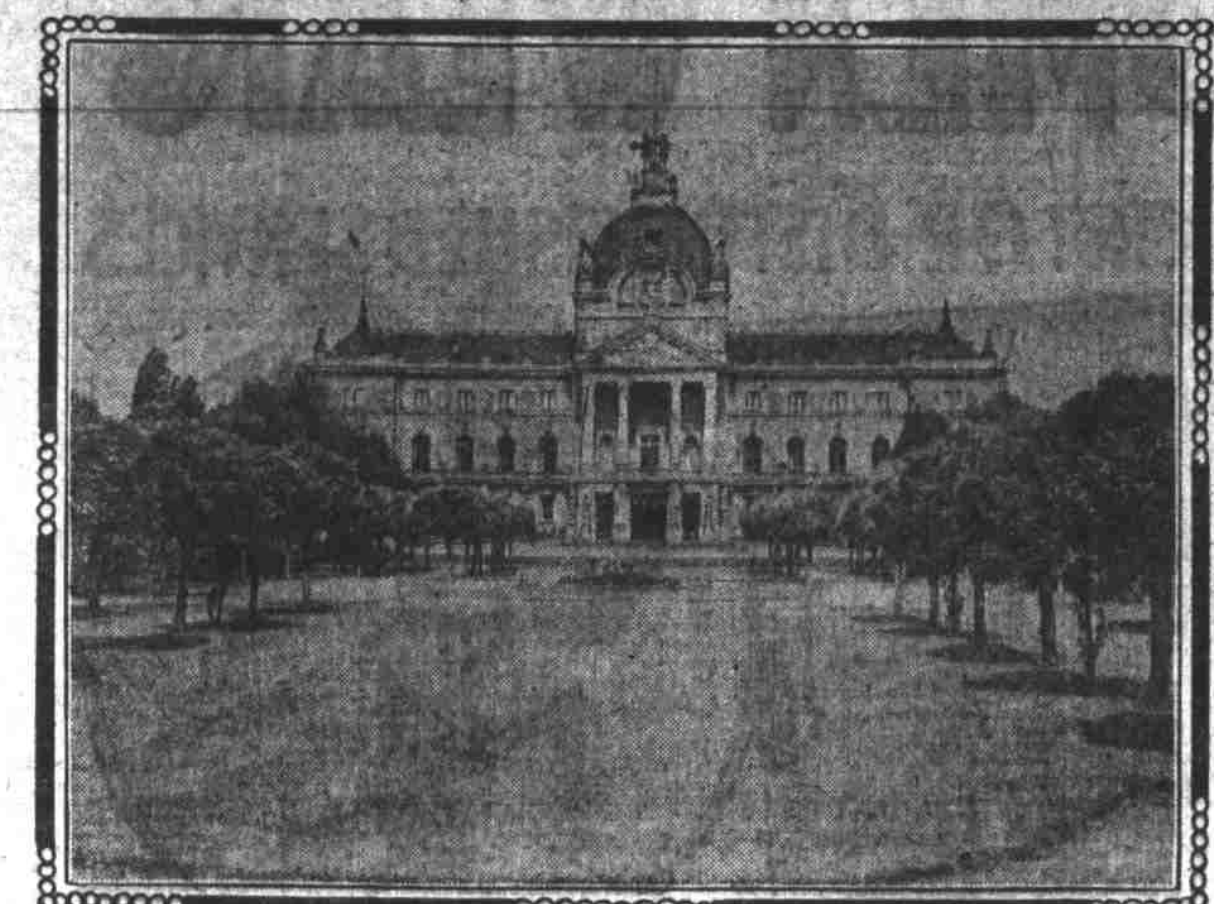


CATAPULT MAINTAIN "CASTLES" ON A MEERE PRIFLE

The German Ruler, Who Has More Official Residences Than Any Other Monarch in the World, Will Shortly Apply for a Raise-in Wages to Keep His Roofs Over His Head



By Rudolph Von Elzberg.
BERLIN, May 6.—The Kaiser is trying to have his pay raised. He finds it utterly impossible to play the role of the "great and only William," on a mere \$6,000,000 a year. The Prussian diet will shortly be asked to make a substantial addition to this already heavy tax on the ratepayers, and it is expected that there will be a lively protest by some of the latter. For it will be remembered that Prussia assumes the whole burden of the civil list, the emperor William taking on the job of Kaiser of the German empire without pay.

