

liners who flocked to the palace on hearing the cannon-thunder announcing the birth of the Prince.

"All's well, my children," sang out grim old Field-Marshal Wiangel. "It is as strapping a recruit as one could ever wish for."

Yet, no. For it turned out that the Prince had come into the world with a serious physical imperfection. His left arm was as good as useless.

While still in long clothes, his father showed him one day to a deputation of Berlin citizens. One of the gentlemen took out his watch and began to dangle it before the eyes of the baby, who immediately clutched the chronometer in his tiny fist and held it fast. "Aha," said the Crown Prince, "you see, gentlemen, when a Hohenzollern once gets hold of a thing, he doesn't let go so readily again."

There was plenty to stir the martial nature of the boy during the first eleven or twelve years of his life—and a Hohenzollern without a martial nature would scarcely have been a Hohenzollern at all.

First came the exciting scenes in Italy in 1860, which resulted in the precautionary mobilization of a part of the Prussian army, with the Crown Prince at the head of a division. Then the war with Denmark, the storming of the redoubts of Duppel, and the triumphant procession—with the 100 Danish guns—up the Linden, which little five-year-old "Willy" must have watched from one of the palace windows. Then the Austro-Prussian war, from which his father returned with tales of victory to tell his little eight-year-old son. And, finally, the wonderful panorama of the Franco-Prussian war in 1870, which passed before him in his twelfth year.

His mother resolved that her boy should have an English train-

ing, as far as a German prince could be allowed that privilege. So he was sent to a public school, the first of his race who had ever been allowed to go there. He had plenty of playmates, with a liberal number of foreigners, especially British and American. And he had plenty of out-door sports. He soon learned to row, to swim, to skate, to ride, to fence, to shoot. And he excelled in them all. His right arm acquired the strength and utility of two. Lord Ampthill used to say that to shake hands with the Prince was like being in the grip of Gotz von Berlichingen, of the Iron Hand. His American playmate, Mr. Poultney Bigelow, afterwards wrote of him: "After an experience of teaching many hundreds of English boys of the same age, I do not hesitate to say that a more gentlemanly, frank, and natural boy, or a more promising pupil than Prince William it has never been my lot to meet with."

Leaving the Gymnasium, or High School, at Cassels with a silver medal awarded him, as one of the "worthiest and most diligent students" of the year, he went to the University of Bonn. Here he was as good a student as he was a jovial member of the leading "beer-drinking and duelling club" or "corps" of the place. Speaking afterwards, in 1891, at Bonn, respecting these "corps," Kaiser William said: "It is my firm conviction that every youth who enters a corps will receive the true direction of his life from the spirit which prevails in them. I hope that as long as there are German corps-students, the spirit which is fostered in their corps will be preserved, and that you will always take delight in handling the duelling blade."

This was said notwithstanding the German law that duelling was