Cimbri did not come further south into Italy. Instead, they wandered off into the land which is now called southern France and Spain, but which was then known as Gaul.

Without delay the Romans gathered another army and, placing it under the command of one of their finest generals, Marius, sent it forth to follow the Cimbri. In the meantime the Cimbri had united with another German tribe, the Teutons, who, like themselves, were roaming through Europe seeking a home. For twelve years these tribes fought the Romans until at last the Germans were defeated. But the Cimbri and the Teutons were only the pioneer German tribes. Behind them came the Suevi, the wanderers, crossing the Rhine river and

making their way into Gaul. They had a mighty warrior at their head, whose very appearance made the enemy tremble, but the Romans had even a greater leader, Julius Cæsar. By one hard-fought battle after another, he drove the Germans back into the land whence they had come. He even built bridges across the Rhine and pursued his foe to the edge of the great German forests.

### HERMANN, THE MAN OF HOSTS

THE Romans were not satisfied when they had driven the Germans out of Gaul. They were ambitious now to conquer Germany and make it, like Gaul, a Roman province. So the warfare between the Romans and the Germans continued, and many fair-haired German boys were carried back to Rome either as prisoners or hostages. Among them was a young chief, Hermann. He was a clever lad, and soon began to learn the language and the customs of the Romans. Still, he never forgot the words which his mother had taught him at her knee, nor was he ever ashamed that he was a German.

He learned many things besides the language of these people, with whom he now lived. He came to understand why it was that the Romans had gradually conquered the Germans in battle. He knew

that his people were really the stronger. He knew that boys brought up out of doors in the woods, where they had to hunt for their own food, must have tougher bodies and harder muscles than the city youths in Rome. Nevertheless, the Romans were stronger in that they were trained so that a thousand soldiers in their army fought like one man. The Roman army was like some great creature that had one mind and one purpose and obeyed one command. Among the Germans, each warrior fought for himself.

After a time Hermann went back to Germany. When he saw the forests where he had played as a boy, and met his playmates now grown into young men, the love of his own people welled up within him. He swore to himself that Germany should be free from the Roman yoke. He would spend his life in performing this service.

While such thoughts were growing hot within him day by day, word came from the Roman general, Varus, that Hermann should be his guide through Germany. Varus thought that Herman had long ago forgotten his love for his own people. He little knew of what the young man was dreaming. Hermann obeyed the call of Varus, for he saw in it the chance which he wanted. Instead of leading the Roman legions across the plains where marching

was easy, he turned them into the hilly region of the Teutoberg forest. Here there were no roads. The Roman army had to move along slowly, cutting down trees and tramping down the underbush to make a passage. Meanwhile, the Germans were secretly gathering. Then there came a storm. The mountain streams began to swell and overflow their banks. They came raging and tumbling down into the woods where the Romans were trying to march forward. The Romans were terror-stricken. In the midst of the confusion the Germans burst upon them.

It was a terrible battle that now took place in the Teutoberg forest. The fighting went on far into the night. Hundreds of Romans were killed or sank into the swamps, where they were drowned. Only a few escaped and reached Rome in safety. When the news of the defeat came to the Roman emperor, he let his hair and beard grow, and cried out bitterly, "Varus, Varus, give me back my legions!" But Varus, when he saw how he had been trapped, had taken his own life by falling on his sword.

It was now feared that Hermann would march against Rome, but the young German chief was not fighting for conquest. He was simply fighting for the freedom of his people.



Hermann had a beautiful wife, Thusnelda, who was as patriotic as her husband. Through some act of treachery, she and her little son were taken captive by the Romans and carried to the imperial city. There they were made to march in the triumphal procession of the Roman general. This cruelty toward Thusnelda made Hermann hate the Romans more than ever. He continued to work among his people until he had collected another army to meet their great enemy. A second time the Romans were defeated.

We would expect to hear that Hermann became the hero of his people. Instead, we read that they did not understand him, and that he was finally put to death by his own kinsman. But the Romans never forgot him. They could not but admire his bravery and patriotism even though he was their foe. And long years afterward the Germans saw how he had really been their deliverer, and many were the songs which were written and sung of "Hermann, the War-Man, the Man of Hosts."

After this the Romans held only a small strip of German soil along the Main and Rhine rivers. To protect their possessions they built walls with watch towers, and dug a deep moat outside. And so well did these masons do their work that traces of the Roman walls are still found in Germany to-day.



Thusnelda in the Roman Triumph



## HOW AN ENEMY PROVED TO BE A FRIEND

ALTHOUGH the Romans were for many years fighting the Germans, still they were doing much to help these barbarous tribes. Many of the castles



A Castle on the Rhine

and cities that we see along the Rhine to-day were started by the Romans far back during the time when the Germans were still living in their primitive forest homes. The Romans were fond of building splendid baths, and when they discovered the hot and mineral springs in Germany they erected great buildings near them so that they could go

there and drink the waters or bathe in them. They discovered, also, the iron in the mountains, and taught the Germans how to work mines. They planted the banks of the rivers with vineyards such as they had at home in Italy, and they started the making of the now famous Moselle and Rhine wines.



Rhine Vineyards at the Present Day

The Romans had already built long roads from Rome across the Alps and through Gaul. For many years these trading highways ended at the Rhine, but now the merchants pressed on into Germany, going even as far as the North Sea and the Baltic.



There were many things which the merchants found in Germany to take back with them to Rome. In the interior they bought horses and horned cattle and the skins of wild animals. They filled sacks full of down and feathers for the Roman market. They found curious smoked meats, rich wild honey, turnips, beets, and huge radishes, to take home for Roman banquets. In the brooks and streams were rare fish that would bring the merchants a pretty sum of money if they could show them to some Roman patrician. Along the Baltic there was amber to be gathered, such as the Roman ladies sought so eagerly for their hair.

And in return for these treasures, the merchants gave the Germans ornaments of gold and silver which delighted them. They filled the wooden beakers with the sparkling Italian wines. They unrolled yards of cloth, and showed the Germans how the Roman women dressed. Instead of hating the Romans, the Germans began now to want to imitate them. Many of their young men left their homes to enter the Roman army. Rome had no longer enough young men of her own to fill her ranks, and she was glad to pay these strong-bodied Germans to fight for her. When these Germans came back to their home, they had learned how Romans fight and how Romans live.

Meanwhile the strength and glory of Rome was year by year decreasing. The younger nation of the Germans, on the other hand, was growing rapidly more and more powerful. The time was soon to come when the conquered should be the conquerors.

### THE SCOURGE OF GOD

ABOUT the year 375 there suddenly appeared in Europe a horde of wild fighters more terrifying to the Germans than the drilled army from Rome, and to the Romans than the German barbarians had been in their grotesque helmets. This new enemy was the Huns. Their very looks were enough to strike fear to the hearts of their bravest foes. They were short, broad-shouldered men, with black wiry hair, thick lips, and mean, piercing black eyes. Their legs were crooked, for they had always lived on horseback. In fact, a Hun and his horse seemed like one person. These people ate, slept, and fought on horseback. If they did dismount at night and pitch a rude tent, they took their horses within the tent to sleep with them.

The Huns are supposed to have once lived in central Asia, but about 400 B.C. they moved eastward in great hordes and poured down into Europe. When they discovered the grassy plains in Dacia,

they settled there and gave the land the name of Hungary. It was while they were living there that a wonderful prince arose among them. The Romans called him Attila, but he chose himself to bear the name of "the Scourge of God." It is hard to believe that Attila was a human being. He seemed rather like some terrible monster. He could bear the most severe cold or heat. He could let days go by without food or drink. He did not know even the name of mercy. Two things he delighted to do: one was to conquer, and the other to destroy.

When Attila and his monstrous band of horsemen started on a march through Germany, they probably hoped to make their way across Europe to the Atlantic Ocean. On and on they came, shooting their arrows and letting fly the missiles from their slings as they rode at full speed. Some of the German tribes sought refuge from attack by joining Attila's men, but most of them banded together and, aided by the Romans, they taught Attila the meaning of the word "defeat." But it was a furious warfare, and more than a hundred thousand men fell before Attila turned his horse and fled.

This coming of the Huns caused a great confusion among the German people. The wandering spirit awoke again in many of the tribes, just as it had appeared years before in the Cimbri and the

Teutons. The Goths went down to conquer Rome, and later on wandered as far away as Spain and Africa. The Longbeards took the lands in northern Italy and founded Lombardy. The Burgs, or Castlemen, settled on the banks of the Rhone river and named their kingdom Burgundy. The Saxons, or Ax-men, came to live on the Elbe, in the part of Germany that is still called Saxony. Later, bands of them crossed the channel to England. And the Franks, the Freemen, migrated slowly into Gaul, where they gradually lost their German manners and language and grew at last into the great French nation.

#### THE FELLING OF THE OAK OF DONAR

ALTHOUGH the Germans by the middle of the sixth century had lost many of their barbarous ways, they were still worshiping their heathen gods deep within the dark forests. It was not until the missionary spirit awoke among the people of Ireland that the first Christian preachers came to Germany. These Irish monks were so eager to spread the Gospel of Christ that they dared many perils uncomplainingly. They first made crude boats of wickerwork, in which, partly by paddling and partly by sailing, they crossed into England. Not content to work there only, some of them pushed on and finally made their way down



the Rhine and other German rivers. One monk, called Saint Gall, made a home for himself in the Swiss forests, where he was nearly eaten alive by bears; another Irish missionary settled on a little island in the Rhine river, and still a third lived for a long time in a mountain cave. They threw the ancient idols of the Germans into the lakes and rivers, and told the people, little by little, the story of Christ. Still, as the number of the missionaries was very small, it was only here and there among the Alamanni and the Franks that the new religion was taught. The greater part of the German tribes still believed in Wotan, their one-eyed god of the heavens and the air.

At last an English monk, Winfrid of Devonshire, resolved that he would be a missionary to Germany. So he gathered about him a group of devoted men, and, going first to Rome, asked the Pope to appoint him a missionary among the Germans. The Pope received him gladly and appointed him Archbishop of Mainz. Then he told Winfrid that henceforth he should be called Boniface, which means a Good-Doer, and bade him Godspeed on his journey. Boniface started for central Germany.

As he was coming near Hesse, he heard many strange tales about a magnificent oak tree in the neighborhood, which the German tribes held sacred

to Donar, the god of thunder. Solemn festivals were held beneath its branches, and the Germans believed that the god sent them messages in the whispering of the leaves. One day, when some festival was being celebrated beneath the oak, Boniface walked through the crowd, unarmed, and seizing an ax began to fell the tree. The men and women drew back, white-faced with fear. Again and again the ax swung through the air and rang against the tree trunk. At last the great oak swayed and fell to the ground. A cry of terror went up from the crowd. They expected any moment that a flash of lightning would pierce through the woods and smite the white-robed Boniface. When they saw that he stood there calm and unharmed, they dropped on their knees and listened to the new religion of which he was so anxious to tell them. Their faith in the old gods had gone.

But Boniface, the Good-Doer, was not merely a preacher. He built churches and monasteries. The monasteries gave help to the poor, they offered a night's lodging to the weary traveler, and, best of all, they started schools where the German children could learn to read and write. Moreover, the monks showed the people how to drain the marshes, plow and plant the fields, and raise fruit. More and more the Germans wanted to come and

live near a monastery. Before long a village had grown up around the church and the monks' home, which as the years went by often grew into a great city.

### CHARLES THE GREAT

It soon became evident that of all the German tribes the Franks were the most capable of founding a stable government and becoming a powerful nation. For generations these men had been fighters, and their war spirit was by no means dead. They were brave and heroic of heart and greedy for fame. With their long, uncut locks flowing over their shoulders, and with their two-edged battle axes in their hands, they set out to make all Gaul their own.

The real founder of their kingdom was Clovis, a man as cruel and as strong as a wild animal. He made the little island city of Paris his home, and through long years of warfare built up such a large kingdom that when he died he decided to divide it into four portions for his four sons. This last deed of Clovis's caused a great deal of trouble among the Franks, for not one of the sons was satisfied with his part. For years they quarreled and many bloody wars ensued. After this there followed a race of stupid, lazy kings, who have come to be known in

history as "the-do-nothings." Finally, the last of these rulers was led away to a monastery and a new dynasty was founded. It was from this branch that there came to the throne, at the end of the eighth century, a man so remarkable that he has never been known by any name except Charlemagne, or Charles the Great. No man could be great in those days who was not a man of arms, so we must think of Charles first of all as a warrior. He knew both how to plan a campaign and how to fight it through to a successful finish. Finally, he had united under him the countries that we now know as Germany, Belgium, France, Switzerland, northern Spain, and Italy.

An old Italian writer has left us this singular description of Charles: "He was of ruddy complexion, with brown hair; of well-made handsome form, but a stern visage. His height was about eight of his own feet, which were very long. His face was thirteen inches long; his beard a palm; his forehead a foot over. His lionlike eyes flashed fire. . . . When he was angry, it was a terror to look upon him. He ate sparingly of bread; but a whole quarter of a lamb, two fowls, a goose, or a large portion of pork; a peacock, crane, or a whole hare. . . . He was so strong that he could at a single blow cleave asunder an armed soldier





karolus  
imperator

magnum  
Anno 742

Charlemagne

on horseback from the head to the waist, and the horse also.”

Another praiser of Charles's strength tells us that he could break a horseshoe in two with his naked hands.

Charles's two great enemies during the first part of his reign were the Saxons in the north and the Saracens in the south. There is a story that the first time that the Saracens advanced against the Franks they wore bearded masks with horns fastened to their heads, and that they beat upon strange drums. This frightened the horses of the Franks so badly that they turned about and galloped from the field in spite of all that their riders could do. Charles followed swiftly after his fleeing army, and, safe from the masked enemy, took counsel with his men as to what they should do on the morrow. It was a strange-looking army that marched against the Saracens on the next day. Every Frankish horse had a bandage over his eyes and stuffing in his ears.

Although Charles spent so much time at war, he was deeply interested in other matters. He started schools, for he was anxious to educate the boys of his kingdom. He himself did not learn to read or write until after he became king. Then his fingers were so stiff that he was never able to form very well the letters even of his own name. He



wanted his people to be musical, too, and so started two singing schools. "When my Franks sing," he was once heard to remark, "it sounds like the howling of wild beasts, or the noise made by the squeaking wheels of a baggage wagon on a stony road."

In the year 800 an insurrection broke out in Rome. While the Pope was riding one day, his enemies fell upon him, threw him from his horse, and tried to put out his eyes. Charles, who was a good churchman, hastened to the Pope's aid. He set himself up as a judge and imprisoned the men who had made the attack. The Pope now looked upon Charles as his greatest friend. That year on Christmas Day they attended mass together in the great church of Saint Peter. All the Roman clergy were there and crowds of Frankish and Roman nobles. The Pope himself chanted the mass. As the service was closing, the Pope arose, and, going to Charles, placed a crown upon his head, saying, so that all might hear him, "Long live Cæsar Augustus! God grant life and victory to the great Emperor!" And the people took it up until the whole church rang with these words.

For fourteen years Charles ruled as Emperor of the West. At the end of a long and glorious life, he died and was laid to rest at Aix-la-Chapelle, in the church which he had built there. He was

buried in full imperial raiment; a crown on his head, a sword at his side, the Gospels on his knees, and a pilgrim's pouch in his hand.

The Frankish monarchs who ruled after the great Charles were neither strong nor wise men. They had not the power to govern the large realm which Charles had made his own. Gradually his great empire fell apart and several separate kingdoms were established. Among these was Germany.

### KING CONRAD I

THE bell of the cloister of Saint Gallen's sounded the hour of noon. Out in the corn fields the monks laid down their hoes and came slowly back to the monastery. Within the cloister the other brothers were putting aside the bright colors and gold paints with which they were decorating the prayer books. Door after door opened from the cells, and an endless line of gray-cowled figures filed out, and gathered about the long, narrow table, scoured white with sand. The grace was sung and the monks sat down to dinner.

As they were bending over their plates, suddenly the door opened, and the monks saw their new king, Conrad, standing before them. "You must allow me to dine with you to-day," he said smiling.



The monks looked down in dismay at their simple wooden table and plain food. "If only the king had come to-morrow," they said apologetically, "he would have found fresh bread and beans." But the king assured them that their fare was good enough for him. So they drew another stool to the table, and their royal guest ate with them of their stale black bread and boiled beans.

During the meal the king asked many questions about the school. The monks were the only teachers in those days, so at every cloister there was a school for the boys of the neighborhood. The abbot, therefore, called some of the children to come and read before the king. The story was long and dry, and the words hard to pronounce, but the boys read it through to the end. The king, greatly pleased, called them to him and put a gold coin in the mouth of each. One little fellow did not understand this. He thought that the king was angry and was trying to stop up his mouth because he had not read well. The tears came into his eyes, and, taking the gold piece from his mouth, he threw it on the floor. Then the king laughed heartily and patted him on the back. "You will make a splendid monk," he said, "because you already despise gold."

When the boys had gone back to their benches, the king turned to the abbot. "Those are brave

lads," he said, "but I will test them a little. I have brought with me a sack of rosy-cheeked apples. Let your servants bring these in and strew them about in the long entry way through which the boys must pass in going to prayers." The servants did as the king commanded, and the king awaited the boys in the church.

How tempting those apples looked to the sober-faced little lads who had eaten nothing but sour bread and boiled beans for dinner! How those boys longed to bite into the rosy cheeks! But not even the tiniest lad among them stretched out his fingers toward the fruit.

The king was truly delighted. "These are surely brave lads," he told the abbot. "Some day they will be the strong men of my kingdom. Give them not only the apples, but three holidays besides."

Many a time during these three holidays did the happy boys stop playing to talk of the visit of good King Conrad to the monastery. They wondered if he would ever come to see them again, and, if he did, whether he would remember them.

Meanwhile the king's holiday in the cloister was over and he was back at work again. His kingdom was large and his people so scattered that it was hard in those days for a king to rule over them. He had no telegraphs and no railways to take his

messages across the land. Even letters were carried by horsemen. Thus it was that the king divided part of his lands among different dukes, and gave them charge under him.

Now one of these dukes, Henry of Saxony, had been growing very strong and powerful. Like Conrad, he was so kind and friendly that all the people liked him. In addition to this he was a splendid soldier and a brave fighter. He rode into battle at the head of his army. He slept beside his men on the cold ground. Day after day he ate the soldiers' plain fare, or if food was scarce he starved with the rest of the men. Thus, whenever war broke out the men of Saxony flocked to Henry's standard, and the mothers at home told the children tales of Henry's bravery until the little boys dreamed long dreams of him at night.

Stories of Duke Henry and his faithful army came far across the land even to Conrad's court. The king heard them with a troubled face. "They have forgotten in Saxony that I am their king," he said to himself. "They have eyes and ears only for their duke." Then he called a messenger and bade him ride as swift as horse could take him into Saxony. "And say to Duke Henry," he added, "that I now take back from him the land that I loaned him."

"I will see," he thought to himself, "if my vassals

are as obedient as the little gray-clad lads in the cloister of Saint Gallen's."

Duke Henry listened to the king's message with surprise. He had committed no act of disloyalty or disobedience to the king. Why should Conrad take away his land? And through Saxony went the cry, "Why should King Conrad take away Duke Henry's land and subjects?"

Indignant, the soldiers came to Henry with this speech: —

"You have fought with us against the Hungarians and the Slavs. You have led us to victory. You have brought peace and prosperity to Saxony. What has Conrad ever done for us? Has he come to us in time of need? If the king succeeds in breaking down your power, who will defend us when our enemies come upon us? We will cut ourselves free from Conrad rather than see your power destroyed. Reply to the king that all that you have is yours. Your whole people will stand by you."

Swift as the four flying feet of his horse could bear him, the messenger rode out of Saxony back to the king.

We do not know the story of the war that followed, but it must have been a bitter struggle. The fever of warfare spread among the other parts of Conrad's



kingdom. One after another of the dukes rose against him. The king was heartbroken. He had reigned seven years and had succeeded only in splitting up his kingdom.

When Conrad felt that he was dying, he called his brother, Eberhard, to him, and said: "Take the royal jewels and the crown to Duke Henry. Nothing but disaster follows our house, for we lack the good fortune and the power that Henry has. Try to win his friendship. That will be the greatest blessing that can come to you and your kingdom."

## HENRY, THE BUILDER OF TOWNS

IT was a beautiful morning in midsummer. The warm sunshine shone through the trees in the forest, making bright spots upon the ground. Little birds and big birds sang together as they flew from branch to branch. Cool, clear brooks ran down the mountain side. Now and again the silver fin of a fish flashed in the sunshine and disappeared. A brown deer stole noiselessly to the brook and dipped its nose in the water. Beneath a large spreading oak a herd of wild pigs were digging for acorns.

Suddenly the deer stood a moment with head alert and then leaped into a thicket. The wild swine stopped rooting their noses into the ground

and ran squealing into the underbrush. Down the mountain trail a body of horsemen came riding. At their head rode one who was evidently a great noble. His face was sad, and he seemed not to see the sunshine, nor to hear the birds singing. It was Eberhard, sent by his dying brother Conrad, to give the kingdom into the hands of Duke Henry of Saxony, who seemed to be the one man strong enough to rule Germany. Eberhard was already within the duke's domain. In a few hours he knew that he would be before Henry himself, for Henry was a great hunter, and spent all the summer months in the woods.

