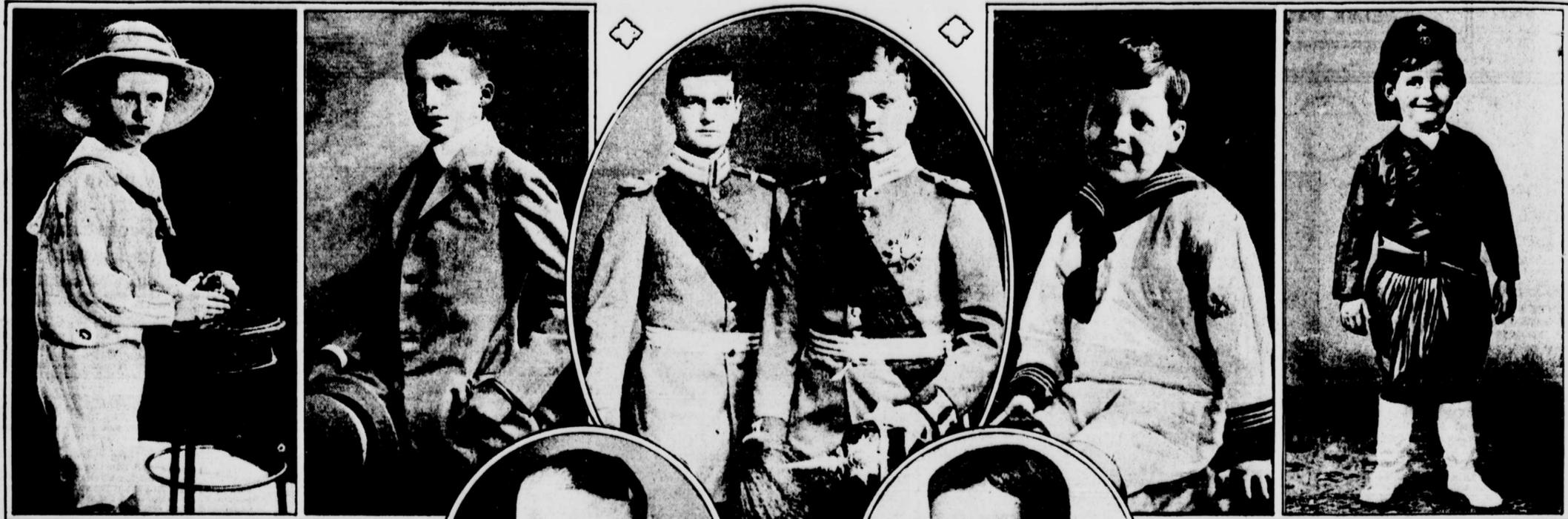


TEUTONIC BOY PRINCES PLAY AT KINGSHIP AND CONQUEST



Prince Ernest of Lippe and Archduke Francis Joseph of Austria.

Prince William of Hesse and Prince Peter of Greece.

Famous French Tutor Guy de Balgnac Tells of the Training of Germany's Future Rulers

WHEN the boys started in the morning for Dresden, where daily they attended a special class with eight noble little Saxons of their own age, the palace guard presented arms, the officer saluted, the trumpets blew and the three boy princes gravely touched their hats, their eyes fixed on the soldiers, looking the soldiers squarely in the eyes.

Thus they were trained up from childhood to dominate men.

"In the Dresden study hall their professors commanded as in the barracks: 'Stand!' 'Eyes front!' 'Break ranks!' The high born youths obeyed like jumping jacks."

Thus they were trained to command, trained to obey.

One is the future King of Saxony, Crown Prince George. The two others are his younger brothers, Prince Frederic and Ernest.

The speaker was Guy de Balgnac, their famous French tutor. It was the habit of reigning Teutonic houses to employ French tutors. Since the war these Frenchmen have been speaking out about their experiences. It was in Paris that Balgnac gave these reminiscences.

