

"UNCLE CLODWIG."

GERMANY'S NEW PILOT.

THE CHANCELLOR WILL BE THE REAL NAVY-GATING OFFICER—A WISE, BRILLIANT AND CHARMING MAN—THE PRINCESS'S RUSSIAN ESTATES.

To any one personally acquainted with Prince Clovis of Hohenzollern the notion which appears to prevail that he is destined to act as a mere figurehead and passive instrument of the young German Emperor's behests is exceedingly entertaining. Far from this being the case, the new Chancellor of the German Empire is likely to exercise an infinitely greater degree of influence and power than either of his two predecessors in office. So closely related to the reigning houses of Prussia, Great Britain, Wurtemberg and Baden that he addresses both William and his Empress as "thou," and is honored in return with the title of "uncle," he enjoys the affection and trust of the Imperial couple to an extent that is equalled by no other statesman or soldier in Europe. Confident in his own powers, there are few persons in the world whose advice William II is willing to receive and to accept, whose superiority is not of intellect, but of experience—he is disposed to recognize. They may be counted on the fingers of one hand, and comprise King Albert of Saxony, King Christian of Denmark, Queen Victoria, and last, but by no means least, "Uncle Clodwig" of Hohenzollern. Prince Bismarck was never entirely trusted, and certainly was not loved. The Emperor was brought enough to realize that it would be a most unfortunate mistake to adopt blindly as his own the bitter prejudices, the political enmities, and in some cases unreasonable whims of his first Chancellor. Moreover, the latter could not sufficiently acquiesce himself to the fact that the callow youth whom he had known from boyhood had become his sovereign. He therefore tendered his advice in a domineering manner, offended his young master by his brutal frankness and unkindly that ties of blood always assert themselves sooner or later, was indiscreet enough to encourage him to rebel against both father and mother. How the Bismarcks regarded and treated the Emperor was strikingly demonstrated when the Princess on the day after her husband's dismissal loudly denounced her sovereign in a drawing room full of people come to take leave, as "Der dumme Bub," "Der unverschämte Bub!" (The stupid brat; the shameless brat.)

Delighted to be free from the Bismarck tutelage, and enchanted by the prospect of governing on his own account, William next intrusted the Chancellorship to General von Capriv, a courteous, honest, straightforward soldier, to whom the duties of the office were all along antipathetic and whose guiding motive and chief characteristic throughout was the blind obedience of a perfunctory military nature to his Imperial master. Practically liberated from restraint, the impulsive, impetuous, generous-minded young Emperor, giving free course to the one hand to the mediaeval theories of divine right and absolutism inherited from his grandfather, and on the other to the equally exaggerated and Utopian doctrines of liberalism and State socialism inculcated in his mind by his late father, and his brilliant mother, has shifted the course of the huge German ship of State with every change in the direction of the wind, until at the present moment the political condition of the Empire is in such a state of chaos and unrest as to leave the young skipper no alternative but to abandon the attempt to navigate the vessel himself through his mate and second officer, and to intrust the helm to the safest and most reliable pilot that could be found throughout the length and breadth of Germany. For that is the real meaning of the appointment of Prince Hohenzollern to the office of Chancellor of the Empire and Premier of Prussia. Although the Emperor will naturally remain on the bridge, yet it is the Prince who will direct the course as navigating officer.

