THE STORY OF MARTIN AVEDEITCH

By Tolstoy

There lived i na town a cobbdler named Martin Avedeitch. He live in a small room half sunk below the level of the street, with one window which opened on the street. From this window he watched the passers-by, and although he could only see their feet, Martin could recognize acquaintances by their boots. He had lived in the same room many years, and he knew many people.

There are hardly a pair of boots in the neighborhood that had not passed once or twice through his hands. Some he re-soled, some he patched or mended, others he put new toes to. Often through the window he could see his handiwork. He had plenty of work because he sewed well, used good leather, was moderate in his prices, and kept his word. If he could finish the work by the day fixed he would undertake it; if not, he would say so frankly, and never try to deceive. And every one knew him, and he was never short of work.

Martin had always been a good man, but as he approached old age, he began to think more about his soul, and drew nearer to God. While he was still an apprentice his wife died, leaving him one boy, three years old. None of the other children had lived; they had all died in infancy. At first Martin wanted to send his son to live with his sister in the country, but afterwards he felt sorry for the child. 'It would be hard for my little Kapiton to grow up in a strange family," he thought; "I will keep him with me."

Martin left his master and went to live in the little room with his child. But it seemed that he was to have no happiness with his children. Just as the boy had grown old enough to begin to help his father, to whom he was the delight of life, he fell ill, lay burning with fever for a week, and died. Martin buried his son, and his heart was filled with despair. He despaired so great that he upbraided God. Such misery overwhelmed him that he prayed for death, and reproached God for not taking him, an old man, rather than his only beloved son. And Martin ceased to go to church.

One day an old man from Martin's old village came to see him. He had been absent for eight years, and Martin told him about his life, and complained bitterly of his sorrow.

"I have no longer any wish to live, man of God," said the cobbler. "My only desire is to die quickly. That is the only thing I pray for. I am a man without hope now."

"You don't speak well, Martin," said the old man. "We must not judge God's ways. Not by our understanding, but by God's judgment, God ordained that you should live. Therefore, it must be better thus. If you despair, it is only because you want to live for your own happiness."

"And what else should I live for?" Martin asked.

"You should live for God, Martin," said the old man. "He gives you life, and you must live for Him. When you live for God you will cease to grieve over anything, and all will seem easy to you."

Martin was silent for a while.

"How must one live for God?" he asked.

The old man said: "Christ taught us how to live for God. Can you read? Then buy the Gospels and read them and then you will learn how to live for God. It is all explained there."

The words fell into Martin's heart. He went the same day and bought the Gospels in large print, and began to read.

At first he intended only to read on holidays; but when he began the words made him feel so happy that he got into the habit of reading every day. Sometimes he would become so absorbed that all the oil in the lamp would burn out, and still he could not tear himself away from the book. And so he began to read every evening, and the more he read the better he understood what God required of him and how he should live for God and the more and more happy and contented he became. Formerly, when he went to bed, he used to lie sighing and moaning and thinking of his little Kapiton; now he only said, "Glory to God, glory to God! Thy will be done!"

From that time Martin's whole life was changed. Formerly on holidays he used to go to the inn and drink tea, and sometimes he would not refuse a glass of brandy, either. He would drink with a friend, and although he was never drunk, he would get rather the worse for liquor, and talk foolishly, and quarrel and dispute with the people.

Now all this went from him and his life became peaceful and contented. In the morning he would sit down to work, and when working time was over he would take the lamp from its hook, place it on the table, get the book from the shelf, and open it and settle down to his reading. The more he read, the better he understood, and the more serene and cheerful he became.

One day Martin sat reading late into the night. He was reading the sixth chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, and he came to the verse: 'And unto him that smiteth thee on the one cheek offer also the other and him that taketh away thy cloak, forbid not to take thy coat also. Give to every man that taketh of thee, and to him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again. And as ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also to them likewise.'

He read the verses where Jesus says: 'Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say? Whosoever cometh unto Me, and heareth My sayings, and doeth them, I will show you to whom he is like. He is like a man that built a house, and digged deep, and laid the foundation on a rock; and when the flood arose, the stream beat vehemently upon that house and could not shake it, for it was founded upon a rock. But he that heareth and doeth not, is like a man that without a foundation built a house upon the sand, against which the stream did beat vehemently and immediately it fell; and the ruin of that house was great.'

