

THE WOMEN'S PAGE

WILL CARICATURES CURE THE KAISER'S CONCEIT?

His Germanic Majesty Is Said to Truly Enjoy the Travesties on His Personality

SOME men see no humor in their actions and take themselves so seriously that the atmosphere about their person is fairly frigid. The world in general takes the emperor of Germany, the renowned Kaiser Wilhelm, to be just such a human refrigerator, but from all evidences it is a rank injustice to the belligerent ruler, who sees as much fun in his whims as the rest of the world.

There are lots of people who can make fun of themselves more or less sincerely; this is no proof of sanity or mental balance, however. The man who demonstrates his sanity is the one who can laugh with genuine appreciation at the humor others see in him. A man calls himself a clown, a thief, a reprobate and what not; but let another call him the same, even in jest, and the sting rankles.

Every one is familiar with the Kaiser's self-appreciation. We all know that he apparently thinks there is no one like Willie. Again, every one is familiar with the frightful caricatures of him that appear in the papers of every nation on the face of the earth.

But no one would ever suspect that William himself is as gleeful over the distortions of his face and figure as any of his subjects or of alien jesters. The truth of the matter is, he likes to see them, he hunts them out, he even collects 'em.

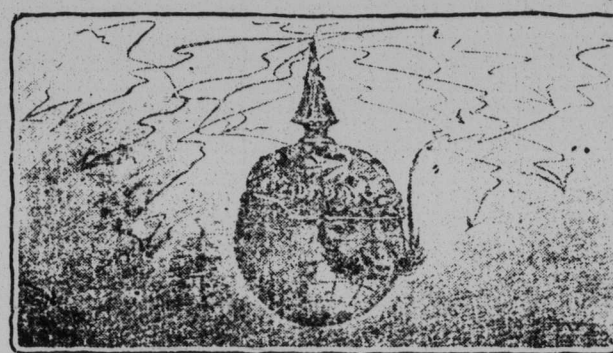
One would think that after he had looked over the thousands of caricatures of himself he would be the most embarrassed and hum-



A Recent Cartoon from Lustige Blätter, Berlin

ble man in the world; instead he relishes them. Maybe they will cure him of that ineffable self-conceit.

Certain it is that William has been much less rambunctious of late years than formerly. Maybe it's because the cartoonists have been "getting next" to him. For he says that, while he approves of honest criticism in caricature, he would quickly resent anything that tended simply to make a ruler ridiculous.



Not Marconigrammi Datt, Williamgrammi - From Fischietto, Turin



Admiral of Ocean and Air - From Lustige Blätter, Berlin

Germany was done by A. Durrer for Simplicissimus, and was published in Munich. It showed the emperor in naval uniform and a line of his battleships as a background. His whole bearing shows arrogance and self-importance. High shouldered and "chesty," he has the aspect of the most impossible type of tyrant. The picture is entitled simply "Him," which in itself is an effective caption. There are pictures showing him gagged, with the whole world rejoicing; showing him in the tomb, with Bismarck on top and Germania solemnly inscribing the epitaph. There are many harshly critical of his friendship with Edward VII. There are many more ridiculing his position as an arbiter of peace and amity.

One famous cartoon at the time of the Buelow controversy shows the stately form of the emperor, wrapped in a military cloak up to his eyes, standing on a waste plain with the chancellor, and he is saying as he indicates a coming storm, "The rehearsal must not be convened, the situation is too critical."

The cartoon from Kladderadatsch shows France at the Berlin art exhibition of the spring of 1913, saying that the "salon would, indeed, be charming if the painters of Berlin had had some participation in the artistic manifestation." William appears in all his guises here and with his usual assured bearing.

BLOW AT SELF-ESTEEM

The one entitled "William and Lieutenant Willy" is another blow at the emperor's supposed conceit. He is shown presenting a medal to himself, attired in the uniform of a British officer, and congratulating himself on his campaign against the Boers.

Lustige Blätter's cartoon showing him riding through the air in the costume of the navy as the master and solution of universal problems is another blow at his assumption.

Whatever extravagant or whimsical action the emperor takes is certain to be echoed in one of the German papers and yet the emperor laughs at them and persists in whatever he sees fit. It is certain, however, that he has a deeper purpose than the tickling of his fancy in collecting his caricatures. They probably act as a weather vane for his movements, and serve, moreover, to suppress whatever conceit can find harborage about the person of a clever man.

There is still another way to look at this matter. There are many people who would rather be spoken of with contempt, or ridicule or positive dislike than be totally ignored. Perhaps the Kaiser regards these cartoons as a means to advertisement. He may even be guilty of cultivating these awful mistakes for the sole purpose of facilitating caricature. So that the kingdom of Prussia may not be buried in a shadow of oblivion, the energetic Kaiser may consider it worth while to do his little "stunts" and attract journalistic attention.

Imagine, continuing the offices of king and public ad: it is like being the clown who performs on the outside of a sideshow as a sample of what may be found inside.

