

PEEPS AT MANY LANDS

GERMANY

BY

MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK

WITH TWELVE FULL-PAGE
ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOUR

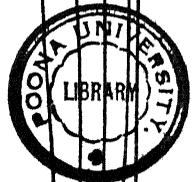
BY

L. BURLEIGH BRUHL, A.R.C.A., R.B.A.
ARTHUR C. BELL & ALLAN STEWART

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SKETCH-MAP OF GERMANY.



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GERMANY

CHAPTER I

GERMAN CHILDREN

EVERY spring the storks come to Germany, and remain there till the autumn. They build enormous nests on the towers of village churches and on the roofs of houses, and as they are believed to bring good luck, no one would think of disturbing them. You may often watch a stork standing on one leg near his nest, seeming to guard it like a sentinel, and in summer, when the young birds are big enough to look over the edge of the nest, you can watch the whole family—father, mother, and children. All day long the parent storks are very busy seeking frogs and snails in the marshes to feed their young, and then when autumn comes the young birds are big and strong enough to fly with the other storks to Egypt, where the winter is warm and sunny. But winter

Germany

and summer, when a baby comes to a German home, the father and mother say the stork has brought him ; for that is what all German children believe. German babies are not dressed like English babies, in long embroidered robes, because both indoors and out they lie in a *Steckkissen*, a long bag made of wadding, and covered with print or silk or muslin. When a woman is poor she will make her baby's bag of coloured cotton, but a rich woman spends a great deal on it, and trims it with real lace and coloured ribbons. Even when the baby goes out in its " pram " it is lying in this bag, with its face and arms free, but its little legs imprisoned, because Germans think there is less danger of hurting a very young child when it is carried to and fro if it is carried in its *Steckkissen*. About thirty years ago an English lady, who wrote a book about Germany, said that prams were unknown there, and that her German nurses refused to take a child out in one. But now in all the big towns you see them, and you often see the nurses dressed in peasant costume. In Berlin every other pram seems to have a peasant-girl from the Spreewald with it, and very clean and smart she looks in her white starched cap and apron and full coloured skirt. In South Germany™ girls from the Black Forest go out as nurses, and they

German Children

wear bright-coloured skirts, black velvet bodices, various head-dresses, and heavy silver chains. It is only rich people who can afford these peasant nurses, as their costumes cost a great deal both to buy and to keep clean. In small German households there is often only one servant, and then the mother looks after the children herself.

As Germans live mostly in flats they cannot always spare several rooms for the children. Rich people can have night nurseries and day nurseries, but the middle classes usually have one room that they call the *Kinderstube*, and here the children sleep at night and play by day. If the parents can afford it, the room will be comfortably furnished, and have charming pictures on the walls, because modern educated Germans will not let their children grow up looking at pictures that can only accustom them to what is tawdry and vulgar. Some of the great artists of Germany have designed friezes and painted pictures that are reproduced in various ways, and are very attractive. Processions of storks, of rabbits, or of cocks and hens make a frieze that a child never seems to tire of, and beneath the friezes hang pictures of the forests and marshes that German children read of in fairy-tales, but do not see if they live in towns.

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As for toys, you know the old rhyme :

“The children of Nuremberg take pleasure in making
What the children of England take pleasure in breaking.”

It is in Nuremberg that the toy towns and Noah's arks are made, and it is true that children are largely employed in the manufacture of them. But the children are poor, and do it for their bread. No doubt they would rather play with the animals and break them than carve them and paint them. You must understand that great tracts of Germany are covered with forest, so wood is cheap there, and wooden toys can be cheaply made. In a toy-shop you find some kinds that you have known all your life, such as the arks, the towns, and the farms, and some that you have never seen before, and that, like the friezes, have been invented and designed by artists. They come to England in time, but you have to know where to find them. A year or two ago there was an enchanting white wooden crocodile, who would sit on the edge of the mantelpiece, and snap his wicked red jaws at you when you swung the string that controlled his mechanism. He soon arrived in London, and so did many grotesque mannikins cut out of wood, and painted in motley colours. The old-fashioned puzzles you play with are all German, as you may see by the pictures on

German Children

them, and so are the bricks, the shops, and the dolls' furniture. Therefore at Christmas and on birthdays, when new toys come you can imagine other children far away in Germany receiving presents just like yours, while yet other children, less happy, are working hard to make them.

There are kindergarten schools for both rich and poor children in Germany, and here the toys are designed to teach as well as to amuse. In Berlin there is a very large kindergarten school for poor children only. They learn to march and drill and sing, to play all the well-known kindergarten games, to garden, to look after birds and animals, and even to wash their dolls' clothes just as carefully and thoroughly as the laundry washes yours. The boys can work in a carpenter's shop if they have a turn that way, and learn the use of tools ; the girls have lessons in mending and cooking when they are old enough. But the kindergarten is only for young children. When they are ten years old both boys and girls go to an elementary school just as they do here when the parents cannot afford one of a higher grade. They have to be in their places at seven in the summer and at eight in winter, for Germans are early risers. At twelve o'clock the school day is over. All over Germany the system both for rich

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and poor is a system of day-schools. There are boarding-schools, but they are the exception. The majority of German boys and girls live in their own homes, and go to some good day-school in the neighbourhood. They work very hard, and the boys do not play outdoor games as much as English boys do. But they all learn swimming and gymnastics, so they get some athletic exercise in early youth. Hitherto girls have not been supposed to want much exercise, and a short walk from the flat to the school has been considered sufficient. But of late years lawn-tennis has become a popular game with young people of all ages. A little German girl, however, is not always thinking of games. Quite early in life she is taught that her work in the world will probably be domestic, and that she must learn as soon as she can to be useful at home. When she is well brought up she has quiet, modest manners; she is glad to help her elders, and she makes them a pretty old-fashioned curtsy when she greets them. The fifth commandment is still religiously obeyed in Germany, and the rod for naughty children is still in use there.

CHAPTER II

THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR

WHEN English people go to Germany they are always struck by the clean and tidy appearance of the poor, both old and young. In the big cities you see troops of children playing in the streets and the open places, but you never see the rags and dirt that distress you in London or Manchester. The little boys are usually bareheaded, and have their hair cropped quite short, so short that as it grows it seems to stand upright. The little girls have their hair neatly plaited in pigtails, or pinned close to the head. They all wear serviceable boots, thick, home-made stockings, and plain, neat clothes. The girls learn to knit when they are quite small, and can soon help to make their own or their brothers' stockings, and as they grow older they learn to patch and darn neatly, and do fine sewing so that they can make their own under-clothing cheaply and well. Some mothers are so

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poor that they have to go out every day to earn a little money for food and fire, but even they manage to send their children neatly dressed to school. For the babies and the very young children of the poor there are *crèches*—public nurseries—in the big cities, where the working mothers can leave their little ones all day, and know that they are safely fed and guarded. When the child arrives in the morning, its own clothes are removed, and all day it wears the clothes provided by the *crèche*. Each baby lies in its own cradle, while the little ones of three or four learn to play simple games, and to behave nicely. It is rather sad to hear that at night the poor mites cry because they have to leave the comfortable *crèche* and the patient, kindly teachers, and go back with their mothers to homes where there is no money for comfort and no time for patience with little children. But a *crèche* is only a day-nursery.

In all big cities there are poor children whom it is difficult to educate because they are too delicate, and sometimes too backward, to get on well in the elementary schools. These children were a great source of anxiety in Germany where education is highly valued. Even the poorest parents there do not wish their sons and daughters to grow up knowing nothing; so some years ago the town of Char-



The Children of the Poor

lottenberg, near Berlin, established the famous open-air school that has been imitated in many other parts of Germany, and lately in England. The *Waldschule*, the School in the Forest, is in the midst of a great pine-wood, miles from the last houses in Charlottenberg. The children are taken there and back by the electric tram-cars every day, and if they are too poor to pay the fares themselves the authorities pay these for them, as well as their food and their schooling. All the winter the children who are lucky enough to go to the *Waldschule* look forward to April, when they will leave their stuffy homes every morning early, and for six months will spend the whole day in the forest. The school is open on Sundays as well as on week-days, and it is open all through the summer holidays. The children have four meals a day, and have them either under the pine-trees or in long, roofed-in shelters provided for wet weather. They do some lessons in light, airy class-rooms, but not many, and not for more than twenty minutes at a time. The greater part of the day they spend in playing with each other, or, if they are too weak for that, in lying under the trees wrapped up, if it is chilly, in a warm rug. The soil of the forest is clean, light sand, so the children who are well enough can dig and build with

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it, much as English children do at the sea-side. I saw a whole chain of fortresses being made, and it was worth a boy's while to make them carefully, because no tide would come to wash them away.

In another school for poor children that I saw in Berlin the pupils were all girls, and they were learning to cook, wash, and iron. It is found in Germany, as it is here, that when mothers have to go out to work their homes are very uncomfortable. They have no time to cook and clean properly for themselves, or to teach their children these necessary things; so German ladies are establishing little cooking-schools everywhere, and girls learn there how to prepare the plain food they should be able to have in their own homes. The cooking-schools usually have a dining-room attached, where the dinners cooked by the children are served to anyone who will pay a few pence for a plate of soup and a dish of meat and vegetables. Thus the school gets back some of the money it spends, and becomes partly self-supporting. Some of those that teach laundry-work will wash clothes for people.

In German country places the children of the poor are often charming. They have thick fair hair, and big honest blue eyes and nice manners. When they meet you they always greet you with the

The Children of the Poor

greeting usual in their district. The prettiest I know is the salutation of the Black Forest, where no one of the peasant class would pass you without saying "All Hail." Children are not taught to beg in Germany as they are in Switzerland, but they sometimes gather wild strawberries and bilberries, and bring them to the villages to sell. "All Hail," says a little flaxen-haired maid, appearing in the summer-house, where you have just sat down to breakfast, and then she offers you a cabbage-leaf full of ripe wild strawberries, which she has fetched from the forest, and will sell for twopence. So, if you like strawberries, you will tell her to come every morning as long as you are in the village, and you will look out for her blue eyes and her pretty greeting, and the fresh fruit she brings.