Having known the Prince and his brothers for nearly twenty years and often having been a guest of Clodwig at Paris, of Constantine at Vienna and of Victor, at the late Duke of Ratibor, at Berlin, my little penknife of Germany's new pilot will at least have the merit in the eyes of the readers of The Tribune of being drawn from life in lieu of the whist and most brilliant of all the Cardinal Archbishops, the Chancellor is exceedingly spare and short in stature, presenting therein a striking contrast to the two gigantic predecessors in office. Remarkably well preserved, he by no means looks his age, which is slightly beyond that mentioned by the Emperor as the term of a man's natural life, and in every respect his physique and his intellect are equal to those of most men his junior by a quarter of a century. His views are as temperate as his tastes, and I have rarely seen any one so entirely free from prejudice as regards race, class, politics and creed. It was he who, first among all the foreign corps diplomatique at Paris, was shrewd enough to discover the occult yet predominant influence exercised by Gambetta, long before the latter became President of the Chamber of Deputies, and that he realized this knowledge to the advantage of his Government could be gathered from the discreet care which he took to cultivate the acquaintance of the popular tribune. Very grand seigneur and possessed with a keen sense of his own dignity, he is nevertheless entirely free from that pride and even arrogance which so often distinguish the minor grades of the German nobility. Kindly, unaffected and warm-hearted, he makes a most delightful host, and though possessed of a vast fund of anecdotal lore, prefers to listen rather than to talk, contenting himself with placing here and there a witty, oft satirical remark, free, however, from the biting causticity that characterizes the wit of his brother, the Cardinal. I have frequently seen him among the members of his own family silent throughout almost the entire evening, yet with such a merry twinkle in his eye, such a friendly look on his face, that, besides showing that he was enjoying himself and taking part in everything that was going on, he seemed to spread good-nature and warmth of heart around him. I have frequently heard both him and his brothers reproached with an unpressing disposition toward economy and close-fistedness in money matters, which in the case of the Cardinal is made the basis of a charge of downright avarice. This is unwarranted. The Hohenzollerns as a rule are not spendthrifts, but are careful managers of their immense fortunes, and while the hospitalities of Prince Clodwig and of his brothers, Constantine and Victor, have, as far as my own experience goes, always been on a very grand and liberal scale, in every sense of the word in keeping with their lofty rank and great wealth, yet they have always been free from that extravagance and tendency to vulgar ostentation which so often characterize the entertainments of people less highly born.

As far as I can make out, the main cause for the insinuations to the effect that the Hohenzollerns are overfond of money has been the neglect apparent in the gardens and buildings of the lovely Villa Frascati, near Rome, which is owned by the Cardinal, and the strenuous efforts which have been made by Princess Clodwig to retain possession of the immense estates bequeathed to her by her brother, the late Prince Sayn Wittgenstein, in Russia. These possessions are unfortunately situated too close to the frontier to admit of their remaining in the possession of an alien, and hence the Muscovite Government has been insisting for some time past that she should dispose of them for the best price that she could, under the pain of forfeiture and confiscation. The agricultural depression in Russia is so great, however, and these estates so large, that the utmost difficulty has been experienced until now in finding any purchasers, and the result is that both the Prince and his wife have been bringing every

influence that they could command into play for the purpose of prolonging the time allowed for the sale. But I do not see why the Prince or the Princess should be blamed for the anxiety which they have manifested in this matter, for they have several children, and it is only natural under the circumstances that they should do their best to retain possession of the estates amounting to many millions of dollars, which, falling them and their family, would pass into the hands of the Emperor, the St. Petersburg Government. It is this question concerning the Russian estates of the Prince which constitutes the only objection that could possibly be raised to the Prince's appointment as Chancellor. Her Highness is so entirely dependent upon the favor of the Czar with regard to the duration of the time allowed for profitable disposal of the property that any frigidities and good will that the Chancellor may manifest in his official capacity toward the Muscovite Empire will naturally be ascribed by his enemies to interested motives.

It would be surprising indeed if the new Chancellor were not free from prejudices of race, for there is no family in Europe the international relationship of which is more extensive than that of Prince Hohenzollern. Queen Victoria's step-daughter married a Prince Hohenzollern, and it was Her Britannic Majesty who, on the premature death of the Princess Feodora, assumed charge of her children, one of whom, Princess Adelaide Hohenzollern, married to the late Duke of Augustenburg, is the mother of the present Emperor of Germany. The Hohenzollerns are, therefore, treated as consins by the reigning family of England, as they are also by the Royal House of Prussia, and there was no more popular member of the British Court than the late Prince Victor Hohenzollern, who for so many years filled the office of Constable of Windsor Castle, and who, after distinguishing himself in the English Navy, in which he attained the rank of Admiral, married into the English aristocracy and spent the major part of his life in his adopted country. Prince Hermann Hohenzollern is married to Princess Leopoldine of Baden, while another member of the Hohenzollern family is matrimonially allied to the reigning House of Wurtemberg. Prince Constantine, as grand-master of the household of the Emperor of Austria, while another member of the Hohenzollern family is matrimonially allied to the reigning House of Wurtemberg. Prince Constantine, as grand-master of the household of the Emperor of Austria, while another member of the Hohenzollern family is matrimonially allied to the reigning House of Wurtemberg. Prince Constantine, as grand-master of the household of the Emperor of Austria, while another member of the Hohenzollern family is matrimonially allied to the reigning House of Wurtemberg.