Martin read these worls, and his soul was glad. He took off his spectacles, laid them upon the book, leaned his elbows upon the table and fell into deep thought, weighing his own life by the words he had just read.

"How is my house built—upon a rock or on the sand?" he thought. 'If it is on the rock, it is well. But though it seems as though you have done everything God commands, yet the moment you forget, you fall into sin again. Still, I will try on. I feel so happy. Help me, Lord!"

He sat thinking till it was long past his bedtime, yet he could not leave the book. He began the seventh chapter. He read about the centurion and the widow's son, and about the answer to John's disciples, and came to the story of the rich Pharisee who invited Christ to his house. He read how the woman who was a sinner anointed His feet and washed them with her tears and how He forgave her. He came to the forty-fourth verse, and read:

"And he turned to the woman, and said to Simon, Seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, thou gavest Me no water for My feet; but she hath washed My feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest Me no kiss, but this woman, since the time I came in hath not ceased to kiss My feet. My head with oil thou didst anoint; but this woman hath anointed My feet with ointment."

"Thou gavest Me no water for My feet," Martin repeated; 'thou gavest Me no kiss; My head with oil thou anointest not." And he took off his spectacles, laid them on the book and again was lost in thought.

"Just such a Pharisee I am! Like me, he only thought of himself—how to drink tea and lie warm and comfortable, but never thinking about his guest. Himself he cared for, but he had no care for his guest. And the guest was the Lord Himself. If He came to visit me, should I do the same?"

Martin rested his head on both hands, and unknown to himself he fell asleep.

Suddenly something seemed to breathe into his ear. "Martin," it whispered.

Martin started up from his sleep. "Who is there?" he asked. He turned round and looked at the door—no one was there. Again he dozed off. Suddenly he heard quite distinctly: "Martin! Martin! look into the street tomorrow! I will come."

Martin awoke again, rose from his chair, and rubbed his eyes, but could not be certain whether he had really heard the words or only dreamed them. So he put out the lamp and went to bed.

The next morning he rose before daylight, prayed to God, lighted the stove, prepared the cabbage soup and buckwheat gruel, put the water in the tea urn (samovar) and set it to boil, put on his apron and sat down at the window to work.

And all the time he worked, his thoughts dwelt on what had happened in the night. He thought and thought, and could not be sure whether he had only dreamed of the voice, or whether he had really heard it.

"Such things have happened," he said to himself.

Thus he sat at the window, thinking, and all that day he looked out into the street more than he worked, and whenever anybody went by in unfamiliar boots he would bend down and stare up through the window, to see the face as well as the feet.

The house porter (dvornik) passed by, in new felt boots; then the water carrier, then an old soldier of the time of Nicholas I., shod in old patched felt boots and carrying a spade. His name was Stephen, and he lived with a neighboring merchant, who gave him a home out of charity. His occupation consisted in helping the house porter. He began to clear away the snow before Martin's window. Martin looked up at him and went on with his work.

"I am growing crazy in my old age," he thought. "Stephen is clearing the snow away, and I imagine that Christ is coming to me. Old dotard that I am"

He made a few stitches more and then he felt a desire to see Stephen again. He looked out and saw that Stephen had leaned the spade against the wall, and was resting, and trying to warm himself. He was very old and worn out, and seemed to have no strength, even to shovel the snow.

"I think I will offer him some tea," thought Martin; "and, by the way, the samovar is just boiling over." He stuck the awl into his work, rose, placed the samovar on the table, made the tea and tapped at the window. Stephen turned round and came to the window. Martin beckoned to him, and went to open the door. "Come in and warm yourself," he said; "you must be frozen."

"God bless you," said Stephen. "It is true that my bones are aching." He came, shook off the snow, and wiped his feet not to dirty the floor; but he was so weak that he tottered in doing it.

"Don't trouble to wipe your feet," said Martin. "I'll clean up the floor. That's my business. You sit down and have some tea.