Here are boys born to command with an iron hand. They are too young to be killed in the war, but are growing up in the configuration—trust against all expectations into national mourning, losses, disappointments, trials and discontent. How will they win out?

"The three Saxon boys were frank, brave, diligent and intelligent," says Balgnac. "But they had a cultivated idea for domination and of their own importance."

Balgnac gave them as composition subject, "Tell what you saw at Cannes on the French Riviera at the wedding of your Uncle John George." Crown Prince George saw the sea, sky, mountains, fir and orange trees "full of tempting fruits," the first French fort at Antibes, and a French infantry company doing exercises.

"If some day a German warship should come before those fortifications," he wrote, "it would easily destroy them."

Crown Prince George was 13 years old at that moment. In his composition he remembered the names and titles of all the French dignitaries he met at Cannes, from M. Joly, Prefect of the Maritime Alps, to the Bishop, Mgr. Chapon.

"We went amid the applause of the French population," he wrote.

"At the wedding dinner I had on my right the Prefect."

Even when they entered a grocery store to buy chocolate "the grocer guessed immediately who we were and proudly showed me his uniform of fire brigade lieutenant."

At home the brothers had divided up the palace park of Wachwitz into three domains. George claimed to reign over the biggest, Frederic the best, and the two together planned jokingly to make attacks on the territory of little Ernest, who was easy to beat, because his heart was elsewhere.

"My future is on the ocean," explained Ernest.

The Kaiser himself had given him the idea: younger brothers among Germanic princes should enter the imperial navy. So the Kaiser on the boy's birthday sent him magnificent toy models and albums of warships.

"With German docility, little Ernest studied the specifications and dreamed only of sea combats," says Balgnac.

"My fleet is organized, Monsieur," he said one day.

The tutor found the playroom floor covered with dreadnoughts, cruisers and what not; and, as he found no immediate reply to make to the ten-year-old Prince, his silence was mistaken for criticism.

"Ah," said Ernest, "you judge that I have not enough submarines? Perhaps you're right. I'll think about it." And as Christmas eve was shortly due, when good little Saxons write letters to the Christ Child, he wrote briefly:

"Little Jesus, I want submarines. PRINCE ERNEST, Duke of Saxony."

It was probably about this time that little Prince Peter of Greece appeared on the scene—if the anecdote be true, which cannot be guaranteed, as Balgnac does not recall it, although he just has been there. Youngest

of them all, little Peter, although pure Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg on his father's side, inherits the Bonaparte genius from his mother, and is as smart as a steel trap.

"You need submarines," he said to Prince Ernest. "I can get them for you; but you must lend me some dreadnoughts in return."

Sure enough, in ten minutes the little son of Marie Bonaparte returned with six toy submarines which he had bought on the Paris Boulevard while on visit, only a week previously, to his grandfather, Prince Roland. They were tin, cheap stuff in comparison with Saxon-Prussian dreadnoughts; but they were smart with new paint, and "it's their works which count," said little Peter. Stolid Prince Ernest willingly traded dreadnoughts for submarines, and began to maneuver.

"Where are your cannon?" inquired Peter. "Why, they're popguns! Here's my cannon—a real dreadnought cannon!" And he fetched out a common toy air shooter, utilizing solid rubber balls.

Bang! bang! The tin submarines got knocked about in a brief battle; Saxon cruisers lost their smokestacks; Saxon dreadnoughts rolled upon their sides beneath superior artillery. The Greek flagship was everywhere. Prince



Prince Ernest of Saxony.



Above—Crown Prince George of Saxony (right) and Prince Frederic.



Archduke George of Austria.

Ernest being the elder and anxious to keep his dignity, explained the facts to his uncle, Prince John George, who happened to look into the playroom.

"Peter's got a cannon out of all proportion!"

The King's brother, who is a grown man and a Saxon General, replied: "Hum, hum, why didn't you have one?" And looking with kindly approval on the destruction, he concluded meditatively: "Cannon out of all proportion seem a good thing."