At last the winding road grew wider and led directly to a clearing. There Eberhard found Duke Henry out bird catching, with a hawk on his wrist. For this reason Henry has often been called "Henry the Fowler." The horsemen dismounted beneath a clump of trees and took out the treasure which they had brought with them. Then Eberhard advanced toward the duke, carrying his brother's sword and crown, and the sparkling crown jewels.

But even though Henry had the German crown, there were many dukes who refused to call him king. Henry did not make war upon them, however. He knew too well how disastrous the result had been in Conrad's case. Instead, he won them gradually by

assuring them of his friendship and by making no unjust claims upon them.

Another cause of great anxiety to the new king was the frequent attacks of the Hungarians. The blood of Attila seemed to flow again in the veins of this people. Over and over again they rode into Germany, burning down houses and monasteries, and killing men, women, and children. Henry decided that his first duty was to free his people from these attacks. To do this, he offered to pay the Hungarians a large sum of money every year for nine years if they would promise during this time a truce from war. The Hungarians agreed. At first Henry's nobles were very angry, for they thought that their new king was a coward. They said one to another that he was afraid to fight the Hungarians.

But Henry was not a coward. What he wanted was time to strengthen his kingdom and prepare to resist the Hungarian attacks. The first thing that he did after the truce was declared, was to persuade his people to live more closely together. In those days it had long been the custom for each nobleman to live apart on his own estate, surrounded by his vassals. He had his own shoemaker, his own carpenter, his farmers, and his own miller to grind his corn. He lived in the big castle in the middle of the estate,

and all of his vassals lived about him in little straw-thatched houses. Then around the entire estate there ran a fence or thicket. Now it was easy for the Hungarians to attack such a village. Henry saw this, and set to work to build strong burghs, or castles, where the people could take refuge in time of war. Then he persuaded the people to come and live near these castles and thus build up a small town. Such a town could be easily protected by a strong wall, with heavy iron gates that were swung to at night, and locked with the city keys.

At first the nobles and the people did not like to give up their old homes, but they soon saw how much safer they and their families would be in a walled town. Now it was no longer necessary for each noble to have his own tanner, butcher, baker, and candlestick maker. One big mill was built where all the flour for the town was ground. The shoemakers came together, and they called the place where they lived Shoemakers Lane. Schoolhouses were soon built for the children. Churches and town halls were erected. Thus in time the town became a city.

This had been the work of the king during the nine years' truce. More than this, he had been forming and training his army. It had always been one of the Hungarians' great sources of strength that



they fought on horseback while the Germans fought only on foot. Henry, knowing this, began to teach his men to ride, and then to fight, on horseback. Day by day, week by week, Germany's power had been increasing.

When the nine years' truce was at an end, Henry called a meeting of the Saxons, and asked them if they wished to continue paying the tribute money to the Hungarians. With a shout, the cry went up from every throat, "No!" Thus it was that this year when the Hungarian ambassadors came for their tribute, Henry threw a dead dog at their feet and replied that in the future that was all that they should receive from Germany. With scorn and fury in their eyes, the ambassadors returned home, and sent two great hordes of their own people over the borderland into the country which had insulted them. But this time Henry was ready for war. He had had painted a huge banner of Saint Michael, with wings of blazon gold, trampling on the dragon, and unfurling this before his army he led them into battle. The Hungarians now saw Henry's cunning. They soon learned that they could not plunder the burghs as they had the old German villages. The women and children were safe behind these walls. Moreover, Henry's men had learned to fight. Before that war ended, thirty thousand Hungarians lay dead

on Germain soil, and the rest were being hunted back into their own land. Germany did not rejoice alone over this defeat of the Hungarians. France and Italy, too, joined in praising King Henry and his men.

Henry did not live long after this. The strain of the war had been too heavy. As he felt his strength waning, he summoned his nobles at Erfurt and made them promise to choose his son, Otto, as his successor. Shortly afterward he died and was buried in a little church in the Hartz mountains, surrounded by the same forests where he had spent so many happy hunting days.

### OTTO THE GREAT

WHEN word came that the king was dead, his sons began to quarrel over the kingdom. Each one of them wanted to be king, although Otto, the eldest prince, had already been chosen as Henry's successor. As he was not only the eldest, but the wisest of them all, the nobles promised to stand by him. This made Henry, the second son, very angry. He thought that because he bore his father's name he ought also to inherit his kingdom. "If my brother will not give it to me," he cried, "I will win it in battle." However, King Otto was the stronger and soon took his rebellious brother prisoner.

That year at Christmas a strange thing happened. The king was at Frankfort attending early mass in the cathedral. Through the great stone arches of the church rang the sweet boy voices in the choir, telling of the birth of Christ. Suddenly the big doors were pushed open, and a man, dressed in sackcloth and with bare feet, came running over the ice-cold pavement and threw himself at the king's feet. Otto, in astonishment, begged the man to raise his head. Then he saw that it was his brother Henry, who had repented of his sins, and had come to ask the king's forgiveness.

At first, Otto wanted to have his brother taken back to the prison from which he had escaped, but the bishop bade him wait a moment. Opening the big Bible, he read in his deep voice the verses where Peter asks of Christ, "Lord, how often shall I forgive my brother who has sinned against me? Seven times?" When the king heard the answer, "Not seven times, but seven times seven," he threw his arms about Henry, and told him that he was forgiven.

It was well for Otto that his quarrel with Henry was over, for enemies outside his kingdom were encroaching upon his land. The Danes under their leader, Harold Bluetooth, came down from the north. Together with the French, King Otto marched

against the invaders, and won a victory. But he was not content with this. To show the Danes his strength, he led his troops up the entire length of Jutland, a peninsula belonging to Denmark. As he stood at the very end of the land looking out into the raging sea, he took his spear and hurled it far into the water. Then turning to his men, he cried: "Now the German kingdom extends even into the sea. And all the land through which we have come shall be German soil."

The Danish king was still allowed to reign over the country, but he held his power only as a loan from Otto.

When this war closed, Otto's fame had swept throughout all Europe. Tales of his bravery came to the ears of a princess who was sorely in need of aid. She sent a messenger to Otto, telling him that her father had been murdered, and that now the murderer sought her hand in marriage. Under the protection of a priest, she had fled to the Castle of Canossa, where the murderer's army was besieging her. She besought the noble King Otto to come and free her.

King Otto had heard of Princess Adelheid's beauty and her good deeds. He hastened to send her a letter, telling her that he would come to her rescue, sword in hand. Should he be successful,



he asked her to be his bride, and as a pledge of his faith he put a golden ring within the letter.

Now when the messenger reached Castle Cannossa, he was greatly troubled. He could see no way of getting through the lines to deliver his letter. Finally, a clever idea came to him. He fastened the letter and the ring to an arrow and then shot them across the high wall into the court. The next morning one of the attendants of the princess walking in the garden found the arrow caught in a bush. Thus Princess Adelheid learned that Otto was coming to her aid.

True to his promise, the king came; and this time, when he went home a victor, a princess rode at his side.

But while the king was away at war, sad deeds were happening at home. The Hungarians had felt very bitter toward the Germans since Henry the Builder of Towns had defeated them, and they were only waiting their chance to revenge themselves. When they learned that Otto was far away, they saw that their opportunity had come. A ravaging horde of them now broke loose over Germany. They boasted that their horses would drink the rivers dry and stamp the towns to dust. Everywhere that they passed they left behind them a black trail of smoke and ashes.

The blood was hot in the veins of the king when he heard rumors of their terrible deeds. Gathering as strong an army as he could, he marched against them. His forces were too powerful for the Hungarians. The Germans were fighting for their homes, their country, and their king. Back, back, back, they drove the invaders until they had forced them across the border line. This was the last time that the Hungarians invaded Germany.

Not since the time of Charlemagne had there been so powerful a king in Germany as Otto. Legates came to do him homage from Greece, and even from the Orient. They brought with them costly gifts from their kings, beautiful embroideries, golden goblets set with jewels, and strange animals, — lions, camels, and ostriches. Last of all came the imperial crown from the Pope, making Otto the Emperor of the West, as Charles the Great had been before him. So when Otto died his empire reached from the North Sea to the toe of Italy.

## HOW A PAGE BECAME A KNIGHT

LONG after the Germans had learned to fight well on horseback, there grew up in the land a class of men called knights who became skilled military horsemen.



A Knight

They were bound by an oath to some lord whom it was their duty to serve until death.

A knight, even in times of peace, wore a coat of mail, made of rings or scales, and a helmet with a visor which was let down to protect his face. Either a bright colored feather floated from his helmet or else an escutcheon was his crest. On his left arm hung a triangular shield, and his arms were a lance and a sword.



When the son of a knight was seven years old, a day dawned for him which he never forgot as long as he lived. When the little lad awoke on that birthday morning, he found a new suit of clothes made of silk and embroidered with fine colors beside his bed; a pair of new boots stood beside the chair; and a velvet cap with a long white plume lay on the table. His mother helped him dress, and kissed him many times good-by. There were tears in her eyes as she saw him mount his pony and ride off with his father to the castle of the prince. He was now a page.

At dinner he must stand behind the chair of the prince and hand him his goblet of wine. When the prince went hunting, the page rode at his side with a hooded falcon on his wrist. This was always a proud day for the little page, for a falcon hunt was a great affair in the household. The princesses often rode out, too. They wore beautiful red or blue dresses embroidered with gold, velvet caps, and veils that blew in the wind like long streamers. Even the horses were decked in their finest trappings of gold, with silver saddlecloths.

The little page sat up very straight and held his bridle with a firm hand. He must keep his eyes open to catch the first sight of a heron. Perhaps, if he were the first to see the bird, the prince would give

him its feathers to wear in his cap when he became a true knight. The moment that he saw a heron, he pulled the hood off the blinded falcon and let the falcon fly. Then the procession stopped and all watched the two birds as they flew into the air. Sometimes it was a long chase, but the falcon always won, for he could fly farther and higher than the heron. When the falcon saw that the heron was getting tired, he pounced upon him and, at a whistle from the little page, flew back to give up his prey to his master.

There were other lessons for a page, too. He had to learn to manage a horse, to draw a long bow, and to wield a sword. He and the other pages practiced wrestling, leaping, and running, so as to make their bodies strong and agile. A page, also, must sing and play the harp, that he might amuse the lords and ladies at dinner. For seven years a boy must serve as a page before he could rise to the rank of squire. Then he was allowed to lead his master's prancing steed out into the courtyard and hold it until his lord was mounted. And, best of all, he was now permitted to ride into battle at his lord's side and carry his heavy arms.

Another seven years usually passed before the faithful squire was rewarded by being dubbed a knight. A steed was now given to him, a sword

clasped about his waist, and spurs put on his boots.

Every knight had his castle where he lived with his wife and children. Usually the castle stood on a high, bleak hill, with a moat around it, and a drawbridge. Oftentimes, in the winter, the castle would be snowbound, and then the months passed very slowly and drearily. But at last would come the day when the little pages could sing, "I have seen a green leaf coming on the linden tree," and then the knight knew that the spring was near, and that the tournaments would begin again. The armor was brought forth and polished till it shone. The steeds were saddled and led into the courtyard and the drawbridge lowered. Then sounded the call of the horns, the din of hoofs, and forth into the world had ridden the knight with his faithful squires and little pages.

### A PENITENT KING

As time went on, a boy-king was destined to reign over Germany in those far-away days, — Henry, the fourth of his name, and he came to the throne when only six years old. As he was too young to rule except in name, his mother, the Empress Agnes, was made regent during his childhood.

One day when the empress and her son were

having a holiday on an island in the Rhine, they saw a beautiful new ship with gilded bows sailing up the stream. It came nearer and nearer and at last delighted Henry by landing at the island. It brought the Archbishop of Mainz and the Archbishop of Cologne to pay a visit to the empress and the king. After they had dined together, the two guests invited the boy to come aboard their ship. The little fellow was so eager to go that his mother at last consented. But hardly had he set foot aboard, before a signal was given to spread the sails, and the vessel started down the river. Poor little Henry, thinking that it was a plot to kill him, jumped overboard, but a sailor sprang after him and brought him back to the ship. On and on it went, while the empress-mother ran along the shore weeping and wringing her hands.

But the mother's cries were of no avail. Henceforth Henry was to be brought up by the archbishops. They were men who were greedy for wealth and power, and they hoped to obtain both through their influence over the young monarch. One of the archbishops, Hanno, was a very stern man. When Henry lived with him he was made to study hard, and not allowed to play with other boys. But when his turn came to live with the other archbishop, everything was different. There

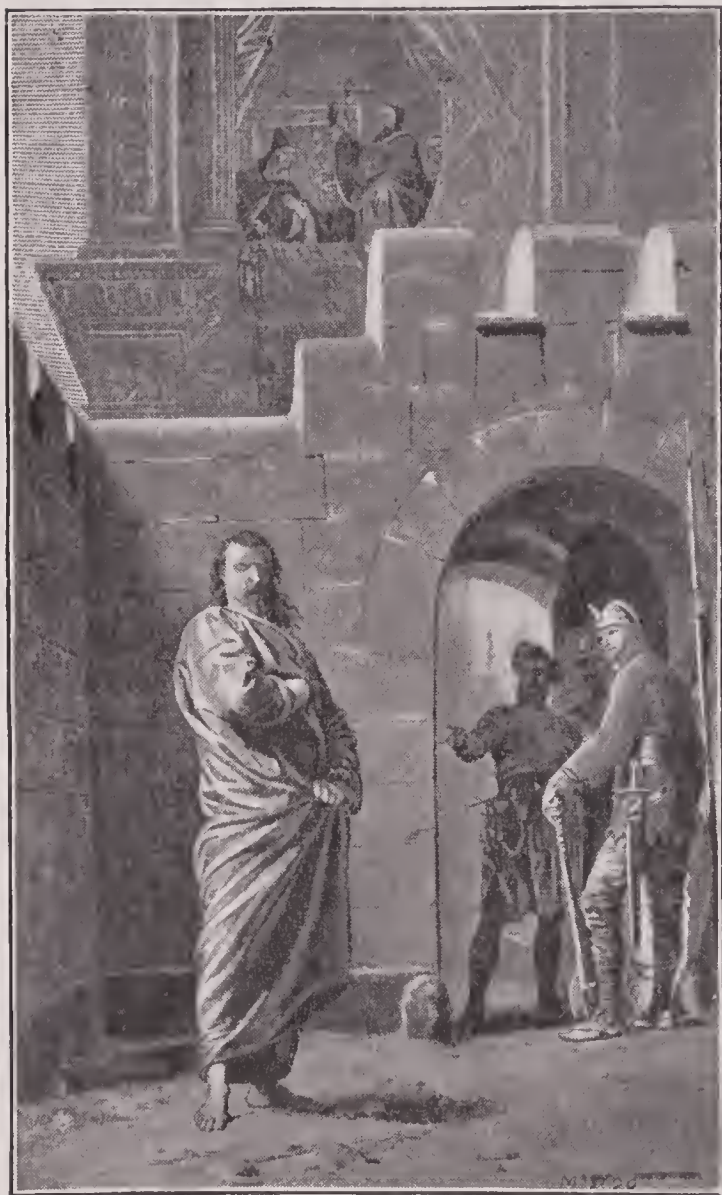


he forgot all his studies, attended banquets, and spent money very recklessly. It was a strange education for a king.

Of course Henry grew to dislike Hanno more and more as he grew older. Finally, when Hanno forced him to marry a plain-faced, uninteresting girl, Bertha, whom he did not like, the king broke entirely with the archbishop. He even treated him with such severity that Hanno at last appealed to the Pope. The Pope immediately summoned Henry to come before him for trial. When the twenty-two-year-old king heard this message, he laughed in scorn. He called some of his bishops together and deposed the Pope. This was a bold and thoughtless deed. The word which came back from Rome this time was that the Pope had cut Henry off from the church and released all his subjects from their allegiance, because, the Pope said, Henry was not fit to rule. Again Henry laughed, but he was soon to learn his folly. His people were glad to have this excuse for ridding themselves of a king for whom they had no affection, and soon Henry found that he was deserted by every one except his despised wife Bertha.

Henry now thought that there was only one thing for him to do, — to hasten to Italy and make his peace with the Pope. It was winter when he

set out, accompanied by only a single knight, his faithful wife, and his baby son. Bertha and the baby were drawn over the snow by an ox team, —



Henry IV at Canossa

but the king had to go afoot as best he could.

Meanwhile, the Pope, in his castle at Canossa, refused even to see the king until he had undergone a severe penance. Henry was obliged to lay aside his royal robes, and, dressed in the white linen of a penitent, await the Pope's pleasure out in the court of the castle. For three days the king stood there in the

cold amid the jeers and laughter of the bystanders. Then the Pope received and pardoned him.

This cruel treatment of Henry so aroused the Germans that those who had deserted him soon

came back as loyal subjects. He returned to Germany at the head of a large army. His first deed was to proclaim war against his brother-in-law, who had assumed the crown while he was in Italy. Elated by defeating this enemy, Henry next marched into Italy and deposed the Pope, and set up another in his stead, who crowned him in Saint Peter's church just as Charles the Great had been crowned.

For fifty years Henry IV reigned over Germany, but there was hardly one year which was a happy one. During his old age, his own sons revolted against him. They shut him up in a castle where he was so poor that he had to sell his own shoes for food. At last he escaped and made his way to Liège, where he was befriended by the bishop of that place until he died of a broken heart.

### FREDERICK, THE RED BEARD

FREDERICK I was one of the greatest emperors of old Germany. His people loved him because he was tall and noble looking, with blue eyes, fair hair, and a long beard, such as the Gauls used to wear. In fact, they were so proud of their emperor's flowing beard that they called him Frederick, the Red Beard, and the Italians, translating this into their language, named him Frederick Barbarossa.



But the Italians called him “Barbarossa” in scorn. They were a dark-haired people, with large black eyes and olive skins, and they were ashamed to be ruled over by an emperor with fair complexion and



Barbarossa

blue eyes. The city of Milan, especially, wanted to free Italy from the foreign sovereign. Milan had lately grown to be so rich and powerful that she wanted to govern the cities of northern Italy herself. But the small cities were jealous of Milan and complained to the emperor. Then Barbarossa sent this word back to Milan: —

“I make the laws for the city of Milan, and I will teach you how to act toward your sister cities.”

This message aroused the anger of Milan. Through the streets and the market places went the murmur, “We are a rich city, and our walls are high and strong. Why should we be governed by this red-bearded emperor, who is far away in Ger-



many?" So they closed the great iron gates of the city and sent back this word to Frederick:—

"We know what is for our good and what is for the good of the other cities of Italy. We defy the interference of the Red Beard, and tell him now for all time that we will not obey his laws, but will make our own."

Then the Milanese sent word to the other cities of northern Italy, telling them what they had done and asking them to join in a league against Frederick. "Why should we be ruled by a foreigner?" these cities now began to ask. "If we bind ourselves against him we can free ourselves and all Italy from his rule." But the Italians had little idea of Frederick's strength.

The Italian cities fought nobly and well for year after year, but in the end the German emperor conquered them all, even Milan. Then he made a solemn vow that he would humble the citizens of that city so that they would never forget it. He gave orders that the most prominent men in the town should lay aside their velvet garments and, bare-footed, come before him to beg for mercy on their knees. They had, moreover, to take off the golden chains that they wore about their necks and put on, in their place, a hangman's halter. Besides this he made them, with their own hands, crown

him with the iron crown of the Lombards. When they had fulfilled all these commands, the emperor reached out his hand and pardoned them and their city.

As Frederick journeyed back to Germany, he smiled to himself to think how well he had taught the rebellious cities the lesson of obedience. But the Italians were only biding their time before they struck another blow. A few years later the emperor heard how they were again banded against him, with Milan, proud and defiant, at their head. When he reminded them of their oath of fidelity to him, they replied, "We swore to an oath, but we did not promise to keep it."

In spite of this impertinent answer, Frederick gave them plenty of time to reconsider and take back their challenge. The Milanese went on fortifying their town. Then the anger of the emperor arose to its fullest height. He put aside his crown, and swore that he would never wear it again until Milan was subdued.

The siege of the city lasted nine months. Finally the scarcity of fresh water forced the Italians to admit that they were conquered. "This time I will deal with them," said Barbarossa, "so that no man, woman, nor child in the city will ever dare to rebel against me."

Seated on a throne surrounded by his army, he made the Milanese troops march before him and present him with all the keys of the city gates, and with the thirty-six banners of the town. He even made them unfurl the imperial banner from the top of the cathedral to show that Milan was no longer the leader of the Italian cities. When the citizens of Milan saw their cherished banners being scattered to the winds, they fell on their knees and besought the emperor to have mercy. Many of the German princes and the soldiers were so filled with pity when they saw these poor half-starved men on their knees, that tears came into their eyes. The face of the emperor however was unmoved. He let them go, promising nothing except that he would spare their lives. For three days the citizens of Milan, with halters around their necks and ashes on their heads, came before Barbarossa and begged for mercy.

