

The Private Life of the Kaiser

FROM THE PAPERS AND DIARIES OF

THE BARONESS VON LARISCH-REDDERN

The Kaiser and Kaiserin's Late Major Domo, Chief of the Royal Household at Berlin and Potsdam

Baroness von Larisch-Reddern is the TRUE name of the Berlin Court Lady, who gave the story of the Kaiser to Henry William Fisher. Ursula, Countess von Eppinghoven being a nom de guerre, heretofore used to shield her.

Unhappy Condition of the Kaiserin — Her Fear of Her Husband — Details of Family Life at Court — William's Lack of Interest in His Children — How He Spent His Days — His Consuming Jealousy of His Wife — His Brutality Toward Her — Court Scenes During the Berlin Riots — The Royal Bedroom — The Kaiser's Imperiousness — How the Kaiserin Played an Unexpected Joke on Him

It is not a pleasant duty to unearth family skeletons. The Hohenzollerns are gone—but it is our duty to expose them so completely that the German people themselves would be ashamed again to recognize the man citizens—the hoped-for, war-reformed Germans, we mean. As to the pro-war male German he was just as bad and detestable as the Kaiser, whom he admired, supported, imitated and even adored, while the pre-war German women were just as peevish, petty, tyrannical and small indeed as the Kaiserin.

Baroness von Larisch, the Chief-of-Household in the former imperial Court, here relates her observations of family life among the Hohenzollerns. It is a record of jealousy, envy, conspiracy. It shows that even in his own family the Kaiser practiced deception and created discord.

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[Continued from Yesterday.]

The world has a right to know the Hohenzollerns — though I realize that I am treading on delicate ground when I enter into the domestic relations in the Kaiser's household. But my many years as Chief of the Royal Household, qualify me to speak with authority.

I have already mentioned that the Kaiser, in his brusque egotism, showed very little respect for his

married her—she, the daughter of a penniless pretender who had to sign away his hereditary rights to the D'uchies of Schleswig and Holstein before the engagement was ratified by the old Kaiser, and Prussia granted him the indemnity of \$75,000 per year, on which the family was struggling, and which the Schleswigs may lose by and by when the Allies put the financial screws on.

The consciousness of this humiliating bargain on the one hand, and of William's overpowering egotism on the other, have sufficed to make a wife, constitutionally not without energy, like wax in his hands.

Sitting one night in the Royal box at the Opera House with Duke Gunther of Schleswig, I heard him laugh immoderately at the remark of a stage hero, who asked, "Do you ever quarrel?" briskly replied: "No, not if I have my own way."

That fits the case exactly: William forever enforcing his own will, his notions — his idiosyncrasies, and downright crazes by sheer force of sublime egotism: the Kaiserin perpetually in a flutter to carry out his demands, and make everybody else dance to the imperial piper's tune!

Kaiserin Jealous and Unhappy
I remarked that the Empress is very jealous of her husband. One day when the Court was established in Berlin, I undertook to present her Majesty "the all-submissive" compliments of the Countess Brockdorff, asking leave to be excused from breakfast.

"Tell Her Excellency that she has my permission, and when I please, and that nothing would suit me better than to have her and the whole lot of them stay away from my table all the year round," said Augustus "Victoria," with a haughty shrug of the shoulders.

Being one of the "lot," I was surprised and vexed at this outburst. "If that remark was intended seriously, I beg to offer my resignation," I said, "and am sure the Court and other associates and all functionaries will follow suit, seeing that, for some unknown reason, we have decided to misfortune to incur your Imperial Majesty's displeasure."

"No, no!" cried the Kaiserin: "I am very fond of you, and there is not one in the suite whom I dislike; but, Countess, can you not see that husband to herself once in a while?"