Martin poured out two glasses of tea, and gave one to his guest; his own he poured into the saucer and blew on it.

Stephen finished his glass, turned it upside down, put the remains of the lump of sugar on top, and began to thank Martin. But it was clear he wanted more.

"Have another glass," said Martin, pouring out two more glasses. As he drank he glanced again and again towards the window.

"Are you expecting anyone?" said his guest.

"Well, I am ashamed even to say whom I expect. And I can't say that I am really expecting anyone, but a word has fallen into my heart. Whether it was a vision or whether I really heard it, I cannot say. You see how it was, brother, last night I was reading the Gospel about Jesus Christ, the little Father, how He lived among men and how He suffered. You have heard about it, I suppose.'

"Yes, I have heard," said Stephen; "but I am an ignorant man. I can't read."

"Well, you see, I was reading about him and about how he lived on earth. And I read about how he came to the Pharisee, and how the Pharisee didn't give Him any welcome. And as I was reading, I thought to myself, "How could this man receive Christ, the little Father, so badly? If I thought such a thing could possibly happen to me, why, I shouldn't know how to do enough welcome to Him. But the Pharisee did nothing for Him.

"Well, little brother, as I was thinking, I fell asleep, and while I dozed I heard someone call my name. I started up, and it seemed to me I heard a voice whispering, 'Expect Me; I will come tomorrow. Twice it whispered. And, would you believe, these words so fell into my heart that, although I scold myself for it, still I cannot help expecting Him."

Stephen shook his head, but said nothing. He finished his glass and laid it on its side, but Martin stood it up and filled it again.

"Drink to your heart's content. You see, I have been thinking that when the little Father lived among us men He didn't despise any. He preached mostly to simple folk, He walked mostly with the poor, and He picked out His disciples out of our brothers, sinners like ourselves, working men. Says he: "He who exalts himself shall be abased, and he who abases himself shall be exalted."

"You call me Lord,' says He, 'but,' says He, 'I will wash your feet. He who would be the first,' says He, 'let him be the servant of all, because,' says He, 'blessed are poor, the humble, the meek and the merciful.'"

Stephen had forgotten his tea. He was an old man, easily moved to tears, and sitting there, listening, the tears rolled down his face.

"Well, have some more," said Martin, "Come again; I am always glad to have a guest." Stephen departed, and Martin poured out the remaining tea, drank it, put away the dishes, and sat down near the window to work. And as he stitched, he glanced again and again at the window—waiting for Christ and thinking of His works, and his heart was full of the sayings of Christ.

Two soldiers went by, one wearing government boots and the other his own; then came the master of the next house in shining goloshes; then the baker with his basket. They all passed by, and then came a woman in woollen stockings and country-made shoes.

She also went by, but stopped near the window. Martin looked up through the window and saw that she was a stranger, poorly dressed and carrying a baby. She was standing by the wall with her back to the wind, trying to cover it. Her clothes were only fit for the summer, and poor and old.

And through the window, Martin could hear the baby crying and the woman trying to comfort it, but the child could not be comforted. Martin arose, opened the door and called out: 'Hey, my good woman, hey!' The woman heard him and turned round. 'What do you stand there in the cold for, with the child. Come in here. You can comfort him better in the warmth. Come in here."

The woman was surprised at the words, but seeing an old, old man with apron and spectacles calling her into a house, she followed him.

They went down the steps and entered the little room. Martin led the woman to his bed. "There," he said, "sit down there closer to the stove. Warm yourself and feed the baby!"

"I have no milk," said the woman; I have not eaten since this morning," Still she laid the child to her breast.

Martin shook his head, went to the table, brought a basin and the loaf, opened the oven door and poured some cabbage soup into the basin. Then he went to the pot with the gruel, but it was not ready yet, so he put the soup on to the table by itself. Then he cut some bread, and took a cloth from the hook and spread it on the table.

"Sit down," he said, "and eat; I will mind the little one. I have had children of my own, so I know how to manage them."

The woman crossed herself, sat down at the table and began to eat, while Martin sat on the bed near the baby. He tried to smack his lips to the child, but, as he had no teeth, he could not manage it very well, and the child went on crying.

