

Pastry
(that)
Appeals



10

THE DOOM OF AN OUTLAWED MAN

The Daily Doings of the Ex-Kaiser at Count Bentinck's Castle — on a Shore of Unvisited Monotony

"Whatever the Kaiser may think will be history's verdict on his part in the war, no one knows better than he that for the rest of his human existence he must live the threatened life of an outlaw. A strong tide in the souls of men has borne him out of the ocean of great trafficking and cast him up as a piece of broken wreckage on a shore of unvisited monotony."

MR. HAROLD BEGBIE has been to Count Godard Bentinck's Castle at Amerongen, in Holland. He has talked with the host of the exiled Kaiser, and describes his daily round within the confined limits which he dare not leave.

"I am writing at an open window of my sitting-room in the Oranjestijn

Hotel. Spring has come suddenly. The sun shines with warmth and radiance; the air enters through my open window with softness and sweetness; the lime trees below me are full of noisy sparrows," says Mr. Begbie.

"I am conscious above everything else of Amerongen's indifference to the notorious man whose presence here has conferred upon it a world fame. This little village, like the sparrows in its lime trees, is too happy to bother its head about fallen kings and outlawed emperors. It has its domestic business to attend to, and clearly it is better to be free and cheerful, however poor, than a Kaiser who never puts his nose out of doors and must surely have something on his conscience which a man who believes in God would rather be without.

The Prisoner's Host

"Count Godard tells me that he was actuated by two motives in receiving the Kaiser; as a good citizen he felt he ought to obey the Dutch Government, and as one who humbly endeavours to be a

faithful Christian he felt he ought not to turn his back on a homeless stranger. Let me say that I believe him and honour him.

"I should like the reader to have a clear idea of the Kaiser's host, who most unwillingly has found himself forced into a position of notoriety. Count Godard is a widower, 61 years of age, who all his life has avoided politics, and in perfect contentment has lived the life of a country squire. In appearance he is a middle-sized, thick-set, well-preserved man, with prominent brown eyes, a broad, dark moustache, combed straight out to the ears, and a good-sized humorous chin. He is fastidious in the matter of linen, dresses with taste, and looks as if he would be at home in all the capitals of Europe.

"But this appearance is somewhat misleading. Count Godard is a man of the simplest mind. He is an unquestioning son of the Dutch Church, he has family prayers in his castle, and he earnestly believes the primitive dogmas of Christi-

anity. He is a man of genuine good nature, with a friendly voice, a most human eye, and charming manners.

The Fallen Emperor

"The glory of the fallen Emperor has diminished almost to the point of evanishment. His staff consists of three gentlemen—a general, an adjutant, and a doctor. The suite of the delicate Empress is reduced to one lady. . . . To-day he seldom goes out of doors, and when he does leave the house it is only for a brief walk round the inner moat.

"But it is quite untrue that he is a bowed and broken old man. You may see him on one of his occasional after-breakfast walks round the moat, dressed in plain clothes, with a cloak thrown over his shoulders, striding forward, his head up, his arms swinging, the whole body of the man still electric with that nervous energy which made him something of a whirlwind in former days. His eye keeps its fire, his lips their firmness, his voice its ring. But there are changes. His hair is white, the