The reason given for this request for higher wages is the fact that the cost of living has materially increased in Germany and that his majesty's chamberlains are no longer able to run his "49 castles" as cheaply as heretofore. Which draws attention to the interesting circumstance that the Kaiser has more official residences than any other monarch in the world.

One would have supposed that with 48 roofs to shield his royal head he would have been supremely content for some time to come, but since he bought the Achilleion, the summer residence of the Empress Elizabeth, and made the total number just one short of half a hundred, he is evidently not satisfied with his accommodations, and especially the Prussians who foot the bills, are wondering if there are any limitations to his ambitions in that line.

What the Kaiser does with all his castles is a subject for speculation with all but the initiated. They could all be bunched they would form a good-sized village—and a village more pretentious architecturally than any other in the whole world. For some of his places are of enormous size and most of them are orientalist and showy in their construction and style. The character of fact, though, they are all in German parlance called "Kaiserliche Schloss"—imperial castles, and they are, such as the widely known residences at Berlin and at Potsdam, are really castles in the strict sense of the word. Many of them, formerly built as strongholds, perched upon peaks, or situated in the middle of marshes in order to make them impregnable against attack, have given way to ambitious modern palaces. But the word "castle" has been applied to any house of considerable size which a nobleman owns and occupies.

The upkeep of the Kaiser's numerous castles has given the German people many heart-burnings. But as the bills are not on their heads, they have no objection to making a protest and stand in too much fear of their headstrong ruler to do so if they had the right. Many interesting old places that have been restored at enormous cost, as the result of the imperial whim, while buildings allowed to go to rack and ruin. The only possible reason for this appears to be that the old places that are now neglected are too unpretentious to be closely associated with the reign of the ambitious William.

Royal Castle on Spree.
 Among the Kaiser's Berlin palaces the Royal Castle on the Spree is one of the largest and probably the most familiar to American tourists. Originally it was of very modest proportions but from time to time additions have been made, keeping pace with the growth of influence and power of the Hohenzollerns. The castle is gaudy, raw and pretentious in construction. The walls outside are stucco instead of stone masonry. The pretentious columns of the salons indoors are of imitation marble, while the keynote of show and pretense governs the whole structure and all its details.

Of more interest is the Charlottenburg castle, a structure much plainer and of later construction. It is situated in a charming park and is extraordinary for its great length. Five hundred metres, I believe, are the correct figures. At any rate, I know that it is only the longest building in the world. The Kaiser's summer residence at Spiesburg, near Vienna, and Nymphenburg, in Bavaria. This place was the residence of the late Emperor Frederick III during his short reign in Berlin. The mausoleum in the park is the burial place of Queen Louise of Prussia and her husband, William, the first German emperor.

One of the most interesting of Kaiser William's places, historically, is the Schloss Konigsberg, in the province of East Prussia. This castle, which was finished in 1861, was a famous stronghold of the knights of the Teutonic Order, one of the three great military and religious orders to which the Emperor gave his name. It was being the Templars and Knights of St. John. At one time the order was the most powerful master of a population of 3,000,000 people and played the leading role in the political history of northern Europe. In the chapel of this famous castle, Frederick III, elector of Brandenburg, crowned himself as Frederick I, the second king of Prussia, one of the most remarkable monarchs that ever sat on a throne, and the father of Frederick the Great. Here he spent a few months every year, and here he gave full, unrestrained vent to the cruel, savage, brutal passions of his nature, rendering the lives of his queen and his children a very hell upon earth. Here at 5 o'clock every afternoon of his stay was convened the tobacco parliament, a queer assembly which is as famous in the pages of history as the sessions were held in a large room in the castle, which to this day has been religiously preserved. The sessions were held in a large room in the castle, which to this day has been religiously preserved. The sessions were held in a large room in the castle, which to this day has been religiously preserved.