Implores Husband to Stay Home
"I have begged His Majesty a thousand times to take at least one meal beside breakfast alone with me and the children; I reminded him of the happy family life in his own father's house, where, except when guests were present, the Crown Prince and Princess and all the children occupied one table, while the suite sat at another. So both master and retinue enjoyed perfect freedom at this pleasantest of rendezvous; but the Kaiser will not hear of it. To compare his Court with that of his parents is ridiculous as to liken the establishment of some petty contemporary prince to that of Louis XIV, he says."

According to the Duchess of Orleans, Charlotte Elizabeth of Bavaria, the Grand Monarque would have no one at his table but members of the royal family, I observed.

The Empress rose excitedly. "Is that authentic?" she cried. "Your Majesty will find it in the Duchess's memoirs, and no doubt, also, in some of her letters to the first Queen of Prussia, kept in our archives."

"I am under great obligations to you for these advices," said Her Majesty, holding out her hand, which I kissed; "my good kneesebeck shall look the matter up today—at once. Do not fail to send for him, I beg of you, when going out. But," continued the royal lady, and the expression of her face fell, "will the Kaiser care one way or another? You know he thinks it due to his position to maintain a certain state at all times; and so our meals—the few we eat together—are made semi-public functions by the presence of officials and strangers; while my poor children are perpetually kept up-stairs and hardly see their father."

clip at random one of those daily programs:

9.15 a. m. Report by the chief of the military cabinet.

10.30 a. m. Report by the Chancellor.

12.30 p. m. Audience to newly-appointed army officers. Luncheon on the train.

2 p. m. Departure for hunt at Count Finkenstein's. At midnight, return to the Neues Palais.

Or take another day:

9 a. m. Review of the — regiment on the Bornstedter Field.

1.20 p. m. Luncheon in the mess-room.

6 p. m. Dinner with the officers of the Garde du Corps. Hour of return not stated.

The reader perceives an interval of several hours between luncheon and dinner, which might be devoted to wife and children; but it must not be forgotten that a person so continually on the move as the Emperor needs a corresponding amount of rest, repose, and freshening up, even though in the bright lexicon of William there may be no such word as knocking off. Unofficially, the Kaiser retired to his dressing-room after luncheon, went to his little bachelor bed, slept an hour and bathed, and then jumped into a hot sea-water. That, of course, put new vigor into him, and made him ready for the evening's campaign, but his family see him not in the interim.

While not particularly loving toward his wife, the Emperor honors her with excessive jealousy, and is beside himself with rage if a man-servant ever so innocently looks at Her Majesty when she is dressed in a décolleté costume. As Napoleon bounced M. Leroy, the Worth of his times, for complimenting Marie Antoinette on her fine shoulders, so William dealt unmercifully with his officials and servants who venture to look at his wife.

Insanely Jealous of His Wife
One day while the Kaiser was on the way to Dessau, Her Majesty went to bed early in the afternoon out of sheer chagrin because she had not been allowed to accompany her husband, while reading a novel by lamp-light, she was disturbed by a stealthy noise at the door.

It made her sit up in eager expectation. Could it be possible that the Emperor had reconsidered his decision, and had returned to take her along as first promised? Auguste Victoria prepared to look extra charming; but who shall describe her terror when instead of the expected husband, the black curly head of a man-servant, bearing a load of fire-wood on his shoulder, appeared, and cautiously spied about to see if he might be caught.

The Empress gave a scream of rage and agony, while a crash, as if a hundred-weight of sticks had come to the ground, and hurrying footsteps, told the fate of the transgressor.

Several hours later the whole palace knew that Johann, the wood-boy, had been instantly dismissed without compensation for his loss of pension, and a bad "character" into the bargain while next morning an autograph letter from His Majesty arrived, commanding that henceforth no man-servant should enter the joint bedroom or the Kaiserin's dressing-room, all the work, including wood and water carrying, taking up of carpets, etc., being thrown upon the maids.

This incident had a sequel, for Her Majesty being as fastidious about girls in her room (when the Kaiser is present) as William was rigid to make her who is disturbed by the grate on chilly mornings whenever her husband was at home. What a parody on royal state this—the Empress-Queen getting up in the cold and damp, to light her own fire! Verily, truth is stranger by far than fiction!

