

tion of nursemaids and gold women." The old women had their revenge many a time before she died, and they continued to object to the dishes she preferred, her style of dress, the books she read, her rearing and management of her children, and lastly to point out to her the vengeance of heaven in the cruel disease of which she died.

When her first child was born she was unable to nurse the infant. Bismarck forgot all affairs of state to interest himself in the matter. "What, in God's name, could be expected of a woman who read John Stuart Mill?" Of course she could give no heirs to the German throne. She had imported English nurses, had she, and yet the government must not interfere?

Then came the great misfortune of the Princess's life, when one of her English nurses, against whom the people protested so bitterly, dropped the present Emperor in infancy and crippled his arm so that it remains shrunken and shriveled to this day, marring his otherwise good physique.

What the mother's feelings might be about the injury done her child, the people never stopped to inquire. She had married a German Prince and crippled an heir to the throne. That a German nursemaid might have been similarly unfortunate was not admitted. No German woman had ever been known to drop a baby, once she got her clutches on it, while in England women read John Stuart Mill, perhaps even the nursemaids, and what could they be expected to know of babies?

For several months after the accident the Princess was openly hissed and insulted when she appeared in her carriage.

Whatever Frederick's feelings may have been about his wife's radical views, he at least apparently supported her. It was of course impossible for him to attempt to adjust her differences with the Chancellor or to give her any sort of political support, but the support of a husband he gave her at all times. Year by year, however, his wife's feelings and prejudices dominated him more and more, and his failing health increased his dependence upon her and his debt to her.

Fritz had an extremely chivalrous nature and he felt keenly all his wife's unhappiness, her deprivation and her devotion to him.

This led him to commit his one and only offense against the German people, when he deceived them to be their king in name and to place his wife upon the throne for ninety days.

It was a crime of consent rather than of intention on his part, however. Auguste had decided with all the Guelph in her that she would be Empress of that hated people who had caused her so much suffering. She decided as her mother and great-grand father could decide, and Fritz was putty in her hands.

The Crown Prince was in a bed of suffering when the old Emperor was dying, his throat half-eaten away by the cancer that was to kill him. German law decrees that no man afflicted of a mortal disease can ascend the throne. Bismarck realized that his chance had come to pay off all scores with the English woman by thwarting her determined ambition and keeping her from the throne. Then began that international war about the sick chamber of the death stricken prince.

As she had had English nurses for her children, so Auguste would have an English physician for her husband and that was Morell Mackenzie's chance to make history. The medical world has never forgiven him for his

perjury. Probably the world will never know for what price it was that he sold his professional honor and swore that a dying man would recover.

Perhaps it was only sympathy for one of his countrywomen whose lot had fallen in hard places, an English Princess who looked to him to recompense her for a lifetime of insult and suffering and neglect. At any rate Mackenzie, who had had his instructions from the Queen mother before leaving England, stated that Frederick was not a prey to a mortal disease. Frederick's sufferings were quieted with morphine to enable him to go through the ceremonies preceding his installation and his wife's flinty will supported him up the steps of the throne to die there in three months.

At the time of Frederick's ascension there were in the hands of the Baron Kohn no less than \$10,800.00 in cash, the old Emperor's private fortune, which was transferred to his son, with the understanding that it was to be used for the benefit of the Hohenzollern family. When Frederick died scarcely any of this money was left. Nearly the entire sum had been transferred to Auguste and invested abroad, her uncle, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha and Leopold of Belgium named as trustees.

This use of the fruit of old William's thrift naturally enraged the German people, and they declared that Frederick had been put upon the throne merely to enable his wife to plunder the royal family of Germany and thereby benefit the royal family of England, swelling the income of her profligate brothers.

It was this disposal of her husband's fortune that widened the breach between Auguste and her son, the present Emperor. This bitterness was never overcome. As she made no concession to her husband's family, she made none to her son. The feeling between them deepened into an intense animosity and an absolute lack of filial consideration on the young man's part. He made no effort to curb the slanderous abuse of his mother by the German press. He never permitted her presence at court and never visited her. He unnecessarily curbed her liberties of speech and action, and she was practically a prisoner at Friedrichshof, where she died.

During the latter months of her illness she shut herself away from the semblance of sympathy, knowing that there was no true affection for her. Her own people were far away, her husband dead, her brother, the King of England, had always been bitterly jealous of her superior mentality, her former subjects execrated her, her son had left her unprotected to their persecution.

Whether John Stuart Mill and the consciousness of having held her own and maintained a consistent policy comforted so desolate a death bed, no one can surmise.

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Small Town Funerals.

It may be said the funerals make up the social life of many small towns. Social endeavors become discouraged in little western towns, like the crops in the south wind.

It has been argued before now that if the people in the villages all over the western states took more interest in each other, and could manufacture a smile when their neighbors had a stroke of good luck, or could find a sympathetic word to say when they were in trouble, that the corn itself would take heart o'grace and see some use in growing.

The privations that people suffer in

our little western towns are of their own making, and are not brought upon them by God or the railroads or the weather.

