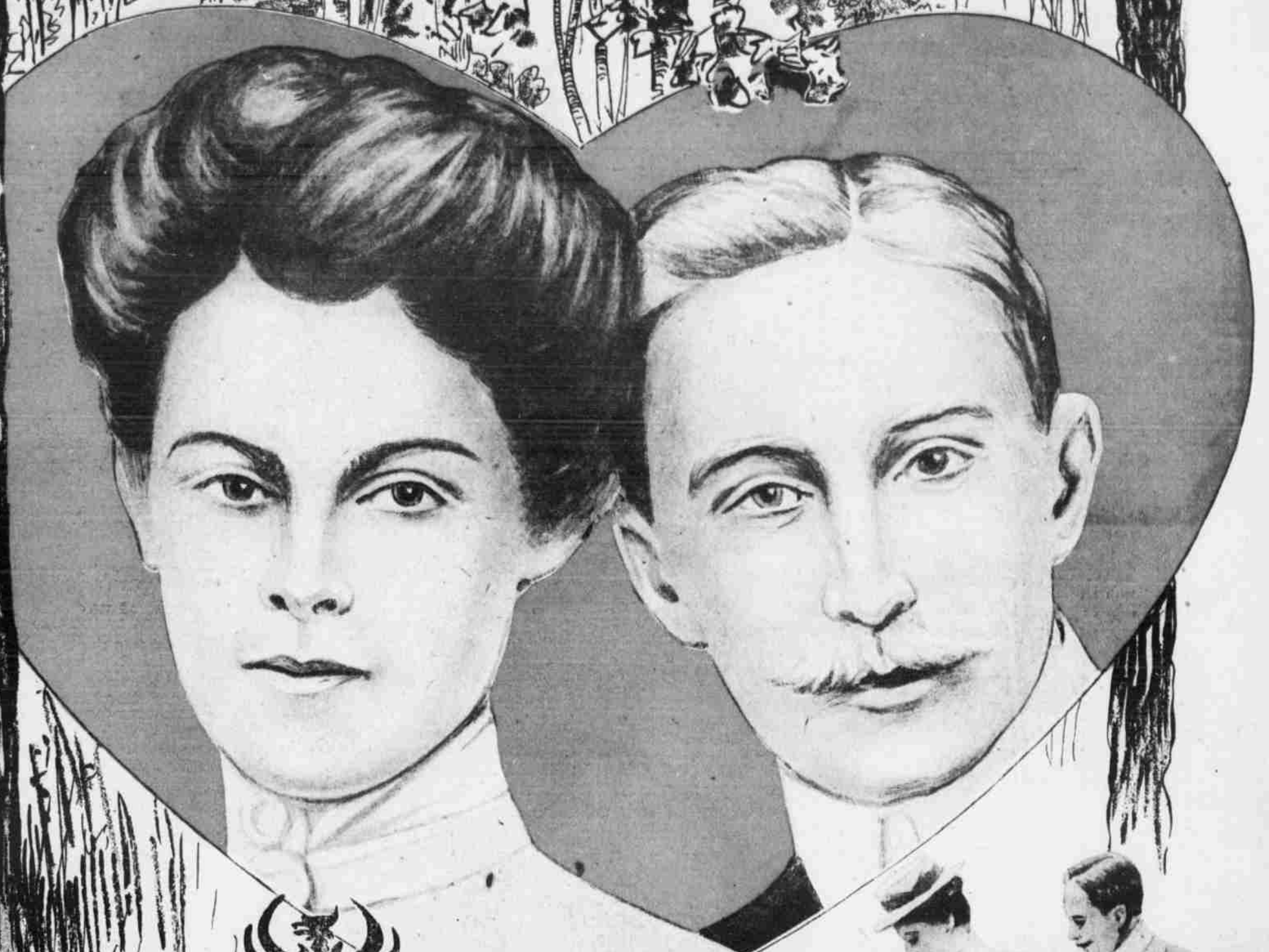
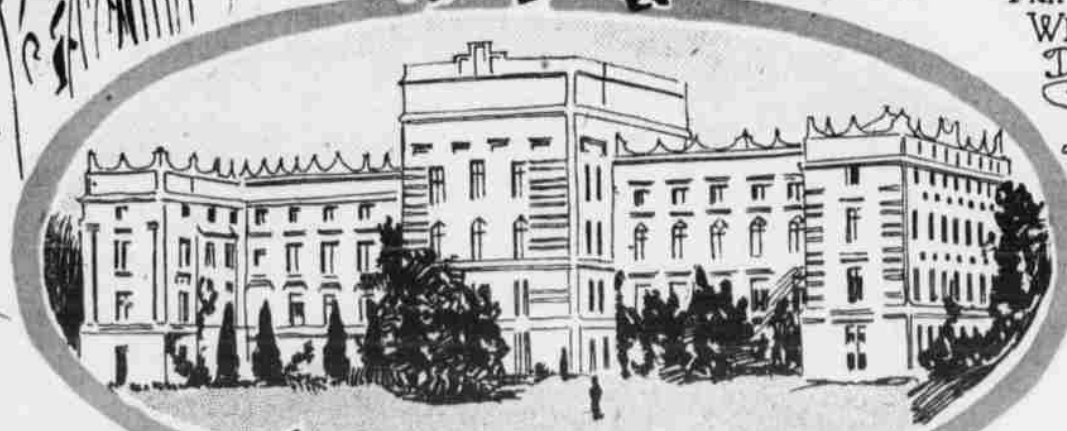