CHAPTER III

THE GERMAN STUDENT

WHEN a German boy leaves school and goes to the University, he suddenly becomes a man. Until now he has lived at home, and been guarded by his parents and schoolmasters. He has worked hard for ten years, and of all that books and pedagogues can teach him he knows a great deal more than the average English boy of the same age. But he has never been independent before. There are twenty-two Universities in Germany, and some are in big cities, some in beautiful little towns surrounded by hills. Heidelberg is the one best known in England, because English people go to see its romantic scenery, its ancient castle, and the River Neckar winding through the Neckarthal on the way to the Rhine. When a young German goes there to complete his education, he does not live in college, as English undergraduates do at Oxford or Cambridge. He

The German Student

takes furnished lodgings, and only goes to the University buildings to hear lectures and work in laboratories. If he is well off, he probably joins a "corps," and does not work much at all. The corps is a kind of club, and the members of it are bound together by a strict etiquette. There are several in one University town, and each corps is known by the little cap it wears. The Vandals wear one colour, for instance, and the Hessians another. If ever you have been in Heidelberg, you will remember that you have often seen a group of white caps together, or a group of red or green, but never a group of several colours. This would be against their rules. If two brothers went to a German University, and joined different corps, they could not speak to each other in any public place, or go for a walk with each other until they got beyond the bounds of the town. Every corps has its own *Kneipe*—club-rooms where the members meet and drink a great deal of beer and sing *Studenten Lieder*. These convivial evenings are hedged round by a most elaborate etiquette ; and if you were a German corps student, you would have to learn the beer language and all the beer rites. At a *Commers*, or beer evening, there is a president, and his function is to keep order, and to make things go merrily. He

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calls for songs, and commands everyone to drink together in certain traditional ceremonial ways. Sometimes the great mugs of beer are passed round to the left, sometimes to the right; sometimes they are emptied before they are set down, sometimes they are piled one on the top of each other; and every fashion has its own name, like the different figures of a dance. One of the most ancient and curious is the *Salamander*, when the mugs are rubbed three times on the table, emptied, and then set down all together with a crashing noise. A beer festival of this kind may be held as a funeral ceremony in honour of the dead, and then a *Salamander* will be drunk to the memory of the deceased, and be a solemn, impressive rite, preceded and followed by sacred music.

Although one corps has no intercourse with another out of doors, they often meet in friendly rivalry on the fencing-grounds. In England it is usually said that German students fight duels, and so they do when they are seriously offended with each other. Duelling is not dead in Germany as it is here. But when Germans talk of the *Mensur* they mean fencing-bouts, and these are neither dangerous nor hostile. Duels are fought with pistols or sabres, but the *Mensur* is rapier fencing, and is a form of

The German Student

exercise and a trial of skill and spirit. The hands are protected by baskets, the eyes by goggles, and the neck and chest by bandages and shields; so a student is never killed on the fencing-ground, but he may get some ugly cuts on his head and face. A doctor is always present to attend to the wounds, but as a matter of fact the students are proud of them, and do not mind the most disfiguring scars.

The corps students are the fashionable, well-to-do ones in a University town. The poorer ones can belong to an association called a *Burschenschaft*, that brings them together, but does not cost as much as a corps. Some young men do not join either a corps or a *Burschenschaft*, because they think it will interfere with work, and some cannot join because they are too poor. There are celebrated men in Germany who would have starved when they were students if they had not been fed by charity. This is sometimes done by providing a dinner for a number of poor students so many days each week, and sometimes in the smaller towns by organizing a system of private charity. In the latter case those families who can afford it agree to admit one or more young men to their own dinner once or twice a week.

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Every German University town is full of stories about its students. People will tell you how many glasses the latest champion beer-drinker swallowed at the latest *Commers*, and how many scars the best fencer in the town carries on his disfigured face, and who sat last in the University prison because he had come into conflict with the University officials. "He took a dog-ticket, although he had no dog with him, and when he got to the end of the journey he went up to the guard, produced his ticket, and asked indignantly: 'Where is my dog?' Then all the other students of his corps gathered round him, and said, 'Where is his dog?' and all the uniforms in the station gathered round the furious guard, and there was a pretty fuss." But in Germany the uniform prevails even against the little corps cap, and there is a dreadful crime called "insulting an official," for which even a student can be sent to prison; he, however, goes to the University prison, that carries no stigma and leaves no taint. The student who is confined there reads, smokes, receives his friends, and sends for the food he likes best. In a day or two, when he is released, he parades the streets again, as ready for all the pleasures of life as ever. The caps of his own corps greet him; the huge boarhound that was not with him the other day trots through



HEIDELBURG. PAGE 12.

The German Student

the narrow streets at his heels ; he is set free in time to carry a torch in the great procession that takes place to-night in honour of the Grand Duke's birthday. It is the young man's first year at the University, and he enjoys every day of it to the full ; but he does not get much work done.

CHAPTER IV

THE GERMAN GIRL

A GERMAN girl is usually confirmed when she is sixteen. She has her first grown-up gown for the ceremony, and all her friends give her presents. In these days she may go on with her education when she has been confirmed, and even take a University degree. If she means to teach, she will have to spend some years at a teachers' seminary before she can take a post in one of the public day-schools for girls. But if she is not obliged to earn her living, and is not ambitious for a career, she will stay at home when her school-days are ended, and turn her attention to those branches of knowledge for which school has left her little time. Thoroughness and efficiency are characteristic of Germany everywhere, and a girl who is likely to go into society for a year or two, and then to marry, prepares herself for the future when she will be mistress of a house. At

The German Girl

home she helps the servants more than is customary in England. She will know exactly how rooms should be cleaned, and how metals should be polished; and if the maids are inclined to do them badly, she can superintend the work and see that it is done well. She will even learn how to wash and iron, and will probably do some ironing herself; and either at home or at a cooking-school she will learn to cook. Since the great war with France in 1870, Germany has been a prosperous country, and there are many more rich people there than there used to be. Such people live in large houses and flats, employ servants to work for them, and bring up their children in luxury. But there are whole classes of well-educated and well-born people in Germany who are terribly poor: so poor that they have to consider every penny in a way unknown in England and America. The mothers and daughters in such households must work hard to keep the simplest home together, and must not mind what work they do. The only fine clothes in the family will be the official or military uniforms worn by the men, and the only money spent on luxuries will be on beer and tobacco for the men. But the old-fashioned German girl was brought up to think that out of doors her menfolk would work for her, while indoors

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she would work for them, and this practical division of labour has by no means died out yet. So a sensible mother sees that her girls understand and practise all the domestic arts on which home comfort depends. Where there are several daughters, it is usual for them to keep house in turn for a week, and you read in a celebrated German novel that Marie could sit in the drawing-room and talk to Hauptmann von Trucks zu Bingen (a gentleman belonging to the Rhenish aristocracy), because it was her sister's turn to disappear and prepare the supper of cold meat, bread and butter, and beer. Incidentally you are told that Marie's mother had worn the same bonnet and the same best gown for years and years, that she washed her own stockings, and that by months of pinching and scraping she has got together ten shillings to send to her son at Christmas. These people and all their friends belong to old aristocratic families, and none of their women-folk think any household work beneath their dignity; but none of their menfolk would go into trade.

Even when a German girl is poor she is not for ever in the kitchen or at the linen cupboard. She has made friends at the day-school she has attended, or in the aristocratic *Stift* where she has been edu-

The German Girl

cated for little or nothing. After confirmation she begins to go to dances during the winter, to concerts, and to the theatre. In summer, even if her parents are poor, money will be found for an occasional excursion to the country, and possibly for a summer holiday in the hills or by the sea. She does not meet the young men she knows as easily and freely as an English girl does, but her courtship and marriage are not arranged entirely by her parents, as they would be in France. There is a series of short poems by Chamisso known to every German, in which he describes the whole round of a woman's life. In the first one she has seen her lover, and is dreaming and thinking of him; in the next she is sure he will never stoop to her; in the third she is happy because he has spoken; the fourth she addresses to the plain gold ring that she wears on her left hand while she is engaged, and will wear on her right hand when she is married. Many festivities and ceremonies accompany a German betrothal, and the news of one is not allowed to circulate informally as it does with us. It is advertised in the paper and announced on printed cards to all the friends on either side. The young couple receive visits and congratulations, pay formal calls together, and are the guests of honour at various

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entertainments given to celebrate the event. If the girl's parents are people of means, they give a ceremonial dinner to members of the family and intimate friends; and this is followed by other dinners and by dances, or, when people are not well off, by humbler entertainments. As long as you invite the future bride and bridegroom, and give the bride some flowers, you will be doing what is expected, but if you can present the flowers with a poem of your own composition, you will give real pleasure. German celebrations are always accompanied by long home-made poems, often solemnly recited by some younger members of the family. Even when they have not much merit as poems they are intimately "topical," and amuse by their allusions to personal history and character. The great opportunity for these displays of domestic talent comes with *Polterabend*. A *Poltergeist* is the kind of ghost that clatters about a house and makes such a noise that you cannot sleep; and the old superstition was that he would come to the home of a bridal pair unless their friends scared him away the night before the wedding. They did this by collecting all the old glass and crockery they did not value, and hurling it against the bride's door with

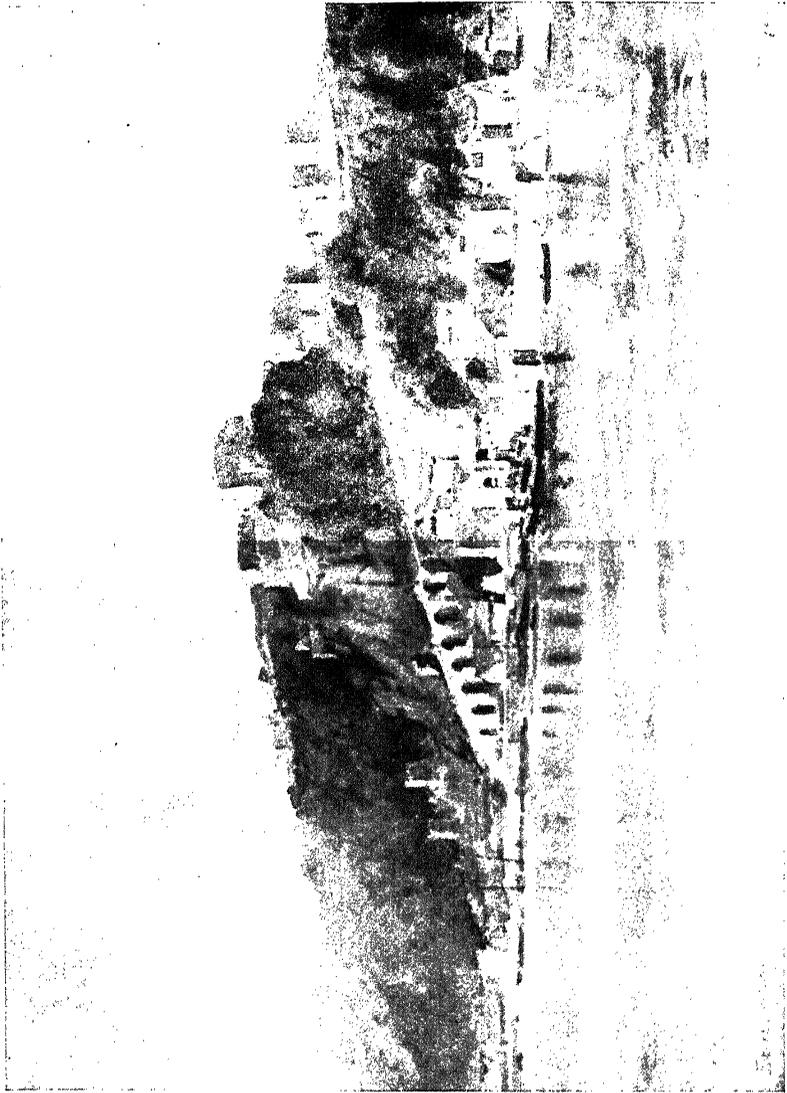
The German Girl

as much noise as possible. The night before the wedding is still called *Polterabend*, and is still celebrated; but amongst civilized people the old fashion of smashing crockery outside the house has died away. In villages you would still see it, but not in the big towns.