Then Martin tried to amuse him by poking him with his finger. He would shake his finger at the child, and thrust it right up to his mouth, and then snatch it away again quickly. He was afraid to let the child suck his finger, because it was black with wax. The child stared and stared at the finger till at last he stopped crying, and then began to laugh. Martin was delighted.

Meanwhile the woman was eating, and then she began to tell Martin who she was and where she was going.

"I am a soldier's wife," she said; "they sent my husband far away somewhere eight months ago, and I have heard nothing of him since. I was in service as a cook, but then the baby came and they would not let me stay with a child. So I have been struggling to live for three months without a place and I have sold everything I had for food. I wanted to go as a wet nurse, but nobody would take me; they said I was too thin.

"Now, I have just been to a merchant's wife where a woman from my village is in service, and she has promised to take me. I thought she would let me come at once, but she tells me I am not to come before next week. She lives a long way off, and I have quite worn myself out and the dear little one too. I am thankful that the mistress of our lodging pities us and keeps us there for nothing for Christ's sake, otherwise I don't know how we should live."

Martin sighed. "Haven't you got any warm clothing, at any rate?" he said.

"How could I have any, little father. Yesterday I pawned my last shawl, for twenty kopecks (fivepence)."

Then the woman walked to the bed and took the child. Martin arose, went to the cupboard, rummaged about it, and brought out an old jacket.

"There," he said, "it's not very good, but still it will do to wrap up a little."

The woman looked at the jacket and then at Martin, then she took the jacket, and burst into tears. Martin turned away and dived under the bed again; pulled out a little box, rummaged about in it for some time, and then came and sat down opposite the woman again.

"God bless you, little father," said the woman. "It is Christ that must have sent me under your window. The child would have frozen. When I went out it was quite mild, but now it is freezing hard. Surely it must have been Christ that bid you look out of the window, little father, and to pity me, poor miserable."

Martin smiled and said: "Yes, he did tell me. I wasn't looking out of the window without a reason."

And he told the woman his dream, and how he heard the voice promise that Christ would visit him today.

"Everything may happen," said the woman, and she rose and put on the jacket, wrapped the child in it also, and again thanked Martin with all her heart.

"Take this for Christ's sake," said Martin, and he gave her twenty kopecks. "Now go and get your shawl." Then they both crossed themselves, and Martin opened the door and the woman went out.

When she was gone Martin finished the soup, put the things away, and sat down again to work. But as he worked he never forgot to keep a watch on the window; immediately a shadow darkened it he would look up to see who it was. Strangers, and people he knew, went by, but no one of importance.

At last an old apple woman stopped just in front of his window. She was carrying a basket of apples, of which she had sold almost all, and but few remained. Over her shoulder she held a sack of chips, which she had probably gathered at some new buildings, and was now taking home. The sack had evidently tired her, for she stopped to shift it to the other shoulder. She put the apple basket on a bench, dropped the sack on the footpath, and began to shake the chips together.

While she was doing this, a lad in a ragged cap rushed up to the basket, seized an apple, and made off as fast as he could. The old woman saw him, turned round, and caught him by the sleeve. The boy struggled to get free but the woman held fast with his hands, and at least she knocked off his cap and caught him by the hair. The boy screamed and the woman scolded.

Martin did not even wait to stick his awl into the table; he threw everything on the floor, ran out and stumbled up the steps, dropping his spectacles as he did so. When he got into the street, the old woman was boxing the boy's ears and swearing and threatening to give him to a policeman, and the boy was struggling and screaming. "I didn't take it. What are you hitting me for? Let me go!"

Martin ran in between and separated them; then he took the boy by the hand and cried, "Let him go, little mother; forgive him for Christ's sake."

"I'll forgive him so that he won't forget it till next spring! I'll take him to the police, the rascal!"

Martin tried again to pacify the old woman.

"Let him go, little mother; he won't do it again. Let him go for Christ's sake."

The old woman let go; the boy tried to run away, but Martin held him fast.

"Ask the little mother's pardon," he said, "and don't do it again. I saw you take it."

The boy began to cry, and asked the old woman's pardon.