At last Frederick marched his army into the city. They did not go through the gateway, but instead through one of the large holes in the walls that they themselves had made. The Red Beard had succeeded in humbling the Milanese. They never rebelled against him again.

Frederick was glad when the war was over, and he could return to Germany where the people

loved him. The first night of the homeward march was spent in a small town at the foot of the Italian Alps. The inhabitants of the town, like all Italians, hated the emperor and his men. That night they conspired together at the inn to kill him in his bed. As the night came on, however, the heart of the innkeeper failed him. He picked out one of Frederick's knights, Hartmann, and told him of the plan to murder the emperor. Now Hartmann was tall and fair and looked very much like Barbarossa. He hurried to Frederick, told him of the conspiracy, and begged him to flee for his life. "I will dress myself in your clothes and will sleep in your bed," he said, "while you can draw on some workingman's things and easily make your escape from the town."

The emperor was so greatly touched by Hartmann's loyalty, that he could not bear the thought of letting him be killed in his place. He refused to go. Then his companions told him that it was his duty to escape, and he must do it for the sake of Germany. Should he be murdered, all Italy would rise against their country. So the emperor sorrowfully put on the leathern breeches and the torn cap that Hartmann had brought him, and made his way out through the town unnoticed.

In the meantime the brave knight went to bed in the emperor's room and quietly awaited his hour of



death. In the gray of the morning, he heard footfalls outside the door, and the next moment the citizens of Susa pressed into his chamber. Hartmann sprang from his bed and told them that the king had fled and that he was waiting in his stead. The astonished burghers were so overcome by the fidelity of the noble knight that they let him go free. Thanking them heartily, he hastened to overtake the emperor. How Barbarossa's face lighted up as he saw Hartmann, whom he thought was dead, standing before him! Now he could return proud and happy into Germany.

### “GOD WILLS IT!”

“God wills it!”

A little man, dressed in the brown cloak of a hermit, was speaking to a great crowd of French men and women. His face was very thin, for he had lived many years in the woods, fasting or eating nothing but roots and berries. His skin was brown and sunburned from a long journey into the far East, where he had walked for days under the burning rays of the sun. It was the story of this journey that he was telling to the people now. To them it was a strange and a new story, and they crowded forward eagerly to hear it.

“I traveled for days and days,” he was saying.

“ My feet were blistered from the stones and my head ached with the heat. Still I went on and on and on.

“ At last I reached Jerusalem, the city of our Lord. I stood before the manger where Christ lay when he was a baby, like that little one there,” and he pointed to a child asleep in its mother’s arms in the crowd. “ I looked up,” continued Peter, for that was the hermit’s name, “ into the same sky where the star shone that guided the wise men, and then with the other pilgrims I fell on my knees in prayer. But listen ! ”

Peter’s keen black eyes looked out over the mass of people assembled about him. All was perfect stillness, save for the crying of the baby that had awakened from its sleep. The mother hushed it and pressed forward with the rest to hear.

“ Even as we were in prayer, there came the sound of horses’ hoofs, and a cry that we did not understand. And before we had had time to rise from our knees, strange-faced men were upon us, robbing us of all the money we had in our wallets. And, worse than that, they laughed at us because we prayed before the manger. Who were these men? you ask.” His voice rang through the air, “ They were the Turks! Why did they mock us? Because they are unbelievers. Why are they there? Because

they own Jerusalem and the holy manger. And now why do I tell you this story?"

The men and women drew nearer to him. Peter's voice had again grown soft and low, but his eyes were burning with fire as he continued, "It is to ask if God moves your hearts to come with me, as many as can bear arms, to free Jerusalem from the hands of the Turks."

And through the crowd went the cry, "God wills it! Yes, we will go, we will go!"

Leaving these words burning in their hearts, Peter went on to the next village to repeat his story. Finally, in the year 1096, the Pope called a great assembly of people together on the plains of Clermont and Peter besought the faithful to take up their arms and wrest Jerusalem from the hands of the unbelievers. And once more went up the cry, "God wills it!" Men, women, and children hastened to fasten red crosses on their shoulders, so as to show that they were ready to start on the crusade.

The first army was under the command of Godfrey of Bouillon. Three hundred thousand fighting men set out with this brave leader on that long and terrible march. Foot-sore, weary, half-fed and half-clothed, many gave out along the way and lay down to die by the roadside. Often such discouragement came over the crusaders that large bodies of them,



feeling their strength growing less day by day, faced about to return home. Then some brave voice would cry, "God wills it!" another would take up the word, and still another, until all were once more hurrying forward to the Holy City.



The Crusaders enter Jerusalem

What a joyful day it was when at last the crusaders stood before the walls of Jerusalem! They forgot for the moment that nine tenths of their number had fallen on the journey. They forgot the hardships that they had all suffered. They turned their battering-rams against the walls of Jerusalem and forced the Turks to surrender it to them. Then



they stormed into the city, shouting as they went, "God wills it!" as they had never shouted it before.

And now the question arose: How were they to keep Jerusalem? The crusaders agreed that they must have a king to rule over and guard the city. They talked together to find out who was the bravest and the noblest of their princes. The choice fell upon Godfrey of Bouillon. But Godfrey refused to accept the title of king.

"How could I wear a crown of gold when Christ wore only a crown of thorns?" he answered. "And how could I be king when he had to carry his own cross? I will not be king, but I shall be proud to be the Protector of Jerusalem."

Poor Godfrey, and his brother who was chosen on Godfrey's death to take his place, had few happy days. The Turks returned again and again



Godfrey of Bouillon

to fight them. They waylaid pilgrims, robbing and killing them. Finally a brotherhood was formed to protect all pilgrims coming to Jerusalem. The brothers called themselves the Knights of Saint John, after John the Baptist, and wore long black robes with white crosses on them. Later the order of the Knights Templars was founded. They took their name from the fact that their house stood on the spot where Solomon built his temple. Both of these orders took care of the sick and dying pilgrims, and guarded them from the attacks made by the Turks.

Many famous crusades were undertaken to free Jerusalem from the Turks. Princes and even kings went as common pilgrims to the Holy Land. Among others was the great German emperor, Barbarossa. The report had come from the East that Jerusalem had again fallen into the hands of the Turks. Barbarossa's beard was now turning gray, for he was nearly seventy years old, but he did not hesitate. He took with him his whole army, his son Frederick, and many other princes.

We can well believe that many a hard and bloody battle was fought between Barbarossa and the Turks as he journeyed through the East. But ever he pushed onward toward the Holy City. He and his army were still far from Jerusalem, when they came

to the river Seleph, over which there was only one small bridge. The impatient emperor, seeing that it would take a long time for his entire army to cross the river by such means, plunged into the stream, with his horse, thinking that he could easily swim across. But his poor horse was too heavily laden with armor. He could not make his way against the strong current, and in an instant the brave rider and steed were being swept away before the eyes of the entire army. In vain the soldiers tried to save the emperor. The force of the stream was too powerful. Thus, far from the land that he loved so dearly, and the people who loved him so loyally in return, died the great Emperor Barbarossa.

When the people at home heard the sad news they would not believe it. And even to-day you will hear a tale among the country folk that Barbarossa is not dead. They will tell you that he is sitting deep within a mountain, his head resting on his hand, with his iron-gray beard grown longer and longer so that it falls about his feet and comes out beneath the table where he sits. And there he waits through the long years, until the little dwarfs shall tell him that the ravens fly no more about the mountains, and that the evil times are over. Then he will come forth again to rule with glory over the people and the land that he loves.



## THE NOBLE EMPEROR, RUDOLPH OF HAPSBURG

AFTER the death of the Red Beard, his children and his grandchildren ruled over Germany, but none of them were so brave or so knightly as



Rudolph of Hapsburg

Frederick Barbarossa. He was the greatest prince of the house of Hohenstaufen. Finally the day came when the last Hohenstaufen was dead, and Germany found that she had no king. Twenty sorrowful years went by while the princes of other houses fought with one another for the honor of ruling over Germany. At last

the choice fell not on a prince, but on a count, Rudolph of Hapsburg.

Although Rudolph's rank was not high, he had long been renowned for his bravery and his cleverness. He had fought in Italy under the Hohen-



staufen emperors, and also in Switzerland, and stories of his courage and his quick wit had spread throughout Germany.

Once when he was besieging a town and had almost despaired of ever taking it, he bethought himself of this scheme. First he bought two or three wagon loads of empty wine casks, and commanded a number of picked soldiers to crawl inside and hide. Then, disguising other soldiers as peasants, he told them to drive the wagons to the city gate. When the city guard saw the big carts approaching they shouted with joy, for they were starving from lack of food and drink. They brought out the keys, unlocked the heavy doors, and swung the gate wide open. The heavily laden wagons rolled creaking inside. Then, at a sign from the driver, the casks flew open, the soldiers jumped to the ground, and held the gates until Rudolph and his army could march into the city.

Rudolph was besieging another city, Basle, when word reached him that he had been chosen emperor of Germany. When the news was heard within the town, the people shouted, "The siege is then over. Rudolph is our king, and we will no longer fight against him." They opened the gates and threw their hats high in the air, shouting, "Long live Emperor Rudolph!"

Then Rudolph hastened back to Germany to be crowned at Aachen, the city of Charles the Great.

One day, not long after he had been crowned, he was sitting at table with the nobles of the land. The feast was over, and the emperor, calling a little page to him, bade him tell the musicians to enter and sing their songs. The little page brought back word that a strange minstrel was at the gate, and begged that he might be allowed to play before the emperor. "Right gladly," replied Rudolph. "Let the stranger in!"

The unknown minstrel bowed low before his Majesty, and then struck the strings of his harp. The song that he sang was one that the nobles had never heard. It was about a count who was riding across the land, when he met a poorly clad priest sitting by the roadside, untying his sandals.

"Pray tell me, holy man," asked the knight, drawing rein, "why you are taking off your sandals?"

"Because," replied the priest, "a poor man living on yonder bank is dying, and has asked me to come to him. The bridge across the river was washed away in the storm last night, and I must therefore wade across the stream."

He drew his cloak about him and stepped into the water. But the knight sprang from his horse and caught the priest by the arm. "Pray take my

horse," he cried. "He will carry you over in safety, and I can ride home behind my squire."

The next day when the priest led the horse back to the count, the count refused to take it, telling the priest that he had given him the horse to be his own.

The nobles applauded loudly when the minstrel ended his song, but the king sat with his eyes cast down. He alone knew that he was the noble and generous count, and that the story was true, word for word.

This same chivalrous spirit guided all of Rudolph's deeds as emperor. He loved his country, and instead of going to war in Italy as so many of the emperors had done before him, he spent his time journeying through Germany, learning to know his own people, and trying in every way to right their wrongs. Some of the princes were jealous of him at first, and went to war against him, but Rudolph was a brave general and never stopped fighting until he was victorious.

There is one amusing story of something that happened to Rudolph. If you look at his picture you will see that he had a very long nose. It came about that once, as the emperor was riding through the town, he entered one end of a narrow street just as a peasant with a load of wood entered the other.

“Make way, make way for the emperor,” came the cry from every one to the peasant.

“Yes, I will make way,” he replied, not recognizing Rudolph, “if only that long-nosed fellow will let me. His nose is taking up the entire street.”

“Good, my friend,” replied the emperor, enjoying the joke himself, “the long-nosed fellow will make way for you,” and he pulled his horse to one side while the load of wood went by and the peasant looked about him to see the emperor.

Although Rudolph rose from the estate of an unknown count to the highest position in the land, he was never proud or tyrannical, but lived simply and modestly, working hard for the welfare of his people.

#### NUREMBERG, A MEDIÆVAL TOWN

SOME day, perhaps, you will go to Germany, and then you will visit old Nuremberg, a city that was built far back before the days when Barbarossa was emperor. When you come out of the Nuremberg Station and stand before one of the old gateways, you will feel that you have fallen asleep and suddenly waked up in the Middle Ages. Fifty feet below you lies what was once the big moat surrounding the city. Long years ago the water was drawn off and now the moat is divided into neatly tilled garden plots, shaded



with spreading chestnut trees and weeping willows, but still it is the old moat such as you have read about in stories of long ago.

We cross by a little bridge and find, still standing, the old wall, with its turrets and its towers, its loop-holes and high gateways leading into the town. And such a queer little town as it is! Narrow streets, as winding as cow paths, run from the main highways. Houses with pointed tiled roofs crowd together on either side, and here rise the spires of a church, such as only the patient workmen of the Middle Ages could build. Should you happen to be standing before the Church of Our Lady when the clock strikes twelve, you would see something that delighted the hearts of the old Nurembergers. There above the portal sits a figure of the German emperor, with a herald on either side of him. Promptly at the stroke of twelve, the heralds put their trumpets to their lips, the emperor raises his scepter, and out from the dark chamber behind file seven electors, who bow before his majesty and then retire into the darkness whence they came.

For centuries Nuremberg has made mechanical toys to the great delight of the children, not only of Germany, but of other lands. This old city in mediæval days was full of famous workmen. Here the first watches were made and were called, on

account of their shape, Nuremberg eggs. Opposite the Church of Our Lady you will see a stone fountain carved so exquisitely that it has always been called the Beautiful Fountain. It was here that in bygone days the girls of the town gathered night and morning to fill their long copper pitchers with the fresh water. Here, too, their lovers used to meet them, and many a troth was plighted.

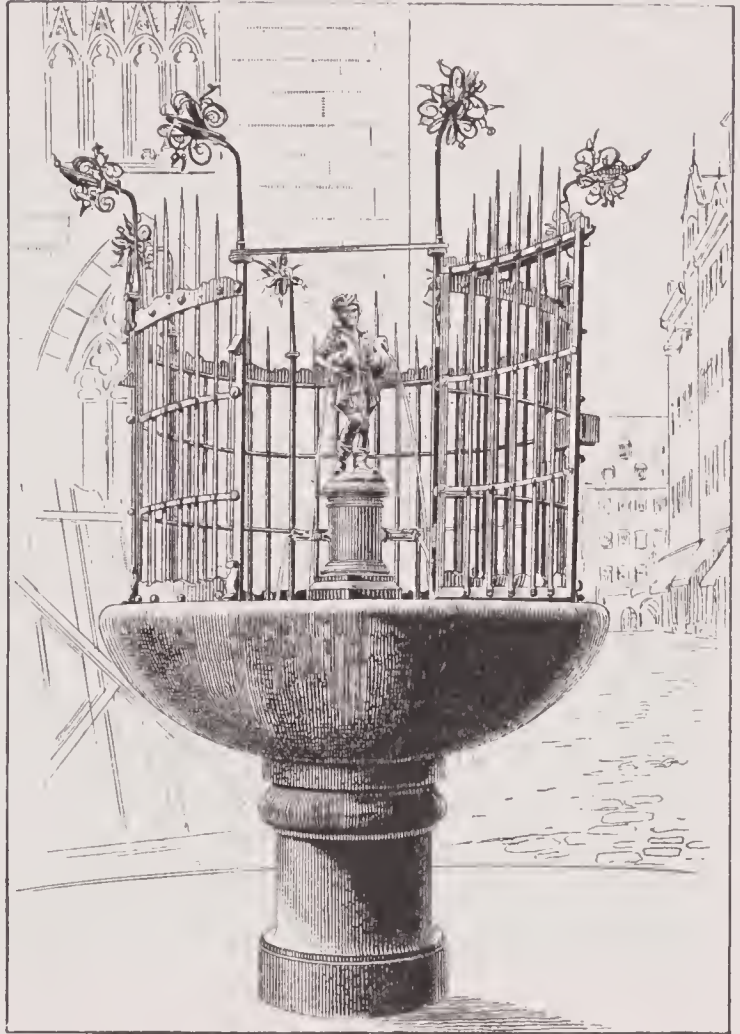
In the big square you can see to-day as gay a sight on market morning as in days gone by. Even before it is light, come the ox carts from the country, piled high with red cabbages, turnips, and golden carrots. All stop by the Beautiful Fountain, the peasant women put up their little stalls, and beneath the shade of a big umbrella sell their vegetables, their fruits, and their flowers.

If we follow one of the winding streets back of the church, we shall come to another fountain that will make you laugh. The little square here is called the Goose Square, and in the center, cast in bronze, is a quaint little figure of a goose-man, carrying a goose under either arm, just as the peasants used to bring them to market long ago. Even as we look at him we hear a "Quack, quack," and we wonder if the fat little bronze geese have suddenly come to life. But a moment later we see that a flock of real live geese are scurrying down the street,

with their goose-man after them, waving his arms and shouting lustily to keep his flock together.

High above the pointed houses, keeping guard as it were, stands the old castle, part of which was built by Barbarossa.

Here Rudolph and other German emperors spent many days. Here, too, stands the old five-cornered torture tower, near which, on the wall, can still be seen the print of the iron shoe of the gallant steed that saved the life of his master, Eppelein. Eppelein was one of the most fearless and daring of the high-



The Little Goose-man

waymen of the Middle Ages, and great was the rejoicing in Nuremberg when he was led captive into the city and imprisoned in the castle dungeon. It was not many days before he was tried, and word was brought to him that he was condemned to be hanged.



On the morning of his hanging, as he was led forth to the gallows, the day was so beautiful that it seemed to the outlaw impossible that he was about to be put to death. So he begged as a last request that he might be allowed to say good-by to his horse.



The Castle at Nuremberg

The request seemed so natural and so simple that the beautiful charger was led into the court, and loudly did he neigh when he saw his master again. He bent down his arched neck and Epplein stroked his flowing mane and patted his glossy skin.

“Oh, that I might feel myself once more upon



his back," said Epplein, — "just once more before I die." The burghers saw that the strong gates were all closed and the drawbridge up. What danger could there be in granting him this request? They brought out the saddle and bridle, and Epplein himself pulled up the girth about the horse. Then he put his foot in the stirrup and swung himself on the back of the noble charger. The steed threw up his head and tossed his mane when he felt his master on his back and his firm hand on the rein.

Proudly, but slowly, Epplein rode around the court, each time around making a larger circle. How could he die on the gallows when the world was so full of sunshine and the songs of birds? Suddenly the strong, powerful muscles of the horse swelled. His master bent over him and whispered in his ear. He dug his spurs into the charger's flanks. High into the air rose the steed. The clip of his hind hoof was heard on the stone wall, and a moment later he was a hundred feet below in the moat, — rider and steed both unharmed. Before the astonished warden could lower the bridge, the horse had swum the moat and was bearing Epplein, the outlaw, ever farther and farther from Nuremberg, until their flying figures were lost in the forest. And to-day, should you not believe this marvelous tale, you must go to Nuremberg, where the old

guide at the castle will show you on the wall the imprint of the horse's hoof, and the moat, now dry, lying a hundred feet below.

## ALBRECHT DÜRER, THE PAINTER OF NUREMBERG

NESTLED down under the castle, in one of the narrow streets of Nuremberg, stands an old gabled house that is one of the town's greatest treasures. This house was the home of the painter, Albrecht Dürer. Albrecht Dürer was one of the eighteen children of the master goldsmith Dürer. As a little boy he was eager to learn, and so his father, as was not always so with fathers in those days, sent him to school. Printed books were at this time very costly, so Albrecht learned to read and write from the blackboard. He was not very old when his schooling was over, and he was put in the shop of a goldsmith to learn the craft. Albrecht did not like this new work. During his play hours he amused himself and his boy friends by drawing quaint little figures of men and women. One day, when he was thirteen years old, he sat down in front of a mirror and made a portrait of himself. After he had finished it, he took it to his father and told him he wanted to be an artist.

Albrecht's father was disappointed. He wanted his son to follow in his footsteps and become a master goldsmith. Moreover, he thought that the long hours already spent in the goldsmith's shop had been spent in vain if the boy was now to turn to painting. However, when he saw that the little chap was really in earnest, he gave his consent and put him under the care of the best painter in Nuremberg. For four years Albrecht worked hard under this new master. Then his father sent him away from home to travel for four years, that he might study painting in other cities. At the end of that time he returned to Nuremberg, married, and became a painter.

Albrecht Dürer liked most of all to paint portraits. Sometimes he asked his father or his old mother to sit for him. We can see from the way he painted his mother that he was very fond of her. In his diary he wrote of her :—

“It was her constant custom to go much to church. She never failed to reprove me every time that I did wrong. She kept us, my brothers and me, with great care from all sin, and on my coming in or going out it was her habit to say, ‘Christ bless thee.’ I cannot praise enough her good works, the kindness and charity that she showed to all, nor can I speak enough of the good fame that was hers.”