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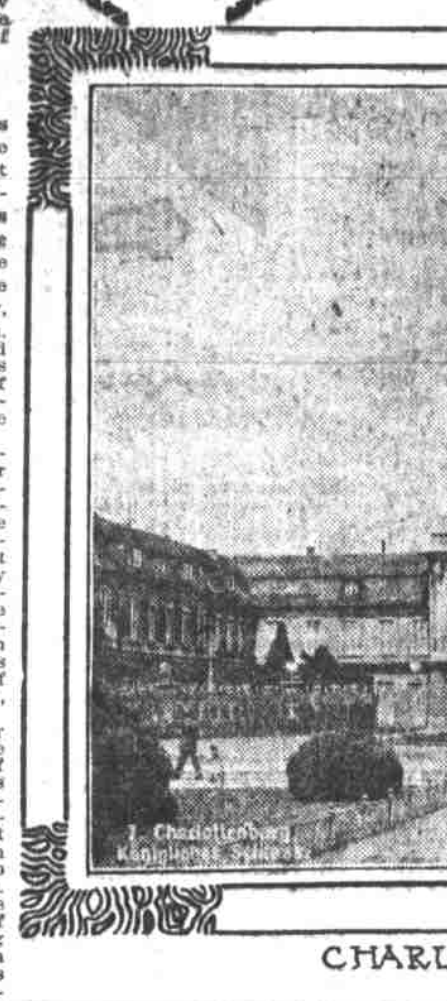
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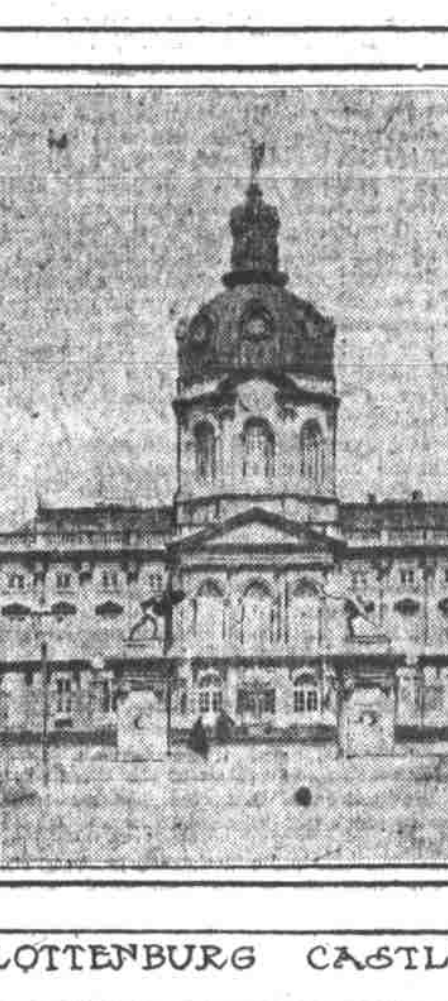
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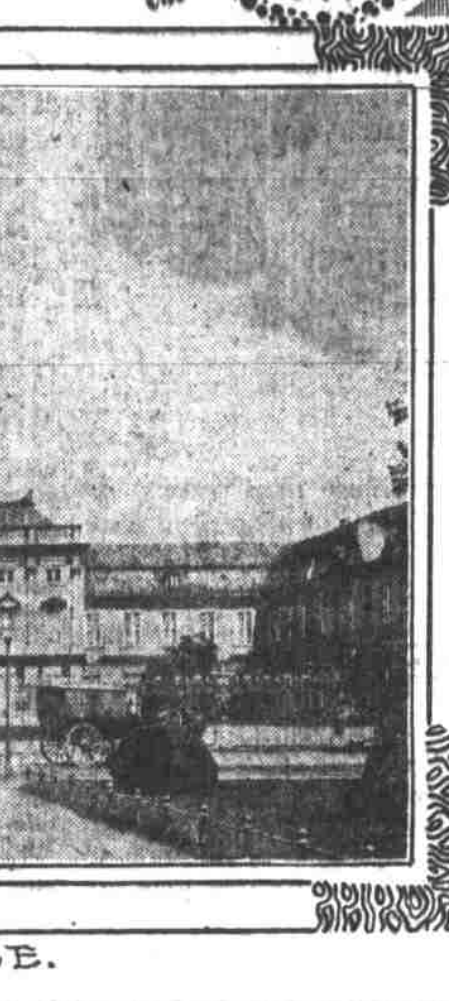