"That's all right. And now here's an apple for you. Take it," and Martin took an apple from the basket and gave it to the boy. "I'll pay you, little mother," he said to the woman.

"You'll spoil him like that, the rascal," said the woman. "He ought to be rewarded so that he couldn't sit down for a week."

"Ah, ah, little mother," said Martin, "that may be right in your eyes, but in God's sight it is not right. If he must be thrashed for taking an apple, what must be done to us for our sins?"

The old woman was silent.

And Martin told her the parable about the king who pardoned one who owed him a large sum, and how the debtor then went and persecuted a man who owed him a little sum. The woman listened, and the boy also stood still and listened.

"God bids us forgive," said the old cobbler, "else we should not be forgiven. Every one must be pardoned, and especially children, who have no understanding." The old woman shook her head and sighed.

"Yes," she said, "that is all very well, but *they've* **got** dreadfully spoilt."

"Then it is for us old people to teach them better," said Martin.

"That is what I say," answered the old woman. "I had seven children, but only one daughter's left now." And she began to tell him how she lived with her daughter, and how many grandchildren she had. "I have very little strength left now, but still I toil on. I am fond of the children, too. No one loves me as much as they do. Annie will not leave me when I am at home. It is always "grandmother," "dear grandmother," "darling grannie," "—and the old woman was quite overcome.

"Of course, she said, looking at the boy, "he is only a child, God bless him."

She tried to lift the sack to her shoulder, but the boy ran up and said:

"Let me carry it, little mother; I am going your way."

The old woman shook her head, and let him take the sack.

They went down the street together, and the woman even forgot to ask Martin to pay for the apple. Martin stood gazing at them for a long time, and listening as they went along talking to each other.

When they were quite out of sight, he went indoors, found his spectacles on the steps, where they lay unbroken, picked up his awl, and again sat down to work. But soon it grew dark, and he could no longer put the thread into the holes; then he saw the lamplighter pass by to light the lamps in the street, and he thought, "I suppose it must be time to light up."

So he trimmed the lamp, hung it up, and continued his work.

Presently he finished the boot he had been sewing. He turned it round, looked at it, and saw that it was well done. So he put away the tools, swept up the clippings, gathered together his threads and awls and leather, took down the lamp and placed it on the table.

Then he took the Gospels from the shelf and tried to open them at the place he had marked the evening before with a strap of leather, but they opened at another place. Then Martin suddenly remembered his dream of the night before, and he had hardly recollected it when he seemed to hear a noise behind him, footsteps in the room. He turned and looked. In the dark corner people seemed to be standing—dim forms he could hardly make out.

And a voice whispered in his ear, "Martin, Martin! Don't you know me?"

"Who is it?" said Martin.

"It is I," said the voice.

And the form of Stephen came out from the dark corner, smiled, and vanished like a cloud; and there was no one there.

"And this is I," said the voice again. And the old woman and the boy appeared, smiled and vanished.

Martin's soul was filled with gladness. He crossed himself, put on his spectacles, and began to read just where the book had opened. At the beginning of the page he read:

"I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in."

And at the bottom of the page he read:

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

And Martin understood that his dream had not deceived him, that Christ had indeed come to him that day, and that he had indeed welcomed him.

Emperor Big Success as "Captain of Industry"

"If fortune had not made the Kaiser a ruler he could have achieved great success in life as a man of business." That is an assertion that often has been made by hard-headed leaders of commerce in Berlin, but considering that the speakers were Germans it might have been suspected that excess of loyalty had something to do with the warmth of their admiration for the Kaiser as a "captain of industry."

But Andrew Carnegie and the other American millionaires who recently have been visiting Germany have no such reason for "soft soaping" his majesty Wilhelm II and there is little doubt that the marked tributes to the Kaiser's efficiency as a practical business man which have just been paid by these authorities on the subject were altogether spontaneous and sincere. As the cables told, Mr. Carnegie and his associates recenty were given an opportunity of inspecting the great porcelain factory and farms at Cadinen, in East Prussia, which are owned and personally managed by the Kaiser, and as a result one and all expressed themselves as deeply impressed by his majesty's evident genius for practical business and his abilities as a scientific agriculturist. It may be added, moreover, that these compliments are abundantly deserved by the versatile monarch whose efforts in behalf of German product have led him to be described as the "finest commercial traveler in the world," and whose advocacy of "the dignity of trade" has had so marked an effect on the younger members of Germany's reigning families.