The Kaiser's enemies would probably say that the outside performance did little justice to the empire at large. At any rate, the Kaiser is probably the best-known monarch in Europe today, and largely through the criticism and satire to which his person has been subjected in and out of the empire.

Every time William gives a glimpse of some new idiosyncrasy the whole world is informed of it; every comic paper in Germany comes out with a display of grotesque cartoons. Foreign journals copy them, and the whole matter, if it is no more than a new aphorism, is more thoroughly advertised than the latest variety of shaving soap.

All the while the Kaiser is sagely delivering his dictum on the right and wrong of things and is secretly winking at his image in the mirror.

It takes a wise man to make a public clown of himself and at the same time maintain in his person the dignity of a monarch. What the world regards as William's conceit may be no more than the manner a man must assume who would advertise his nation with one hand through his personality and rule the same nation with the other.

There is little avail, however, in a long-distance analysis of a king's motives. The real point is that the Kaiser collects his cartoons and likes them. Why he does it and why he likes them can only be surmised. At all events, the Kaiser is not stupid, and the one who would pry into his motives must go deep.

Unbottling a Snake

A NATURALIST relates in a London paper his experience in taking a snake out of a bottle. He says: "One of the first poisonous snakes I ever possessed was brought to me in a brandy bottle, and after twisting and shaking and tapping it for an hour without avail I grew impatient. I saw the bottle had a cork, and I took it out. I saw the snake protruding about half an inch, so I seized it with my fingers, and rapidly sawing the box, through the other hand, had the reptile safely in my grip behind my death-dealing jaws, now discolored with anger."

"But the lid of my snake box was shut over, and I could not draw it back with one hand, so I was obliged to let him slip back into the bottle again."

"Having set the box all in order for the new-comer's reception, I once more essayed to lay hold of him by the tail, but now, most provokingly, no amount of maneuvering would bring that useful member to the top."

"Another half hour's unsuccessful angling converted my impatience into desperation, and at length, when I saw the snake protruding about two inches from the mouth of the bottle, I stuck my forefinger in recklessly to try to grasp it."

"This was hopeless, as I might have known; but I certainly did cool my spine a little when I discovered on attempting to withdraw it that my finger was jammed."

"I pulled, wrenched, twisted it with all my might, for the brute was raising its head and its flickering tongue was rapidly approaching the unhappy digit that involuntarily was thrust into the box."

"I gave a final tug, the violence of which nearly dislocated all my phalanges, but it was no use, and with a yell I raised the bottle high in the air, intending to smash it on the edge of my bunk."

"At the end of my finger, but as I flung my hand up the bottle slipped off and fell on the deck behind me, fortunately without breaking."

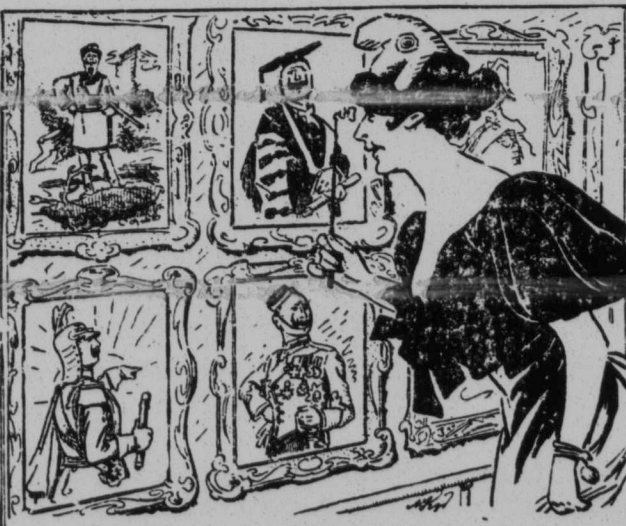
"By the time I picked it up the snake was half-way out, hissing furiously with rage and fright, and I had just time to thrust it into the box."

"If I had not been hurried I should probably have been able to extricate my finger with very little difficulty. It is of the utmost importance never to lose presence of mind when dealing with these things."

be done for the purpose of ridicule. That is self-evident, for to make a man ridiculous for no purpose is to hold him up to contempt, and I shall never be willing to believe that any German, under the pretext of caricaturing his sovereign, will have the bad taste to put him in a grotesque or shameful light, or will allow sentiments to appear in his work which are below the standards of a self-respecting man.

"SOVEREIGN NO LESS THAN A MAN"

"For being a sovereign is no less than being a man, and therefore the ruler ought to have the right of defending himself as all others do. If Louis XVI had never been represented as a pig, with bottles of wine in his hand, it is possible that he would never have mounted the scaffold. Caricatures have to be genuinely bitter and misleading to induce a people to do injustices, and then they are wrong, and should be rigorously suppressed as inimical to the wellbeing of the state. But then I think that, whether the ruler is a monarch or the president of a republic, criticisms should be given free course, for



France Surveying the Emperor's Portraits at a Berlin Exposition - From Kladderadatsch, Berlin

that is only a natural right. Privately, a man has the right to amuse himself with any sort of sketches which give him satisfaction. I am aware that the artists clubs in Munich preserve farcical histories of me in the form of series of sketches, but they are kept secret. When caricatures are published, I prefer light, and we have the right to look into their spirit and purpose.