But he meditated in vain. The incident is supposed to have happened four or five years ago, so would it not be queer if little Peter's Napoleonic strategy had something to do with Imperial Germany's notable increase of giant artillery in the two years which preceded the war?

Later they took away Prince Ernest's warships from him, in spite of the Kaiser's wishes. "Gentlemen," said Baron O'Byrne to the instructors and tutors, "it is desired that Prince

Ernest forget his marine passion, Saxony is an inland country, and the King wishes his three sons to occupy high directing positions at home. This lackey has been ordered to remove the toy ships discreetly from the playroom, and the Kaiser's albums from the book shelves."

So much for the Kaiser's wishes! It happened, as it were, only yesterday.

So long as Imperial Germany shall make them great, all right, but there is no love for Prussia among the federated vassals, according to the stories of the French tutors. At about that time the sickly little son of the Kaiser's brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, was under treatment at the Weisser Hirsch sanitarium near Dresden, and every boy prince of the empire sought, sooner or later, to pay him a dutiful visit.

Riding out to Weisser Hirsch one day the three young Saxons stopped a moment on the old Augustus Bridge

to view the arch destroyed and rebuilt by Napoleon in twenty-four hours. Far away rose the cupola of the beautiful old Frauen Church, of which Dresden is so proud. Pointing to it Crown Prince George said: "Only fifty years before Napoleon the bombs of Frederick II. of Prussia smashed the dome of our Frauen Kirche. And they moved on."

In comparison with the blooming princelings gathered to pay him homage the sickly little Hohenzollern seemed a poor thing. Prince Waldemar, pecked with rags in a steamer chair, lifted his suffering face and blinking spectacled eyes to welcome the boy descendants of rival dynasties—and found nothing to say.

Little Prince William of Hesse, who happened to be there by chance, sat still and watchful. His cousin, Prince Ernest of Lippe, who also happened to be there by chance, played furiously with a rubber ball. The younger Saxons looked to their elder brother

Their tutors made the conversation—all three Frenchmen, Prince Waldemar's preceptor, Henri Wall of Strasbourg and of pure Alsatian family, told them there "was not a German prince who had not, then, just before the war a French preceptor for his sons."

Big sitting the sick Hohenzollern got on the long nerves. Little princess bear and know more than you might think. Be sure that little William of Hesse had heard tell, fifty times, that the King of Prussia, by becoming Kaiser, prevented his father and himself from being real and independent rulers of Hesse, and that Kaiserism, who jobbed out Hessian troops to fight against us in our Revolution, and the little Lippe knew, surely, that he would have been a reigning prince but for the Hohenzollerns.

Going down the stairs the little Hesse and Ernest looked against the little Lippe. There was a great row for the princelings downstairs. At dessert the little Lippe got up, walked gravely

to the little Hesse—and joined him in returning.

"I have reflected," he said to his tutor. "The thing touched my honor!"

"They took out of each other the bit which they would like to give the Hohenzollerns."

Socialism haunted the boy princes. "On election night at Ipswich," says Balgnac, "there was great noise and disorder. The Socialist Heine had beaten his Socialist opponent, but it was not known yet. The King was anxious and had even gone so far as to calculate his material advantages and means of defense."

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Prince Ernest Quick to See Value of Submarines in Mimic War With Playmates

defence. The Socialists may attack us tonight, I'm ready!"

He pulled something from beneath his pillow.

"Big stones!" he said. "I've got half a dozen!"

Later in the night, says the French tutor, the confused cries changed to a hymn to the empire. He heard cries of "Hoch der Kaiser!"

"It was a solemn moment," says Balgnac. "Looking out into the darkness, I could imagine a vertiginous current carrying houses, crowns, monuments, lights, everything toward a far off and unknown aurora. The old royal chateau itself seemed to slip away on the irresistible current toward the dream of the great empire, carrying with it the sacred principle of Saxon liberties!"