Within the memory of all of us there was plenty of life and enthusiasm in every Nebraska town, as there is in Cheyenne or Deadwood today. The smallest village had its euchre clubs and whist clubs and dancing clubs, and nearly everybody spent money beyond their means. Then hard times and small crops came along for awhile, and everybody got remorseful and discouraged and more or less bitter.

People who met with financial reverses turned about and said spiteful things about their friends who had been more fortunate, and these friends, being human, withdrew within a wall of haughtiness and answered back with scorn.

As the phrase goes, people "got out of the habit of going" to see their friends, and soon enough they got out of the habit of caring about them at all. Now some of them are pessimistic and lay it on the weather or the corn. It would be no great wonder if the corn did get tired of growing to feed selfish and grouchy people.

In little eastern towns factions and indifference are to be expected. There are old blood feuds that have been handed down for generations and there are caste lines that everybody regards. But in a western town everybody has a second chance and begins again with no past behind him and a clean slate. He doesn't have to be mean because of tradition; because his father sanded sugar or watered his hay before he sold it.

Everybody has an opportunity to help in making a social side to life that will benefit him and his children, but he won't do it because he doesn't like this fellow or that fellow doesn't like him.

There is one thing the small town man and woman will not do, and that is show courtesy to people whom they do not like; they hold such conduct to be bare deception. The fallacy of their theory is that nine times out of ten if they sat down beside these same distasteful people for an hour and did their part to sustain a conversation, their hatred would vanish and their action would cease to be a deception.

William James, the psychologist, has so admirably explained that so often the act precedes the feeling in matters of courtesy and kindness. If it were necessary to feel a strong affection for people in order to conscientiously dine at their house or invite them to your own, there would be few dinner parties in the world.

Most of us don't try to love our friends after we are eighteen, unless we are fools or geniuses. We take them for what they are worthy and let it go at that, knowing perfectly well that we ourselves are in need of reciprocal charity.

The small town lets its social arrears go and go until people are buried beneath an ashamed sense of their own remissness, and then they try to make it all up at funerals. When anyone dies whom they haven't broken bread with or called on for years, his fellow townsmen put on their black clothes and go to see him, and the women ravage their gardens to send him flowers. If a college student comes back to his native town and wants to see all his old friends together, he has to go to a funeral to do it. It's a futile and inexpensive sort of remorse and it's a dishonest way of paying social obligations.

Surely it is better to ask a man to dinner once during his lifetime than to go to his funeral, and surely it is

pleasanter. It's a better plan to tell him that he's a good fellow and that he has deserved all the luck he's ever had, and more too, than to tell his widow about it someday. How many people have ever told the best lawyer in their town that they appreciate the fact that he is clever, or the best student in their schools that they take an interest in him?

Why is it that the common courtesies of life that make it easy sailing and compensate somewhat for the larger disappointments of life, come harder than blood in the small towns?

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Will White or Funston?

It is an old and accepted difficulty in the world of story-telling that the man who can knock about the earth "for to admire and for to see," never gets settled down to the chronicling of his experiences, and the man who is industrious enough to work up some skill in the telling of things, can't afford to take the holidays that would give him the best of material.

While young men were scurrying about the world in search of material and adventure, the best of adventure stories came from the sick bed with blood-stained linen where Stevenson wrote "Treasure Island" and the "Master of Ballantray." One is often tempted to wonder which of those two likely Kansas boys gets the most out of life, Will White, or Funston. They grew up on the Dear creek and fished and hunted together and made their own adventures, and they went to the University of Kansas together and were sorry scholars, both of them. Then they went out to find the goddess of their boyhood, seeking her by different trails.

I believe White has had more of her than Funston. There have probably been not a few of those priceless moments that only military achievement seems to give in the little general's life; but it is not improbable that White has gotten as much pleasure out of his friend's brilliant career as ever Funston has, minus the heat and dust and thirst and mosquitoes.

Pickett never saw the beauty of his charge at Gettysburg; that was left to the strategists who watched the movement.

After all Funston is only Funston, and he is limited to one game; but White is Funston and Piggy Pennington together.

The story-maker's recompense for being nobody in reality is that he can be everybody in theory. Mr. White has even shown himself able to be Mr. Bryan, Mark Hanna and Richard Croker in such rapid succession that one trembled for him, recalling the story of the versatile ogre who turned himself into an elephant, a bear and a mouse, in which last form Puss-in-Boots devoured him.

Secretary Hay has said to his friends that no writing in the history of American politics has equalled those three character studies of White's for astuteness and brilliancy.

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A New Library Line.

The children's reading room and children's book list have gradually brought about a new division of labor in the larger public libraries, and now the children's librarian prepares for his or her work by a special course of study and kindergarten work.

The business of this librarian is not only to meet the demand that exists, but to increase the demand, so that she must combine the qualities of instructor, librarian and missionary, salesman and traveling man.

One of the most successful methods yet adopted to increase the demand for children's books is the "Home