HOW THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY MAKES LOVE



CROWN PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM AND DUCHESS CECELIA OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN



GRAND DUCAL CASTLE OF LUDWIGSLUST WHERE THE FORMAL BETROTHAL TOOK PLACE



THE BETROTHED COUPLE RECEIVING CONGRATULATIONS FROM THE SCHOOL CHILDREN



SCHWERIN CASTLE THE ANCESTRAL HOME OF THE DUCHESS CECELIA

ALL Germany is watching with intense interest the courtship of the Crown Prince Frederick William. Interest in the far eastern war may flag, excitement over the revolution in Russia may die out, the quarrel between the agrarians and the socialists may be forgotten, but the German people do not forget to follow daily, with absorbing interest, the lovemaking of the crown prince and the fair Duchess Cecelia.

The youth who some day is to be emperor makes love in an open manner. His will be no marriage arranged by the chancellor for the political advantage of the empire, or to heal some quarrel between petty German states. He has chosen a girl for his wife who is of his own people. She is German, has always lived in Germany.

Frederick William writes a love letter every day to his betrothed. Perhaps he is in a distant part of the empire. He writes the letter and a smart orderly rides, goes by train, or automobile, or by steam yacht, and delivers the letter to the young girl who some day will be the empress. He waits for the reply and carries it back to the crown prince.

Perhaps the crown prince and the young duchess are in the same city. The daily love letter is written and delivered by the orderly just the same. Even if they are under the same palace roof the letter, with its message of love, is written and slipped into the hand of the happy girl, perhaps only a few minutes before she meets the crown prince in the drawing room.

The crown prince keeps the love letters of his betrothed in a big japanned dispatch box, each week's letters being tied up separately with colored ribbons. Some day the prince—he will be kaiser then—will keep another big japanned tin box, but it will be filled with documents of state; but just

now his most important "dispatches" are those written in the big schoolgirlish hand of the Duchess Cecelia.

All the German people know of the daily exchange of love letters between their future emperor and empress. They are proud of the lovemaking. Every noble as well as every peasant in the empire knows that the crown prince loves the Duchess Cecelia, just as Hans loves Gretchen in the humblest village of Silesia.

Frederick William is hardly more than a boy just out of college. He is not a frivolous youth, but he enjoys the sports of his younger brothers just as he does those of his father.

But in spite of his youthfulness all Germany knows that he became a man on the day that his betrothal to the Duchess Cecelia was announced.

"His royal highness" looks even younger but behaves ten years older than before he was engaged," was the remark made by a member of the court circle a few days after the royal betrothal was announced. Happiness, in fact, goes hand in hand with discretion, and the prince, every one is saying, is likely to turn out to be as good a family man as his father, the kaiser.

Berlin had recent proof of the crown prince's affection for his betrothed. The crown prince had been absent in Silesia, and in his absence a painting of the Duchess Cecelia had been displayed in a window in an arcade off Unter-den-Linden. Upon his return from Silesia the crown prince learned of the fact. Without waiting to rest from the fatigue of the journey, not even changing his traveling

clothes, the prince hurried off on foot to see the portrait of his sweetheart.

Crowds Follow Love-Sick Prince.