Andre Dubosq, another French tutor, has a picture of two young boys, Archduke Francis Joseph and one in Archduke Francis Joseph's great-grandson of the Emperor, the mother being a Bavarian princess, the other Archduke George, son of Archduke Peter Ferdinand.

Archduke Francis Joseph seems never to have done anything but work and study. He lived in a little palace, his high born, carefully supervised, might play golf or tennis with him or so. His real companions were his teachers.

Dubosq deems the boy a real philosopher, beyond his years. Another French tutor, Letellier, confirms the opinion. If ever young Archduke Francis Joseph gets a chance to show his abilities he may prove a great ruler. This he spoke to Letellier—all of it, thus accord—concerning Bismarck's disgrace by Kaiser Wilhelm.

"I would not have done it," said boy Archduke. "I would not have let the German people see me guilty of error and ingratitude together."

"Listen, I will tell you a true story. When Bismarck was going to the marriage of his son there were terrible demonstrations of sympathy for him all along the railroad line. At Antwerp they were particularly impressive."

"Bismarck, standing on the car platform, thanked the crowd with short bows, great tears rolling down his cheeks. At one moment he turned back as if to ask some one inside the car if he should speak, then turned to the multitude again and shook his head."

"You won't speak," cried a voice of the crowd. "Never mind, the Kaiser speak for you! The people are not princes; they do not forget."

The crowd, not understanding, continued. "Speak," speaks the "marck!"

And the boy Archduke concluded some day cry at his tombstone: "I speak, Bismarck!"

The other archduke, free to play happily palace and parks, can tell you knows where stories which concern his loving parents.

"Do you know about Prince of Wurtemberg?" he came up to me and told me.

Frederic had a great collection of musical chairs, when you sit on them you know a music box plays a favorite tune. His favorite time was Bonaparte's day. Prince Dumoulet, we have you will have a pleasant trip!" Well as Prince of Wurtemberg was dining with the family and the servants all around, it was an imposing scene. A little quarter, someone with a sword, entered a chair and touched the sword, as if to begin to play. "Do you know, Monsieur Dumoulet, we have you will have a pleasant trip!"

Little Archduke George came and ran. He was only a year old at the week before the war broke out. He was where did he hear of the story? Does the French tutor did it mean anything to the key under the tragic circumstance?

WHEN EDUCATION AND BUSINESS JOIN FORCES

Head of Great Store Tells What Is Being Done and What Is Planned to Prepare the Cadets of Business for the Battle Against Ignorance and Incompetency

By MICHAEL FRIEDSAM.

A TIME more opportune than the present could not have been selected for the great convention and council of the National Education Association. We are witnessing the mobilization of our physical and military resources, we are in the midst of an inventory of our means of defence. The results of this inventory, of this stock taking of our available powers will furnish a definite basis upon which to build. It will show, indisputably, what measures are essential for the proper security and integrity of the nation.

It is therefore fitting, indeed it is even necessary, that at this same time there should be a mobilization of our educational resources. Physical power, lacking the proper mental guidance and inspiration, is doomed to ultimate and permanent failure. Perpetual reason is fortunate that an army of over 30,000 teachers, whose province it is to train intellectually that infinitely greater army of future citizens, should have come together for discussion, criticism and exchange of views.

It is not surprising that the administration of such an enormous educational system as we have should be a complex and difficult problem. It is rendered more so by the nature of the material upon which it must work.

The public school is the melting pot of the nation. Children whose parents come from opposite sides of the globe sit side by side in the school room. East and West forestall Kipling's prophesy and mingle arm in arm in the school yard, conversing in a tongue alien to the ancestors of both. Different temperaments in racial characteristics, in inherent ideals and ideas, the schools must ultimately send them forth with all these distinctions fused and blended into the one Americanism. So let possible criticism or dissatisfaction with those whose sphere it is to have remained. Poor Richard's advice, "But that won't be counselled, can't be helped," and to have borne the unjust criticism for the sake of the just.