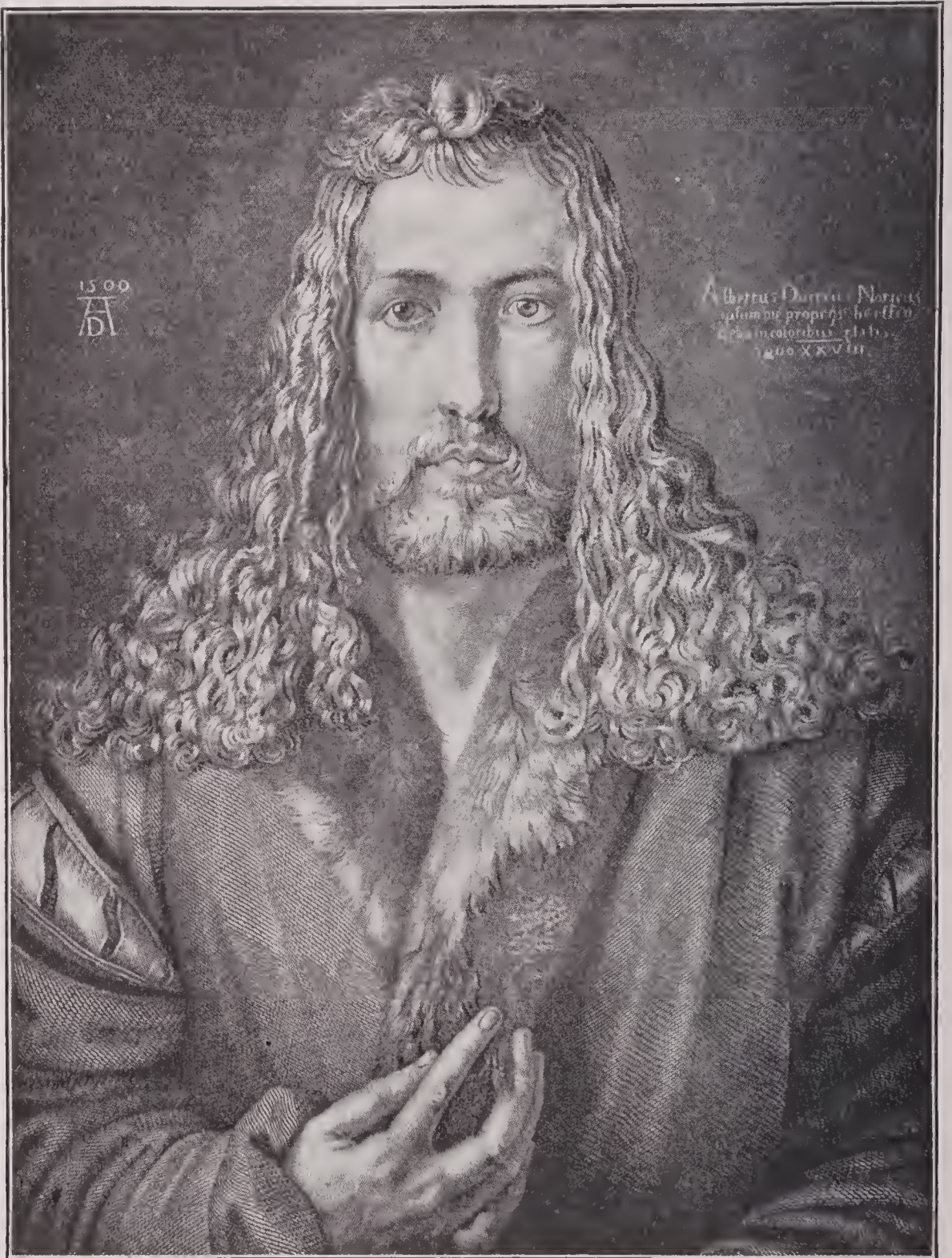
Dürer, as drawn by himself



He painted his old teacher, too, and many times he painted himself. From these pictures we can see what a beautiful although sad face he had. As was the custom then, he wore his hair long, falling in curls over his shoulders. Dürer, like many artists, delighted in painting beautiful hair, and few have succeeded in doing it so well as he.

There is a story that one day an Italian artist came to his studio and begged for one of his brushes. Dürer held out a tray full of them and told the painter to help himself. The visitor looked them over carefully and then returned them all. "I meant," he replied, "one such as you use when you paint hair. These are all too coarse." Dürer smiled, and, taking up the first brush that his hand fell upon, painted a lock of hair with such marvelous skill that the Italian could scarcely believe his eyes.

Dürer was always very careful in all the details of his pictures. He believed that the fur on a man's coat should be painted with the same care as the man's face. Finally he became so famous that the Emperor Maximilian asked him to paint his portrait. Dürer went to Augsburg to make the chalk drawing from which he was later to paint the portrait. While he was working on it, the emperor picked up a piece of the charcoal and tried to make a little sketch himself. Every time he tried to draw a line



Dürer, as painted by himself



the charcoal broke. At last he threw it down in despair, and asked Dürer how he managed to work with such delicate material. "Most noble emperor," the artist replied, "I do not wish you to become master over my kingdom of art as well as yours. Your Majesty has other and greater work to do."

When Dürer was not painting portraits he was busy working on religious pictures. He liked to paint Mary and the little Christ Child. Sometimes he painted scenes from the lives of the saints. In many of these pictures he used the picturesque towers and turrets of old Nuremberg for a background. For, although Dürer traveled a great deal, he was very fond of his native town and always came back to it. It was there that he died when he was fifty-seven years old, in the little house on Albrecht Dürer Street, that still stands to-day, nestling beneath the shadow of the old castle.

## GUTENBERG, THE DISCOVERER OF PRINTING

CAN you think how strange your house would seem if there were no books on the shelves and no papers and magazines lying on the library table? Can you shut your eyes and imagine a large town without any bookstores, a church without hymn books, a school without text-books? It is hard to realize it,

but such was the world when Rudolph of Hapsburg ruled over Germany. Most of his subjects had never even seen a book and only a very few of them could read.

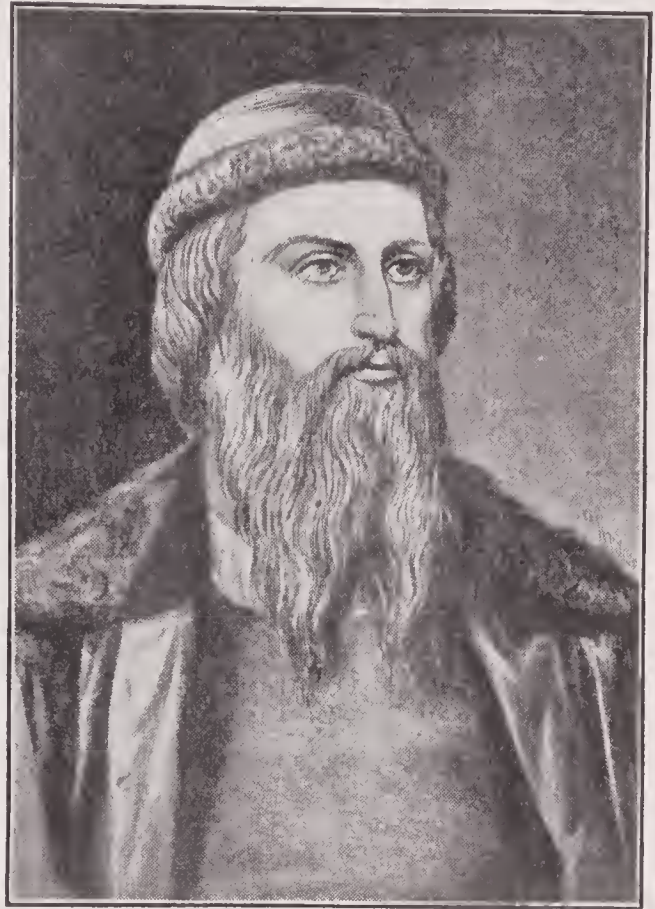
Still, there were some books in Germany at that time. Perhaps you have seen one of these books carefully preserved in a glass case in a museum. The heavy parchment paper, brown and yellow with age, tells you that it is a very, very old book. Would you like to journey back hundreds of years, and see how such a book was made? We must first find a monastery, where, in one of the white-washed cells, a monk is bending over his work. On the table before him lies an open book written in Latin or in Greek. Beside it is another book with blank pages in which the monk is writing. Do you see how even and how straight he draws the letters, and here at the beginning how beautifully he has decorated the first letter in gold and colors? Day by day, week by week, year by year, the monk sits working upon the same book. Sometimes the monk's eyes grew dim and his hand trembled so that he could not work any longer. Then another brother, a younger one, was chosen to complete the task. Now you see why it was that there were so few books in these days. If one lifetime was not long enough to make one book, is it to



be wondered at that books were scarce and very precious?

But about fifty years before Columbus discovered America, a young German began puzzling his brain over the question whether it were not possible to

print books from movable types instead of by hand. He was the son of a well-to-do family in Mainz, but had come as a young man to the town of Strasburg, where he set himself up in the trade of mirror maker and stone polisher. But soon he forgot his looking-glasses and took no more interest in polishing stone.



Gutenberg

Day by day he sat at his table in the workshop, working upon some scattered wooden cubes on which he had cut letters. He forgot his friends, he forgot to eat or to sleep, until he grew white and thin. He spent all his money, and earned no more. For years he sat there at his table playing, as people thought, with

these foolish little blocks. Still he could think of nothing else. He put the letters together to form words, fitted them into a frame, brushed them over with a black fluid, and then laid paper over them, putting the whole in a press. When



Gutenberg's House

he lifted up the white paper, on it were stamped black letters, and the first words had been printed. But there was still much to be done before the press could be ready for use. Poor Johannes Gutenberg was discouraged. He had spent all the money that he had earned, and

now, when the press was so nearly done he had not enough money to finish it.

His secret, which he had been keeping all these years and which was to bring him such fame and wealth, had now to be shared with others. He explained his press to two friends. They saw at once

that it was a marvelous invention. They held out their purses of gold, and offered to buy it of Gutenberg. Reluctantly he gave up his share of interest in the press and handed it over to them to complete. With their money they soon finished it and found a ready market for the books that they printed on it. After a life full of want and misery, Gutenberg died, unknown, and was buried in his family vault at Mainz. It was only hundreds of years afterward that the people in Strasburg and Mainz awoke to his genius and raised statues to him in the towns where he had lived and worked.

But although the man died, his work went on and still goes on to-day. England, Switzerland, France, and Italy hastened to share the invention of printing, and a new era began for the people. The end of the Middle Ages had come.

## MARTIN LUTHER AND THE GERMAN REFORMATION

ABOUT the year 1484 a poor workman was busy cutting wood in the mountain near Mansfield. The sun had already set, but still he worked on until it was so dark that he could no longer see. Then he shouldered his ax and walked rapidly home. As he entered his little cottage, his wife rose to meet him.



“Yes, I am late,” he said, noticing the worried look on her face; “but,” he added, leading her over to the cradle, “our Martin must go to school some day.”

By the time that Martin was old enough to learn, the father had saved enough by his wood cutting and his iron smelting to pay for his son’s schooling. So they set out together one morning for the school. Little Martin danced along by his father’s side like a sunbeam, but the mother’s face was sad. She knew that the school was far from the cottage, and that, therefore, the little boy would have to live with the schoolmaster. It would be very lonely at home without Martin. Still she was glad that her son was to have an education.

They found the schoolmaster sitting outside his house, playing with his own children. When he saw the new pupil, he put on his big glasses and looked so stern that Martin ran and hid behind his mother’s skirts.

The days that followed were long and hard for Martin at first, and there were plenty of beatings ready for him if he did not answer promptly and well when his turn in class came. Finally he finished at this school, and then his father sent him to Magdeburg to prepare for the university. Martin was so poor while there that he had to go out with

some other pupils and sing and beg from house to house so as to earn enough to buy his bread and clothes. Oftentimes the singing boys were turned harshly away, but sometimes a rich lady would in-



Luther when a Singing Boy

vite them into her house and fill their caps with coins.

Martin Luther was a good student, and worked hard until he graduated at last from the university. This was a happy day for the iron smelter. He now urged his son to study law, and looked forward eagerly to the day when Martin should become a judge. But one day as Martin Luther was working

in the library, he came upon a Latin Bible, and happened to open it to the story of Samuel. As he finished reading it, he sprang up, crying, "I, too, will be called of God." He stopped reading law and became a poor monk in the Monastery of St. Augustine. His father, who had had such great hopes for his son, could never forgive Martin Luther this step. There was other trouble waiting for the monk, too. Luther did not believe all the teachings of the Pope and he now began to write books and preach sermons telling why he did not. In consequence, Luther received a papal order, called a bull, excommunicating him from the church. Then Luther took the step that separated him forever from Rome. In front of the church at Wittenberg, he burned the papal bull.

The Pope and the German emperor were now thoroughly aroused. They called a big assembly at Worms and ordered Luther to appear before it. Luther sadly bade his friends good-by. He thought that his last hour had come. Then he took his seat in the farm wagon and drove across the land to Worms. Everywhere, in all the cities, he found both friends and enemies awaiting him: friends, who made him stop and preach; enemies, who scowled darkly at him and shook their fists in his face.

After many days Luther mounted the steps of





Luther at the Diet of Worms

the tribunal where he was to be tried. On the throne sat the emperor in royal splendor, with electors on one side of him and cardinals on the other.

On a table before the throne lay all of Luther's writings. First Luther was asked if all the books there were written by him, and he replied that they were. "Will you now take back all that you have said in them?" was the next question. The great hall was still as death as Luther made answer: "I am willing to take them back when it is shown me in the Bible that what I have written is wrong. Then I will gladly recall them." And his voice fairly thundered through the hall, as he added: "Thus I take my stand. I cannot do otherwise, God help me."

In vain they tried to force Luther to take back his words. He was allowed to go back to Wittenberg unharmed, but he had now opposed both the emperor and the Pope, and so made many enemies. His most powerful friend, the Elector of Saxony, formed a scheme to take Luther unawares and carry him off to some safe place where he could be hidden for a while from his enemies. The deed was done none too soon, for the emperor soon pronounced Luther an outlaw. "Whoever giveth him to eat or to drink, whoever clotheth or sheltereth him, or helpeth him by word or by deed, shall surely be punished," ran the decree.



So, for many long months Luther stayed in the castle of the Wartburg. But he was not idle. He was working on a tremendous task. He was making for his people the first translation of the Bible into German. It was a great work, but Luther fretted against his imprisonment. He was a strong, fearless man, whose heart rebelled against hiding from his enemies. "I would rather meet my enemies face to face like a man," he said. "With my good weapons I will be victorious," he shouted, and in his excitement he seized his ink bottle and hurled it across the room at an imaginary enemy.

It was impossible to keep such a man in prison long. When his translation was nearly finished he went out of the castle and returned to Wittenberg. There he laid aside his monk's garb, and, contrary to his vows, married. He had many children, and there never was a fonder parent. Here is a letter which he sent to his eldest son, when the boy was only four years old:—

"Grace and peace to you in Jesus Christ, my dear child. I perceive that you are making good progress with your learning, and that you say your prayers every day. Continue to do so, my son, and when I return home I will bring you something beautiful. I know a lovely and smiling garden, full of children dressed in robes of gold, who play under the trees with beautiful apples, pears, cherries, and plums. They sing, they leap, they are all joyful; they have also beautiful little ponies with bridles of gold and saddles of silver. I went up to the man to whom the garden



belongs, and asked him who the children were. He replied, 'These are the children who love to pray and to learn, and who are good.' I said to him, 'I have also a child. His name is Johnny Luther. He has a brother Phil, and another Jemmy. Might they not also come into the garden and eat of these beautiful apples and pears, and ride on these pretty ponies, and play with the other children?' The man replied to me, 'If he says his prayers, and learns his lessons, and is good, he may come, and bring Phil and Jemmy with him; and when they are all together they shall have drums and fifes and harps; and they shall dance and amuse themselves with crossbows.' And the man pointed out to me, in the middle of the garden, a beautiful lawn prepared for dancing, where from every tree there hung golden drums and fifes and silver crossbows. But it was early, the children had not breakfasted yet, and as I could not wait to see them dance, I said to the man: 'Dear sir, I must go and write all this to my dear Johnny, and tell him to be a good boy, to pray, and learn well that he may come to this garden. But he has an Aunt Magdalen whom he would like to bring with him.' The man answered, 'It is well, go and write.' Be good then, my dear son, learn well and pray well, and tell Phil and Jemmy to learn and pray so that you may all come together to the garden. Salute your aunt and give her a kiss for me.

"Your dear father,

"MARTIN LUTHER."

But if within his home he found happiness, without, in Germany, all was strife, hatred, bitterness, and finally war. It required many years and much bloodshed to teach the people that two churches, one Catholic and the other Protestant, could exist together peacefully in the same land.

## CHARLES V

THE emperor, who sat in judgment over Luther in the council chamber of Worms, was at the head of one of the largest empires that any man has ever



Charles V in Youth

tried to govern. Germany, the Netherlands, and Spain were all beneath his sway, and, more than that, as successor to Ferdinand and Isabella, he claimed also that he was the ruler over the new land that Christopher Columbus had discovered. Pomp, majesty, and power surrounded him, and yet he was

a most unhappy emperor and man, for there was continual war in the various parts of his kingdom.

We will not try to follow the fortunes and the disasters that befell him in the wars with the Turks, the Hungarians, and the French. It is enough for us to try and understand the commotion that was rife in Germany during the reign of Charles V. While the emperor was away in foreign lands, Luther, Melanchthon, and other reformers were making their influence felt throughout Germany. The princes, the nobles, and the people began to take sides against one another in the two parties, Catholic and Protestant. More than this, as the emperor was a Catholic, many of the people wanted to revolt against him, and put another prince in his place. These people now formed a league, but Charles, seeing the danger of his position, hastened to call a council of all the princes, Protestant and Catholic, in the old city of Nuremberg. Here, at the end of the meeting, a religious peace was declared.

But this peace did not last long. Soon there was open strife between the two parties, and at length a terrible battle was fought at Mühlberg. Titian, the great Venetian painter, who was a friend of the emperor and often came from Italy to visit him, has painted a portrait of Charles on the morning of this





Charles V (Titian)

battle. Clad in armor, with long leather boots, the chain of the Order of the Golden Fleece about his neck, and his red ostrich plume waving in the wind, the emperor appears to be galloping on his charger down to the field of battle.

In this battle, which ended victoriously for Charles, his greatest general was Maurice of Saxony. The two brave leaders on the other side, Prince John Frederick of Saxony and Prince Philip of Hesse, were both taken prisoners.

Soon after the battle, as Charles was riding through the streets of a little town in Saxony, Lucas Cranach, one of Germany's famous artists, rushed from his house and threw himself at the feet of the emperor. "I beg of your Majesty one favor," he pleaded. "In the days of Prince John Frederick's prosperity he was my friend and my patron. Many are the pictures that I have painted for him. Now he is in disgrace and trouble. I beseech you to let me follow him to prison and share his hardships with him, that I may do what I can to comfort him."

The emperor was so touched by Cranach's loyalty to his friend that he granted him his request. The two whiled away many long and weary days together, telling stories and playing chess, until at last came the day when Prince John's death warrant was brought him.

The other prince, Philip of Hesse, was not condemned to die, but allowed to go free on the condition that he should hang the warden of his castle who had defended the place against the emperor. This Philip promised to do, but he had no idea of

letting his trusty warden die. He called the warden out to the castle gate and ordered him to be hung for a half a second on a golden chain. Then as he was cut down the prince presented the old man with the chain.

Meanwhile Charles V was too far away in other parts of the kingdom to try to punish Philip further. The perplexities of ruling over his tremendous empire were enormous, and Charles was already wearying of his task. In the midst of his disheartenment came the news that Prince Maurice of Saxony, the general of the army in Germany, had revolted against Charles and all his troops with him.

The emperor's courage was exhausted. In the city of Brussels he declared his intention to give up his empire. His brother Ferdinand should be emperor in Germany, and his son Philip should rule in Spain and the Netherlands. For himself, he would retire into the peace and quiet of a monastery. The last great function of his rule was over.

Without stopping at any town or city, he made his way to Spain. Here, one night, he knocked at the gate of the cloister of St. Just. The door opened and closed behind him. The rule of Charles V was finished.

Dressed in the coarse clothes of the brotherhood, Charles worked with the brothers in the garden, or



sat by himself in his cell making little wooden clocks. Long and deep were the thoughts of the monk, who had once been an emperor, as he sat by his table fitting together the parts of the timepieces. One day after he had tried in vain to regulate five or six clocks which he had just finished, he pushed back his chair and sighed.

“ I cannot make these simple little clocks keep the same time,” he said half aloud, “ and yet I have been trying all my life to bring nations differing in faith, customs, and language into harmony. What a foolish man I have been ! ”

## WALLENSTEIN AND THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR

LUTHER was dead, but his spirit still lived on in Germany. Year after year, the hatred between those who believed in his doctrine and those who clung to the older religion of the Church of Rome became more bitter. War had to come, and come it did in the year 1618. For thirty years Germany was raided and plundered by one of the most terrible wars that any nation has ever known.

Two great parties stood out in opposition to each other,—the first composed of Protestants, who called themselves the Union,—and the second of

Catholics, who took the name of the League, and who had the emperor on their side.

Should you come to Germany to-day, you would meet in the streets of all the large cities many military officers in smart uniforms and polished helmets, with long swords clinking as they walk. Before the palaces and the government buildings you would see sentries standing guard who present arms when any of the royal family or an officer passes. Oftentimes in Berlin you would hear the sound of music, and looking down the street you would see the Kaiser at the head of a regiment, riding out to maneuvers. And were you born a German boy, you would have to serve a term in the army before you were twenty-one years old. For all these officers and soldiers make up the great German army that stands ready at any moment to fight for the emperor and the Fatherland.