If it gives the people of Germany any satisfaction to caricature their sovereign, I shall never interfere in any fashion whatsoever. As the king of Prussia I realize my duties, and the consoling feature of the sketches which appear is that they attack or betray the man rather than the ruler, the emperor of Germany.

And since these things are allowed to pass, I love to see them with a really good joke on myself rather than the same pictures devoid of all humor, like the bad paintings which garnish the walls of our galleries. These are disposed of to merchants, the revenue going to the town treasury.

Where the Widows Get the Best Herrings



A Fine Catch, Fit for Any Widow

Netting Herring at Pembroke, Mass.

IT PAYS to be a widow in Pembroke, Mass. At least in one respect it does.

For Pembroke, so far as known, is the only town in the country that grants a bounty to widows.

Partly to compensate for the loss of marital

joys and, possibly, the accompanying loss of income, the town allows each bereft woman 100 herrings a year.

As the town owns its own weirs, it is always able to make good in fine style. In addition to the "bounties," which are claimed yearly by about fifty

lucky or unlucky widows, as the case may be, each resident is allowed 200 fish during the "run," which begins early in April. But these are taxed 25 cents per 100.

AS THE weirs are town property, an ordinance providing that 10,000 herrings be taken from each season's catch and returned to the lake is rigidly observed. But whoever of the 850 residents of Pembroke and Hanson may find himself deprived of his share, the widows are certain of obtaining theirs.

Lively scenes are enacted as the residents rush to the brook where the fishing is done. Oftentimes as many as twenty-five and thirty are awaiting their turn, but no one can start in getting the herrings ahead of his number. John La Farge sees to it that everything is carried out according to the regulations.

The brook bears the name of Barker stream, after a family which settled there in the early part of the seventeenth century, within a stone's throw of the weirs.

Barker stream, or brook, as it has been called in latter years, flows into the North river at the Marshfield boundary, but the place where the old home-stand used to stand is the only one in its entire length where fishing is permitted.

From 40,000 to 60,000 herrings are taken from the brook every year, but the only fish sold of this number are the ones which are left by the householders who do not care to take their share of them. These are disposed of to merchants, the revenue going to the town treasury.

WHAT IS HIS POINT OF VIEW?

What sustains him in his attitude is the problem. Some say it is conceit—a blind, ignorant, unthinking conceit that does not know when it is ridiculous. But here is where the Kaiser proves himself more subtle than the world dreams or imagines. He does know when he is ridiculous, for he has made the ridicule of his person and his actions a study. It is a study which he relishes tremendously, moreover.

For years the German comic journals and those of all Europe have been printing caricatures of his actions. Some of them are frightful, some striking, sufficiently so to deride any man of assurance and courage for years to come. But William has collected them all and treasures them. He believes in them, and it would be difficult to say how much they have meant to him in the conduct of his affairs and the affairs of the empire.

They are the truest index of popular feeling, and William is clever enough to study the currents of popular feeling at all seasons. There is nothing which better tends to show a man how strong he is or how weak, where he is well fortified and where he is open to attack, than these very caricatures; and thus the German emperor has appreciated. If he were ever conceited, a perusal of the comic journals might teach him his folly so briefly and perceptibly that no conceit could stand against it.

The man who can pick up a hilarious cartoon of himself engaged in a pet work which the artists make ridiculous any point at all, himself—he may have assurance, he may be a gigantic "buffoon," but there is no stupid conceit in his system.

Several years ago a book was published in Germany which showed William in a most distressful light in its illustrations. An afflicted magistrate attempted to have the book suppressed and the copies confiscated. The emperor himself intervened and said perceptibly, "That book must not be suppressed."

He calls the collection of caricatures which he possesses "My Gallery of Caricatures," and his only criticism is that the artists do not seem to be able to catch the characteristic cast of his features in any of their works. They draw the mustache and the helmet, and seem to think that any species of features will pass if placed in the setting of his warlike whiskers. He says that the artists who make themselves so free with your face and figure should at least be made to work a little resemblance into their caricatures, so that the does not have his features altered by the label attached.

He says, when treating these cartoons in a more serious vein, that he believes a people should have the liberty of criticizing and pointing out the flaws in a man or an institution quite freely, so long as their work is not of a purely malicious nature. He says that the artist endures unjust disrespect, however, he thinks that the man in public life has a right to demand as much protection as the private citizen, and should not be exposed to an unreasonable attack and degradation—all of which sounds quite reasonable and sane.

"The sketches of a ruler," says he, "or of any other eminent person, which are put before the public ought to tell something forcefully, if they are caricature, and not