The origin of the imperial pottery works and farms at Cadinen is highly interesting and throws light upon the versatility of the Kaiser's character. Some years ago, after he had gained public honors as a ruler, diplomatist, administrator, orator, military organizer, naval reformer, musical composer, artist, preacher, yachtsman, designer of warships and in other capacities too numerous to mention, the Kaiser conceived the idea of turning his attention to manufacturing and trade. He branched out in this direction partly to show that he could gain success as a plain, practical trader and partly because he felt that personal experience as a proprietor of manufacturing works would give him a better insight into many problems of modern statesmanship, such as the relations of capital to labor, legislation with a view to commercial interests, and so forth.

The Kaiser chose Cadinen as the site of his business enterprise and there he erected model factories where exquisite specimens of pottery are now produced in large quantities. William II did not hold aloof from the practical details of the business, but plunged eagerly with all his wonderful enthusiasm into the work of making his enterprise a striking success. Engaging a professional expert as his adviser in regard to technical points, the emperor retained the actual management of the concern in his own hands from the beginning. He engaged the members of the business staff, selected the accountants, chose the clerks, and even picked out the workmen of whom he personally approved. He gave orders what kinds of pottery were to be made and in many cases altered the designs submitted to him with his own hands.

Owing to his initiation into all the departments of the enterprise at the outset, the kaiser has been able to retain the practical management of the works in his hands ever since their foundation. This fact was rather strikingly demonstrated to the party of American capitalists during their visit to Cadinen, autograph letters of instruction from the emperor to various heads of departments being shown to them to illustrate his majesty's personal supervision over the many branches of his business.

To facilitate his control over affairs the Kaiser erected a residence for himself alongside of the works at Cadinen. This building, where the American party was entertained at luncheon, is a simple villa, and here the Kaiser delights to sojourn as an employer superintending the operations of his factory hands. The Kaiser has been able to solve the difficult problem of being a humanitarian employer and at the same time to earning substantial profits at his business. His workmen live in neat little cottages built for them by their imperial master, which they are enabled to occupy at low rents. Each cottage has a garden and is constructed on the most approved sanitary methods. Every workman receives an old-age pension from the time at which he becomes through accident or ill health incapable of working. The widows and orphans of the workmen are provided for on the same generous scale, all the funds required for these purposes being taken from the profits of the business. The workmen are thus made to feel that they have a direct interest in the concern, so that they on their side do their utmost to turn out the best possible products.

They work only seven hours a day from Monday to Friday, three hours on Saturday, and not at all on Sunday. Various local clubs, founded under the direction of the emperor, provide for their sports and pastimes in the summer and for indoor amusements, such as lectures and dances, in the winter. A free library, likewise maintained from the profits of the pottery works, provides for the employees' intellectual needs. The Kaiser himself built up these institutions one by one in his successful endeavor to make his industrial establishment a model to be imitated by benevolent employers throughout the country. In this direction, according to the Kaiser's conviction, lies the solution of the problems of capital and labor. When employers reveal more humane tendencies and when amicable relations exist between them and their employees the intense rivalry between capital and labor will (the Kaiser believes) disappear and give way to a sort of ideal friendship. He has brought about this state of affairs at Cadinen, but then he admits himself that he undertook the task with everything in his favor, whereas business enterprises founded solely to make the biggest profits possible must necessarily pursue other methods. Nevertheless the Kaiser has frequently expressed the hope that German employers of labor will recognize that in the imitation of his own methods of management at Cadinen lies the most effective means of checking the alarming growth of Socialism.