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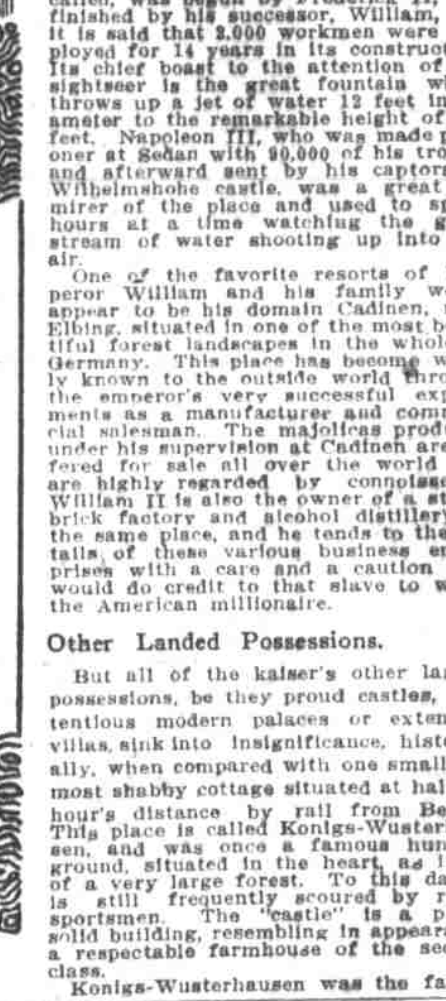
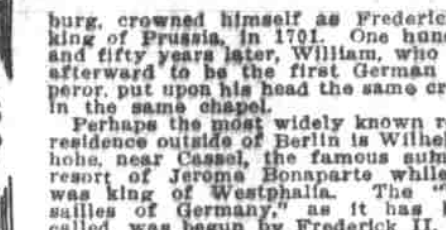
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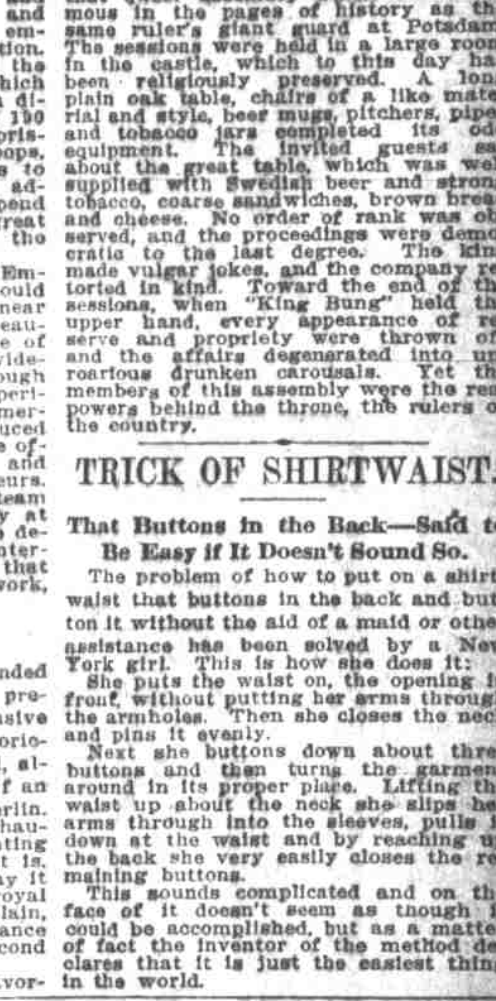
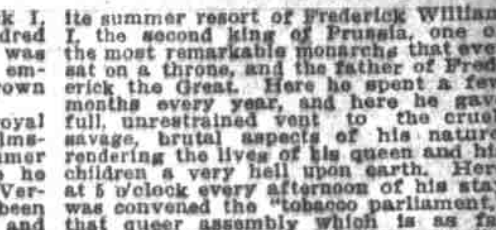
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NEW BOOKS and THEIR PUBLISHERS