When a German girl does not marry, she often looks forward to spending her later life in a *Stift*. There are a great many of these institutions in Germany, and they vary in what they provide and allow. But if a woman has been bought into a *Stift* at birth or during early life, she knows that at a certain age she will be allotted comfortable rooms and a fixed weekly sum of money. Some admit none but members of the old aristocracy. Some are for the middle classes, some are for working women. Some have a school attached, and educate and board girls for little or nothing; others are only residential. I used to go to see a middle-aged lady who lived in one. She had two pleasant rooms furnished with her own belongings, and she was as free and as highly respected as if she had lived in a flat. Another lady told me that when she was sixty she would be entitled to rooms in a *Stift*, to free light and firing, and to fifty pounds a year. Her father had never been

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well off, but he had managed to buy each of his daughters into a *Stift* at birth. Two had married well, and would not need such a shelter, but the third, who had not married, and had no means, looked forward thankfully to this provision for her old age.



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CHAPTER V

MARRIAGE

A GERMAN girl's wedding outfit is expensive. It is usual for her parents to furnish the new home, and they always give her all the house linen as well as her own clothes. In a German town you may often see in a shop-window a card announcing that a wedding outfit is on view to-day. The shop will be one given up to white wares, and if you choose you can go in and see the piles of linen prepared for the bride. In other days such things were not only cut out and fashioned, but spun at home. Most German families still possess household linen spun by their forbears. It descended from generation to generation, so strong it was, and each lady who owned it embroidered her name on it. I have seen a fine towel with name after name beautifully worked at the edge. But those days are over even in Germany, and the modern bride orders her linen at a

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shop. She has a great deal more than an English bride of the same standing, and she orders many little odds and ends we do without. For instance, she wants a quantity of saucepan-holders because she means to do some of the cooking herself, and does not wish to spoil her hands. She will also need two embroidered bread-bags, and one of these will be hung outside the flat every night for the fresh white rolls that the baker's boy leaves every morning early. He brings one bag with the daily supply in it, and takes back the empty one for next day. Then a German lady supplies the coarse blue aprons her maids wear in the morning, and she requires finer ones for herself when she is in the kitchen. You will also see a variety of morning wrappers, some of plain coloured cambric, some smartly trimmed with lace or embroidery. German ladies never used to dress completely until their work in the house was done. They used to be about all the morning in a wrapper, and with a cap covering their undressed hair. "I want to see you *unter der Haube*," an old German friend said to me a great many years ago; and she meant that she wished me to marry and have a home of my own. Nowadays most girls and young married women dress when they get up, as Englishwomen do; but you still find the woman of an

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older generation wearing their loose wrappers all the morning. The *Haube*, or cap, worn with it is one of the emblems of matrimony, and you will see directly that it is brought into the wedding festivities.

Everyone in Germany has to be married by the State. They can do as they like about a religious ceremony, but without the civil marriage they would not be legally married at all. The civil marriage usually takes place the day before the religious one. The bride wears a black silk gown or a quiet cloth one. Her parents go with her and the witnesses. The formalities are over in a few minutes, and the young couple, who are now legally husband and wife, separate again until their Church unites them next day. A German bride of the better classes wears white silk or satin, and a long veil, but her wreath must be of myrtle, and not of orange-blossom. The carriage she uses is kept especially for weddings, and is upholstered with white or with pale blue satin. In some towns it is garlanded with fresh flowers for a wedding, so that you recognize it as it drives through the streets. The bridesmaids do not wear hats, and they are not dressed alike, but each maid has her appointed cavalier, who stands with her behind the bride, sits with her at the wedding-feast, and is her partner

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in the polonaise and the cotillon. All the ladies at a German wedding dress as Englishwomen do for a dinner or a ball. They have bare necks and arms, and neither hats nor veils on their heads. The men wear evening-dress, except at a military wedding, and then, of course, they are in uniform. When the wedding-party gets back to the house or to the hotel where the wedding-dinner is given, there is a little interval when everyone gathers round the new couple with good wishes; and then the procession is formed for the polonaise, the stately march, headed by the bride and bridegroom, leading in and out of all the rooms on a flat that can be thrown into each other for it, and accompanied by the bridal music from "The Midsummer Night's Dream" or from "Lohengrin." In this way the guests follow to the dining-room, where the wedding-dinner awaits them. This is always a feast of many courses, and accompanied by speeches, toasts, and songs. When a health is drunk, everyone clinks glasses with everyone else, and shouts "Hoch!" as loud as they can. The songs are usually composed by friends and relations, and are printed for the occasion. After dinner the company assembles in the drawing-room, and that is when the morning-cap, or *Haube*, is presented to the bride. It is brought

Marriage

in on a cushion and given to her with great ceremony. At many weddings there is dancing after dinner, and then there is a curious rite called the Dance for the Bridal Wreath. The bride has taken off her wreath and given it to the bridegroom while she puts on her cap. When this happens, the bridegroom is blindfolded, and all the girls in the room dance round him in a ring. The one he can catch first receives the wreath, and will be married next. As a matter of fact, a German bride usually keeps her own wreath all her life, and provides another one for this dance. When it is over, she is blindfolded in her turn, and the bachelors dance round her for the bridegroom's button-hole, which she gives to the young man she catches. A German bride and bridegroom never have rice or slippers thrown after them, and they are not accompanied to their carriage by all the crowd of their friends. No one is supposed to see them depart at all. The bride slips away quietly and puts on her travelling-dress; the bridegroom does the same. They meet in the hall, with the parents there, perhaps, to bid their children good-bye. Then the young people steal downstairs to their carriage, and go out into the world together. Meanwhile the feasting, the dancing, and the music go on for many hours after they have left.

CHAPTER VI

LINA'S HOME

ALTHOUGH Lina Schmidt had always lived in London, her parents were both German, and nearly all the people she knew were German. The men had come to England to make money, but when they wished to marry they went back to Germany, and found German wives. These ladies brought their stores of linen and silver with them; sometimes they brought furniture, sometimes servants. But at any rate they brought their German ways, and could help their husbands to forget that they were living in a foreign land. Lina's father and mother always talked German to each other, so that, though the child had English nurses, her ear grew used to a second language without effort. Her father was from the Rhine, and he used to tell her enchanting stories about the old castles there, and the broad, winding river, and the hills covered with vineyards. He had

Lina's Home

turned a great piece of his garden into a little vineyard, and there the London sun ripened his grapes for him. Lina used to help him thin them in spring, and gather them in autumn, and though they were small they tasted better than any grapes in the world. Every morning she used to go for a little walk with her father before breakfast, and then she used to ask him questions about the beautiful country where he had spent his youth, and which she had never seen. He told her about the narrow, crooked streets paved with cobble-stones in the old part of the town, and the broad, handsome new ones where the well-to-do people lived. He told her about the bathing and swimming in summer, and the sleighing in winter, and the long walks through the forest that he used to take with other boys. She learned that the winters were colder and the summers hotter than in England, that the Rhine used to freeze so that people could hold fairs on it, and that when it thawed and suddenly flowed again there was a noise like thunder all along its banks. Then the spring came along in a hurry, and the woods were full of lily of the valley and anemones, and the storks came back to their nests. But Lina's mother, who was from Hamburg, said that none of the little Rhenish towns were as fair and stately as the big northern

Germany

city where she had lived till she married, and she used to tell the little girl about the Alster, the great lake around which Hamburg is built, and which is always gay with sailing-boats and steamers. She could remember a winter when that was frozen from end to end, and for six weeks the whole city turned out there to skate and amuse themselves. Sometimes her father and mother came to stay in London, and they remembered the great fire of 1842, when nearly the whole of Hamburg was burnt to the ground. Lina's grandmother told her how people stayed to the last in their houses, trying to save their property, and how they had to be driven out into the streets by soldiers when the flame came dangerously near. The old lady herself had been a young girl in 1842, and yet, after all these years, the terror and confusion of the time remained a vivid memory. She had run from her home, carrying her canary in its cage, and had saved nothing else from the general wreck.

When the grandparents came to Lina's home they thought they were staying in an English household, but it was really more like a German one. The family used to sit morning, noon, and night in a comfortable sitting-room, in which there was a huge, highly polished walnut cupboard that had been sent



HAMBURG AND THE ALSTER.

Lina's Home

to Lina's mother from Hamburg, and was always called "the German cupboard." The cloths on the tables were all handsomely embroidered, and had been sent on birthdays or at Christmas by various aunts and cousins. Even the newspapers were kept in an embroidered case, and if the fire scorched you there was a large screen standing in a walnut frame and representing a scene from a Uhland ballad worked in coloured beads. All the books in the room were German, and so were the family portraits in ebony frames. All the people who visited at the house were Germans, and they came mostly on Sundays. The married ones paid calls, and the young unmarried men, who thought London a sad place on Sundays, were glad to stay to dinner. Mrs. Schmidt kept a German cook, and was able to offer her country-folk the dishes they liked best. So the long table was set with German linen and glass and silver, with *Salzgurken*, the little salt cucumbers Germans love, and with delicate slices of rye bread. Perhaps the dinner would begin with a soup of "green corn," and go on, after some English fish, with a saddle of venison sent from South Germany, and with an open apple-tart flavoured with cinnamon.

"It is very odd," the grandparents would say—

Germany

“it is very odd to eat your fish before your roast. We have things the other way round.”

“There are many odd ways in this country,” Lina’s mother would reply. “The English eat their sweet puddings before their cheese.”

“Impossible!” the old grandfather would exclaim, and then he would help himself to several slices of venison from the big joint that had been carved by the host in the German way before it was sent round, while on the little plate beside him he put the sweet stewed fruit he liked to eat with it. Sometimes he would have a *Vielliebchen* with Lina, who on Sundays always dined with her elders. In that household there were almonds and raisins for dessert, and the almonds were the kind with shells that need nut-crackers. When Lina could find one that had two nuts inside she ate one herself and offered the other to her grandfather. Then next morning, directly she saw him, she cried, “Good-morning, *Vielliebchen*,” and he had to give her a present. If he had remembered, and said it first she would have had to give him one. But it was always Lina who remembered. Another time he showed her how Germans drink *Brüderschaft* together. He put a little wine in her glass and wine in his own. Then, their glasses in hand, they linked

Lina's Home

arms while he drank from her glass and she from his, and he told her that when two men drink with each other in this way it means that they have become close friends, and say "thou" instead of "you" to one another. Lina knew that when she spoke German she might say "thou" to her parents and grandparents, and to children of her own age, but that she must say "you" to strangers.