Naturally the figure of the crown prince, which is familiar to every one in Berlin, attracted attention as he swung along with easy stride in Unter-den-Linden. Scores of men and even women followed at a respectful distance. As he neared the arcade where the picture was displayed the crowd instinctively guessed that he was on his way to see it. The news even ran ahead of him, and when he arrived at the little shop a crowd of two or three eager, smiling people had already assembled.

"Yes, yes, here it is," cried others in chorus.

The crowds in front of the window made a passageway, through which the crown prince, not without some confusion in manner, made his way.

For several minutes he stood looking with all the eagerness of a boy at the fair features of his betrothed. Then, as he turned around, a happy smile on his face, he seemed to realize for the first time the presence of the throngs. The men first saluted the prince and then cheered. Others from Unter-den-Linden pressed into the little arcade to see what occasioned the excitement, and soon a throng of several hundred people had gathered, all joining the prince in general nature's laughter. So great did the crowd become that the

prince was unable to make his way through it. He was not hustled or crowded, and so he stood, blushing and laughing good humoredly, until the crowds, with a parting cheer, gradually dispersed.

Such a scene could not have been witnessed in any other monarchical country of Europe, unless, perhaps, in England—and even in England a crown prince might not have escaped without a few hearty, familiar slaps on the back.

The youthful king of Spain would not have dared walk alone through a popular thoroughfare of Madrid and trust himself in the midst of a miscellaneous crowd of people. An heir to the throne of Russia would have been surrounded by Cossacks and a swarm of secret spies. An heir to the crown of Italy would have been guarded by gendarmes.

Walks Berlin's Streets Unmolested.

The crown prince of Germany, however, walks the streets of Berlin alone and unmolested. He rides on street cars alone, or on horseback, or in carriages. He hasn't an enemy in the city. The people know his boyish, eager face, and love him. They have loved him all the more since they learned that he selected a German bride and that he loves her in the German way.

There are other things in the crown prince's lovemaking that he makes no pretense of concealing. A few weeks ago the Duchess Cecelia had a birthday, just as all German girls do. A few days before the crown prince went to a jewelry store in Berlin, alone, just as any young clerk would have done. He purchased a pearl necklace and the word passed through the store and out into the streets, and in an hour half of Berlin knew what the Duchess Cecelia was to receive on her birthday. But, while they were proud that their future empress was to have a glorious pearl necklace, they were still prouder when they learned that the crown prince had bought for his sweetheart a little gold ring with two plain hearts engraved on its surface. It was just such a ring that any clerk or workman in Berlin would have bought for his sweetheart, and when the humbler people of the capital learned of it they were prouder than ever of their future emperor.

Real Wooing Is in Country.

It is when they are away from Berlin and Potsdam, at

some quiet country chateau, that the crown prince and the young duchess really enjoy their courtship. Then they are free from the restraints of court circle and palace life. The duchess dresses in plain frocks and braids her golden hair and ties the ends with big bows of ribbon, just as any German girl does. The prince wears a comfortable slouch hat. They take walks in quiet country lanes and more than once they have been seen strolling along, hand in hand, talking earnestly together, just as Hans and Gretchen walk and talk on their way home from the village fair.

The prince and the duchess go hunting together in rough, comfortable clothes. They take long rides, shoot, play tennis, fish, and have picnics with their intimate friends. They have been known to take "straw rides" and to join parties of country lads and lassies in the hay fields.

The Germans are proud of their crown prince. He is loved as a boy far more than was his father, the kaiser, who always was a serious youth and who burdened his mind with problems of state early in life.

Likes the Fun of Courting.

The crown prince is enjoying his courtship. He does not conceal his enjoyment. He knows the day is coming when it will be ended, and when he, too, must take up the burden of ruling an empire. For it is a burden to rule an empire in these modern days. The kaiser must be a statesman, for he alone controls the political relations between Germany and the other jealous European powers. He must be a banker, for in his hands rest the finances of the empire. He must be a great railroad manager, for he controls a system of railroads as complex as any in Europe. He must be a soldier, for he commands a great army—an admiral, for he commands a great navy.

The present kaiser is all these and more, for he is an artist, a musician, a landscape gardener, an architect. He writes poetry, sails a yacht, preaches, composes operas, leads an army at the sham battles of the fall maneuvers, directs the evolution of fleets in squadron practice at sea—and does a score of other things equally spectacular.

The Crown Prince Frederick William may not be as versatile as his famous father, but he is a steady, clear headed youth, upon whom the shadow of the empire's burden has not yet fallen. Just now he is enjoying his courtship, and all the empire is enjoying it with him.



OFF FOR A DRIVE