But in the year 1618, when the German emperor wished to crush his Protestant enemies he had no such army at his command. Nor did he have any large amount of money in the royal treasury to pay for volunteer troops. He was forced to gather his forces in another way. There came to him one day a young nobleman, who promised, without any assistance from the emperor, to raise a powerful army, if the emperor would let him be the commander-in-

chief. The emperor, who was not a soldier himself, quickly gave his consent. This commander-in-chief was named Wallenstein.

Wallenstein was a man of iron will and iron body. His courage stopped short at nothing that brought him nearer to the goal of his ambition. And what was this ambition? To annihilate the Union? to strengthen the cause of the League? Neither. Wallenstein's conscience had no thought for religion.

High up in a dark tower of his castle there lived a little old man named Seni. On summer evenings, when the air was clear and the stars shone brightly, Wallenstein stole from his bed, entered the tower through a secret door, and climbed up the winding stairway to Seni. "How is it to-night?" he would ask eagerly, and Seni would reply, "Thy star is mounting higher and higher. Patience and courage, — press ever forward, and some day thou shalt be the greatest man in Germany, — the emperor!" This last he whispered with bated breath in Wallenstein's ear.

And when Wallenstein rode into battle he heard this whisper within him, "*Thou shalt some day be the greatest man in Germany, — the emperor!*" He spurred his horse, shouted to his men, and with his iron will made them fight until victory was assured.



At first his army was small in numbers, but with each new victory more and more men flocked to his standard. He had no money with which to pay his troops, but the word was, "When the battle is over, plunder and steal to your heart's content." Into cloister, house, barn, and store rushed the eager soldiers, with swords drawn, demanding money, food, clothing, and shelter. And the people fled in terror before them, leaving all that they owned behind, thankful if only they escaped with their lives. The women and children fled to the woods to hide. The men hastened to join Wallenstein's army, for everywhere went the cry: "He is invincible. With him victory is assured."

Following the emperor's order, Wallenstein marched through all of northern Germany, gaining day by day new cities for the emperor and fresh laurels for himself. It was when he came to Stralsund that his fortunes first turned against him. This brave little city, which belonged to the Union, shut its gates and refused to surrender. For six long months Wallenstein lay in siege about its walls. "It shall fall, even though it be chained to heaven," shouted this man of iron will. But fall it would not. Wallenstein at last had to own that he was beaten.

Still, he had done enough for his emperor to de-

serve his lasting gratitude. The emperor showered honors upon him, giving him large estates and making him Duke of Friedland. He was slowly approaching the goal that was the object of his life when the great blow came. The other German princes, enraged with jealousy, had persuaded the emperor that Wallenstein was too dangerous a man to be at the head of the army. One day, without any warning, Wallenstein received notice that he was dismissed, and that the old general, Tilly, had been put in his place.

Sullen, bitter, and angry, he left his army to retire to his little castle in Bohemia, where, together with Seni, he read the stars, waiting until the day should dawn when the emperor would be forced to call him again into service.

#### GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, THE SNOW KING

NORTH of Germany lies a country, Sweden, where, during the years of Germany's long war, the Protestant people had been fighting against the Catholics under the valiant leadership of their king, Gustavus Adolphus. The king was a young ruler, but this had not prevented him from already having earned for himself by reason of his many brave deeds the title of "The Lion of the North."

Now from his home in the north, Gustavus Adolphus had long been looking down on the battle fields of Germany, and had seen how sorely oppressed were his brothers-in-faith. Finally, when Wallenstein was dismissed, it seemed to him as if the day had come when a strong arm could strike a successful blow for Protestantism in Germany. So, summoning his devoted army, he marched down with them toward the south. As he crossed the border into Germany he fell on his knees and prayed God that He would give him victory in this new land.

The news of Gustavus Adolphus' arrival in Germany spread like wildfire through the country. The hearts of the Protestants leaped with joy, and they welcomed him as their deliverer. In the courts of the emperor he was looked upon with scorn. "He is the Snow King from the far north," they said. "Wait until he has come under the rays of the imperial sun, and then watch him melt, — this Snow King."

Meanwhile Gustavus Adolphus had given the command, "Forward! Forward to meet Tilly!" And forward marched the great army, day by day increasing as it went, for the Swedish king was a wonderful general. He was a tall, broad-shouldered man, with the fair hair of a Swede and kindly blue



eyes. But behind their gentleness, there was a firmness and a will power not less than that which Wallenstein possessed. But how differently he used his power! Gustavus Adolphus was fighting, not for his own glory, but for a cause that lay close to his heart. And this cause made him a very different man from Wallenstein. He, too had little money to pay his troops, but he strictly forbade all plundering and raiding in his army. The punishment for stealing even a cow was not less than death. His men were to fight honorably and nobly for the cause of the Union.

It was in the neighborhood of Leipzig that Tilly and Gustavus Adolphus met and fought their first battle. And here it was that the Swedish king won one of his most brilliant victories. Following this battle came another in the next year, when Tilly not only lost the victory, but his own life as well. Gustavus was coming on and on, ever farther south, winning one success after another. At last there came the same whisper in his ear that had spoken to Wallenstein. It was a quiet murmur that was running through the land, Why should not Gustavus Adolphus be emperor of Germany?

This murmur reached the court. The emperor's advisers saw that the Snow King was not melting, but, on the contrary, his influence was growing

stronger and stronger every day. There seemed to the emperor but one way out of his difficulty, — to make peace with Wallenstein.

Wallenstein, seeing the helplessness of the emperor, demanded his own terms. He should be at the head of the whole imperial army. Every conquest made by him should be his to dispose of as he wished. And he should be allowed to seize whatever property he wanted for his soldiers. When the emperor had agreed to these terms, Wallenstein threw himself on the tracks of the Swedish king. But more than one month passed before these two deadly enemies met. It was beneath the walls of old Nuremberg that they at last came together. This city had joined the standard of the Swedish king, so it was against her that Wallenstein now hurled all his strength. Gustavus rushed nobly to her aid, and for days and nights women and children worked with the soldiers in throwing up trenches around the city. At last Wallenstein came, but he refused to fight. He took his stand on a hill without the town and waited to starve Nuremberg out.

The mills and the bakeries of the city worked valiantly, but they could not make enough bread and food for the large army. Famine set in, and pestilence followed in her wake. Still Wallenstein

sat secure on his vantage ground, looking grimly down on the gables and turrets of the mediæval city. There were but two things that Gustavus could do: desert the city, or fight Wallenstein. He was almost certain of defeat, but the latter was the only noble course.

Three times he rallied his men, and three times they stormed Wallenstein's stronghold, but it was in vain. For the first time in his life Gustavus Adolphus had to acknowledge defeat. He marched away sadly to gather his strength for another battle, which he knew would surely come. It did come, two months later, on the field of Lützen, where the brave Gustavus Adolphus himself was killed in the midst of the battle.

For his great enemy, Wallenstein, a more tragic fate lay in store. He no longer attempted to keep it secret that he desired to win the imperial crown at any cost. He was even willing to unite with the Swedes, if they would help him in obtaining this wish. The emperor trembled before this terrible man of iron will. He knew that his position would not be secure so long as Wallenstein lived.

Thus it came to pass that one night in the year 1634 Wallenstein was secretly put to death, in accordance with the command, or, at least, the consent of the emperor.





The Death of Wallenstein

This was the end of the last of the great princes and generals of the Thirty Years' War, but the war itself still went on for nearly fourteen years. Finally, in Westphalia, in the year 1648, the church bells announced that peace had been declared, and that this terrible war was at an end.

## THE GREAT ELECTOR

WHEN the Thirty Years' War was at last over and peace was declared, not all of the soldiers went back to their homes. Some of them stayed either with the emperor or with one or another of the sovereign princes, so as to form a body of troops to be always ready to go to war, or to fight for their country when needed. Thus Germany began to build up her regular army, which to-day is one of the best-trained armies in the world.

One of the princes who thus kept a small body of troops with him after the war ended was Frederick William, the elector of Brandenburg. He lived in the northern part of Germany, that was in those days little known. No one dreamed, then, that the small, far-away city of Berlin where the elector lived would some day be the capital of the German Fatherland. Still less did it occur to any one to imagine that one of the elector's descendants would, at a future date, become the German emperor. However, from year to year these Hohenzollern princes were steadily showing that they were the strongest princes in Germany, and the most capable to rule. Step by step they were proving their power and their high worth.

One of the first proofs that Frederick William

gave of his wisdom was in retaining and organizing a standing army. He rode with his men, he fought with them until he had inspired them with the same patriotism that burned in his breast. Moreover, he had a splendid general to command them, Defflinger, who had been trained under Gustavus Adolphus.

The events that followed soon showed how wise had been the elector's foresight. Germany lay wasted by war. Many of her men, women, and children had been killed or had died



The Great Elector

during the war. But in the meanwhile Sweden had yearly been growing stronger. She was elated by her continual victories and was eager for more to come. Looking down upon the desolate condition of Germany, she thought that now was the moment for her to strike.

At the same time, France was reveling in the



glory of the rule of Louis XIV. Her thirst for fresh conquests led her to look with longing eyes upon Germany. Between these two enemies the future of Germany seemed very dark. Had it not been for the promptness with which the elector of Brandenburg rose to meet the foe, history would read quite otherwise from what it does. In the spring of 1675 he marched against the Swedes, who were even then encamped in the city of Rathenow.

Word had been sent to the elector that on a certain evening a regiment of dragoons would make merry in the town. One of the inhabitants of the town, also, who was a friend of the elector, promised to invite all the officers to a midnight feast. Little did any of the Swedes guess that the Brandenburg troops were approaching. On they came by forced marches, although heavy rains had soaked their clothes and made the roads almost impassable. At their head rode the brave Defflinger, never once pausing until he reached the drawbridge of the town. The bridge was up, but he forced some Swedish prisoners to betray the password. Then, in a calm clear voice, he called it out, and ordered the bridge to be lowered. As it fell, the soldiers rushed upon it, killing the wardens and making their way into the town.

It was a terrible night of fighting, and the next

morning found the Swedes entirely routed. All their horses, flags, and baggage fell into the hands of the Brandenburg troops.

The Swedes who did escape fled to Fehrbellin, where they joined other troops. Here it was that Frederick William met them again and won his second victory. The Swedes had twice as many men in their army, and they had also an advantage in their fortifications. Fight as bravely as the Brandenburg troops could, still they were repulsed again and again. The crisis of the battle was approaching when the elector himself appeared in the midst of the army, riding on a white horse. His eagle eye swept across the field and took in the situation in an instant. His clear voice rang through the din of cannon, giving the command to advance. Hot and fast poured the bullets of the Swedes, but the elector rode forward, cheering his disheartened men. Suddenly the Brandenburgers saw that the Swedish cannon were being directed toward the white horse on which the elector rode. How could they make this man who knew no fear realize his danger? An old hostler, Frobenius, lost not a moment. Riding quickly up to Frederick William, he shouted: "My gracious lord, pray change horses with me. The white one is most unruly and shies at cannon. Mine is much steadier."

The elector dismounted and, springing into the saddle, was soon lost among the cavalry. Frobenius withdrew to one side. The aim of the Swedes followed the white horse. At the close of the battle Frobenius' body was found pierced by a Swedish bullet. Then the elector realized the self-sacrifice of his faithful servant.

In the meanwhile the elector was riding bravely forward, shouting, "With you, your prince conquers or dies." Many were the blows that he received from the Swedish swords, but beneath his helmet he wore a little iron cap that saved his life time and again that day.

This great victory of the elector put to naught the hopes of the Swedes. It also turned the eyes of Europe upon Frederick William, the Great Elector, as he was now called.

#### PRUSSIA IS MADE A KINGDOM

THE son of the Great Elector who ruled after him was very different from his father. He was a frail man, caring little for the glories of war, but passionately loving all pageants, magnificent clothes, and titles. The climax of his life was reached when he finally persuaded the emperor to make him king of Prussia, with the title of Frederick I. For weeks



and months afterward he was so happy that he could neither think nor speak of anything else. Although it was the middle of winter, he set out from Berlin and spent twelve days moving with his train to Königsberg. Here, surrounded by every ceremonial and all the pomp that his lively imagination could suggest, he placed the crown on his own head, and proclaimed himself king of Prussia.

Throughout Germany, Austria, and France there were many princes who smiled in their sleeve at this new kingdom, whose boundary lines in the north were not even marked out. But they did not laugh openly, for they remembered too well the Brandenburg troops that had fought against the Swedes at Fehrbellin. Frederick, too, kept a large army, but his interest was elsewhere. He founded the great university at Halle and the Art Academy at Berlin, and established the Order of the Black Eagle, — trying in every way to introduce into his kingdom the culture that flourished in France.

But when now, in turn, his son, who was named Frederick William, after the Great Elector, his grandfather, came to the throne, the court became very different. Frederick I had been such a lover of the luxury and mode of life of the French that he had tried in every possible way to make his court like the one at Paris. To do this he had even

made French the court language. But his son hated the French and all their ways. He would not permit a word of French to be used, or a French book to remain in the castle. He forbade the men to dress in velvets and satins, with jeweled buckles on their slippers, and with long curled wigs on their heads. He would not permit the giving of grand dinners and balls such as Louis XIV gave in his magnificent palace at Versailles.

“It is better,” said Frederick William, “to be stiff than to adopt the grace of speech and dress that is not German. The man who is not a good German and an honest fellow withal, but prefers to be a French fool, is ready for the gallows.”

So Frederick William wore a tight-fitting blue uniform and his hair braided into a military cue behind. Dressed thus, he and his companions met at evening, not at a brilliant dinner served on gold and silver plate, but in a small smoking room around a bare wooden table. As each one puffed away at his short Dutch pipe or drank his stein of good German beer, the news of the day was talked over, — war and peace, and law and order. For the eye of the king was upon every official in the land, — the post officials, the town officials, and the judges. Every man was held strictly responsible for the work done under his supervision, and severe was

the punishment if the king found any signs of laziness or acts of injustice. His anger, when aroused, was little short of a madman's. It has even been recorded of him that when he lost his temper he was known sometimes to hurl plates across the table at his children, or to throw his ministers downstairs.

Another characteristic of this man was his hobbies. One hobby was the army. He had not only a standing army, but a bodyguard composed of the biggest men in his kingdom. To find these men he had special couriers who scoured his land, and even went over the borders to find men for his giant guards. Woe be to the man who was over six feet in height, if the king's courier came upon him! He was ordered at once to leave his plow or his mill, and was hurried off to serve the king. He might protest or refuse to go, but it was all in vain.

The word of the king was law in Prussia.

Still another of the king's hobbies was economy. His family life was very simple, and he kept strict account of all the expenses of the government. Thus, his rule, although a harsh one, was a prosperous one for Prussia, and many were the good seeds that were sown by the stern old monarch, although



Grenadier



neither his people nor his own family ever learned to love him. There is a story that one day as the king was going down the street, he saw a man turn and hasten into a house. The king hurried after him, seized him by his pointed beard, and demanded, roughly, why he had tried to hide from him.

“Because, your Majesty,” the man replied trembling, “we are all so afraid of you.”

The king was greatly angered at this reply, and turned upon the man, shouting, “You should not fear me, but love me,” and ordered the fellow to be beaten that he might the better learn to love his king.

## LITTLE FRITZ, WHO AFTERWARD BECAME FREDERICK THE GREAT

THERE was great rejoicing at the court of Prussia on that day in January, 1712, when little Frederick was born. His father, Frederick William, could not shout loud enough, so glad was he that now there was a direct heir to the Prussian throne. But, as the years went on, the father's joy was turned to anger when he found what kind of a boy his son was. He could scarcely believe his ears when he heard that the crown prince was amusing himself by playing a flute and poring over French books. When he discovered, too, that his son stuttered and

stammered when he tried to speak his own language, he was thoroughly enraged.

“ I will soon change all this,” thundered Frederick William. He forbade Frederick to play the flute, and took away the French books, giving the boy in their place German ones that were full of long dry sermons which the king had written himself. Then, although the prince was but nine years old, he made him tumble out of bed and be off to drill with the troops at four o'clock in the morning. When this task was over, the poor little crown prince returned to the palace where a hard programme of study and work awaited him. And with it all there was never a word of praise from his stern father, but, on the contrary, constant scolding and blame. Often, too, things went even harder with the little prince. If he rebelled against his hard lessons, or tried to escape from the watchful eye of his father, the king ordered the boy to be caned, or even whipped him himself.

As Fritz grew older the life at court seemed more and more unendurable. He often fled for comfort to his mother or his sister, Wilhelmina, whom he dearly loved. His father's one thought was to mold the little prince, who was of an entirely different nature, into a character like his own. This was the only way, thought the king, that his son would ever be able to govern Prussia, after he was gone.

Finally, when Fritz was nineteen, he resolved to free himself once for all from his father's control. What did he care about becoming king of Prussia, if it meant living the kind of life that his father did? The long hours spent day after day in studying what he had no desire to learn, the denial of everything that he enjoyed, and the constant complaints of his father were more than he could stand. He talked the matter over with two of his trusted friends, Katte, a young officer, and Keith, one of the court pages.

"Something must be done," whispered the crown prince to his friends; "I cannot stand it here any longer. I do not care if it does bring me into disgrace. I am going to run away to England. I am a man now, and I refuse to be treated like a school boy. So help me, my good Keith. You will be on guard, and if you and the other officer just close your eyes for a moment, I can go out unnoticed."

So the three planned the escape. As the last preparations were being made, however, a letter of Katte's fell into the hands of the king. His anger now knew no bounds. He sent a general to take his son prisoner, and shut him up in a fortress. Clad in a brown prison suit, fed on the humblest fare, and seeing no one but his attendant, who was forbidden to speak to him, poor Fritz passed many



a long and dismal day, thinking, no doubt very longingly, of the escape that now seemed dearer than ever to him. But, before he was allowed to come out of prison, he was made to promise most implicit obedience to his father and to crave his pardon for his misdeed. Then only was he permitted to be set free. But this did not mean that he could leave the fortress. He was no longer shut up in his cell, but still he lived under strict guard and worked like an ordinary bookkeeper in the accountant's room. Later, when Frederick had to steer the finances of his kingdom, he realized the benefits of these long hours of training, but to the young prince the punishment seemed most unjust and severe.

Finally, when the father had won from his son two promises, he set him free. One promise was to give up thinking of a young English princess, whom Fritz loved, and to marry a German princess instead. The other was to enter the army. Fritz in writing to a friend in these days said: "I drill, I have drilled, and I shall drill. That is all the news." He felt now that he could never love his father, but that it was better to bend to his will.

The first man who seemed really to understand Fritz was the noble knight, Prince Eugene, who was the military hero of the hour. It was under his leadership that Fritz saw his first battle and won

from Prince Eugene the highest praise. "He fights as if born to the battle field," cried the prince. After the battle Fritz visited the prince in his tent, and soon afterward Prince Eugene returned the call. When the time came for the lad to say good-by he



Frederick the Great

turned and kissed one of the guards on both cheeks, as he was an old friend. Whereupon Prince Eugene cried, "And won't your Royal Highness kiss my old cheeks, too?" Right hearty was the embrace that the prince gave him.

Later in the day the king called on Prince Eugene, and the latter could not say enough in praise of his fine young son. "Some day he will raise the fame of the house of Hohenzollern even higher than it is to-day," he cried. He was the first man who had read the heart of Fritz aright.

From this time on Frederick William gave his son more freedom. He did not like Fritz's friends, for they were musicians, poets, and philosophers, but

still he let Fritz go his own way. Gradually Fritz began to see, also, that with all his father's severity, he was a stanch patriot. He had been working as he thought was best to make Fritz a good king.

So it was that in the last days of Frederick William's reign, the hostility between father and son was forgotten and forgiven. Before he died, in 1740, he and his son had become completely reconciled.

## FREDERICK THE GREAT

THE same year in which Frederick II became king of Prussia, the German emperor, Charles VI, died, leaving no son or grandson to succeed him. He had one daughter, Maria Theresa, a noble and beautiful woman, but it was against the laws of the house of Hapsburg that a woman should wear the crown. Charles VI, knowing this, had asked the reigning princes of Europe to sign an agreement that after his death Maria Theresa should be queen. This the princes had done, but now that the time had come, and Maria Theresa had seized the reins of government, certain of the princes began to lay claim to various parts of her kingdom. Among these princes came Frederick II of Prussia, demanding that Maria Theresa should give over to him some of the provinces of Silesia. But Maria Theresa



was not to be frightened by these demands. She refused them one and all, and a war broke out, in which France, Spain, Poland, Bavaria, and Prussia took part against her.

The allied forces were too strong for Austria, and Maria Theresa had at last to flee from Vienna, her capital, against which the French were now advancing. She made her way to another part of her kingdom, Hungary, where she summoned a meeting of the magnates of the land. Dressed in Hungarian costume, with a sword at her side, and the crown of Saint Stephen on her head, the beautiful young woman appeared before them. The tears sprang to her eyes as she lifted her baby son in her arms and asked for their help and protection. Swords sprang from their scabbards as the whole body of men arose, shouting, "We will live and die for our *king*, Maria Theresa!" And, true to their word, they drove the French and Bavarians from the land.

