

Then The Word—Now The Deed.

Memory of student days in Germany is keenly vivid in these days when that which was then merely the word has become the deed. Then were there boastings of dire things for all who should dare to impede the development and progress of Deutsche Kultur. And now—but then my story would not be told

In June 1909 I disembarked at Leipzig with but a reading acquaintance of German, and a fund of curiosity to learn, which in itself was compensating. After various hair-breadth experiences of a tongue tied variety (for I spoke not the lingo as yet) I found myself most comfortably ensconced in a students "pension" in the Studentviertel, where none spoke English. Mine host, a portly old retired Saxon beerbrewer, and his equally rotund frau, received me most kindly, and for the next year and a half I had many occasions to be grateful to them for many courtesies.

Then, an Amerikaner was most welcome and little if any distinction was drawn between Canadian and American; all were simply Amerikaner. The Engländer fared otherwise—for there was even then the instinctive dislike of one who represented his race. The French, Russian, and other students were tolerated in good form

For a long time I was the only "Ausländer" in our pension; so that under the stress of need I acquired a generous knowledge of the language in a comparatively short time. Many evenings were spent at the hospitable fireside of mine host, who had a thirst and a genius for imparting information on any subject from hops to "high life." He had hit some high spots himself in days gone by, so he told me, poor chap! Once he had been monarch of a "bierbrauerei" (proud fellow), but the bottom fell out!!

And once he had been chosen "folks-vorsteller"—the people's representative to vote for the man who ultimately might sit in the Reichstag. Imagine the honour of that! Yet this likewise lost it's bottom. Now he was the sole possessor of dreams.

My German improved apace, and soon I found myself entangled in the thrust and cut of good natured banter that passes over the students table. We were often sixteen together—men from all parts of Germany, studying in various departments—the law, medicine, chemistry, engineering, agriculture, etc. Some were in uniform, the privileged "einjähriger" who is able to pay his military expenses and so escapes with but one year of service. Others had already served and it was easy to identify them by the mark of the machine we now know

"Ach! the Zeppelin!! Imagine a whole fleet of them over London!" and the face of Skideebump beamed in contemplation thereof. "Donnerwetter, that would be some sight!" added young Noodlepickle with an upward caress of his very young moustache. Such was often the topic of talk over coffee and cigarettes.