

THE BUILDING UP OF THE GERMAN ARMY.

Almost the first thing which strikes the foreigner in Germany, is the sight of numbers of women working in the fields, wielding the shovel and pitchfork, and even following the plough. The husband, meanwhile, is smoking his one-cent cigar (very good cigars they are, too; quite up to some of our five-centers), and drinking his schnapps at the expense of the Kaiser: a burden to his country, and of no use to anyone, least of all to himself. The Germans are very proud of their military system, and feel the greatest contempt for the English soldier whom they hold to be a mere mercenary. Whether the individual German altogether approves of being carried off himself, and made to serve his country for a couple of years, is a different question. But he takes it as a matter of course—something that must be provided for, in fact, merely an episode in his life, to which he was destined before he was born (unless he should happen to be a girl), so that compulsory service is no longer connected with corporals' guards, tearful mothers and hurried departures. From his earliest days he is accustomed to treat any form of uniform with respect, indeed, the reverence which the German nation has for brass buttons is best described by Jerome, when he says that if burglars wore uniform, the police would be instructed to assist them in every way, and to arrest anyone interfering with them in the pursuit of their calling.

The work of making soldiers begins early. As soon as the German boy enters the public school, or "gymnasium" as it is called, which he does at about the age of nine, he is instructed in the first principles of military drill. As a rule, two hours a week are prescribed for "Turnen," which is composed of military drill and gymnastic exercises. He is soon familiar with all forms of marching and wheeling, and by the end of his school course, he needs only the knowledge of the management of a rifle to make him a thoroughly well-drilled and well-trained soldier. When he reaches the lower half of the second form (the standard is the same in all German public schools), he goes up for his "Einfährige" examination. Those who pass this examination need only serve one year in the army, while all others must serve three. Thus a separation is effected between those who have the ability to distinguish themselves at college and otherwise, and those, who, not so fortunate, could better afford to spare two years from their studies. Needless to say, a great many of all classes are exempted from military service through physical unfitness. Everyone knows how the interests of the army are fostered at the universities, and the readers of THE REVIEW were treated in the last issue to a most interesting letter from Heidelberg, describing a duel between two students. These duels, it might be said, are highly approved of by the Emperor, who has spoken his mind several times upon the subject. However, it remains to be demonstrated whether skill with the sword will be of much practical use in modern warfare.

The German is intensely patriotic. His patriotism is very deep, but there is also a good deal of it on the surface. If we compared the number of people who know the second verse of "God save the Queen," with those who know "Die Wacht am Rhein" from beginning to end, to say nothing of "Deutschland Deutschland über alles" and "Heil dir im Siegerkranz," I am afraid the Germans would show to advantage.

But beside this there is a deep and true love for their country imbedded in the heart of every German. Though naturally peaceable, in the hour of necessity he can be relied upon to show himself a good soldier, even if that necessitates being a good Christian, and it is giving a man credit, for many sterling qualities, to say that he was "made in Germany." When we come to beat our Lee-Enfields into pruning-hooks, and our Gatlings into ploughshares, and universal arbitration takes the place of war,

then the millions that are annually spent on the German army can be devoted to a pension fund, on the United States' plan—fancy having to pension the sisters and cousins and aunts of those millions of soldiers! and the Kaiser will have to take to playing golf.

A LETTER.

It was just an ordinary room, a library such as one sees in hundreds of homes. Walls lined with books, a few good pictures and busts, plenty of big arm-chairs, and a large oak table in the centre. The bright winter sunlight was streaming through the large bay-window, and outside was a vista of long roads of crisp, sparkling snow, up and down which many bright-hued sleighs were flying, and the merry tinkle of their bells could be heard, now near, now in the distance. In the room were two people—a tall, handsome youth and a pretty girl.

"Do come," he said pleadingly, "you've no idea how splendid the sleighing is, I don't believe it will ever be so good again."

The girl looked meditatively out of the window. "I'd just love to go, Teddy," she said, "but I don't believe Jack would like me to."

"Oh, Jack!" in a tone of impatient scorn; then with a happy inspiration, "why there go Edith and Charlie!"

"So they do," assented Dot, gazing after them with interest. "D' you know, Teddy, I believe I'll go after all. I'll be ready in a second. Wait a minute, though, I haven't answered Jack's note yet. He will be so wild if he doesn't get an answer soon, and we can post it while we're out."

Hastily tearing a page from a pad, she scribbled a few lines, then, closing the envelope, she placed it upon the mantel, and, going upstairs to put on her hat, forgot all about it.

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A bachelor's den without doubt. The dust of many days had gathered on book-case and mantel shelf, while at a corner of the ceiling a fat, domestic spider tranquilly spun her ever-increasing web. A pair of shoes sat complacently on the mantel, surrounded by a hopeless melee of pipes and photographs. Seated upon a table that had seen better days was a short, rather pleasant-looking man, who was engaged in moodily kicking the legs of the unoffending piece of furniture, and glancing restlessly out of the window down the broad avenue. "Hang it all!" he muttered, "What the deuce keeps the postman so long? I rather expected a note from Dot yesterday, but I suppose she was busy. Dear little girl! How fond of me she is, and how happy we shall be some day!"

Suddenly his face brightened. The postman was coming up the walk. Jack flung himself off the table, and, concealing his excitement with an air of elaborate indifference, went down to meet him.

I. W. C.

MORALIZING.

I am one of these old-fashioned people, who has seen the inside of a college, and has been there for a little time, but not since things have begun to move so rapidly forward as they have of late years. And the other day in rubbing my pate and "thinkin'," as some Quaker duet has it,—(just imagine two Quakers singing a duet?)—some quotation from the Greek or Latin classics comes dimly—as though through a "London" fog to my mental view. I leave it to the "Treble fists" to quote chapter and verse, but it runs somehow thus, "There's somethin' always happenin' in our village."

Well, Diogenes, or whoever it was that made that remark was right. He understood human action and human nature. Now, I have a similar remark to make.