CHAPTER VII

A VISIT TO GERMANY

WHEN Lina was ten years old, she was taken to Germany by her father and mother for a summer holiday. The Schmidts broke their journey at Cologne, so Lina saw the Dom, which was begun in 1248 and is the largest and most splendid cathedral in Germany. She also bought a bottle of eau de Cologne at the shop opposite the Julichsplatz, and for the first time in her life she had supper out of doors in a garden by the Rhine. Next day they got up in good time to catch the steamer by which they were to travel to Mayence. It was a hot summer day, and Lina found that crowds of people preferred the boat to the train, and were coming with them. A band came, too, and played at intervals all through the day, and there were hawkers on board selling fruit and views of the scenery. At first the banks of the river were not interesting, and Lina amused

A Visit to Germany

herself by looking at her travelling companions, who were somehow unlike the folk she was used to see in London. Most of the men were stout, and had merry, good-natured faces. They wore Panama hats and grey alpaca coats; they smoked cigars, and they carried big sun-umbrellas. It really seemed as if they had not had breakfast this morning, for no sooner had the boat started than the waiters began to run to and fro with tall glasses of beer, slender bottles of Rhine wine, and little rolls cut in two, buttered, and spread with meat or ham. The sight of so many little meals going on, and perhaps the fresh air and their early start, made Lina feel hungry too, so before long the Schmidts, like their neighbours, had ordered a light lunch for themselves. While they ate it Lina watched a family close by, consisting of the stoutest woman she had ever seen, and two children, called Konrad and Trudi. Konrad had closely cropped fair hair standing bolt upright all over his head. He wore a hideous snuff-coloured suit trimmed with braid, but he had a jolly face, and honest blue eyes. His sister wore a plaid frock and a sailor hat, and very high buttoned boots. They called the stout woman *Tante Malchen*, and it was plain to Lina that she was just the right kind of aunt to have. She smiled all over her merry fat

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face, and when she said "Don't" to the children her voice sounded so comfortable that it encouraged them to listen. She carried a big, oblong, green, tin box that Lina supposed was for beetles or butterflies, until she saw fruit and chocolate and cakes for lunch come out of it. When she dropped a chocolate, Lina picked it up, and that was the beginning of a friendship. Konrad and Trudi had often been up the Rhine, so while their elders talked they told Lina what they knew about the scenery. When they came to Bonn they showed her the old University town, and soon after the Seven Hills on the opposite bank, and the old Castle of Drachenfels. After that the scenery of the river became more and more beautiful, and Lina had to look to right and left to see old castles on the heights, and old towns nestling beneath them, and famous vineyards that reminded her of Kentish hop-gardens. At this time of year the vines were young, and so the hills seemed to be planted with interminable lines of straight poles, the brown earth showed between, and the whole effect was in some places bare and monotonous. But the Rhenish children were so evidently proud of their river and its legends, and of the wine-growing on its banks, that Lina saw with their eyes and looked out eagerly when they passed places

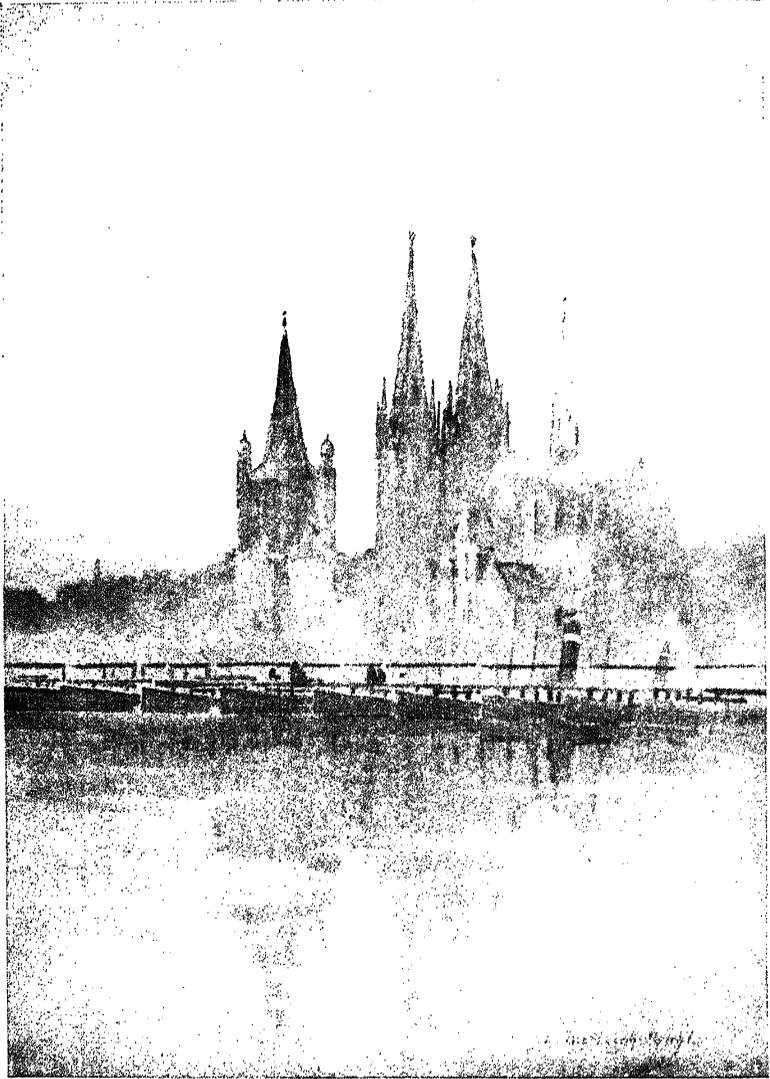
A Visit to Germany

famous for their history or for their vintages. She had heard of the strong fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, and of the city of Coblenz that it defends, and she knew the Lorelei legend about the beautiful mermaid who sits and combs her hair on the great rock jutting out into the midst of the river ; but when she came to Bingen it was Trudi who showed her the Mouse Tower, and told her the dreadful story of the wicked Archbishop Hatto, who was devoured by mice because he had been cruel to the poor.

At Eltville, after a long, delightful day, they left the steamer because they were all going to Schwalbach, a famous bathing-place, where Mrs. Schmidt and Tante Malchen had been ordered to take the waters. Lina had told the German children about the sea-side holiday she looked forward to every year, and she could not understand what there would be at Schwalbach to make up for sands and sea-bathing, and shells and rocky pools. But when she got there she enjoyed herself, because all she saw and did was a little new and a little strange. Even her bedroom was not like an English one. It had a deep, short, wooden bedstead, with a wedge-shaped bolster and a big square pillow, and a *Plumeau*. A *Plumeau* is an enormous bag filled with down, and is used instead

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of an eiderdown quilt. Lina usually found that hers tumbled off in the night, so when the weather turned warm her mother had it removed altogether. There was no carpet in the room, but there were clean painted boards and little rugs near the bed and beneath the claw-legged table. There was a small washstand with a hanging glass behind it, a good-sized cupboard, and a chest of drawers for her clothes, and a comfortable sofa. Her room opened into the bigger one her parents had, and this was furnished in the same way. As they had no sitting-room, they sat in their bedrooms whenever they wanted to be quiet, or when it rained, so they found the sofas and the big empty tables very useful. In English lodgings it is often impossible to put down one's own possessions, or even write in comfort, because every shelf and corner is crowded with cheap, ugly ornaments and family photographs. But there was not a single thing of the kind in these German rooms. The furniture was plain and solid, and when the Schmidts had arranged their own things in them they looked homelike and comfortable. It was by Tante Malchen's advice that they had come here instead of going to an hotel, which would have been more expensive. Their landlady agreed to supply them with their breakfast every morning, a



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German breakfast of coffee, rolls and butter, and, if they ordered them, boiled eggs. Their dinner they were to have at an hotel, and their supper as it pleased them.

“You must not expect bacon or fish for breakfast,” Mrs. Schmidt said to Lina. “You can have an egg if you like, but you will find that Trudi and Konrad only have rolls. When I was a child we were never allowed butter with our morning coffee, but nowadays young people are more extravagant. We shall not dine at the same hotel every day. It is more amusing to try different ones. We shall have supper out too, but Tante Malchen will buy a little ham or sausage at a provision shop, and her landlady will supply her with plates and bread and beer. In Germany, when people are not well off, they usually manage in this way.”

Lina found that at Schwalbach the day began early. She got up when her mother did, and went down to the springs with her to drink the water, which was cold, and full of little beads, and tasted of iron. Such queer-looking people used to assemble there at this time of day, each one carrying a coloured Bohemian glass and going off for a little walk when the dose prescribed by the doctor had been taken. Some of the women seemed to have made no toilet

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at all, but just slipped on a waterproof and an odd-shaped hat. Some were extremely smart, some looked poor and ill. There were men and women of all nations there, and speaking many languages, but the water-drinkers were mostly women. Even at this early hour the band would play, and Lina liked to walk up and down near the kiosk and listen to it. After breakfast she spent most of her mornings out of doors in the big public gardens, with Trudi, Konrad, and a whole troop of other children, while her mother wrote letters, and took a chalybeate bath. Some of the children Lina got to know were American, some were Russian, one was a Roumanian, and one was French. They spoke a mixture of various languages, and played various games, rather like, but not quite like, those Lina had played in England. For instance, in one game all the children but one stood in a circle, with their hands behind their backs, and sang :

"The fox is out,
Turn about,"

and the outside child, who was the fox, had to touch one of those in the ring with a handkerchief, and race round with him for the empty place. Whichever arrived second had to be fox till he could get into the ring again. Then they played blind-man's buff,

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but they called it "blind cow," and touch in the corner, and *Rabbagunkus*, which was like "my lady's toilet." The older children did not join in these games if they could help, but played croquet or lawn-tennis.

The Schmidts usually dined at the fashionable hotels, where there are a number of small tables in the *Speise Saal*, instead of one or two long, narrow ones, and in these places the cooking is good, but not typically German. But sometimes Lina's father would say he wanted a real German dinner, and then they went to a smaller inn, called a *Hof*, or a *Gasthof*, where all the guests sat together at a long table, and ate the dishes of their Fatherland. First came a good strong soup, and after the soup boiled beef, with horseradish sauce, and after the beef, roast beef or veal. These dinners amused Lina better than the more elegant ones in the smart hotels, but she sometimes nearly fell asleep before they were ended. There were always a great many courses; however hot it was, all the windows were tight shut, and everyone talked at the top of his voice, accompanied by a great clatter of plates and knives and forks. Lina tried to count how many plates a German waiter could carry at once, but she never quite succeeded, because he moved here and

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there so quickly. She also tried to eat peas with her knife, because she saw an old gentleman opposite doing it most cleverly. But Mrs. Schmidt said that was an accomplishment she need not acquire.

After dinner they went upstairs, and had a little rest in their own rooms, and then they went for a walk or a drive. Lina found that in Germany all roads lead to a restaurant, and that they could always have their afternoon coffee or their supper in a garden instead of indoors. Sometimes Tante Malchen, with Konrad and Trudi, would join them in an expedition. They would hire a carriage big enough to hold the whole party, and would drive to Schlangenbad or some other pretty wooded spot in the neighbourhood. When the drive was a long one they started in the morning, and had both dinner and coffee at the place they visited. In the woods they drove through, Lina found beautiful ferns and wild flowers, as well as wild strawberries and bilberries. She was very sorry when her mother's "cure" was at an end, and they had to leave Schwabach. On the morning of their departure Tante Malchen, and Konrad, and Trudi, came to the station with gifts of fruit and flowers, and many plans were made for next year's holiday. It was agreed that they should

A Visit to Germany

meet at a little place in Bavaria, where there was trout-fishing for Mr. Schmidt and Konrad, and beautiful walks and drives for the ladies. "If only they would come there in May," said Tante Malchen, "they would find the forest full of lilies of the valley."