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AQUATIC GARDENING.

THE GENTLE JOYS OF THE "SALAMANDERS" WHO ARE TRUE LOVERS OF NATURE.

THE DAINTEST FORM OF AQUATIC GARDENING—PLANTS THAT WOULD BE ADMIRABLE IN JAPAN—HERR VON SCHLICHTING'S QUIET PETS AND THEIR CHARMING SURROUNDINGS.

Once a month the twenty-five or thirty members of the Salamander Club meet at the old Hohenstein to swap ideas and experience in the management of aquaria and terraria, and to exchange plants that have names out of all reasonable proportion to their size and live things that swim, wriggle, crawl or swim. Civil Engineer Eugene Smith, who is their president, comes all the way from Hoboken to participate in the meetings, and is not only a member of the club, but also a member of the Salamander Club. Dr. C. von Deering, comes down from Melrose on an inexhaustible supply of Latin for new plants that may turn up in that regard. In fact, the membership is very widely scattered over New-York and its environs. Always, too, there are sympathetic visitors, generally scientific and professional men, who have a lively interest in the objects of the society and mean to become members by-and-by.

It is quite correct to assume that a person who once learns the pleasure to be found in aquatic gardening will never thereafter willingly forego its enjoyment and his indulgence of the passion is likely to be limited only by the facilities at his command for its gratification. The passion is one that far transcends the limitations of a fall or even a hobby. It grows into a medical necessity, and a person who has once learned the pleasure to be found in aquatic gardening will never thereafter willingly forego its enjoyment and his indulgence of the passion is likely to be limited only by the facilities at his command for its gratification. The passion is one that far transcends the limitations of a fall or even a hobby. It grows into a medical necessity, and a person who has once learned the pleasure to be found in aquatic gardening will never thereafter willingly forego its enjoyment and his indulgence of the passion is likely to be limited only by the facilities at his command for its gratification.

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THE SODHOUSE.

SCENES IN THE LIVES OF MODERN CAVE-DWELLERS.

LABOR AND LONELINESS ON THE GREAT PLAINS—A WOMAN'S WORK ON THE FRONTIER—CLASSES AND TYPES.

On a new farm in Western Nebraska the house is a very inconspicuous object. The eye wanders over immense grain fields, perhaps a large timber claim of young box-elders and cottonwoods, a garden, a roomy stockyard and the sod roofs of many sheds for poultry, stock and machinery; but except for a wreath of smoke or the chance reflection of a window-pane, the dwelling would be overlooked.

It is often of the half dugout, half sodhouse, order of architecture, the back part hollowed out of the side of a low hill, and the front of the square of sod, merely placed together and all upheld by a slight frame of wood, with a door and one or two window-casings, and perhaps a few rafters overhead. It is very small and all, and serves the single purpose of shelter. There is a possibility even of its failure in this, the trapper's assistant at one side of the house propping the cyclone eave—ordinarily, the receptacle for milk and butter.

Life in one of these prairie dwellings is certainly getting close to Nature and the primitive; closer, perhaps, than the Arab tribes of the desert, who, on the whole, observe more laws, religious and secular, and have less solitude and social deprivation. To realize this, one has only to fancy a man and wife in a sodhouse, fifteen miles from the nearest village, in one of the sparsely settled districts of Western Nebraska. For days, and in some seasons for weeks, they see no human beings outside of their own household. Even begging Indians and tramps are almost unknown in this country. Prairie dogs cast up their mounds, and found towns in the unmolested spots about the place; gophers and field mice burrow through the sod walls of the house; not infrequently, snakes swing themselves down from the rafters inside, or crawl in at the door to get at any milkpans standing about. At night coyot and some of the gray wolves come up through the canyon and skulk about the poultry-yard or howl close to the windows. Through the day, while the man is in the fields, the herding usually falls to the woman's lot. Probably she takes a noon luncheon in a paper, to save coming back to the house until night.

