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THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

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Travel Notes. (FROM HELEN'S DIARY.)

Munich, Nov. 17, 1913.

The making of a king seems to be a very lengthy and complicated business in Bavaria. I thought it was all over when the notices on the street corners proclaimed the fact that the Prince Regent was King Ludwig III. But no! that was only the beginning. That was a week ago, and there has been something doing every day since. One day there seemed to be a military procession on every street,—the soldiers were marching to the different churches to take the oath of allegiance to the new king. Every day there was some sort of a glittering pageant, and a big curb-stone audience looking on. There was always a military escort and a band, and in the royal carriages the most gorgeously attired officials, decorated with medals, and puffed up with pride. The State coaches were drawn by beautiful horses, richly caparisoned.

Uncle Ned insists that the horses were the best part of the whole show.

The biggest procession was on Wednesday, when the king officially took his late residence, and went in grand military state to the Royal Palace, of which he took formal possession. On this day the entire route was guarded by a line of soldiers standing shoulder to shoulder. The asphalt road was sanded the entire length to prevent the horses from slipping.

As early as daybreak the streets were crowded with people hurrying to get place along the line of march. It was a horrid, cold, foggy day, but the crowd stood in shivering discomfort for hours, just to see about ten minutes of glittering military and royal display pass by.

I really think it is quite careless and inconsiderate of a man to become a king in November. Processions should always take place in warm weather when a person can stand around on the streets for hours without getting cold feet and chills. For the last week I have been climbing lamp-posts, hanging on to fences, sitting on cold, iron railings, and hanging around windy corners, daily, just to see something royal pass by. But after standing in a wheelbarrow with four other people for two hours last Wednesday, I firmly declared I would not go out to see another procession in Munich.

But the very next night there was a torchlight procession given by the University students, and I could not resist that. It was really the most interesting display given. Five thousand students gathered before the Royal Palace and sang college songs. Every student carried a huge torch. Afterwards they marched through the city—a procession of flame. The various student corps appeared in their uniforms, and looked as imposing as anything we had seen. Each corps was headed by its President, riding alone in a carriage. Three students on horseback, riding abreast, followed. After them marched the standard bearers, and then the students, two-by-two. Every student except these on horseback or in carriages, carried a flaming torch. Of course, there was music. There must have been about fifty bands in the procession, which took two hours to pass a given point.

It has been a gay week, and has resulted in a fine crop of colds and sore throats. The whole city is sneezing.

Ludwig III, of Bavaria, is to get an income of six million marks a year (\$1,428,000). But out of this huge income he is obliged to support certain public institutions. He pays the salaries of the opera singers in the Opera House, and makes up the deficit. He also keeps up the Hofbrauhaus (Royal Brewery). He also finances many other things.

Prince Ruprecht (the Crown Prince) will receive 208,000 marks a year (\$50,000), as much as the President of the United States.

The other two sons, and each of the seven daughters, will get 20,000 marks a year (a little less than \$5,000).

THE CAFES.

We have acquired the cafe habit. We have our afternoon tea in a new one almost every day. When in Germany, do as the Germans do. Habits are so catching—especially bad ones. The larger cafes all have fine orchestras, and give daily concerts afternoon and evening. People wander in at any time, take seats

at a table, order something to eat or drink, and stay there as long as they feel inclined. Newspapers and magazines are provided by the management. Everything is made as convenient and comfortable and attractive as possible—according to German taste. Americans would put in a few ventilators, and air the room once in a while, but the Germans don't seem to mind bad air. They

vailing odor. We looked into the Hofbrauhaus (Royal Brewery) one music night, and the smoke was so thick there that we couldn't see the ceiling in the big hall, and as for the musicians in the balcony—they looked as vague as shadows.

We were sitting in the Furstenhof Cafe the other afternoon drinking tea and munching cream puffs and listening to

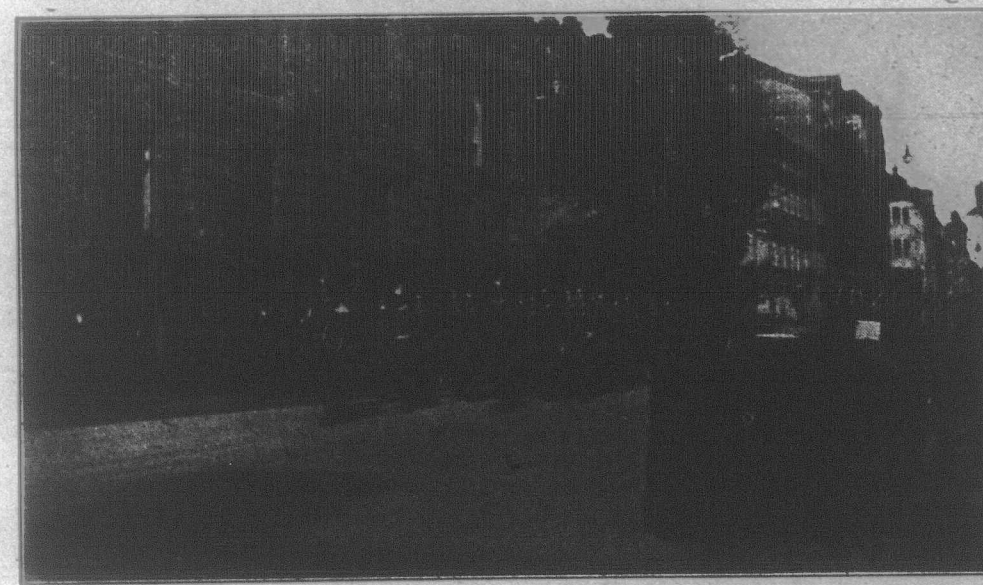


The Royal Coach in the Procession.