CHAPTER VIII

TOWN LIFE

You must understand that in most parts of Germany no one lives in the country except peasants, the clergy ministering to them and some small officials. In the north-eastern provinces, in Silesia, Pomerania, Mecklenburgh, and Posen, there are large landowners who live on their estates, and in some other parts of the Empire you will hear of a few people leading a country life because they own land and wish to look after it. But no one seems to do it because they like the country better than the town even in winter. You should get your map of Germany and look out Mannheim and Heidelberg, both in the Duchy of Baden, because I can tell you a little about the life in those two places that will illustrate what I mean when I say that Germans like to live in a town. Mannheim is a clean, well-built wealthy mercantile city on the Rhine. Its surround-

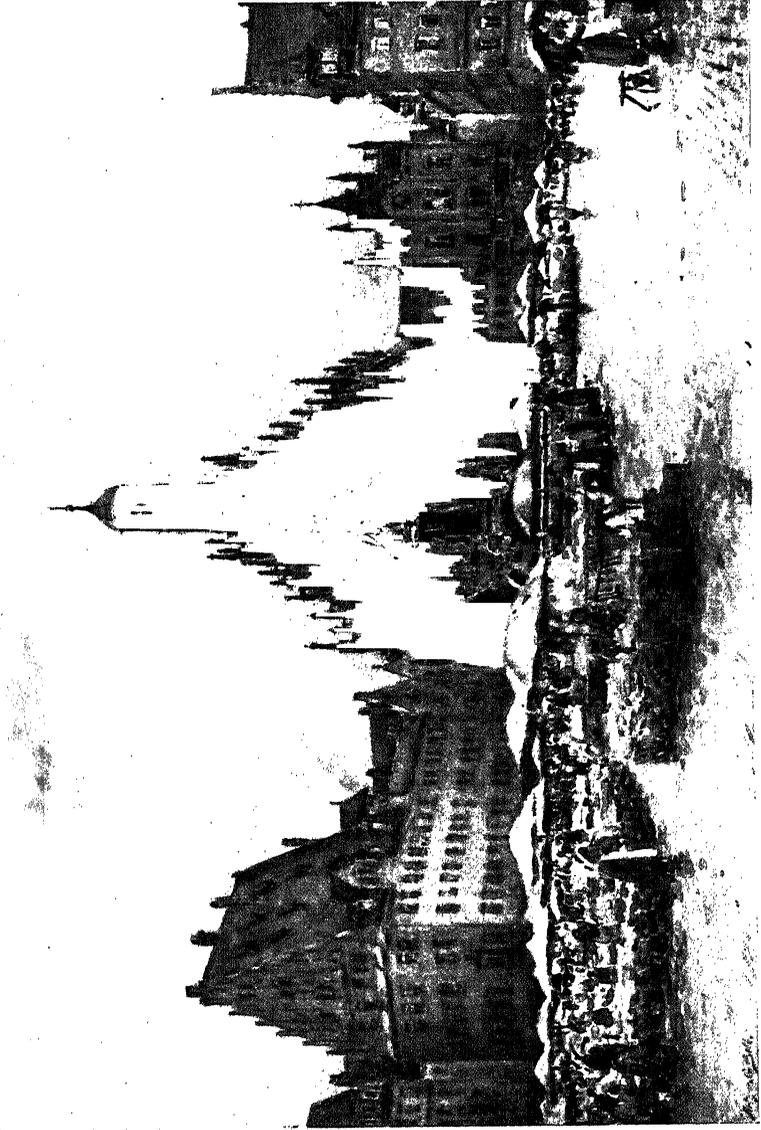
Town Life

ings are flat and dull ; its wide streets run in straight lines, like the rows on a chess-board, and instead of names, have letters of the alphabet. A house in a street has a number as well as a letter, so that your friend may live at A. 74.1 or at M. 102.3, the second number denoting the height of her flat. Half an hour by rail from Mannheim is the beautiful old University town of Heidelberg, surrounded by vineyards and wooded hills, commanded by the picturesque ruins of a medieval castle and having the broad, winding river Neckar flowing past its huddled red roofs and ancient church steeples. I am sure that if these two places belonged to the English every prosperous Mannheim merchant would live in Heidelberg, have a big garden amongst the hills, and go to business in his dull, flat town every day. But no one in Mannheim dreams of arranging his life in such an eccentric way. An occasional summer day in Heidelberg and the school holidays spent in Switzerland or an inland *Badeort* are all the changes anyone seems to want. The rest of the year passes quite cheerfully and contentedly in the chess-board city, where there is a good theatre, good shops, clubs, and dressmakers, and the *Stadtparks* for children, who admittedly need fresh air and open spaces. German artists have

Germany

been drawing attention to English country houses and cottages of late years, and near some of the large German towns there are villa colonies in the forest, where people lead a semi-country life. There is also a movement towards summer cottages, and you find here and there that the picturesque peasants' houses are being converted to this purpose. But the movement is not a widespread one yet.

As most Germans live in flats, their houses are very tall, and their streets present a handsome, prosperous appearance. They are broader than ours, and the most important ones are planted with trees. This makes a German town very pleasant and fresh all through the spring and summer, and helps you to forget how few gardens there are to the houses. The gardens you see are small, and not as well kept as in England. They are often overgrown and untidy, and the owners ornament them with large balls and stucco figures, and florid little summer-houses. But when you go inside a German flat you will not see anything untidy except possibly the maid who answers the door. The men of Germany have put their own sex into uniform very successfully: you do not see omnibus-conductors in rags there as you do in England. But the women of Germany have not managed to impose neat attire



THE MARKET PLACE OF NUREMBERG, AN OLD GERMAN TOWN. PAGE 52.

Town Life

on their maids. These young women appear in checks and plaids, in tawdry laces, and in cheap trinkets that doubtless afford them great pleasure but do not look workmanlike. When a German maid opens the door to you she bids you good-morning, and she expects you to answer her before you state your business. If you have been invited to a meal, she will help you to take off your hat and coat in the hall before she ushers you into a sitting-room; but if you are only calling, and ask if the *gnädige Frau* is at home, she will probably leave you standing while she goes to see. On most flats there is a living-room as well as a drawing-room and dining-room, and you would certainly be shown in there on a winter day, because the stove would not have been lighted in the *Salon* or drawing-room. Fuel is dear in Germany, and has to be economized. There are no open fires there, but tall white porcelain stoves that get hot all over, and keep the temperature even. A large German room has several tall, straight windows in a row, and when winter comes these have double panes to keep the cold out. The floors are either painted or parqueted, and are kept very clean and shiny with beeswax and turpentine. Rich people have carpets, but in lodgings or in the homes of people who are not well off you

Germany

would only find a rug beside your bed in the bedroom, and a small square of carpet beneath the table in the sitting-rooms. Germans do not overcrowd their rooms with rubbishy ornaments, and they keep them tidy but rather formal. They do not have as many cut flowers as we do, but they like to have a group of tall palms and other foliage plants in one of their windows. Each room has several doors, because all the chief rooms of a flat open into each other, and can be used for a wedding or a reception. A German kitchen is not much like an English one. It has a low enclosed stove that uses less fuel than our kitcheners, and is pleasanter and cleaner for cooking. German ladies do a great deal of cooking themselves, and see that everything in the kitchen is bright and clean. The pans are of shining copper; the groceries are in grey and blue jars, all the cloths are embroidered with the housewife's monogram. If she is what Germans call *tüchtig*, she goes to market every morning and buys what is wanted for the day. From her storeroom she gives out the proper quantities of butter, eggs, rice and so on. If what she orders is at all difficult to cook, she probably sees to it herself. She will certainly superintend all the pickles, preserves, and elaborate cakes that are prepared in her household.

Town Life

In most towns dinner is in the middle of the day, but in one or two of the larger cities it is at five or six o'clock. Either lunch or supper is a light meal, and usually consists of eggs or of a little ham or sausage fetched from a provision shop. In some parts of Germany beer is the universal drink, and it may come on the table in slender bottles or in large jugs fetched fresh and foaming from the nearest inn. German beer is so light that a cask does not keep long after it is broached, and a small household could not have a barrel lasting for weeks as an English household does. In wine countries the light wine of the country is drunk by the poorest people. At inns it is served in glass decanters, and you pay a few pence for a litre. In some places it is included with your hotel dinner just as cider is in France.

CHAPTER IX

FAIRS AND MARKETS

IN old German towns there is always a market-place where a market is held on certain days of the week. It is often surrounded by ancient gabled houses, and paved with cobble-stones, and sometimes a great church or a cathedral occupies one side of it. On market-days the peasants come in from all the villages near with the produce of their farms and orchards; and where they still wear peasant costumes the sight is unlike anything we have in this country. In the rural parts of Germany they yoke oxen in their long, low farm carts, and you will see some of these outside the market-place if you go there at the end of the day. You are not likely to be up when they arrive at four or five o'clock in the morning, but you should pay the market a visit directly after breakfast, when it is most crowded and lively. As you walk to it you will find yourself

Fairs and Markets

following and followed by the cooks of the town, who have come out to buy the day's supplies. You will know which they are, because they carry large baskets and use Gamp umbrellas. They wear dark blue skirts and aprons, and have nothing on their heads, and you see them stroll leisurely along by twos and threes, as if there was nothing to do at home. When you get to the market you will find a busy scene, and so much colour and movement that you will want to stay a long time. The cook and the *Hausfrau* are chaffering with the peasant women, driving hard bargains for what they want. You see one prodding poultry until she feels sure she has found a goose or a chicken young and plump enough to please the *Hausherr*; another is tasting butter; a third walks here and there till she finds the cheapest asparagus to be had this morning. As she buys a good many, the market woman presents her with a bunch of lilac, which she will present to her mistress when she gets home. On one side of the market-place you will see large tubs of water in which there are live fish for sale: carp and tench, trout, and the little lobster-like crayfish used for soup; in another corner there is a huge pile of rough blue and grey earthenware that makes you wish your trunk was more elastic, and would hold all

Germany

you are tempted to buy. You see queer little squat cheeses and great crocks full of salted cucumbers, and those tough funguses called *Morscheln* that are eaten so much in Germany. If you go in June you will buy yourself splendid strawberries and cherries for twopence halfpenny a pound, and in the autumn you will get quantities of small, sweet water grapes, and outdoor peaches and apricots, and various plums.

At certain times of the year a fair is held in the market-place, and in some towns it goes on for days or even for weeks. The most celebrated fair in Germany is the *Leipziger Messe*, for merchants from all parts of Europe meet there. It is held at Easter, Michaelmas, and Christmas, and lasts some weeks. In a big city like Leipzig there are several open places, and at fair-time each one is filled with booths and stalls selling all kinds of cheap wares. It is amusing to go round them, but you must remember that while in small towns these booths represent the whole fair, in Leipzig they are only an insignificant part of it. The great business meeting of merchants and manufacturers goes on in private offices and warehouses, and in sets of public rooms dedicated to these trade concerns. During the *Messe* you see a great many Jews in the streets of Leipzig.