The Kaiser detested his wife's relatives. He hated her mother—the usual "mother-in-law" situation. He quarrelled with the Kaiserin over her kith and kin on frequent occasions.

One of these wrangles was over using, for family purposes, funds from the so-called "Imperial Disposition Fund," intended to afford relief to Prussian and German veterans of the wars and in case of great national disasters. As its name implies, the right of bestowing grants out of the three million marks, annually set aside for the purposes specified, is vested in the sovereign—reason enough for William who recognized no obligation that conflicted with his "all-highest" pleasure, to regard the money as a sort of augmentation of his civil list, in the same way as he took the naval phrases, "His Majesty's cruiser," "His Majesty's torpedo," etc., literally.

William's Sarcasm
To convey a thorough understanding of this matter, we shall have to go back to events which I will recall. It was my imperial mistress who, after the withdrawal of Count Zedlitz's common-school law, presided von Caprivi to remain in office.

"Vot're petite guerre est fini," said the Emperor to Her Majesty at supper.

the Knights of Malta in this territory. The event, which will be attended by members from Harrisburg, Carlisle and adjacent towns, will be held in the Chestnut Street Auditorium at 8 o'clock. Music, speeches and an attractive menu are promised.

Added P. and R. Train Is Becoming Popular
At the request of businessmen and business organizations along the Philadelphia and Reading and Central Railroad lines, the new Harrisburg Special, between Harrisburg

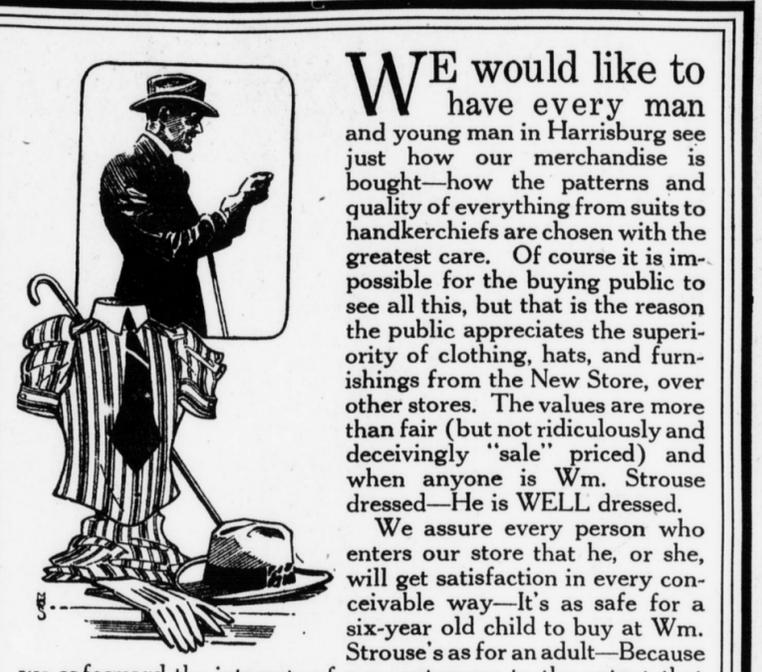
and New York, on the Reading Railway, was restored March 10. The train, which leaves Harrisburg at 4.30 in the afternoon, and returning leaves New York at 8.30 in the morning, has already become as popular as it was before the war.

ROYAL FIVE BEATS ROSEWOOD
In a well-played game the Royal five defeated the Rosewood five by the score of 30 to 9. Eneeny and Books played best for Royal. Here is what happened:

Royal. Rockwood. Conley, f. Cahill, l. E. Schmitt, c. Gougler, g. Books, g.

Rudy, g. Snyder, g. Field goals, Eneeny, 4; Strina, 2; Shickley, 1; Books, 5; Rudy, 1; Conley, 1; Cahill, 2; Snyder, 1; Poul goals, Shickley, 4; Gougler, 1. Rarere, Boudman.

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