But the Austrians were not so successful with the Prussians. Two wars were waged over Silesia, and both times the Prussians won. This Maria Theresa could not forget. Finally, in 1756, she was able to persuade France, Saxony, and Russia to aid her in winning back this province. These countries were jealous of Frederick and the rising power of Prussia.

Frederick, when he heard the first rumors of their

plans, prepared for the war, and himself made the attack before the allies expected it. The war, known as the Seven Years' War, was a conflict of changing fortunes. Frederick's defeats and his victories were both great. Again and again he was overwhelmingly defeated. But he seldom allowed his courage to fail. In the early part of the war, when his forces had been conquered by the enemy, he wrote these words to his friend, Voltaire, the great French philosopher, — "Threatened with shipwreck, I will still think, live, and die as a king." And the password of the Prussians was, "Victory or death!" So the Prussian troops marched forward.

Still there were days when the fortunes of the brave little kingdom seemed utterly lost. Even the king's spirit was daunted, and once when the battle was going against him, he rode wildly about, crying, "Is there no bullet that will kill me?" The officers had to take him by main force from the field, else he would surely have fallen into the hands of the enemy.

Yet how did this same king reply to his brother, Prince Henry, one of the noblest generals of the day, when the latter wrote him of his defeat and begged because of it to be dismissed from the army as one unworthy to serve? These were the words of the king: "It is not hard to find people who will serve the state in times of prosperity. The true son of the

Fatherland keeps his head in the time of dire need.  
The more discouraging conditions are, just so much



Frederick the Great

more brilliant must be his example. Neither you,  
my brother, nor I, are responsible for the sad state



of affairs that now is, but it is our duty to change them for the better.”

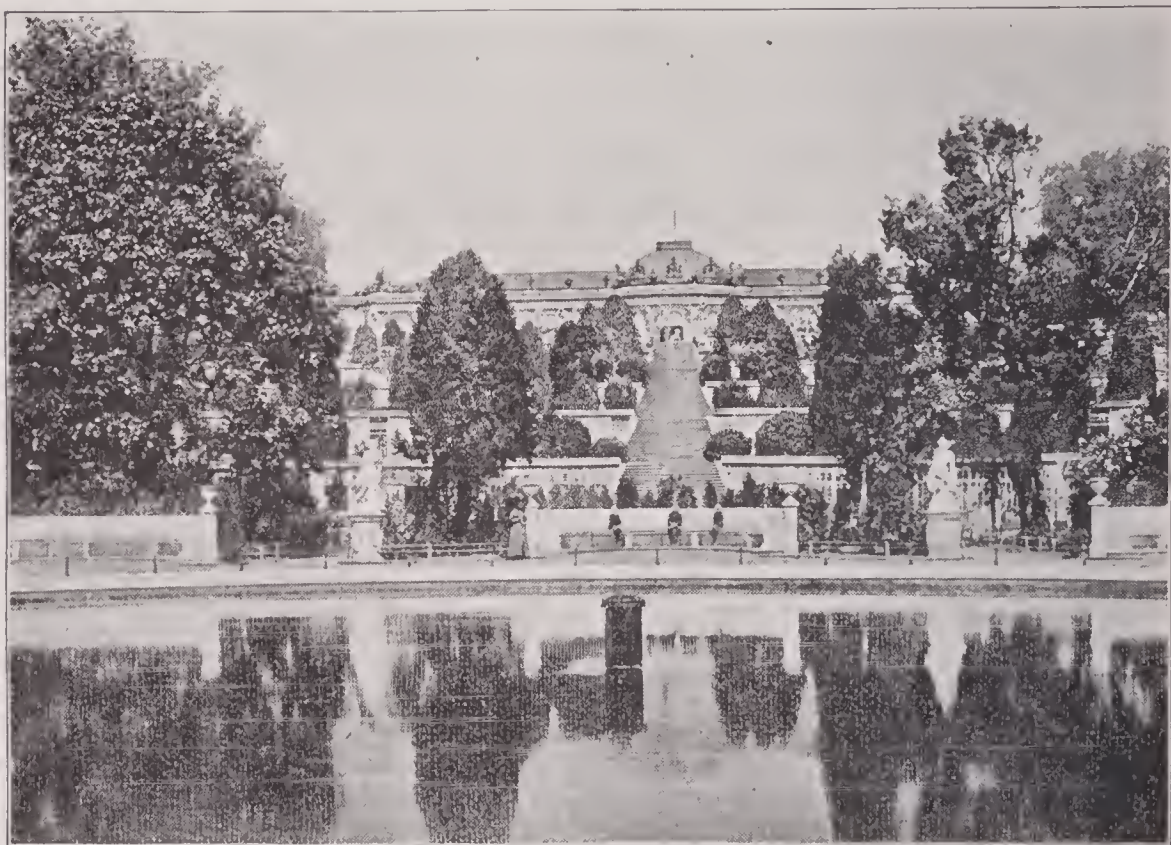
Finally the allied armies withdrew from the strife, leaving Prussia and Austria to fight it out alone. The result was that Silesia remained in the hands of Prussia. This was the war which gave the Prussian king the title of Frederick the Great. When he returned to Berlin the enthusiasm of his people was unbounded. As he made his way down Unter den Linden, the famous avenue of linden trees in Berlin, the people, instead of fleeing from him as they had sometimes done from his father, ran to the curbing and doffed their caps to “Old Fritz,” as his soldiers loved to call him. The children crowded into the street, and ran after his horse until both vanished within the palace gate.

One day when the king was riding through the city, the youngsters became so boisterous that the horse shied. The king shook his riding whip at them and shouted, “You young rascals, be off at school, and let me ride in peace”; but the boys only laughed and called back, “Oh, you are king, and yet you do not know that there is no school on Wednesday afternoon!”

But if Frederick did not know this, there were few other things in his kingdom of which he was ignorant. His eyes seemed to sweep over all Prussia.

“There is gold in the mouth of the early morning,” was one of his favorite sayings, and seldom did it happen that he was not up and at work by four or five o’clock.

With all these details of war and government, however, Frederick never lost his love for French



Sans Souci

music, books, art, and philosophy. He had a beautiful palace called Sans Souci, which means “Without Care,” built just outside of Berlin, where he spent the few leisure hours of his life. He was very fond of dogs, and at Sans Souci you can see to-day the graves of all of his favorite hounds. It was here,

too, that the French philosophers used to come to visit the king and discuss philosophy. And here it was, at the end of a life devoted to his country, that the great king passed away. Only his servants, his secretary, and his dogs were with him when he died. His wife, whom the king had married to please his father, never even saw Sans Souci. Some of the loneliness that had surrounded the little prince still surrounded the king, even up to the hour of death.

Thus the little Fritz grew up to be the Great Frederick, and the youth who had tried to run away from his country grew into the man who devoted his heart, his mind, and his life to her service.

## JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER

THE Seven Years' War was over, and the armies had been disbanded. A small group of soldiers were marching home through country and town, many lame and worn with service, their uniforms faded and torn, and their hearts heavy because that they had not been victorious in these wars, for these were men who had fought under the emperor and not under Frederick of Prussia. But there was one among them, the army chaplain, whose heart was light and whose face was cheery, for he had received



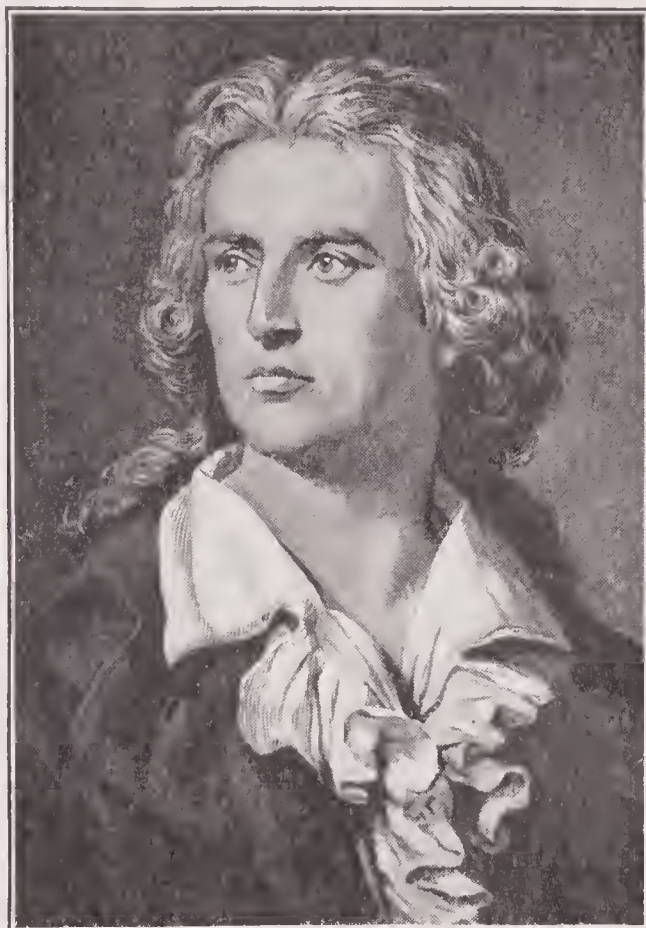
word during the war that a little son had come into his home. So while the way seemed long and hard to the others, he thought only that every step onward was one step nearer to his home, where his wife would be watching day by day for him to come.

Meanwhile the mother at home was telling the little boy at her knee stories of his father, who was far away in the great war. She showed him how to drum like a drummer boy. She told him how the soldiers had to sleep out of doors at night on the hard, cold ground, and how brave they were when they marched into battle with their flags flying. Then she would pick him up quickly in her arms and run with him to the window that he might see the bright uniforms of a band of soldiers that were marching past. And the little boy loved to hear all these stories, and begged his mother to tell them to him again and again. Then as she finished, he would look up into her face and say, "When I am a big man I will go to war too, and carry a gun and ride on a horse."

Later on, when the war was over, the little boy changed his mind. He began to study with the village pastor, who took a lively interest in his clever young pupil. He was a kindly old man, and the boy grew to love him so dearly that he decided that he, too, would be a minister. He used even to dress up

in his sister's long black cloak and, standing on a chair, preach long sermons, pounding the back of the chair with his fist and stamping his foot with zeal and determination. Surely there was nothing in the world that he wanted to be quite so much as a minister.

But this plan, too, was given up later on. About this time his father was called to a military post at Ludwigsburg, and here there was an opera house, to which the officers and their families had free entrance. A new world was now opened up to little Frederick Schiller.



Schiller

He made himself a set of paper dolls, to play theater with, and later he and his playmates used to dress up and give plays. It seemed to Frederick as if he could not think of anything else except plays.

However he was soon called to give his attention to quite other matters. Duke Carl Eugene of Würtemberg had founded a military academy, and

when he learned what a good student young Frederick Schiller was, he offered him a free scholarship there. So once more the boy changed his mind. He decided to accept the duke's offer, and study law in the academy. But law proved to be but little to his taste, and when an opportunity came he decided to try medicine instead, thinking that he would much prefer to be a doctor. He worked hard and faithfully at this new study, but still there were always other things going on in his mind, poems, verses, and bits of plays dancing about in his head until he had to stop and write them down merely to get rid of them. Some of them were so good that they were printed in a magazine, and the boy was much prouder of them than he was of his progress in his medical studies. One of these published poems was written in honor of the Emperor Joseph's visit to the school.

Even in the midst of his hardest examinations, Frederick's thought and heart were quite elsewhere. He had written a play, *The Robbers*, a real play to be given in a real theater. The play was performed for the first time when Schiller was twenty-three years old. Afterward it was given in a number of German cities. Especially the young students in the university liked it, because it was full of fire and daring deeds, and they could give scenes



from it out of doors in the woods. In one city the small boys became so excited over the story that they planned to run away and form into a band of robbers like the men in Schiller's play. But their scheme was discovered by their parents too soon for them to get very far.

In spite of the popularity of this play, it was many years before Frederick Schiller could earn enough by his pen to live, so he tried various other things. He first joined the army as a surgeon, but he was so unhappy in this position that he ran away and hid for months in a little village, where he called himself Dr. Schmidt.

Then later he became professor of history in a university. The day of his first lecture, the hall was so crowded, and there were so many students who could not get in at all, that Schiller was obliged to change to another building some distance off.

"It was a queer sight," Schiller wrote to a friend, "to see this long line of students running down the street, all trying to get ahead, so that they could get the best seats in the new room. The people living along the way hurried to their windows to see if there was a fire. 'What is it?' they all cried, 'What is it?' But the students only ran on, with the new professor hastening after them in the rear, with his lecture roll under his arm."

Schiller, however, was not a great lecturer. He was born to be the poet and dramatist of the German people. He liked history, but he liked to write historical plays better than to give history lectures. The same love of army life that he had when a boy he still kept when a man, and it is seen in his three great plays about Wallenstein. He also wrote plays about other than German people. One was the play of William Tell, the brave Swiss who had to shoot an apple from the head of his own son; another about Mary, Queen of Scots; still another about Joan of Arc, the noble young French girl who went to war like a man to save her country; and again a play about Don Carlos, the unhappy son of one of the Spanish kings.

Schiller lived at the same time as did Goethe, Germany's other great poet, and it is interesting to know that these two men were firm friends and used to help each other in their work. It is in the little city of Weimar that they saw most of each other, and it was there that Schiller died one evening in May, just as the sun was going down.

## JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

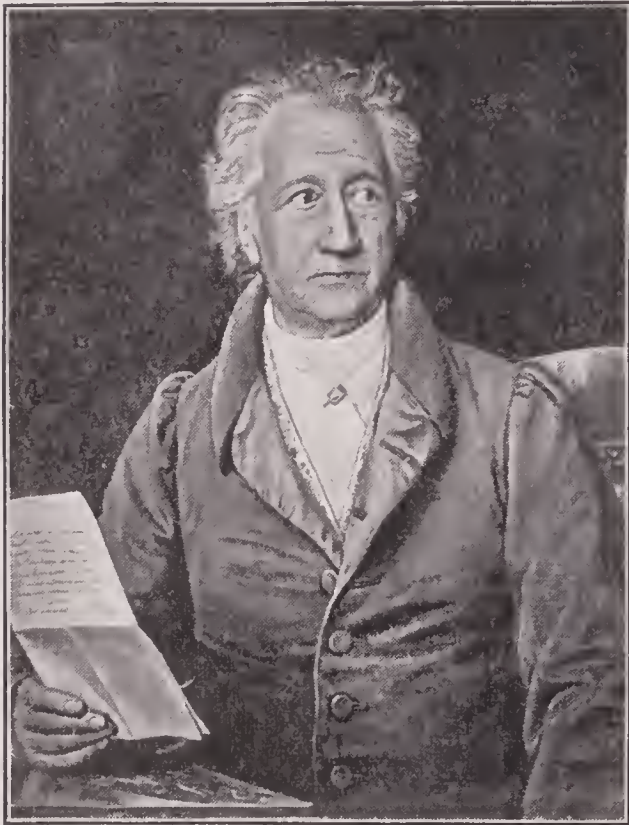
ONE of the first incidents in his life that the poet Goethe remembered was that when he was a very small boy his father began building over the house in which they lived. This made the greater impression because the family continued to live in the house while the building was going on, which delighted the children because they could watch the workmen mixing mortar, or coax the good-natured ones to set up seesaws for them. But one night, when a heavy rainstorm had poured through the leaking roof and soaked the beds in the nursery, it was thought best to send the children to live with some friends until the house could be finished.

The boy, Goethe, now free from his parents' eyes, spent most of his days wandering around the old city of Frankfort, up and down the streets, and by the banks of the river Main. He found this new world, which he had never before known, a most interesting place. The markets, the mediæval city hall full of legends of Charles the Great and Rudolph of Hapsburg, and the out-of-door festivities that he saw for the first time, kindled the boy's imagination. His eyes were wide open to the color and the gayety of the scene, and his heart beat wildly as he mingled with the crowd. This was Goethe's



first school. He studied men and women, the life of city and country, before he did books.

When he was old enough he entered the University of Leipzig to study law. His father had observed that his son had a good mind, and he



Goethe in Old Age

looked forward to seeing him arguing famous cases in court.

At first Goethe tried to interest himself in the dry law courses at the university, but he soon made up his mind that he did not want to be a lawyer. He liked history better, and the classics. One day a whole new world was opened before him, when he read one of

Shakespeare's dramas. This great English dramatist had a powerful influence over Goethe's future work. The desire came over the young German to try to write a play. About this time there was published in Germany the diary of Goetz von Berlichingen, a famous knight of the Middle Ages. Goethe now took this story and turned it into an exciting play.

It spread through Germany like wild fire, just as Schiller's, *The Robbers*, had done.

After he had written this drama, Goethe went to live in Weimar, where he and the Duke of Saxe-Weimar soon became fast friends.

They attended balls, rode off to the hunt, ate and slept together. The duke heaped honors upon Goethe and made him a member of his privy council. In Weimar Goethe learned to know the poet Schiller, and these two great men became devoted friends without a trace of jealousy,



Goethe and Schiller

although their characters were very different. Goethe was an aristocrat, and Schiller was a man of the people; Goethe was the deeper thinker and the greater genius, but Schiller's nature was simpler and more lovable.

Goethe wrote many poetical dramas, the most

famous being *Faust*, on the separate parts of which he worked for nearly sixty years. It is his masterpiece. He produced some of the most beautiful lyrics in the language, and many of them have been set to music by famous composers. Goethe traveled in Italy, wrote on art and science, and made the little city of Weimar a place of pilgrimage for all who wished to see the greatest man in Germany.

Although Schiller was younger than Goethe, he died first. This was one of the greatest sorrows that ever came into Goethe's life. He requested that when he died he might be buried by Schiller's side. In the public square of Weimar stand the statues of the two greatest German poets, as a memorial of their mutual love and friendship.

## THE NOBLE EMPEROR JOSEPH II

No little prince was ever brought up with more loving care and thought than Prince Joseph, the only son of the Empress Maria Theresa. His mother knew that some day he would be at the head of an empire that was so large and made up of so many different people, differing in language, character, and customs, that only the greatest wisdom and prudence on the part of the emperor would be able to hold them together. So she tried to give her



boy the best education possible, and also to build up his body so that he would be strong enough to do the work that must fall on the shoulders of the man who was to rule over such a vast country.

It was well that this training began early, for Joseph was called to the throne when he was twenty-four. With the promise "to be the first servant of the state," the young man took the crown and became henceforth emperor. One of his first acts shows us his character. His father, at his death, left to his son a large piece of property that would have made Joseph one of the wealthiest princes in Europe at that time. But Joseph, instead of keeping this, turned it over to the state. "The people need it more than I do," was his reply. This gift was a generous sacrifice on his part, for it made it necessary for him to practice the strictest economy in regard to his own personal expenses and those of his court.

Like Frederick the Great, who was king of Prussia during the first part of Joseph's reign, he felt that a monarch should know his country thoroughly, so he spent many weeks visiting different parts of his empire. He traveled very simply, not as emperor, but as Count von Falkenstein, so that he might see the people at their everyday work. Had he been known as the emperor, the cities would have been trimmed up in holiday attire, and

the people would have stopped their work in town, country, and city to come and watch his Majesty pass by. Thus at the end of his journey he would have known little of their troubles and their needs, and what problems he had to solve for the good of his people.

Joseph was especially interested in seeing the life of the farmers and the country people, for he knew how important it was that plenty of corn and grain be well planted and well harvested.

One day, as he was driving, he came upon a farmer plowing. The powerful horses pulling with all their might, the farmer guiding the plow, and the smell of the fresh upturned sod filled the emperor with enthusiasm. To the great astonishment of the princes who were with him, he called to his driver to stop, sprang from his wagon, and begged the peasant to let him cut one or two furrows. And when the princes laughed at his lack of skill, he bade them try themselves and see how difficult it was to guide the plow straight.

At another time, on one of his travels, the emperor found the land stricken with famine. He inquired into the matter and learned that the wealthy owners had more than enough corn, but that they refused to sell it except at high prices. Joseph did not leave the country until he had

obliged these men to lower their demands, and then he opened the royal supplies, and gave corn to those families who were too poor to buy at any price.

Although his mother discouraged it, Joseph even went so far as to visit the "Sage of Sans Souci," as Frederick the Great was called. He sprang up the palace steps so rapidly that Frederick had no time to come down and meet him. Shaking Frederick's hand heartily, Joseph cried, "Now the wish of my life is fulfilled. I have shaken hands with the greatest of princes and of generals." And Frederick replied that he looked upon this day as the happiest of his life, since Austria and Prussia came together, pledging friendship.

Joseph visited Italy and France, for he felt that Austria might learn something from both of these countries. The emperor's sister, the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, was queen of France at the time of her brother's visit.

His travels over, the emperor spent long months at home in Vienna, working from daybreak until late into the night for the welfare of his realm. It is upon these days that the Viennese love to dwell, and many are the tales that they tell of the noble Emperor Joseph II. Especially fond are they of the story of the poor little street lad whom the emperor befriended. The emperor came upon



the little chap in the street, and, seeing his tear-stained face, went up to him, and, patting him on the back, asked, "What is the matter, my child? Tell me."

"Oh, how good you are!" replied the little fellow. "A few months ago I did not dream that we should have to beg for our bread. My father was an officer, but he grew old and was discharged on a pension. Now he is dead and the pension that the emperor gave is refused us."