Fairs and Markets

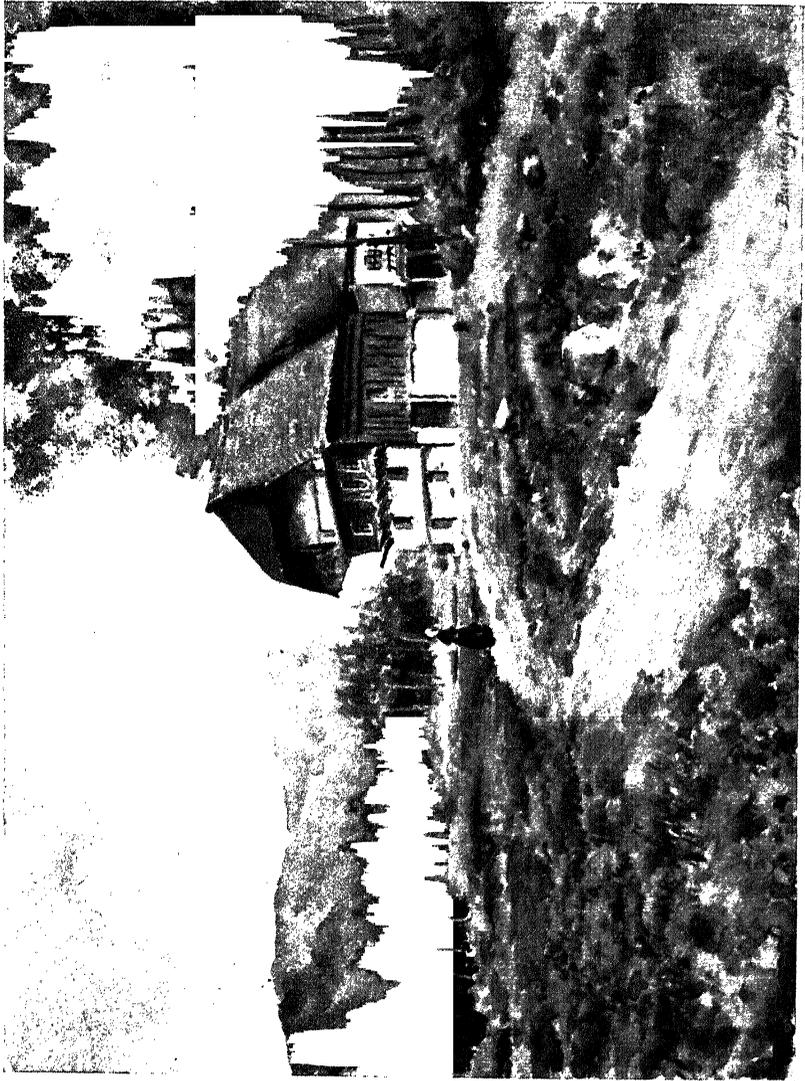
They wear curls, or earlocks, and a black gown called a *Kaftan*. Some of them have refined, melancholy faces that remind you of Rembrandt's Jewish Rabbi in the National Gallery, while others look cunning and unwashed. They come from the Danubian Provinces, from Poland, and from East Prussia, where they still herd by themselves, and have little intercourse with Christians, or with the modernized Jews who live in Middle and Western Germany. They are on a level with the Russian Jews, who still live in *Ghettos*, follow all the ancient customs, and are barred from progress by ceremony and by superstition. When a girl marries amongst them, she has to cut off all her hair and wear a tight little cap for the rest of her life. If she disobeyed this law she would be an outcast, and subject to terrible social and religious penalties. This is only one of many customs that hedge these people in, and make stories of their lives read like stories of the Middle Ages.

Jews

CHAPTER X

CHRISTMAS

THERE is no nation in the world that makes such a charming feast of Christmas as the Germans do, and it is no exaggeration to say that the ladies of the family spend months in preparing for it. When they come back from their summer holiday, they think over the presents they wish to give, and begin to make them. Most women in Germany have not a great deal of money to spend in such a way, so they give their time and skill to embroidering all kinds of things for the house and for personal use. Nowadays Germany is a prosperous country ; in the big towns there are fine shops, and rich people can buy their presents if they prefer to do so. But the old fashion of making something yourself for those you love best has not died out yet, although the things that are made naturally change a little from year to year. When a German girl was engaged, she used to



THE BLACK FOREST. PAGE 61.

Christmas

embroider her lover's monogram in a pocket-book for him with her own hair, or make him a pair of slippers, or work him some braces in fine beads. The modern girl makes a set of shoe-bags for travelling, embroiders a table-cover or a sofa-cushion, puts a monogram on fine handkerchiefs, or knits a silk neck-tie. Berlin woolwork slippers are not worn now, except in country places, and canvas braces, embroidered with garlands of roses, have gone with them. But so many presents are given at Christmas and on birthdays that a German home still exhibits every form of handiwork the women and children of the family know how to practise.

About a fortnight before Christmas the fair begins in the market-place, and the shops make their windows as attractive as they can. Even in the smaller towns that have no fair you know it is Christmas when you go to market because the trees have come. There they are, all sizes and all prices ; so many of them that they scent the air. You have Christmas-trees in England, but to the German mind you have them all wrong. You give a party when you light your tree, or you put your presents on it, or you have it *after* Christmas. In Germany everyone, from the Emperor down to the poorest labourer, has a tree, but he has it at Christmas,

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either on the eve, or on the day, or on Boxing Day, which he calls *Zweiter Weihnachtstag*, and he has it with his family around him. A German family may invite relatives or intimate friends to its tree, but never a party. As a rule, there is one tree lighted with candles, or decorated with apples, sweetmeats, and small toys. But there are more sweetmeats and fewer toys than on an English tree. Some of the sweetmeats are called *Kringeln*, and they are like Edinburgh rock, but are made in twisted figures of eight, so that they easily hang on. Others have fascinating hunting-scenes of coloured sugar on a white background, and the celebrated *Lübecker Marzipan* (an almond paste such as you get here on bride-cake) imitates all kinds of fruit and vegetables so well that people often take them for real. When there are several children and plenty of money in a family, each child sometimes has a tree of its own, and at any rate it will have its own table covered with presents and things to eat. All the servants have presents, too, and come in for the *Bescheerung* when the tree is lighted, and the presents are given. I remember one German Christmas when throughout the evening some fresh surprise came to some member of the large family, and these were called *Fulklapp*. We had all looked at the tree, which

Christmas

touched the ceiling, and was frosted with silver, and we had looked at our own presents and at each other's, when in came the *Christkind*, dressed in white robes, wearing a golden crown, and having big golden wings. In his arms he carried a huge parcel, which he threw into the arms of a daughter of the house. "*Fulklapp!*" he cried, and vanished again. "*Fulklapp!*" cried everyone else, and watched to see what the parcel held. It was as big as a hat-box, so you may guess how many wrappings the young lady had to undo before she came to a jewel-case that held a row of pearls. Directly she had found it the *Christkind* appeared again with a *Fulklapp* for someone else, and he went on with his surprises until supper-time, when he bid all the children "good-bye for a year."

New Year's Eve and New Year's Day are kept more universally in Germany than here, but there is not such an exchange of presents as in France. On New Year's Eve there is usually a dance, and when midnight comes everyone watches for the exact moment when the New Year begins. In Hamburg great crowds gather on the Jungfernstieg, the fine street facing the Alster, and at twelve o'clock they send up a mighty shout of *Prosit Neujahr*. On New Year's Day people get large numbers of cards

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from their friends wishing them a Happy New Year, but plain visiting-cards are used more than the decorative ones we send in England at Christmas. Our plum-puddings and mince-pies are not known in Germany, but every town has its own special cakes and sweetmeats, and its own dishes. In Hamburg, besides the *Marzipan*, you get honey-cakes and gingerbread-cakes in packets, both baked hard, and uniform in size. In South Germany you get *Lebkuchen*, a sort of gingerbread sugared over and sprinkled with "hundreds and thousands." In Saxony the celebrated *Stollen* are eaten everywhere—long narrow cakes made with currants, and sprinkled with white sugar. They come down from the Middle Ages, and are said to represent the Babe in the Manger.

CHAPTER XI

THE BLACK FOREST

THE Black Forest lies in the south-west corner of Germany, and the most beautiful part of it belongs to the Duchy of Baden. There are long valleys in it enclosed by hills, and the hills are nearly all covered with pine forest. The peasants there are prosperous, for they own the land they farm, and the land in the valleys is very fertile. Many of them own forest as well as fields, and in some corners where wine is grown they own vineyards too. The winter is cold in the Black Forest, and fifty years ago wolves were still to be found in the wildest parts of it. Now, when the hills are deep in snow, people who are fond of winter sports go to the good hotels for sleighing and ski-ing. A pair of skis, you probably know, are long, thin narrow strips of wood fastened to the feet like skates, on which the Norwegians get over their snow-fields in winter, and to slide along on

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them is so delightful and exhilarating that both in Switzerland and in Germany ski clubs have sprung up of late years wherever the climate and the country are suitable.

The peasants of the Black Forest build themselves beautiful houses of the timber grown in their forests. First they think of stables for their cows and horses ; on the top of the stables are the rooms in which they mean to live, and above the rooms are great granaries in which they can store corn. The roof used to be thatched, and to have deep overhanging eaves, but now tiles are often used instead, because they do not catch fire. Outside the house there is always a wooden staircase leading to the first-floor. A whole village of these houses, set at any angle and varying in size and in repair, is a picturesque background for the peasants who live in them, and in some parts of the Black Forest they help the picture by their own good looks and by their costume. In those districts that keep to the old ways each valley has its own style, so that you know where a man or a woman comes from by what they wear. For women the gathered skirts, sleeveless velvet bodices, and full white under-bodices are general, but the head-dresses vary. In one valley you will see mushroom hats covered with woolly pompoms ; in another

The Black Forest

a charming winged cap made of black gauze ; in a third immense ribbon bows with floating ends. In the Kinzigthal on Sundays the men wear scarlet knee-breeches, long black velvet coats, and the tricorne hat that you see in pictures of Nelson's time. The children wear little models of their parents' costumes, and if you choose you may even buy your doll dressed in one of these ways. The farmers and labourers do not wear their gorgeous clothes every day when they are working in the fields, for they are expensive, and would soon be spoiled. The time to see them is on a Sunday, on a Saint's Day, when there is a procession to church, or at a wedding.

The ceremonial at a peasant's wedding is a little different in different parts of the Forest, but whenever a girl is going to be married the young men of the village bring two young pine-trees, and plant them on either side of her door. Flying streamers of coloured paper are tied to the branches, and sometimes to the *Brautwagen*, the cart in which her furniture, outfit, and wedding presents are carried to her home. When you are walking in the Black Forest you may any day meet one of these bride carts, and you will see that all the bedding and linen are put in first ; then comes the furniture, and round

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the sides hang tins, and pails, and brushes. Sometimes the bride sits on the bedding, while the bridegroom walks beside the horses. Sometimes she is not there, and you see that the young man, with one or two of his friends, is going on ahead to get the home ready for his young wife. At the wedding itself, when the civil ceremony is over, the whole village and people from all the neighbouring villages walk in procession to church behind the wedding party. Every girl who possesses one puts on the high-beaded wreath worn only at marriages, and perhaps come down to her from generation to generation. The older folk and the young men and children wear their gayest clothes, but in the crowd there are sure to be a few in what the peasants call "town clothes," and these may be the sons and daughters of well-to-do farmers who have had a good education, and become doctors, pastors, and teachers.