The woman attends to her necessary household duties, throws a gunny-sack over her bronco's back, jumps astride, rounds up her cattle, and drives them down the canyons to graze on the steep sides, or in a low strip beside a creek. Canyons are not so noble places, one can scarcely have a conception of the primeval unless he has walked through a canyon; he thinks of the dawn of creation, of the races of extinct mammoths, and wonders if centaurs have not merely retired into the inner caverns. What the sodhouse woman thinks about all day long in solitude-like that it is hard to tell—the mortgage on the farm, diseases among the stock, the prospects of crops, the time when they can put up their frame-dwelling, the hard, unadorned facts in the treadmill of her life, she makes new plans for the work, work, work, which is her sole law of existence. Perhaps she has memories of another time, other surroundings, but they must seem vague and far away. Even the weather is monotonous; there is practically always the cloudless sky, the brilliant sun, the strong dry wind, that curls the leaves of the young corn, and turns the buffalo grass brown.

Women, and men, too, become withered and prematurely old. Hair and skin take on the general dun tint of things about them. Their teeth drop out without a thought of replacing them. And there comes a certain feverish look in their eyes—a look of intensified expectation, a straining into the future. They lose all thought of appearance; it gets to mean vanity rather than self-respect to them. Such a life makes the sensitive, the aesthetic, sometimes the moral sense itself, becomes atrophied. The moral sense of a city are unearthed and brought to light, but the silent tragedies of these desolate lives are swallowed up and lost in the remoteness and immensity of the prairie wastes.

It is a motley assortment of humanity that takes the claims and homesteads on the opening up of a country like this. Ex-cowboys who have come to admit the claims of a single wife and family; confirmed pioneers, who move with the advance of the railroad; people of refinement and reverses of fortune, and a sprinkling of all the other nations of the earth. After the first rush, a sifting process sets in, in which some separates them into three classes: Those who stay through everything and make the prosperity of the country; the non-progressive, who never get beyond the original sodhouse; and those who leave the original sodhouse, and move to a sign of trouble, and come back in a time of prosperity. There is, however, no sifting social process during these first years. The sodhouse levels all ranks, and in the rare intervals when any of the people are brought together socially, it is on terms of perfect equality; they simply take one another for granted, with no question of antecedents, family history or social advantages. They are people who are starting life anew, and living on the hopes of the future, with forgetfulness of the past, and endurance of the present.

A woman's lot is still harder; she misses more things in such a life than a man does. If she is strong enough, mentally and physically, to endure it until they come into better things, she lives out her allotted time unimpaired and unwarded of his world. If she has a mental bias toward the morbid or melancholy, she is in danger of adding one to the list of the women of her kind in the hospital for the insane at Lincoln.

The real pioneers, who survive everything, in the end have comfortable homes, and have created some advantages for their children. They have lived in the sodhouse until the year of a good crop and a few household necessities to be bought, and have had the small, bare frame cottage built. The next season, if good fortune continues a porch and an "L" are added, and in a few years it is enlarged and comfortably fitted up, often the old sodhouse is left standing near the new one for some purpose, or sometimes as a matter of sentiment.

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NOTES ON THE DINING-CAR.

FROM PETER'S WASHINGTON.

A modern dining-car of the most approved pattern costs \$100,000 to build. Next come the kitchen utensils, the table, chairs, and other furniture, which cost about \$200,000 worth of it. Each car must have a steward, who usually gets \$15 a month, and a head cook, who usually gets \$10 a month, and three or four waiters. These hundred dollars a month is the very small salary of a steward of a dining-car, and the head cook and waiters are paid by the day. An average first-class dining-car will take forty persons at every meal on the run to pay the daily expenses, and the investment or cost of the furnishings.

The kitchen of a dining-car contains every conceivable thing that is a range capable of doing all the boiling, broiling, baking and stewing for hundreds of people, yet occupying only a small space. The table, chairs, and other furniture, which cost about \$200,000 worth of it. Each car must have a steward, who usually gets \$15 a month, and a head cook, who usually gets \$10 a month, and three or four waiters. These hundred dollars a month is the very small salary of a steward of a dining-car, and the head cook and waiters are paid by the day. An average first-class dining-car will take forty persons at every meal on the run to pay the daily expenses, and the investment or cost of the furnishings.

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By Julian Sturgis.

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From the Standard.

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From The Westminster Budget.

SIX ASTONISHING FEELS.

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Miss Stillie's consolation.