"Poor child," said the emperor. "Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"Yes, sir; two small brothers who are home with my mother, who is so ill that she will never get well. And God only knows what we will do if she dies," he added, as the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Stop crying, my boy," cried Joseph, "and run over to the doctor there and take him with you to your mother. Here is money, — run. But do not forget to pray to God that he will help the emperor to remember the service that your father performed for his country. Good-by."

The little lad sped across the street and the emperor hurried on his way. He did not go back to the castle, but instead to the home of the poor boy's mother. As he entered the door, the mother and the two little children looked at him in terror, but

he said quietly: "Do not be afraid. I am the doctor, come to cure all your ills." Slipping to the bedside, he felt the woman's feeble pulse, and then, taking a piece of paper, he wrote on it and left it on the chimney-piece. When the boy and the real doctor returned a little later, they found the note and read:—

"MADAM, — Your little son, whom good luck made to cross my path this morning, has told me that your husband was a good officer, and that you now lack bread since his pension was refused you. The emperor did not know of your misfortune. Please forgive him for the injustice done you. It is very hard for him to learn all the things that he ought to know. But now he will do his best to atone by providing a good education for your three sons, and renewing the pension that is due you.

"JOSEPH."

It is interesting to see that one of the first things that the emperor thought of was the education of the boys. He always appreciated the good tutors that he had had as a young prince, and felt that the starting of schools was one of the best ways in which he could help his people.

But, in spite of all of Joseph's efforts, he could not satisfy all of the people over whom he ruled. Civil war broke out, and bitter attacks were made on the emperor until he died of a broken heart. He had not always had the patience and the skill necessary to rule over his vast empire, but the people's welfare had ever been his chief thought, and throughout his

reign he had been true to his vow "to be the first servant of the state."

## THE BATTLE OF THE THREE EMPERORS

### THE FALL OF THE ROMAN-GERMAN EMPIRE

THREE hundred years before Joseph II ruled over Germany, an old archbishop at Mainz shook his head and said gravely, "The day is coming when, if the German states do not stand together better, a man shall come to govern them with a rod of iron."

This man with the rod of iron had now appeared. He had come, not from the direction that the archbishop had feared, but from France. Napoleon Bonaparte had risen from corporal in the French army to be emperor of France, and he was now trying to reëstablish the empire of Charlemagne. The army loved him as a father, and when his soldiers fought for him they fought as if they were inspired. The name alone of Napoleon was enough to insure victory. Already Holland, Switzerland, and Italy had surrendered to him, and Napoleon had divided these kingdoms among his brothers and relatives. Southern and western Germany, too, fell under his sway. No one power was strong enough to check his onward march. Thus it was that Russia and Austria united to meet the French



advance. In vain they besought Frederick William III of Prussia to join them, but that monarch could not quite make up his mind what he wanted to do. When at last he decided to join the allies, it was too late.

On the field of Austerlitz was fought the great battle between these allies and Napoleon. And because the rulers of France, Russia, and Austria took part in the struggle it was called the Battle of Three Emperors. The night before the engagement, Napoleon slept soundly in his tent. He had no fear of meeting the great forces encamped before him, which far outnumbered his own. "To-morrow, at this time," he said, looking at his watch before he lay down, "the battle will be over and the victory ours."

His prophecy was true. At the close of that terrible battle that cost so many brave lives, Napoleon was the victor.

These were dark days for Germany. Bavaria, one of the southern German kingdoms, became a vassal of the French. Prussia had to ally herself with Napoleon, and the Rhine states stood under his protection. Everywhere in the south were stationed French troops.

Francis I of Austria, the last emperor of the "Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation,"

realized that this ancient confederation of states, which Voltaire said was "neither holy, nor Roman, nor an empire," could no longer hold together against Napoleon. He therefore abdicated in 1806, and continued to be emperor simply of Austria.

It was only in Prussia that there seemed to be left any spark of German patriotism. The deeds of Frederick the Great were still fresh in the memories of the people, and the Prussian army was full of hope. But the king, Frederick William III, knew only too well that affairs were quite different now, both in France and in Prussia, from what they had been in the time of Frederick II. The discipline in the Prussian army had relaxed. The treasury was not so full. Instead of young men full of daring and hope, the high positions in the army were filled by gray-haired veterans whose fighting days were over. Most of all, the Prussians lacked just what the French possessed, — a leader. Frederick William III was a well-meaning king, who loved his people and tried to do his best for them, but he lacked two great qualities that Napoleon had, — confidence in himself, and decision. Had he but decided in time to join the league between Russia, England, and Austria, there might have been some hope for him. Now it was too late, and Prussia was left to meet Napoleon alone.

It is true that some of the other German princes came to Frederick William III's aid, but they tried in vain to overthrow the fresh young blood of the French army, who loved their country and their emperor with a passion quite unknown to the Germans at that day. On the battle field at Jena



The Brandenburg Gate, Berlin

the Prussians were overwhelmingly defeated, and their forces completely shattered. Frederick William III had to flee with his wife and children to northern Germany, and the city of Berlin was left defenseless in the hands of the French.

At the coffin of Frederick the Great, where Prussia and Russia too late had sworn to overthrow



Napoleon, now stood the conqueror himself. Napoleon and his officers were silent, with bared heads, at this simple tomb. Napoleon's admiration for Frederick the Great did not prevent him from carrying home to France the sword of this noble king, and also the marble horses on the Brandenburg gate that leads into the city of Berlin.

The last spark of German patriotism seemed but to have flickered and then gone out, leaving the outlook darker than ever. Napoleon's wish to be ruler over all Europe was slowly being realized. The reign of the rod of iron had begun.

#### THE BEAUTIFUL QUEEN LOUISE

THE dark days for Germany, during the Napoleonic wars, lay heavily upon the heart of Frederick William III of Prussia. Many a time all hope seemed lost, and the kingdom that his forefathers had spent their lives in building up seemed on the very verge of falling to pieces. Frederick William III did not possess the firm will of the Hohenzollerns who had ruled before him. He lost heart more easily. He did not see so plainly, as they had done, what was the best course to follow. He did not know, as they had known, when to take advantage of the weakness of the enemy, and when to rely on the strength of his own troops.

Nevertheless, there was one great happiness in his life to which even Frederick the Great had never attained. Amid his troubles and perplexities, the beautiful Queen Louise, his wife, was by his side to share his burdens and to help him keep of good courage. No prince was ever prouder than Frederick William on the day that he led his beautiful bride home. Nor was ever a family happier than theirs during the first years of their married life. The prince's father had given the young people, as a wedding gift, the castle of Orangeburg, but this was not simple enough to suit Frederick William and Louise. Instead, they bought for themselves a country place, Paretz, in Potsdam, just outside Berlin, and here they lived even after they became king and queen. They mingled freely with the villagers, going to their country fairs, and even dancing at their merrymakings. And the children of Potsdam looked upon the queen as an angel because she was so good and beautiful.

Every day after dinner the poor children of Paretz were wont to gather in the garden of the castle to beg for the food that was left from the royal table. Often the king and queen used to distribute cakes and fruit with their own hands, for they liked to see the delight of the hungry children as they bit into the rosy-cheeked apples.

Once the king handed a little fellow a piece of pineapple and asked him what it tasted like to him. The little urchin took a bite from the ripe fruit and smacked his lips as he replied, "Sausage." The king and queen broke into peals of laughter. "But why shouldn't he say sausage?" added the king a moment later as he thought it over. "Probably a sausage is the greatest dainty that he has ever eaten."

The little princes and princesses, too, liked their life at Paretz much better than in the stately castle at Berlin, for here they were allowed to be much more with their father and mother. The king and queen never failed to go to the nursery every morning to see the children, and hear the reports of their lessons. Every night, too, their father and mother came to each little bed to kiss them all good night.

These were happy days for the royal family. One afternoon the king told his eldest son that he would grant him the wish that lay nearest to his heart. The little prince sat very still for a moment with a puzzled look on his face. Then he jumped down from his chair and ran to his father. "I should like, more than anything else," he said slowly and thoughtfully, "to have supper in the garden,— we children, and you and mamma." So that evening the royal family had tea together on the bank of the lake in true picnic style, and afterward all played



tag and blindman's buff until the darkness drove them indoors.

But an end was coming to these happy days at Paretz. With the approach of autumn dark clouds began to gather over Prussia. The children saw less and less of their father, for he was away in Berlin, attending to affairs of state. And their mother looked very serious now when she came to their nursery each morning. One day there were even tears in her eyes, and the crown prince begged her to tell him why it was that she looked so sad and did not smile as she used to. Then she drew him on her knee and told him how last night, at the tomb of his great ancestor, Frederick the Great, his father and the emperor of Russia had sworn an oath to stand by each other in the great struggle with Napoleon which was now threatening their country. She told him also many stories of the power of Napoleon and his mighty ambitions, and that she feared that, fight as hard as Prussia could, its army would never be able to defeat him.

The queen's forebodings proved all too soon to be true. On and on came the forces of the enemy, ever victorious, until finally they had reached the gates of Berlin. Queen Louise herself even went to intercede with Napoleon. It was hoped that she might touch his heart, but it was in vain. In the



Napoleon and Queen Louise

midst of winter the king and the queen had to flee with their little children into the far north, almost to the farthest border line of Prussia. Here they lived in the plainest way possible. The gold and the silver service that they had always used in Berlin was sent to Holland to be sold in order that money might be raised for the army, and the royal family were obliged to eat from the commonest sort of pewter plates. On the birthday of the eldest princess, who afterwards became empress of Russia, her father could afford to give her only a few silver pieces towards a new dress.

These days of anxiety and worry made the queen grow pale and thin; but she never gave up hope in Prussia and faith in the king. Only when she was quite alone did she yield to her longing for the happy little home at Paretz. At last, after three years, word came that the French were leaving Berlin and that it would be safe for Frederick William and Queen Louise to return. On the anniversary of her wedding day, the queen drove into her beloved city, in a carriage decorated with flowers by her loyal subjects. By her side rode the king, his face still very sober, for his thoughts were busy with all the hardships that his people had suffered during those last few years, and the vague uncertainty of the days to come.



At the door of the castle stood the old duke, the father of the queen, waiting to receive his daughter, whom he had not seen for so many long months. The tears came into the queen's eyes and rolled down her cheeks as she threw herself into his arms, just as she had done when a child. The longing came over her then to visit the old home of her parents, that she had not seen but once since she was married. This wish was granted her in the summer. Suddenly, while there, the queen was taken seriously ill. The king and the two eldest princes were summoned hurriedly from Berlin. Everything was done to save her life, and the prayers of all Prussia went up for the queen. But it was of no avail. The severe strain of those long years of exile had overtaxed her strength. On the morning of July 19, the king was left alone with his children. This was the crowning blow of all his hardships and sufferings.

From all over the land came expressions of sympathy for the king, for Prussia loved its queen dearly. And now, after a hundred years, on the birthday of Queen Louise in the springtime, the present princes of Prussia go to the park and adorn her statue with flowers and garlands, and all the children of Berlin add their blossoms to show their love for the memory of the beautiful queen.

## THE AWAKENING OF PRUSSIA

IN those days when the cause of Prussia seemed so hopeless, there were still brave men who did not quite lose heart. Here and there, scattered throughout Germany, they were working, each in his own way, to free Germany from the French.

One of the hardest workers was Frederick Ludwig Jahn, who has been called the father of gymnastics. As a little boy he was fond of every out-door sport and game. A cavalry officer who happened to pass through the town where Jahn lived first taught him to ride a horse. From a traveler home from Greenland the boy learned how to swim like a fish. And many a long hour he used to stand before the monkey cage in the Zoo, watching the strange creatures who could climb so skillfully, and then he would run home to try for himself on the old apple tree in the backyard. So Jahn's body grew strong and muscular day by day. In the meantime his father, who was a country minister, taught the boy every evening. Especially did he inspire the little Jahn with a love for history, and, above all, with a love for his own country.

As Frederick Ludwig grew older he decided to be a minister like his father, and so he entered the University of Halle. Here he was greatly troubled

by the life of the students. He saw that many of them were growing pale and round-shouldered from bending over their books. There were no classes then in gymnastics, and no chance for the students to train their bodies as well as their minds. There were, it is true, certain sports among the students, but these were so rough that Jahn turned from them in disgust. He became so interested in the subject of physical training that during his vacations he made long trips through Germany, visiting the other great universities. Everywhere he found conditions the same.

As the years went on, Jahn became more and more strongly convinced that the life led by German students was wrong. "The honor of defending the land should not be given only to a body of trained soldiers," was his cry. "Every boy and every young man in the country should know how to use his strength so that he could defend himself if it were necessary." Then he started to show Germany what he meant. On certain afternoons, he took a small group of boys outside the city and taught them all kinds of games, above all, to play soldier. And as they played he told them stories of Frederick the Great, and of the brave deeds of Prussia's army, until their young hearts were fired with but one thought,—to die for their country.



One afternoon, as he was leading his little troop of followers out of the city, he paused with them by the Brandenburg gate. Turning to one of the boys he asked, "What are you thinking about now?" When the lad replied, "Nothing," Jahn turned and boxed his ears. "You should be thinking," he cried, "of the four horses that Napoleon carried away to Paris, and how you could one of these days return them to their place on top of the Brandenburg gate." Thus was one man working for Germany.

In another part of the land, in another way, another young man was working quite as hard with his pen. Theodore Körner, a poet, was writing night and day verses that fired young hearts everywhere with feelings of patriotism.

All over Prussia, too, German officers were looking forward to the time when they would dare strike the first blow for Germany's freedom. At last, in the midst of a terrible winter, word came that Napoleon had made a campaign into Russia and was coming back defeated. At last his might had been broken. Now was the time for Prussia to free herself from the hated yoke.

The king held a long conference with his ministers. Nobly they pleaded with him to break away, once for all, from Napoleon's tyranny. But the king's courage again failed him at the important

moment. He was afraid that his people were not strong enough to match the French troops, and he feared the horrors of another defeat. As he stood there deep in thought, there came the sound of the



Korner

tramp of feet in the street outside. The ministers hurried to the windows and joy lighted up their faces. "Come, your Majesty," they cried, "and see if you can rely on your people." The king hastened to join them at the window, and saw that the Berlin volunteers were form-

ing in front of the castle. As the king appeared, every hat flew into the air and a shout went up from every throat. The king returned to the table to prepare his summons for war.

The best and the bravest of Prussia's sons answered the call. Jahn's band left him to fight under the king's standard. The universities stood empty. The peasants left their plows and the merchants

their shops. Körner, the poet, joined a volunteer corps and met his death on the battle field, — the death that he had so often sung in his verses. The women began to cut and wind bandages. The children emptied their toy banks to give all that they had to help the king pay for this war. The heart of New Germany had been awakened.

Soon there came word that Russia was ready to join with Prussia against Napoleon. Austria, too, hastened to ally herself with them, and later came the crown prince of Sweden. This time Napoleon was to meet a desperate and united enemy.

The meeting came in the year 1813 at the city of Leipzig. Within the city lay encamped the French troops. Without, stretching over the vast plain, were the allies. For three days, from October 16 to 18, waged one of the most terrible battles that history has recorded. “Hurrah, long live the king!” went up the cry of the Prussians as their ruler rode into battle, and “Long live the emperor!” replied the French as they met the attack.

During these terrible days fortunes changed many times. Now Napoleon was victorious, and now the allied forces. But at the close of the third day the general of the allied armies sent word to the three monarchs, who were watching the battle from the top of a neighboring hill, that he had won. The sound of



battle slowly died away, but up from the fields rose the groans and the cries of thousands of wounded and dying men.

“Back to Paris!” was now the cry of the French. “Forward to Paris!” was the responding call of the allied troops. German blood was now thoroughly aroused. Nothing would satisfy it but the complete overthrow of Napoleon.

The emperor tried in vain to rally his shattered army and renew its strength. But France was tired of the long warfare. The defeats at Moscow and at Leipzig had brought death and sorrow into too many French homes. Still Napoleon’s ambition knew no bounds. “He would fight,” the people said bitterly, “until the last Frenchman was dead.” “The old days of the monarchy were better,” they whispered to one another.

As the allied forces drew nearer and nearer Paris, Napoleon was working night and day to restore his army. But all resistance was in vain. In March the troops of the allies entered the city. Napoleon fled in a coach to the castle of Fontainebleau. There, a month later, in the courtyard of the castle, he abdicated his throne. As his Old Guard came to bid him farewell, many a sob broke forth, for his soldiers loved him passionately. Eight days afterward the great emperor and general went into exile on the

island of Elbe, and the brother of Louis XVI came back from exile to rule over France under the title of Louis XVIII.

With Napoleon in exile, the allied troops returned home, for they had gone to war against Napoleon and not against France. The first Peace of Paris was declared.

## BLÜCHER AND WATERLOO

AFTER the new government was established at Paris, a congress was held at Vienna to decide upon the boundary lines of the various countries. There were so many disputes to be settled that it looked as if the congress would never end, when suddenly the news was flashed across Europe: "Napoleon has escaped from Elbe and has landed in France. He is already on his way to Paris."

There was no doubt in any mind as to the truth of this message. There was soon no doubt as to Napoleon's welcome in France. At first the newspapers read: "The Corsican has left Elbe;" then, "Bonaparte has landed in France;" later, "General Bonaparte has entered Grenoble;" still later, "The Emperor has been received at Lyons;" and at last, "His Imperial Highness is expected in the Palace of the Tuileries at Paris."

So the battle of Leipzig and the march to Paris had been in vain! Napoleon had returned in all his grandeur, and King Louis XVIII had fled from him in terror. But the battle of Leipzig had not been fought in vain, for it had shown the allied forces what bravery and union could do. It gave them courage now, in spite of Napoleon's enthusiastic welcome, to form again in line and take up the watchword of General Blücher: "Forward, my children, forward to Paris."

England, too, was now ready to join the allies. Her splendid army under Wellington was pledged to fight until Napoleon was driven from Europe. When the news of Napoleon's return reached Berlin, there was no hesitation either in the mind of king or people as to what course they were to follow. Blücher, the hero of Leipzig, laid aside his citizen's clothes and again put on his uniform. As he appeared on the avenue "Unter den Linden," the people crowded about him, saying, "Ha, ha, Papa Blücher, is it true that you are again going forward?" and the old man replied, smiling, "Yes, yes, you are right."

Napoleon now turned his whole strength against these two generals, Wellington and Blücher. His idea was to meet them separately, and Blücher first. "If I attack Wellington," he argued, "that sly Blücher will rush to his aid, as fast as an army can march.



But if I destroy his army first, then I can crush Wellington, and the strength of the enemy is broken.”

So Napoleon sent one body of troops under Marshal Ney to prevent Wellington from coming to Blücher's assistance, and he himself set out against the hated Prussian. Napoleon and Blücher met at Ligny, and it was a bloody battle these two generals fought. The English had promised to come to Blücher's aid; but all day, as the battle waged, the general looked in vain for a sign of a red coat. Still he kept saying, as he saw that his men were getting exhausted: “Forward, my children, we must have some work done to show the English when they come. On, on, my children!”

But Napoleon's force was too great for Blücher alone, and in the end he had to retreat with his brave men. The same day the English defeated the French under Ney. Napoleon, thinking now that the Prussians were safely out of his way, hastened with all speed against Wellington, who had taken his stand on the field of Waterloo, near Brussels.

“If you will reinforce me with two companies,” wrote the English commander to Blücher, “we can defeat him.”

“I will come, not with two companies, but with my whole army,” was Blücher's reply.

But the next day it seemed doubtful if Blücher could keep his promise. He himself lay in bed, unable to move. In spite of this illness, however, the next day found him up and in the saddle, leading the way to Wellington's assistance. Such a march as that was! A heavy rain had fallen during the night, leaving the roads wet and slippery, and all the mountain-fed streams were in flood. Exhausted and wet through by the downpour, the army appeared positively unable to advance. But courier after courier dashed in to say that Wellington could scarcely hold his own, while he waited for Blücher's men. "Forward, my children, forward," came the old man's cry, and the army again took heart.

Wellington had been fighting since noon. It was now seven in the evening. "May either the Prussians or the night come!" was his prayer, and just at that moment Blücher's weary troops appeared in the distance. "Hurrah, hurrah, the Prussians are here!" rang the cry along the English lines. No words can tell of the desperate fighting that now followed. How Blücher's men had strength after their long and terrible march to fight that battle is one of the marvels of history.

Napoleon himself, fleeing from the field, brought the first news of the defeat to Paris. "All is lost," were his words, and they were true. Napoleon's

throne and empire, his freedom and his future, — all were lost.

Again the French fled back to Paris, and again the Prussians followed in their wake. The great French general was at last taken prisoner, but this time he was sent to the island of St. Helena, so far out to sea that there was no hope of his escape. It was there that he died in exile.

Blücher, too, did not long survive the great battle, but these last years of his life were full of fame and glory. Although he was feeble, he had promised Wellington to come some day to England, and he wished to keep his word. His visit there was one long ovation. When the two great victors of Waterloo appeared in public, such a crowd gathered that it was impossible for them to move. On all sides the men sought to shake Blücher's hand, and the women threw him kisses. Lords and nobles disguised themselves as servants that they might wait upon him. Artists filled his rooms at all hours of the day to sketch and paint him. Every morning crowds assembled before his windows ready to hurrah when he appeared. Sometimes when he tried to drive down the street, the people unharnessed his horses and drew the carriage themselves. No honor was too great to show to the conqueror of Napoleon. "Blücher forever!" was the cry.