The wedding-feast lasts for hours on these occasions, and is accompanied by long speeches and a great deal of drinking. When the parents can afford it, they give it in the chief inn of the village, and all those who are invited guests sit down together at one or two long tables. The others pay for their dinner, and have it elsewhere, but because it is *Hochzeit* they get an extra good one for the money.



THE VILLAGE PUMP.

The Black Forest

The feast held annually to celebrate the foundation of the village church always brings a crowd with it, and much merry-making. A merry-go-round arrives, and booths for shooting and for the sale of trinkets, clothes, and gingerbread. Housewives are busy long beforehand preparing the food that will be wanted to entertain friends and in the country inns to set before strangers. The chief amusements of the festival are shooting competitions for the young men, and dancing for the young people of both sexes. Where there is a village green they dance out of doors by daylight; after dark they dance at some of the inns. A great deal of beer is drunk, and a great many pipes are smoked, but there is hardly ever drunkenness or disorder. By midnight the village is quiet again, and next day the merry-go-round and the booths take their departure. But at the village pump, where the girls fill the heavy, flat water-buckets they carry on their backs, and where they meet to gossip, there is more talk than usual soon after *Kirchweih*, for one has a fairing to show, and another a trinket, and another tells her friends that before next *Kirchweih* she will have gone in her *Brautwagen* to live in a neighbouring valley with that tall Fritz who danced with her so often yesterday.

CHAPTER XII

MUSIC AND THEATRES

You probably know that the greatest musical composers have all been German, and that anyone who wishes to be a musician goes to Germany, if he can, at some point in his career. You may hear as much good music in London or Manchester as in a German town, but nevertheless music enters more into everyday life there than it does here, and as a nation the Germans are more musical than we are. Their *Volkslieder* are charming, and everyone sings them—in school when they are children, and with their companions when they are grown up. You hear peasants singing them out of doors on Sundays; you know that the young men at Universities sing *Studentenlieder* at their beer evenings, and that in 1870 soldiers went to war chanting the solemn, sad strains of *Morgenrot*.

Music and Theatres

“Dawn of day, dawn of day,
Light that calls my life away,
Soon I'll hear the trumpet blow
When to meet my death I go,
I and many a comrade true.”

I once spent a summer in a Bavarian village where there was a little gooseherd who marched through the main street every morning at six o'clock playing a *Volkslied* on his flute, and the tune he played was always the same one :

“Wenn i komm, wenn i komm, wenn i wiederum komm,
Dann soll die Hochzeit sein.”

All the geese in the place used to cackle and waddle out of their night-quarters the moment they heard this music, and follow the little piper to the meadows, where they were to spend the day with him. At night he returned, playing them to rest again. A great many students from the smaller Universities passed through the village during the summer, and they spent their evenings out of doors drinking beer and singing songs. Most young Germans join a choral union, where they learn to sing in tune and in time, and singing is taught in all elementary schools. Public opinion is strongly against the bad music we endure here both in the street and in private houses. It is always said that

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the German bands that are not good enough for their own country come to England ; and certainly barrel-organs are not allowed to cause the trouble and annoyance there that they do with us.

But the greatest difference of all between England and Germany in the matter of music is in opera. We make it an expensive fashionable amusement. Over there a poor man can hear a fine performance of " Don Juan " or " Fidelio " for sixpence if he chooses. This is because theatres are not entirely private enterprises as they are in England. They are partly supported by the State ; the actors and singers are content with small salaries, and the audience care more for good music and good acting than for fine scenery. So they get seats cheaply, and go to the theatre a great deal. One of the most celebrated troupes of actors in the world used to be those who played in the little town of Meiningen, and it was because the reigning Duke took a keen interest in his theatre, and did all he could to help it on. A small town only has one theatre, and the usual way is to give opera three times and drama three times every week from October to May. Many people subscribe for the same seat twice a week, so as to hear one opera and one play each week during the season ; and the authorities have to take

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care that the subscribers have variety. When Wagner's operas are given, the prices are raised a little, because his scenery is expensive, and his music is a great strain on the singers. Special singers are often engaged for the occasion from other towns, and if you study the programme pasted on the big round advertisement pillars in the streets, you will see that at to-morrow's performance of "Die Walküre," "Siegfried" will be sung by Herr So-and-so *aus . . . als Gast*. Even then you will get your stall for from three to four shillings, or a place in the second circle for eighteenpence. You will not be kept up late either. About six o'clock the theatre-goers begin to stroll towards the *Theaterplatz*, all in morning dress, the women wearing a little lace on their heads, or a hat that will be left in a cloak-room. At half-past six the play or the opera begins, and at nine everyone goes home to supper. German ladies used to take their knitting with them both to concerts and the play, and knit all through one of Schiller's tragedies or the "Eroica Symphony." But I have never seen this done of late years. In Berlin, where there are many theatres, and the distances are those of a big city, you cannot get home to supper, but if you choose you can have it between the acts in the restaurant attached to the

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theatre. When afternoon "popular" performances are given, the whole audience stream into the garden, when there is one, and have beer or coffee. At these performances you can get a good seat for a few pence, and during the winter you will find that many popular and classical plays are given. The Germans consider that they know more about Shakespeare than we do, and act him with greater art and understanding. They have a first-rate translation of all his plays made by August and Wilhelm Schlegel about a hundred years ago, and besides giving all the best known they often play one we rarely see in England — such as "Cymbeline," "All's Well that Ends Well," or "The Comedy of Errors." If when you are grown up you can live for a whole winter in Germany, and go to the theatre a great deal, you will not spend much money or keep late hours; but you will hear all Wagner's operas and all Mozart's; Beethoven's "Fidelio," Weber's "Oberon," "Der Freischütz," and possibly "Preciosa"; a great many charming lighter operas by German, Italian, and French composers, and perhaps some great work rarely played, such as "Die Trojaner," by Berlioz. Then you will see great dramas by Shakespeare, Goethe, Schiller, and Lessing, and some modern plays by

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Hauptmann, Sudermann, and Ibsen. If you go while you are still a child you must hope that "Hänsel and Gretel" will be given, or the "Puppenfee"; but you must not expect a pantomime. German children love fairies, sprites, and witches out of their own fairy-tales, but they do not care for topical songs, and they are not acquainted with our clown and pantaloons.

CHAPTER XIII

RESTAURANTS AND INNS

THE majority of Germans who live in towns have no gardens of their own, but when summer comes they live more than we do in public gardens and restaurants. You could not find a city, a small town, or even a good-sized village in Germany without a garden set with chairs and tables where people can eat and drink in the open air. Some of these out-of-door restaurants are attached to big hotels or to theatres; some are established in public parks; some in the picturesque suburbs of a city. You find them by wayside inns and on the tops of mountains, and near ruined castles and monasteries. Wherever people congregate or pass by in Germany, there, all through the summer, they can eat and drink in a garden, and in towns and well-known watering-places they can listen to a good band at the same time. Every path in Germany, even a long uphill



NUREMBERG. ONE OF THE TOWN'S MAIN SQUARES. PAGE 4.

Restaurants and Inns

one, seems to lead to a restaurant, and wherever a restaurant is started it seems to find custom. Some only provide beer, and call themselves beer-gardens, but the greater number will give you your dinner or your supper as well. You would not have seen a characteristic side of German life if you did not sit in some of these parks and gardens and watch the people there. The great city of Hamburg is built round the basin of the Alster, and there are numbers of hotels and restaurants on its banks. If you happen to be on the water some warm summer evening, you will be astonished to see the tightly packed crowds from end to end. It looks as if the whole city was having supper, or drinking beer and listening to music out of doors. If you are in the Zoological Gardens at Berlin on a Sunday or a public holiday, you will see just the same spectacle, and you will know that at all points of the city and suburbs you could find other gardens dense with other crowds. You observe that a man takes a seat at a little table, orders a mug of Bavarian beer, lights a cigar, and sits there for an hour or more listening to the band. You see family parties having supper together and other families occupying several seats, but only ordering one or two mugs of beer. The best beer in Germany is made in

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Bavaria, and it is usually drawn from the cask and drunk out of stone mugs with nickel lids. In Munich people go to the Hofbraühaus, a restaurant where the beer brewed for the King and his Court is bought and sold. The well-to-do people go upstairs to an ordinary dining-room, and have supper in an ordinary way. But if you are a foreigner it is entertaining to go for once to the *Keller*, the basement room where people go who can afford a mug of beer but not much more. You find an enormous crowd here, in a big bare room set with little tables. One or two roughly-dressed waitresses are hurrying to and fro, their big aprons full of rolls, which they sell as quickly as they can to their clamouring customers. Others are rushing here and there with as many tall mugs of beer as they can carry. If you are lucky enough to find a place at a table you will have a plate, a knife and fork, and a paper napkin; then you will have to catch one of the bustling waitresses and get her to bring you beer and bread; then, if you are wise, you will open a packet of meat or ham that you have brought with you, and eat your supper. I know of no other restaurant in Germany to which people can take food they have bought elsewhere, but it is done in Munich in the *Keller* of the Hofbraühaus. In

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nearly all restaurants, however, it is quite usual to order a half-portion or one portion for two people.

In country places in Germany the inns are usually kept by peasants belonging to the neighbourhood, but an innkeeper would always be called a *Wirth*, and not a *Bauer*. He is of the peasant class, however, and farms some land as well as looking after his inn, and, in beer-making districts, brewing his own beer. His wife and daughters wear peasant costume, and work like blacks, for they not only cook and clean for the inn guests, but they wash the household linen, look after the farm animals, milk and churn, grow and gather vegetables, fetch water in heavy wooden buckets, and, when all this is done, help in the fields. Perhaps a German innkeeper does his share of work, but the foreign observer never catches him at it. He is always standing about in front of his inn smoking a long pipe, or exerting himself indoors to draw beer for his customers. It is his womenfolk who fetch and carry heavy loads of fodder, work like day-labourers at the hay, and with cheerful faces do a man's work and a woman's work with one pair of hands. The wonder is that many of them make their citified guests very comfortable in a plain way. They have stores of homespun linen and solid, cleanly-kept

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furniture. They wash every bit of your bedroom floor every day, and they take trouble to provide you with well-cooked, plentiful food. When autumn comes they expect you to go back to your town life. All through the long, hard German winter they shut themselves up with their farm stock and their peasant neighbours. The modern craze for winter sports opens some country inns that were never open before till May ; but in most rural districts the peasants are left to themselves for six months of the year. In Ober-Ammergau, the village of the Passion Play, the great inrush of visitors only comes once in ten years, and then every peasant who has a room, or even a barn, to let, makes a little money. Naturally people of this class cannot cook much, and are not used to cater for townfolk, so the food they provide is rough and monotonous. Most of it has to come all the way from Munich, too, so they have to pay high for it, and charge high in order to make a profit. But it would be worth while going to Ober-Ammergau if you had to live on bread and cheese for a day or two, and sleep in a hayloft. In fact, the hayloft would probably be more entertaining than one of the hotels, for your companions there would be peasants and priests from a great distance, who have little to spend, and

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have come as pilgrims by a great effort to see the sacred play. They will not be able to afford a covered seat in the theatre, but will sit all day long often in hot sunshine, often in pouring rain, without impatience or complaint. When the play is done, many of them trudge straight back again though the night will be nearly over before they reach their homes. You know, of course, that the play represents the life and death of our Lord, and that it is given with great reverence and solemnity once in ten years by these Bavarian peasants. The men who take the chief parts begin to let their hair grow long for a year or two beforehand, and in 1870 those who had to go to the war were allowed a special dispensation from the law ordering a soldier to cut his hair short. So, although some of them joined their regiments, they were able to keep their places in their play, of which they are very proud.