When the Kaiser is in residence at Cadinen, which takes place during about eight weeks of each year, he appears at the works at 6 o'clock in the morning and greets his men with a cheery: "Good morning workmen." The men respond in chorus with: "Good morning, your majesty." The Kaiser proceeds to make a tour of inspection, watching the men at their work, looking into the technical details of machinery utilized for varous auxiliary purposes, and checking the account books in the commercial department. This process is repeated day by day and the Kaiser gets into close touch with the heads of departments by inviting them to lunch and dinner at his villa. When the Kaiser is absent from Cadinen, a weekly report is sent to him and the acting manager, his own deputy, visits him once a month to tell by word of mouth how business is prospering.

On his farms at Cadinen the Kaiser grows wheat, rears cattle and breeds swine with conspicuous success. Thus the Kaiser combines in his person and in his property the two forces of agriculture and industry, which in Germany are hostile to one another, each striving to derive the greater advantages from the country's protective tariffs. The Empress invariably accompanies the Kaiser to Cadinen and plays the part of a middle-class housewife to perfection. She enjoys keeping house in the simple villa where none of the ceremonies of the court are observed. She dusts the rooms in the morning, assists the cook in the kitchen, making the Kaiser's favorite dishes with her own royal hands, and in the little yard to the rear of her house she feeds the chickens and supervises the milking of the cows. In the afternoon she visits the wives of her husband's workmen, devoting especial attention to the sick and the aged. Here at Cadinen the Empress is Lady Bountiful and she has often declared that she would enjoy life more if her husband could abandon his more onerous occupation as ruling monarch in order to devote himself exclusively to his business interests.

The Kaiser has made use of his works at Cadinen to bring the Crown Prince and his other sons into close touch with the realities of industrial life of which they could learn nothing in their ordinary career at court. At Cadinen the Crown Prince has also learned the lessons of a practical man of business, which will be useful to him when his turn comes to rule over Germany.

Soon after the Kaiser had organized the works at Cadinen he began to turn his attention to the distribution as well as to the production of his wares. Accordingly he established a shop in the Leipziger strasse, the busiest street in Berlin, where the wares manufactured at his works at Cadinen are sold. Thus the Kaiser became a shopkeeper, and, moreover, he trades under his own family name of Hohenzollern. The Kaiser threw himself into the work of organizing his shop with the same youthful enthusiasm which characterizes all his activity. The Hohenzollern store fills a whole house of four stories and is a great success. The Kaiser has not yet brought himself to the point of serving behind the counter, but he has been extremely energetic in pushing the interests of his shop as commercial traveler. Sometimes at court festivals, when he espies a wealthy man, he approaches him and solicits orders for the Hohenzollern store. When the orders are given, the Kaiser extracts a gold pencil from his pocket and after the manner of commercial travelers, jots down the particulars on his snow white cuffs. When he goes yachting along the coast of Scandinavia in the summer the Kaiser never forgets his shops and canvasses for orders with the same commercial zeal. Even when he visits foreign courts he frequently seizes the opportunity to solicit orders from his fellow royalties, who are vastly amused by his business enterprise. The Kaiser experiences unbounded delight over his success in this capacity and he estimates that he could earn a very substantial income in the shape of commissions obtained for the Hohenzollern store if he were its employee instead of its proprietor.

The total amount of capital invested in the Kaiser's works at Cadinen and the Hohenzollern store in Berlin is given as $500,000. The average annual profits during the last three years amounted to $46,000; that is a fraction more than 9 per cent on the invested capital. Considering that the profits are decreased by the humanitarian institutions at Cadinen, this result must be regarded as an achievement of remarkable success. Altogether the Kaiser employs more than 2,000 employees in the various departments of his two businesses.

The Kaiser's participation in practical business has considerable political importance, for the old-fashioned aristocracy of Germany until recently entertained deep-rooted prejudices against trade and, above all, against shopkeepers. The Kaiser's enterprise has gone far to remove these relics of bygone times. Since the Kaiser is himself a shopkeeper, it can no longer be such extremely "bad form" to keep a shop. The Kaiser has partially broken down the barriers between the aristocratic and the commercial classes, but not entirely, for it is still impossible for the son of a shopkeeper to become an officer in any cavalry regiment. Even the Kaiser has been unable to overcome this dislike of shopkeeping. Nevertheless some prominent members of the highest German aristocracy have followed his example and gone into trade. Prince Christian Hohenlohe, a member of a former reigning family, which still holds equal rank to the reigning houses of Europe, carries on several different businesses on his ancestral estates at Oehringen, in South Germany. One factory makes oat meal, sold under the name of Hohenlohe oat meal. Another makes cakes sold under the name of Hohenlohe cakes. A third factory produces corsets, sold under the name of Hohenlohe corsets, much sought after by German ladies on account of their princely mark. Prince Egon Fuerstenberg owns large breweries, and Prince Guido Donnersmarck conducts a large silk factory, the products of which are sold under the trade mark of his royal arms.—Rudolph Von Elphberg.