That some of the critical shafts were even the most hopelessly pedantic educator. As one eminent member of the Educational Board suggested, the germ of scholastic pedagogues had entered the public school system, and the stiffness and rigidity of that system were evidences of an educational purgatory which was slowly overtaking it. This was an apt and clever diagnosis.

It is wise, it is proper, it is necessary that educators study the past

and delve beneath the dusty walls of time, provided these walls do not obscure their vision. Past events are of value, in so far as the community is concerned, only in their application to the problems of the present. A love of the academic atmosphere is commendable in an educator, but he should take heed when he comes into the modern air lest he be blinded by the glare and wander off into the byways of intellectual uncertainty. By all means let him know the opinions and motives of those revered and respected educators from Erasmus to Horace Mann, but let him apply those opinions to present day problems with a grain of salt, with an eye on our tremendous and diverse population and an ear open to the murmuring of that population.

The school system of to-day must be dedicated on the ideal of service to the community. The time has passed when knowledge and aristocracy were synonymous. There can be no castes in education, no restraints to intellectual development, and that this development should take its proper course it is absolutely necessary that it harmonize with the development of commerce, of art, of custom, of life itself.

All these are mutually dependent. Education and commerce should go hand in hand, their ideas should be identified, their methods of accomplishment coordinated. It should not be possible for the leaders in either sphere to accuse the leaders in the other of a lack of sympathy or understanding. And yet this has been the case.

They have not understood each other; there has been antagonism, there has been ill feeling, with its consequent waste and futile attempts at accomplishment. Business has received in bewilderment the products of our schools, children with disticte minds, in whose mental makeup thoroughness is a rare quality, who have been taught to sacrifice accuracy for speed and of whom a division superintendent of the New York schools has said, "It takes us less time to get a thing wrong here than it does in the average school system." To children of this type the philosophy and the lesson in the story of Iphigene and the spider would be unintelligible.

That the educators are excited that this state of affairs has existed is shown in their utterances at the present convention. The theme of many of the speeches seems to be the need of preparing the pupils for the problems of life and of fitting the system to the pupil rather than the pupil to the system.

"The day of scholarship apart from



Michael Friedsam.

actual living has passed," said Dr. Johnson, president of the National Iniminent and pertinent problem of Education Association, "coordination education today," said Thomas W. of education and life is the big thing Churchill in his speech before the

Academy of Political Science, as the injection of energy of the living spirit of the times into the school alive and adaptable to use."

While this awakening has been taking place in educational circles, the business men of the country have not been idle. They have established schools for their employees. They are striving to every way to promote the efficiency and well being of their workers. In B. Altman & Co. we have four classes for the instruction of our employees, three for the juniors and one for the new salespeople. The number of pupils in the former classes during 1915 was double that of the preceding year.

When we realize that one of our great Eastern universities had its beginning in a collection of books may we not anticipate great results from these continuation schools, furnished at their inception with all the best modern equipment? But the most reassuring fact, which makes us look toward the future with cheerful expectancy, is that education and business are no longer at sixes and sevens. They have joined forces and are marching forward to combat ignorance and to remove incompetency.

I have been asked what I regard as an inclusive curriculum for a commercial course, to meet the demands of up-to-date business, and to supplement those courses ordinarily given in our public schools.

Although it can with truth be said that business and commerce to-day are conducted according to the same fundamental principles that governed the barter and exchange of the ancient Phoenicians, nevertheless it is patent that the advance of civilization, the astounding improvements in transportation and the equally important developments in communication, brought by that wizard agency, electricity, have lifted business out of the realm of crudity and placed it, on the plane of the learned professions. So well established has this fact become that some of the leading colleges and universities of the country have inaugurated special courses in the profession of business and accord degrees or proficiency in scholarship in such courses.

The demands of present day business make commercial training necessary of those who would succeed in winning the prizes of mercantile life, and the question naturally arises, How is this training to be attained in the most efficient manner? The school of experience is a hard taskmaster, and while the gap separating knowledge from ignorance of commercial subjects must be traversed, it is not intended