The return through Germany was but a continuation of this ovation. At his entrance to every town he was met by young girls who threw flowers into his carriage until there was scarcely room left for him to sit.

Glorious, too, was the return home of the troops. Many were missing in the ranks; but in every German heart there went up a prayer of thanksgiving that Napoleon had at last been overcome, and that Germany was once more free. But it was not the same Germany. The old Holy Roman Empire had fallen to pieces. There was no emperor now over Germany. Each state had its own king or its grand duke. But the four horses were back on the Brandenburg gate, and Germany was freed from the dread of Napoleon.

### LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

PROBABLY no little boy ever disliked music more than the six-year-old Beethoven, who afterward grew up to be one of the great musical geniuses of the world. He must have shown his talent for music when almost a baby, for his father, who was a poor man, soon decided to make him a Wonder-Child. That is the name the Germans give to small boys and girls who play the piano or the violin well



Mozart and his Sister playing before Maria Theresa



enough to give concerts. The musician Mozart and his sister had played in public when they were so small that their feet could not touch the pedals. Beethoven's father hoped that in this same way he could earn a large fortune from the talent of his son. Thus it was that day after day the four-or five-year-old Beethoven was called in from his play to sit at the piano and practice scales. His companions used to tell their mothers how they looked in at the window and saw him perched on a high stool before the piano, or playing on his little violin, while the tears rolled down his cheeks. His father stood there watching him so that he could not run away. If the little lad refused to play, his father did not hesitate to whip him.

The result of this was that when Ludwig was seven years old his father published a notice in a Cologne paper saying that: "his son, aged six, would have the pleasure to wait upon the public with several concertos for the piano, when he flattered himself he (Ludwig) would be able to offer a distinguished audience a rare treat: and this all the more because he had been favored with a hearing from the whole court, who listened to him with the greatest pleasure."

The father had even represented the boy a year younger than he really was, so as to make his playing in public seem the more remarkable.



Three years later the boy and his mother made a trip to Holland, where Beethoven played at the homes of many noble families, and aroused great astonishment by his skill. He could now play the piano, violin, and flute. When he returned home he began to learn the organ. His progress was so great with this instrument that he was soon engaged as assistant organist in the church where his teacher played. Naturally a boy who spent so much time over music could have little chance to go to school. After Beethoven was thirteen he never went to school, but a private tutor helped him with his lessons, so that he learned Latin, French, and Italian.

When he was eighteen Beethoven went to Vienna to play before Mozart, the greatest living musician at that time. Mozart was at first rather cool to the awkward lad, with his short, stub nose. He listened indifferently while Beethoven played several pieces. Then he gave him a theme and asked him to improvise on it. It was then that Beethoven's power showed itself. Mozart stole out of the room and called his family. "Mark that young man," he said. "The world will hear him some day."

Mozart had little time to give him lessons, however, and the illness of Beethoven's mother soon called him back to Bonn. When he returned to Vienna, to make it his home, Mozart had died. Now

it was that Beethoven first began to write music. Musical themes and melodies ran through his mind night and day. Everything about him in the world seemed to suggest music. When he first heard of the remarkable deeds of the young Napoleon, he decided to celebrate his greatness in a symphony.



Beethoven and Mozart

At the top of the first copy of this piece of music stood written, "Bonaparte," and at the end, "Beethoven." When the musician heard, however, that Napoleon was a tyrant, he tore the front page of the symphony in two. Later, when it was published it bore only the title, "Symphonia Eroica," which means the symphony of a hero.

Another very beautiful symphony was written in memory of days spent in the country. Although Beethoven wrote it in the city of Vienna, he said that the green valleys of the Rhine stretched before his eyes as he composed it. In this music you seem to hear the brook flowing through the forest and the woodland birds singing, — the quail, the cuckoo, and the nightingale. In one movement there is heard the wild rush of a storm, and after it the peasants' songs of rejoicing because the storm has passed and left them unharmed.

Although Beethoven was poor all his life, his genius made him friends with many of the greatest men of his day. He was a well-known figure at the court of Vienna, and he was a friend of the German poet Goethe.

Beethoven would have liked to compose operas as well as symphonies, and did write one, as well as several overtures to operas. But his genius was more suited to piano, violin, and symphonic music. His last symphony, the Ninth, was written to an ode by Schiller, — an Ode to Joy. The first time that it was played, Beethoven himself conducted the orchestra. At the close of the last movement the audience applauded wildly, and stood on their seats to wave their handkerchiefs. Still the conductor and composer stood there with his back to them all, looking



sadly down at the orchestra. Finally one of the musicians came up to him and turned him around to face the audience. For years and years Beethoven had been growing more and more deaf. At this concert he had not heard a note of the music that he had conducted, nor was he conscious of the applause.

Most of Beethoven's life had been sad and lonely. He had always been struggling against poverty and disease, and yet his greatest symphony was written to Joy.

Nearly a hundred years have passed since he died, but he is still honored as one of greatest musicians, not only of Germany, but of the world.

### RICHARD WAGNER

THE year 1813 was a memorable one for the city of Leipzig for two reasons. Here, in that year, was fought the terrible battle against Napoleon, and here Richard Wagner was born. After the battle a fever epidemic spread through the town. Among those who caught it and died was Richard's father, when the baby was only half a year old. Richard's mother, who was now left to care for seven children, soon married again. Her second husband was an actor, portrait painter, and writer of plays. The new father was very fond of his little stepson,

Richard, and wanted very much to make a painter of him. The boy's fingers, however, soon proved to be too awkward. "I wanted," Wagner afterward wrote, "to paint big pictures, like the full-length portrait of the king of Saxony that my stepfather had just finished.

Instead, I was set to drawing nothing but eyes, and that did not interest me in the least."

At the age of nine, Wagner first went to school, and selected Greek as his favorite study. He liked the stories of the old gods and heroes so much



Richard Wagner

that he translated the whole of the first twelve books of Homer's *Odyssey* into German. This pleased his teachers very much.

About this time one of his playmates died, and the master of the school had all the class write a poem in memory of their little friend. The best one of

these poems was to be published, and Wagner won this honor. His one ambition now was to write, and especially to write plays. He learned English so that he might read Shakespeare. After he had finished studying *Hamlet* and *King Lear*, he decided to write a tragedy himself. Oftentimes when his mother was ill he stayed home from school and shut himself up in his room to write on this great play. But as he grew older he changed his mind about his life work. He decided that he would rather write plays set to music, that is, operas.

There was a little, crooked-legged man with huge spectacles on his large nose, who passed by Wagner's house every day. The boy used to watch for him, and when he saw him coming would call out to his sister: "Look! that is the greatest man in the world. He is even greater than the king." This man was the opera composer, Weber, coming home from a rehearsal at the theater. The boy thought that it was nobler to lead an orchestra than an army.

Richard was now allowed to take music lessons, but he did not like to practice scales and exercises. He preferred to play Weber's overtures that he learned by ear from hearing them in the theater. Still, he had resolved to be a musician, and he never once, to the end of his life, turned aside from



this resolve. First came the long years of studying music, until at last he found himself standing, as Weber had, in front of an orchestra with his bâton in his hand. But this was only a step toward the goal which Wagner had set for himself. He could now interpret the music of others, but what he wanted most was to compose music, and that was what he was doing every spare moment that he could find. For many years he could not get any one to listen to the operas that he wrote. No one understood or liked his music. Still Wagner went on writing, and often ran into debt because of it. Once he even had to flee from Germany because he owed so much money. He went to Paris, but he did not like the French city and the French people. He was never so happy as on the day when he could return to his native land and again see the river Rhine. For Wagner was a German to the very core.

He loved his own people, their homely customs, and their beautiful old legends. Many of his operas are founded upon these tales of Old Germany. One of them is laid in quaint, old Nuremberg, in mediæval days, and tells about Hans Sachs, the cobbler poet, who wrote and sang songs while he pounded nails into shoes. Another tells us about Parsifal, the knight of the Holy Grail, and still another the story of Elsa, who was saved from death by the noble

Lohengrin, who came sailing over the sea in a boat drawn by a white swan. Wagner went back to the very oldest of the German legends, and composed a series of four operas about the ancient gods and goddesses, the Rhine maidens, those beautiful river



Lohengrin and Elsa

mermaids; and the Valkyrs, Wotan's daughters who rode over the fields of battle to bring back to Valhalla the souls of the heroes who had fallen in the fight. Finest of all, perhaps, are the two operas that Wagner wrote about Brunhilda, the Valkyr who disobeyed Wotan. As a punishment her

father put her into a deep sleep and surrounded her couch with leaping flames. This blazing wall would guard her until some brave knight should ride through the fire and claim the sleeping maiden as his bride. Many years she slept there until one day a noble

youth, Siegfried, came and rescued her. He had killed a mighty dragon and bathed in its blood. From thenceforth he could understand the songs of the woodland birds. It was from them that he learned about the beautiful Brunhilda and the wall of flames that surrounded her. He could not rest by night or by day until he found her, and then, like the true knight that he was, he dared the fire and awoke her with a kiss.

It was many years before the people even of his own land came to know and appreciate Wagner's operas. One of his best friends, during his old age, was the king of Bavaria. He was so fond of Wagner's operas that he sometimes used to have them performed just for himself alone, in the big opera house at Munich. It had long been Wagner's ambition to own a theater of his own, built especially for the performance of his works. At last he chose the little city of Bayreuth for his home, and here, with the help of the Bavarian king and other friends who were beginning to understand his genius, Wagner's theater was at last erected.

Richard Wagner has been long since laid to rest, but every summer his operas are performed in the famous theater, and people from all over Europe and America gather there to hear them and to pay homage to the great man's memory.



## THE "OLD KAISER"

THE years that followed the battle of Waterloo were full of trouble for the German people. The French revolution had opened their eyes and stirred



The "Old Kaiser"

their thoughts. In former days every little German state had had its parliament, but these governing bodies had gradually fallen into disuse. Now the princes of Germany ruled over their provinces absolutely. The people had but two duties,—to pay their taxes and to obey the word of the prince. But the Germans began to

fret under this bondage. They wanted to be free to speak out their thoughts about their government and their country. They wanted every man to have the right to carry arms. They wanted, most of all,

that when men or women were arrested for committing a crime the prisoners should be granted a fair trial before they were sent to prison or put to death. Then, too, they wished to have a part in governing themselves. A spirit of unrest and dissatisfaction thus spread through the land, and yet there was no



The Soldier's Farewell

supreme ruler in Germany to whom these questions of state could be brought.

It is to be feared that civil war might have broken out in Germany had not trouble arisen with France just at this time,—the summer of 1870. Napoleon III, the nephew of the great Napoleon, who was now Emperor of France, had declared war against the Prussians. William I, king of Prussia, hastened to call a meeting of representatives from all of the

northern and southern states of Germany. In an instant, almost, the petty jealousies and troubles between the states were forgotten. All Germany stood ready to march with Prussia against France.

As for King William, he had always been a soldier, and he hated France. He had never forgotten the cruelty of Napoleon I to Prussia and to his mother, Queen Louise. He remembered her words to him and his brother when they were boys: "Strive to reconquer from France the glory of your father's, just now darkened. Be men, and strive for the name of soldiers and heroes! If you lack this ambition, you will be unworthy of your ancestor, the great Frederick. Try with every effort to raise up the fallen state, and, if you fail, seek death."

At the age of ten, William was an officer in the Prussian army, and from that time until the present he had won much military honor. Now, with the help of his prime minister, Bismarck, and his general, Von Moltke, he started in to fight the French to the death. His first move was to gather and equip an army with all possible speed, and then sent it forward to the frontier. The French, too, had moved quickly to the frontier, but they had come without sufficient supplies. Moreover, they had come to fight Prussia, and not all Germany. Battle after



battle was fought, each one won by the Germans. At last came the encounter at Sedan. Here the Germans had led the French into a trap. Napoleon III soon realized this and knew that all was over.

The morning after the battle a carriage, holding four officers, drove out of Sedan and entered the German lines. Its only escort was three horsemen. One of the officers in the carriage was Napoleon III, bearing this letter to the king of Prussia:—



Bismarck

“SIRE MY BROTHER : Not having been able to die in the midst of my troops, it only remains for me to place my sword in the hands of your Majesty. I am your Majesty’s good brother,  
 NAPOLEON.”

As they drove into the German camp one of the officers said that they wished to speak with Bismarck. The minister came forth, Napoleon III alighted, and the two men sat down under the trees to talk over the results of the battle.

It was at first thought that the capture of the emperor would close the war, but the Germans were determined to carry it through to the bitter end. With all haste they now set out for Paris, and encamped around the city walls. The king of Prussia



Napoleon III and William I

made the palace of Versailles his headquarters, and waited to starve the city out. But before the joyful news came that the French capital had surrendered, there arrived tidings from Germany that brought no less joy to William's heart. This was that the states of Germany had

taken counsel together and had united to form one empire with the king of Prussia as emperor. Thus, far from Berlin, in the old palace of the kings of France at Versailles, William, king of Prussia, was proclaimed Emperor of Germany under the title of William I.

Soon afterward, Paris fell, and the end of the war had come. The second Peace of Paris was declared. The work of William the soldier was now over, but tasks of no less importance lay before him. The rest of his life was spent in trying to build up the Fatherland, as the Germans loved to call their new empire, and to make it one of the leading countries of Europe.

But even in the days of peace his old military habits still clung to him. Every morning between six and seven he was up and ready for the work that awaited him. "I have no time to be tired," he used to say. His palace in Berlin was a very small one for the home of an emperor, and the summer palace, Babelsberg, that he liked best of all, was scarcely more than a cottage. When he was in Berlin it was his custom every day, when the guard changed at noon, to come to the window of his study, which looked out on the square where stood the statue of Frederick the Great. There was always a crowd gathered here to see him, — men, women, and children from all over the empire.

William I's hair had turned quite white before his reign was over, and it is thus that his people like to think of him, and the title that they give him most often is the "Old Kaiser," because they loved him as the father of their Fatherland.



## “OUR FRITZ”

WHEN Frederick III, the eldest son of the “Old Kaiser,” was born, his father and mother little thought that some day their baby boy would be the second emperor of the German Fatherland.



“Our Fritz”

Frederick was brought up with all the care of a crown prince, for every Hohenzollern boy must be fitted to wear a crown. At ten he was lieutenant in the army, and was kept busy with long, hard lessons set him by his tutors every day.

When he was old enough, he left his private teachers and entered the University of Bonn. Here he lived in a villa of his own, but still he attended the lectures and the recitations just like any other student. Sometimes he used to weary of his titles, and ask his friends to call him just “Fritz.” With these companions the years at Bonn passed all too quickly.

Frederick was truly sorry when he had to leave the city on the Rhine, and to go back to court life in Berlin. His first duty now was to learn to be a soldier, but Frederick never liked war or army life. When he was at the siege of Paris he commanded that canvas be spread over the walls of the palace of Versailles, so that the works of art should not be injured by the smoke and powder. Thoughtfulness and kindness towards others marked everything that he did. One time when he was in charge of his regiment in Breslau, a heavy snow fell during the night. In the morning the square in front of the palace was packed with snow so that it was passable only by a narrow pathway on one side, where the sentinels had trodden it down in walking back and forth. Frederick was hurrying along this path when he met a little lad on his way to school. It was evident that one of them would have to step aside into the snow to let the other pass. The boy hesitated a moment. The next instant he felt two strong arms pick him up. "It won't do, little man, to get your feet wet," said Frederick, as he swung the urchin over his shoulder and set him down in the track behind him.

The happiest days of Frederick's life, so he said, were spent in England. He first visited the court of Queen Victoria when he was a young man.

He brought home with him at that time as a souvenir, a picture, in a locket, of the eleven-year-old princess royal. She was scarcely more than a girl when Frederick went back to claim her for his bride.

Frederick and his wife were very happy as crown prince and princess of Prussia during the long years that William I ruled. They used to spend much of their time in the country, riding or driving together, and they joining in all the peasant fêtes and country dances. Frederick delighted, too, in wandering about in the open-air markets early in the morning, and talking to the cheese and vegetable women. "Our Fritz," they called him proudly, as in fact every one did in Germany.

With the news of the failing health of the "Old Kaiser," came even sadder tidings to the German people. The crown prince was in the south suffering from a cancer of the throat. He had hoped that the warmer climate might help him, but the disease proved incurable. While he was there, every mail brought him queer little packages and misspelled letters from peasants in Germany, sending him medicine or advice to help cure him.

When word at length came that the "Old Kaiser" was dying, Frederick hurried home to Berlin. His people looked into his worn face, and with tears in their eyes besought him to get well and be their



emperor. For three months Frederick ruled. At the end he had to write his commands on a tablet. His voice was completely gone.

When at last it was known that he was dying, people stood for hours outside the palace in the rain and sleet waiting for any news. When the word came that Frederick III was dead, they turned away sobbing and with tears rolling down their cheeks. No man ever came nearer to the hearts of all Germany than "Our Fritz."

## THE PRESENT KAISER

"Is it a fine boy?" was the first question that Queen Victoria asked when she heard of the birth of a son to her daughter and Prince Frederick far away in Prussia. And the "Old Kaiser" could not wait even for the royal horses to be harnessed, but ran out into the street, jumped into the first cab that came by, and drove at full speed to see if it really was a "strapping boy." The baby was a fine little fellow, healthy and strong from his cradle days. His boyhood was spent very much as his father's had been before him. Plain food, long, hard lessons, and romps that really were romps with other boys,—that was his daily programme. Like Frederick, he, too, went to the University of

Bonn, where his good mind and diligence soon put him at the head of nearly all of his classes. But, unlike his father, William delighted in the life of a soldier. Everything connected with



The Kaiser and his Daughter

the army had a keen interest for him. The First Regiment of Foot Guards, to which he was attached when still a boy, was recruited from the finest young men from all over the German Empire. These Foot Guards were the successors of Frederick the Great's Giant Grenadiers.

But William soon learned, after he left the university for the army, that there are many other things besides military matters that the future Emperor of Germany must understand. Under the guidance of Bismarck, his grandfather's prime minister, he was sent to the official bureaus to learn the affairs of finance and statesmanship so important to every

wise ruler. No one knew then of his father's illness. It was not supposed that William would



The Kaiser's "Boys"

come to the throne until he was a middle-aged, or perhaps an old, man. Instead, in 1888, when he



was only twenty-nine, he was summoned to be the ruler of one of the largest countries of Europe.

It was a heavy burden that fell on the shoulders of this young man, and the eyes of the world were turned upon him to watch and criticise every mistake that he made. William felt that he was young and that there was much that he had not as yet had time to learn. But he set about ruling with all the energy and enthusiasm of a young man. One thing that he did was to have built a beautiful train of cars and a steam yacht, furnished with every convenience, so that he could travel and still be doing his work as well as if he were seated before his desk in his palace at Berlin. During the first part of his reign, William spent much time going from one part of his kingdom to another, until everybody laughed at "William the Traveler." But William II paid no heed to this laughter. He wanted to see with his own eyes how the affairs of his land were carried on. He wanted to give his people a chance to see and to know him.

He also made many visits to foreign countries. He knew that he could learn much from seeing how other rulers governed their people. He believed that the monarchs of Europe should know one another. It was a step towards peace.

It seems as if there is nothing going on in the

world to-day that does not interest the Emperor William. He has not been content to build up Germany's army and navy. He has helped as much in the building of merchant ships and in the encouragement of manufactories. He has also done a great deal to promote art and music. Nothing pleases him so much as to have famous men of letters and artists for his friends.

One of the Kaiser's hobbies is statuary. He once boasted that he knew all the sculptors in Berlin and



The Crown Prince

had visited their studios. Many of these artists have helped the Kaiser in beautifying Berlin. In the great park, lying just outside the Brandenburg gate, there is a long avenue called the Avenue of Victory. The Kaiser has, at his own expense, decorated this vista with statues of his ancestors. Oftentimes a group of

school boys, with their teacher, can be seen passing from one to another of these monuments, learning the same stories that you have read in this book.

It is a long day, full of hard work, that awaits the emperor each morning when he arises. No matter how busy it is, however, he always finds time to see and talk with "my boys," as he calls his children, although one of them, "Princess Baby," is a girl. Nor, if the emperor goes away, does he ever fail to bring back some little gift for each one of them. Two of the sons, the crown prince and Eitel Fritz, have now homes of their own, and another of the young princes is away at sea, but there are still children left to keep the old palace ringing with romps and laughter.

The German nation is very fond of its royal family, and welcomed the arrival of each little son with ever heightening joy. "We can never have too many Hohenzollern princes," the people say, for they are proud of this house, and their greatest wish for the German Empire is that she may always be governed by a man in whose veins flows the blood of the Great Elector, Frederick the Great, Queen Louise, the "Old Kaiser," and the Noble Frederick.









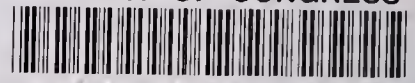


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