The Cunard Line's New Steamship Lusitania

London Times.—The new four-screw Cunard liner Lusitania left Greenock for a trial cruise round Ireland on Saturday evening, reaching Liverpool on Monday morning, and by the invitation of Messrs. John Brown & Co., of Clydebank, the builders, and the Cunard steamship company, a large party enjoyed the opportunity of travelling by her.

It is just about four years since the Cunard company entered into an agreement with the government to build two steamers which should win back for Great Britain the honor of possessing the fastest vessels plying on the Atlantic. Of these the Lusitania is the first to be ready, but her sister, the Mauretania, is only a few weeks behind her. Both are propelled by turbines of the Parsons type. The contract for one ship, the Mauretania, was placed on the Tyne; for the other, the Lusitania, on the Clyde. The construction of the latter was carried out at Clydebank under the immediate supervision of three local directors of Messrs. John Brown & Co.; the vessel was launched in June of last year, and at her steam trials on Saturday morning she ran at a speed of 25.6 knots over the measured mile on the Clyde, thus giving good augury that she will succeed in maintaining the average speed of 21 1-2 knots in moderate weather, which is required by the terms of the Cunard company's contract with the government.

The Lusitania, by which this splendid result has been achieved, is, with the exception of her sister ship, by far the largest and most powerful vessel afloat, for her gross tonnage of 32,500 is more than 7,000 tons in advance of her nearest rival in size, and the horse power of 68,000, which was recorded on her trial on Saturday, is no less than 26,000 horse power ahead of her nearest competitor in point of power. Her length is 785 feet, her extreme breadth 88 feet, and her depth from the shelter deck 60 feet 4 1-2 inches, or from the boat deck 77 feet 10 inches. Various comparisons might be made to give an idea of her magnitude, but perhaps it will be sufficient to say that in regard to width and height she would more than fill up Northumberland avenue, and would occupy most of the terrace of the house of parliament. Her boilers and machinery are relatively on an even more gigantic scale, because of the enormous power that is required for propulsion at the speed which she attains. Twenty-five boilers, having in all 192 furnaces attended to by the same number of firemen, are provided to generate steam, and the smoke passes away through four elliptical funnels which are 24 feet across on the longer axis and which tower 155 feet above the keel.

The passenger accommodation of the vessel, when its spaciousness, the beauty of its decorations, and the elaboration of its details are all taken into account, is probably as unique as her size, power, and speed. First-class passengers, of whom about 450 can be carried in 260 rooms, mostly with two berths each, have access to five decks, designated by the first five letters of the alphabet, communication between which is given by two electric lifts, in addition to numerous staircases. A verandah cafe, open only towards the stern, provides a place where passengers can sit practically in the open air, yet completely sheltered from wind and weather. The main saloon on deck D is of the full width of the ship and is 86 feet long, so that it is practically square. Condensing machinery is installed with a capacity of 400 tons of fresh water a day. The second class accommodation, aft of the first class, is not inferior to that given to first class passengers on many vessels that are by no means out of date; and third class passengers, of whom 1,200 can be carried, enjoy a large dining room with revolving chairs, together with a lounge, a smoking room, and a generous allowance of deck promenade space. The total complement of the ship is over 3,000 persons, including crew.

It may be pointed out in conclusion that the Lusitania is not merely a magnificent addition to our mercantile marine, but may also prove a valuable asset in time of war, when, according to the contract of the Cunard company with the government, the admiralty will be able to avail itself of her services. She is fitted to carry two 6-inch guns on each side of the forecastle, and four on each side of the promenade deck, or 12 in all.