thrive on it. The thicker the smoke the better they seem to like it. The prices of the different things served are very low—as compared with American cafes. For thirty pfennigs (about seven cents) one can get a delicious cup of coffee or tea, and if they wish for something more substantial, can get anything in the way of bread or cake from five pfennigs up. Beer, of course, is the cheapest thing

selections from Lohengrin. The people were packed close together, and the air was bad enough to kill a cat.

"What I'd like to know," said Olivia, "is WHEN the German men ever do any business. The cafes are always full of them. No matter what hour of the day it is, the cafes are crowded. Imagine sauntering along the main streets of Boston at eleven a. m. and seeing thou-



An Everyday Scene in Munich.

served. The tables are so close together it is hard to squeeze between them, and the air sometimes so blue with tobacco smoke, it is like a thick fog. The smoking is not confined to the men by any means. Many women and girls smoke, but always cigarettes. Any person who can't stand tobacco smoke had better leave Germany at once. It is the pre-

sands of men loitering in cafe windows, reading or smoking or playing chess. Yes, I actually saw some men playing chess in the Odeon yesterday morning.

"Chess is a very intellectual game, you know," said Uncle Ned, "and the Germans are nothing if not intellectual. They say THEIR poets and philosophers and scientists lead the world."



Street Scene in Au.

"I don't believe it," snapped Olivia, who is a very patriotic young American. "I think they are a nation of egotists."

"Most nations are," said Uncle Ned dryly, "especially the American."

"And the German men," went on Olivia, quite ignoring his remark, "are the most unbearably conceited prigs I ever met in my life."

As a matter of fact, Olivia only knows two German men, but she is only nineteen, and has terribly decided views about everything. Changes them pretty often, too. It was only a day or two after this that she confided to me her opinion of Captain Lenbach, one of her admirers. She said she considered him by far the handsomest and most entertaining and fascinating man she had ever met. She always thinks that about the last one.

Olivia is travelling over here with her mother, who is a fussy, rheumatic widow. We all live in the same pension, and Aunt Julia and Olivia's mother have lovely times together exchanging their symptoms. They are considering now going to Wiesbaden to take the mineral baths there. I wouldn't be surprised if we had to pack up and start off there any minute. I wonder why it is that real nice people sometimes get so unbearably cranky. Now, Aunt Julia used to be—but I must not say anything.

THE AUER DULT.

We have been to the Auer Dult—a great semi-annual fair held in the suburbs of Au, which is one of the oldest parts of Munich—and looks its age. The houses are quaint old buildings, with high, steep roofs, windows about the size of a pocket handkerchief, and doors so narrow and low that I can't imagine how a beer-drinking Bavarian ever squeezes in or out of the house. Most of the houses are occupied by several families, and each family has the special privilege of decorating its own section in any color desired. The effect is decidedly bizarre, the color scheme being somewhat on the order of a gaudy rag mat. One house I noticed had the first floor painted yellow, with bright-green shutters; the second floor, pale blue, with dark-blue shutters, covered with brilliant floral decorations; and the third floor was brown. Many of the windows had window-boxes full of blooming flowers.

The streets of Au consist of narrow zigzag lanes and bridges—for there is as much water in Au as there is dry land. The water in the canals is a beautiful blue-green, just the same as the River Isar—and the current very swift. The quaint little toy houses rise straight up from the water's edge, just as the palaces do in Venice. The canals are sort of general wash-tubs and dump-heaps for the people of Au. Every house has a little wooden balcony projecting over the stream, where the women bring their washboards and do the family washing. Ashes, potato-peelings, and other household refuse, is pitched into the canal, but the water races along so swiftly that it looks quite unsullied.

The "Dult" (fair) is held on a big, open space, surrounding the Auer church, which is a queer-looking red-brick edifice, with a glaring roof of yellow, green, and blue tiles, suggestive of a cheap, linoleum rug. The church has a beautiful steeple of open stone work. Acres and acres of ground are covered with junk. Every old thing under the sun is sold there. Someone dubbed the Auer Dult "The Bavarian Junk Harvest," and that is an excellent name for it. One may buy there Egyptian or Roman bronzes, old lace, old furniture, old pictures, paintings, enamels, embroidered vestments, old clothes, opera glasses, cameras, books, and all kinds of antiquities. Sometimes the dealers are quite ignorant of the value of their articles, and exquisite things can be bought for a mere song. Uncle Ned, who is daffy on antiques, picked up a great bargain in candlesticks, which he has been gloating over ever since. When he bought them they were dirty and moldy, but when they were cleaned and polished, they turned out to be silver-plated on copper, and worth a lot of money. A Munich dealer offered him twenty times as much, as he gave for them, but he won't let them go. Collectors of antiques are always nosing around the Dult looking for snags. Many wealthy people put on common clothes and wander around there for hours, poking among the junk heaps.