"An American Patriotic: The Romance of Aaron Burr," by Alfred Henry Lewis. Time has removed Aaron Burr far enough from the present to lend romance to his life, and toleration to his schemes of glory and revenge. According to Mr. Lewis he was superior to most of his illustrious contemporaries. But Mr. Lewis is an iconoclast when it comes to hero-worshiping of our Revolutionary forefathers. He here presents simply a resume of the part played by Aaron Burr in the affairs of the nation from his nineteenth year to the close of his career in New York, at the age of 40. He began life before the "Boston Tea Party" and became a hero by carrying away the body of General Montgomery after the attack on Quebec, and died during the term of Andrew Jackson's presidency, who had maneuvered into the office by the political strategy. Washington, Jefferson, Adams and the entire coteries whose fame has come down to us as gods of wisdom, justice and integrity are here shown as mere men; scheming, intriguing and not wholly honest in word or deed.

According to Mr. Lewis the trial of Aaron Burr for treason was one of the jealous prejudices of President Jefferson. Nor does he throughout, or in fact at any time, present Burr as a hero, but always as the keen, cold, calculating, the gentleman volunteer with the oblique eyes, whose culture was superb, whose vanity was intolerable and whose vengeance was insatiable. Though the grandson of Jonathan Edwards, Burr had no religious connections and according to Mr. Lewis died with the protestation that his duel with Alexander Hamilton had been justifiable.

While the author announces the book "a romance," it has much of real history in it. It is a study of the development of Burr's love and courtship of Madam Prevost, the middle-aged woman, was prosaic in the extreme, and the author considers it worth but a page or two of his book, while he dilates his second and still more insupportable marriage to the wealthy Madam Jumel with the sentence that, "Aaron at 78 does a foolish thing; he marries—the wealthy Madam Jumel." The life of the madam's great mansion on the heights overlooking the Harlem. Three months later they part, and Aaron goes back to his books and his pipe and his wine, in his rooms by the Bowling Green. Out of the entire life the author has shown us is Burr's domestic relations during the life of his first wife, and his deep love and devotion for his daughter, "the lustrous Theodosia." Indeed, that she may be a princess and her son an emperor, the author makes the motive power for Burr's plan to found an empire in Mexico and place himself upon the throne of the empire. The book is quite original, and carries with it the impression that the actors are still upon the scene, and are playing out their parts before our very eyes.

accomplishment of which the material is available. It is not a book of theorizing, nor does it attempt to make any systematic presentation of a philosophy, but it is a study of the human ideal of normal well-being, happiness, and is based upon a definite conception of symmetrical life and recognized as the desirable end of the path of aspiration, effort and education equal and coherent values. In his preface the author explains his great aim, saying: "The paths of mental and physical training are well marked, and spiritual education is growing rapidly in popularity and efficiency. The work of relating the three in any coordinate personal culture has as yet hardly been attempted. Why it is, and why it is, work at its best cannot be merely a profession, it is essentially a most artistic and scientific art—the art of appreciating, interpreting and educating personality."

