

persing—like the leaves of a fan—to take possession of all points of access to the huge palace area. The young Kaiser had lost not a moment in showing that he was an absolute and irresponsible king in his own castle. Before his mother had recovered from the first transports of her grief, the palace in which her idolized husband had just breathed his last, had been placed in a state of siege by her imperial and imperious son.

Both as German Emperor and King of Prussia, the young ruler received the homage of the nation's representatives, under circumstances of extraordinary magnificence. His words were, on the whole, satisfactory, but "his voice was harsh and jerky, while his delivery was more suggestive of a stern address to a battalion than a gracious allocution to a body of legislators."

A short time before the old Emperor's death, he had said to young Prince William: "Treat the Emperor of Russia with consideration, for that will only redound to our good." Nobody expected that before the young Kaiser was a month on the throne he would be off for St. Petersburg. Yet so it was. On the 18th of June, 1888, he had formed the central figure in what was one of the saddest pageants of funeral woe in modern times, and on the 19th of July he gaily steamed into Cronstadt as the smiling anticipant of all the official honours that were in store for him—the thundered welcome from fifty Russian ships of war, the gorgeous banquets and health-drinkings at Peterhof, and above all, the grand military parade at Krasnoe Telo.

Within a very short time he had visited Stockholm, Copenhagen, Vienna, Rome. At the latter city he proceeded from the Quirinal to the Vatican. After he had been closeted half an hour with the

Pope, his sailor-brother, Prince Henry, made his appearance in the ante-room. The Papal Chamberlain requested that he should wait until the two august potentates had completed their interview. But, no. Count Herbert Bismarck, who was in attendance, blurted out, "A Prussian Prince could never afford to hang about in an ante-room," and at once gave a sharp rap at the door of the papal closet.

"Un moment," pleaded a deprecating voice from within, but in vain. Prince Henry entered, and the interview abruptly ended.

Kaiser William had no idea of hiding the light of his royal prerogatives under a bushel. Culled from his speeches are the following passages: "This kingship, by the grace of God, expresses the fact that we Hohenzollerns accept our crown only from heaven, and are responsible to heaven for the performance of its duties." "There is only one master in this country, and I am he. I shall suffer no other beside me." "I see in the people and land which have descended to me a talent entrusted to me by God, which, as the Bible says, it is my duty to increase, and for which I shall one day have to give an account. I mean with all my strength to trade so with my talent that I hope I shall add many another to it. Those who will help me, be they who they will, I heartily welcome. Those who oppose me, I shall dash in pieces."

He was ready to emphasize these principles on all sorts of occasions. He sent his photograph to one of his ministers, Herr von Gossler, with "Sic volo, sic jubeo," ("This is my will and thus I command") written on the back of it. While in Munich he was asked to write something in the "Golden Book" of the city. He seized a pen and dashed off, "Suprema lex regis voluntas" ("The supreme law is