CHAPTER XIV

SOLDIERS AND POLICE

EVERY male born a German subject can be called upon to serve his country as a soldier from his seventeenth to his forty-fifth year. This is the law, but in practice the authorities exempt those who show any physical weakness, or support a family, or are theological students. The majority of German boys, however, know from childhood that when they are grown up they must learn to be soldiers besides learning the trade or profession by which they mean to make a living. Although a young man is liable at the age of seventeen, it is usual for him to begin his military duties when he is twenty-one. If he has been at one of the higher-grade schools, and has done well there, and can afford to maintain and clothe himself, he need only spend a year with the colours ; but all those who do not fulfil these requirements spend two years. At

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the end of this time a man goes back to his work, but for some years to come he has to serve again for short periods, so that he should not forget what he has learned. In due course he passes into the *Landwehr*—the reserve forces; and finally into the *Landsturm*—the army that would only take the field if the main army proved insufficient for the Empire's needs.

German officers wear their uniform except when they are in a foreign country, or on special occasions in their own, when they have leave to put on civil clothes. So in any German town where soldiers are quartered you see officers everywhere—in the theatre, in ballrooms, in restaurants, and in the streets and public parks. In a small town you can often watch them drilling their recruits, and when you see what clumsy country boys they turn into smart soldiers, you think they must have to work hard, and make the recruits work too. In South Germany, where the national temperament is easy-going, men soon seem to forget their soldier-like ways; but in Prussia the very tram-conductors and railway guards behave as if they were with a regiment, and anxious to do credit to their uniform by their stiff manners and severity of voice. If ever you want to see a great number of German soldiers

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together you must try to go to a big review at Berlin or Potsdam.

Potsdam is a beautiful country place near Berlin, and the German Emperor has several palaces there. It is near a lake that connects with other lakes, and all round the water there are great woods. The little town itself is very clean and full of soldiers. Frederick the Great's regiment is there, the famous guards who wear scarlet coats and brass helmets. When there is a review, you stand with a crowd and watch the soldiers march by. Last of all comes the Emperor with his suite. When he gets to the parade-ground, he stops in front of every regiment, and says to each one, "*Guten Morgen Uhlanen,*" or "*Guten Morgen Cuirassieren,*" as the case may be, and then you hear a noise like thunder, because every man in the regiment answers him and shouts "*Guten Morgen Majestät*" at the top of his voice. After that the review begins, and you see thousands of troops file past, their banners flying and their bands playing. From the palace windows overlooking the parade-ground the Empress and the other royal ladies see the review and the crowd of spectators. The Germans are extremely proud of their splendid army, and they tell you it was made on this parade-ground of Potsdam. They mean that



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Frederick the Great, who had his palace of Sans Souci here, improved the army that his father Friedrich Wilhelm left him and worked at it when he was at Potsdam.

People who do not like Germany say that it is too much governed by soldiers and policemen, and certainly when English people go there they find the endless little police rules and regulations both tiresome and absurd. When you arrive in Berlin, you cannot even go outside the station and choose your own cab. An official in uniform gives you a numbered tally, and you must find the cab with that number, and take it or none. Then the police decide how often you must have your chimneys swept, and at what time of day your dustbin must be emptied, and how late you may play the piano, what you may keep on your window-sill; if you are a woman, how long your gown may be. Should you be a butcher-boy, you may not walk on the pavement when you are carrying meat, and in Berlin, if you want a ticket for the opera you must buy it on a Sunday morning. You dare not stay longer than a few days in any German town without reporting yourself to the police, and telling them your age and business and why you have come to Germany, and how long you mean to

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stay, what your father's name and business was, and where he was born, and what your mother's name was before she married. It is best to have a passport with you, and show it at the *Polizei Bureau* when you go or send there ; for if you choose you can satisfy official curiosity by proxy. In 1878, when the old Emperor returned to Berlin after Nobiling had made an attempt on his life, the police drove everyone out of the city whose papers did not satisfy them, and an Englishman, who had gone there to learn German, and wanted to see the Emperor make his entry in State, found that he must produce papers of some kind or go. So he sent to Yorkshire for his certificate of baptism, issued years ago, took it to the nearest *Polizei Bureau*, and found it satisfied them. What it proved about him he did not ask, and never discovered, but it showed that any official paper will act like magic in a mandarin-ridden land. So next time he was in a difficulty he brought out the ticket of his cycling club, and found that it answered as well as the baptismal certificate had done. But it is safer to have a passport.

CHAPTER XV

MANNERS, FOOD, AND CLIMATE

EVERY nation has its own ways and its own manners, so that when you are travelling in a foreign country you are sure to see many little things you have not been used to at home. A German would not sit down at the same table with you in a hotel or even in the same railway carriage without making you a polite bow, and when he leaves he will salute you in the same way. A child would not ask for a penny whistle in a toy-shop before he had said good-morning to the shopkeeper, and in Bavaria a tramp who meant to beg from you would first tell you that he was your obedient servant. The manners of University students are so ceremonious and unbending that duels may easily arise out of the least neglect of them, and young men will fight each other for trifles connected with a greeting or a glass of beer. When a German wishes to speak to someone he

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does not know, he puts his heels together, makes a deep bow, and gives his name. If he is in the army he gives his regiment too. At evening parties young men constantly introduce themselves in this way to ladies, but the lady does not usually give her name in return. There is a sharp line in Germany between *Adel* and *Bürgerlich*, and everyone belonging to the nobility may call himself "Von" So-and-so. There are people of no importance at all with a right to the prefix, but as long as you have not the right you are *Bürgerlich*, and not *Von Adel*. The sons of a *Graf*, or count, are all *Graf*; the daughters are *Comtesse*; the sons of a Baron are Barons. The middle and lower middle-classes console themselves with innumerable official and professional titles. In fact, in Germany a man and his wife call themselves by the man's place in life rather than by his family name, so that if he only superintends a sausage factory he is Herr Direktor and his wife is Frau Direktor instead of plain Herr and Frau Braun. A merchant called Müller may be Herr Commerzienrath Müller, and Dr. Müller, if he is distinguished, will be Herr Geheimrath or Hofrath Müller. Your musical friend is probably a Herr Concertmeister, and as for a professor, he could hardly be less than Herr Pro-

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fessor Doktor What's-his-name. The ladies these gentleman have married are always addressed by the title their husbands have won, so that you meet a Frau Bürgomeister, a Frau Pastor, or a Frau Oberstleutnant, who would not forgive you if you took them for plain Mrs. Smiths. Sensible Germans all laugh at the absurd extreme to which these official and commercial titles have been carried in their country, but in small towns they still go on. Even in big ones they are more in general use than an English person easily understands or remembers.

When you have a letter of introduction to Germans you can send it by post together with your own card and address, or if you choose you can call and deliver it in person. I have known an Englishman puzzled by receiving through the post two German visiting-cards, one that of a man he knew, and one unknown to him. He wrote to ask both men to dinner, and found that only the stranger was in England, and had sent his introduction in this way. Some year ago Germans never wore evening dress except on ceremonious occasions: at weddings, at dances, and for some official functions. Even now it is not commonly worn either at the theatre or at dinner-parties. The dinner-hour varies so much that you may be asked at almost

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any hour between half-past twelve and seven. After dinner the gentlemen rise with the ladies and go with them into the drawing-room, where they smoke, and drink coffee. Pipes are not smoked, as they are in England, by men of the better classes. Everyone prefers cigars or cigarettes. As people get up from table they all say, "*Gesegnete Mahlzeit*" or "*Mahlzeit*" to each other, which means, "May your dinner agree well with you." When healths are drunk at a dinner, people clink their glasses with everyone near before drinking. The German "hip-hip-hurrah" is *Hoch*.

If you stay with Germans you find that there is no formal breakfast and breakfast-hour, as there is in England. Most people only have coffee and rolls, and relays of them are brought as they are wanted. Boiled eggs are sometimes provided, but never the solid meat and fish that we eat at home. The Germans are earlier risers than we are, and many of them have their morning coffee at seven or half-past seven; so by ten o'clock they are hungry again, and want a little lunch of sausage or cold meat and bread. In some places they do without this, but then they have dinner at twelve, or half-past twelve. Wherever you are in Germany you begin your dinner with soup, and you often go on

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with the boiled beef that has made the soup. It is served with some piquant sauce, but where it is an everyday course you get tired of it. Of late years Germans have afternoon tea instead of coffee when there are visitors, but somehow tea is never well made in Germany. Coffee is nearly always good there, and it is safer to take it when you can. Where dinner is early supper is a light meal of sausage or ham fetched from one of provision shops that you find in every country town. Beer, wine, or tea is drunk with it. The *Sauerkraut*, of which we hear so much in England, is cabbage preserved with salt and spices, and cooked with vinegar; but it is not a common dish in most parts of Germany. When you are told that raw ham, raw goose-breast, and raw herring are eaten there, you must understand that these things are smoked thoroughly, and are no more raw than the cod's roe or the smoked salmon that come to us from Norway, and which we eat without further cooking. However, if your German friends give you food you don't like, you can easily revenge yourself when they come to you by giving them a rabbit pie and mint sauce with their lamb. Many of them would as lief eat a rat as a rabbit, and mint sauce makes them shudder.

When you have been in Germany a long time

Germany

and come back to England, you understand why foreigners think our island is always wrapped in fog and mist. Compared with the clear dry air of Continental Europe our climate is damp both in winter and summer. A German winter, though it is colder than ours, may be delightful because the air is clear and still and full of sunshine. Where there is deep snow sledges are used, and where there are lakes and rivers people often have weeks of skating. After a long frozen winter spring comes to some places with a rush, and is as hot as our summer. In a few weeks all the fruit-trees are in flower, the oats are so tall that they wave in the breeze, the broom is golden on the hill-sides, and in the meadows the hay is nearly ready. The many beautiful German poems you know about spring come into your mind as you travel some May morning through the hill country of the Black Forest or Thuringia, and you understand what the inward eye of the poet saw when he used those two well-beloved German words *Waldespracht* and *Frühlingszauber*.