The writer evidently considers the book a masterpiece of her own holy spirit; not in traits of character, as is too well known to comment upon, for so contented a life, it was said by holy writ: "Out of the heart the mouth speaketh. Mr. Carman goes further and takes up the theory, and proves it; that the occupation heavily influences change their spiritual nature, saying: "The long playing of a role, like Hamlet, if it be well done, is a serious, sidiously upon the spirits of the actor as to become a formidable danger. Nor does he throughout, or in fact at any time, present Burr as a hero, but always as the keen, cold, calculating, the gentleman volunteer with the oblique eyes, whose culture was superb, whose vanity was intolerable and whose vengeance was insatiable. Though the grandson of Jonathan Edwards, Burr had no religious connections and according to Mr. Lewis died with the protestation that his duel with Alexander Hamilton had been justifiable.

The literary style of the work is above reproach and it is full of good things, excellent for both body and mind, and should be read by every one who seeks perfection in either. L. C. Page & Co. Price \$1.50.

of good-natured satire if they so desire. Things began to tangle and every attempt at extraction made the matter worse, and before the end is reached the author has the entire "United States of Fenobly" in hopeless insurrection and ludicrous misery, with the redoubtable Bridget sole dictator.

It is a book full of original fun and humor and fairly scintillates with ridiculous incidents and situations. It is illustrated by Max Wilson Preston. The Century Company. Price \$1.

"Three Weeks in Holland and Belgium," by John U. Highbotham.—This book tells of a traveler's own self in to see foreign lands through the eyes of an intelligent, wide-awake and observant tourist. Not the tourist in the common acceptance of the term, but the kind of a tourist the author means, when he says in his preface, "I have a mission." Briefly stated that mission is to act as spokesman for the humble and despised class grouped in travel books under the name of "tourist." Tourists are condemned by the universal law of human nature, which judges all grades of society by the noisy minority. To the great majority of tourists a trip abroad is fruit-plucked from a tree of slow growth, the roots of which are sunk deep in the soil of hard work and self-denial, and whose blossoming branches represent years of studious preparation intelligently to appreciate the present beauty or past grandeur of the things spread before them in foreign lands. They do not talk in strident tones. They give just compensation for services rendered and pay due homage to genuine greatness, whether living or dead. They glide quietly in and out with wide open eyes and minds seeing, enjoying and understanding. They bring home to family, friends or pupils all of the reflected radiance of a trip abroad that can possibly be transmitted. And certainly in this acceptable little book

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Perhaps the most widely known royal residence outside of Berlin is Wilhelmshohe, situated in the town of Wilhelmshohe, near the mouth of the Elbe. It was built by Frederick II, and finished by his successor, William, and it is said that 2,000 workmen were employed for 15 years in its construction. Its chief boast to the attention of the sightseer is the great fountain which throws up jet of water 13 feet in diameter to the remarkable height of 100 feet. Napoleon III, who was made prisoner at Sedan with 60,000 of his troops, and afterward sent by his captors to Wilhelmshohe castle, was a great admirer of the place and used to spend hours at a time watching the great stream of water shooting up into the air.

One of the favorite resorts of Emperor William and his family would appear to be his domain Cadzand, near the town of Cadzand, in the province of East Prussia. This place has become widely known as a famous hunting ground, and as a manufacturer and commercial salesman. The majolica produced here is highly regarded by connoisseurs. Wilhelmshohe is also the seat of a brick factory and alcohol distillery at the same place, and he tends to the details of these various business concerns. It is a fact that the Kaiser would do credit to that slave to work, the American millionaire.

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 But all of the Kaiser's other landed possessions, be they proud castles, pretentious modern palaces or extensive villas, sink into insignificance, historically, when compared with one small, almost shabby cottage situated at half an hour's distance by rail from Berlin. This place is called Konigs-Wusterhausen and was once a famous hunting ground situated in the heart, as it is, of a very large forest. To this day it is still frequently scoured by royal hunters and their dogs. The building, a solid building, resembling in appearance a respectable farmhouse of the second class, Konigs-Wusterhausen was the favorite

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