

Ethelinda Deering Frey
Book 6, Dresden (February 17, 1911) to Prague (March 7, 1911)

[p. 1]

February 27, 1911, Monday

Practically all our packing was done by nine o'clock so we girls started out to do the last few errands.

There was Cooks to be visited for the last time then we turned up Sardonian Strasse to the picture store.

Helen bought a picture of the head of Giorgione's Venus and I invested seven of my remaining marks in a good sized print of the Hoffman's "Christ in the Temple." There were numerous post cards that I wished to get to fill out my set for I am trying to be careful and not leave a place without a postal like I did in London. [p. 2] One picture of Reins in "Faust" was all that he had in stock but we were to return in an hour and he would have them.

We went back in an hour but they had not come so we left our Berlin address.

During dinner Cook's man arrived to take the luggage and when everything was in his hands we felt quite at peace.

Frau Schörke had bought us all flowers. We girls, violets and Mother "Forget-me-nots." She and Jessie went down in the car to the station all the other girls leaning [p. 3] from the dinning-room window to wave as long as the car was in sight.

The girls have been very nice to us and it seems too bad to leave them. I wonder if we will ever see any of them again. I hope so; perhaps next year.

We had more than enough time at the station but it went all too quickly and we wave to Frau Schörke and Jessie as long as they were in sight and then settled down to enjoy our traveling once more.

It is the last stretch and at the end lies "home." Oh! how good the word sounds! [p. 4] The country between Dresden and Berlin is rather flat and monotonous. The horizon is broken quite frequently by windmills which to-day lifted their long grey arms to the grey sky some of them content to rest idle others whirling merrily in the strong wind which blew from realms unknown.

The fields many of them were green with the new little shoots while others turned a brown surface to the sky where they had been recently ploughed. In some cases the farmer and his wife, the latter with a red handkerchief bound around her head, were [p. 5] ploughing the fields in preparation for the coming season.

All spoke of the passing of winter and the coming of an early spring. The animals were out from their winter hiding. At the edge of a wood we saw a rabbit hopping about and two or three times we saw deer in the fields. One time there appeared to be quite a herd of them.

Our train pulled in to the Dres Station about five o'clock and handing a porter our luggage he conducted us to a carriage. It was not a long drive to Mrs. Bennett's 12 Bellevue [p. 6] Strasse.

Mother had written ahead for rooms and we found everything all ready.

We have two connecting rooms upstairs (that means the third story) and they are very cosy and comfortable.

Mrs. Bennett , herself, came to welcome us, making it seem very homelike and nice. She is an American lady [underlined twice]. That means a lot.

Dinner came at half past six.

We spent the evening upstairs by ourselves since we were a little tired.

[p. 7]

February 28, 1911, Tuesday

It was good not to be called at seven o'clock but we were not altogether lazy for we were down stairs by nine.

Mrs. Bennett goes one better than Frau Schörke on the breakfast line for we started with fruit, then came an egg and lastly chocolate and rolls. We were quite capable of them all.

After breakfast we started out. We walked down Siegesallee which is decorated on either side by marble statues of different historical people. Behind each statue is a semi circular marble bench decorated with two marble busts. [p. 8] It is a beautiful avenue terminating at one end by a golden figure on a pedestal of victory. It is much the same effect as the victory statue at Munich being led up to by a long avenue.

We walked nearly the full length; then, turning to the right passed along the street and under the Brandenburg Gate crowned by its famous horses. Unter den Linden which starts at this point is a beautiful, long, broad street. The shops along the way are quite exclusive ones so the display was not very great. The opera house is quite a [p. 9] way down and has not nearly so imposing an exterior as either that of Munich or Dresden.

We walked all the way around before we found the entrance and then Helen joined the line to get tickets for "Madame Butterfly" for to-night. The seats are quite a little more expensive than in Dresden. We got them in the parquet ninth row at the left and they were eight and a half marks.

Coming from the opera house we continued on down the street past the palace of the crown prince. Mother told us that her old Kaiser used to come [p. 10] to the second window downstairs to the right of the door every noon to bow to the assembled people.

Just beyond this we saw some people standing in the streets watching as if they expected to see something coming. Naturally from curiosity we joined too and after waiting for about half an hour we asked a woman what the people were waiting for. She said that the Kaiser had gone in to the arsenal and that people were waiting to see him come out and get in to his automobile. [p. 11] While we were waiting we heard the sound of a bugle horn and an automobile passed. As it passed the guard house the soldiers all came rushing out to salute.

Mother said this was the guard house where the little crown prince (the present crown prince) walked up and down so as to make the guards come running out. He thought it was great fun but probably the guards were of a different opinion.

After patient waiting the doors of the building opposite, which was the arsenal, opening and the guards were [p. 12] seen waiting at attention. The Kaiser came out walking hurriedly beside another man. They shook hands before his automobile door, saluted and in the twinkling of an eye the Kaiser was settled on his seat and the automobile started up, the royal flag flying gaily.

Two other men who were with him got in to their respective automobiles and drove after him.

The excitement was all over in a very few minutes. Quite a few people went in to the arsenal, I supposed out of curiosity to see what the Kaiser went for.

[p. 13] We continued over the bridge of the Sprie to the Lustgarten. The Old Museum is on the Lustgarten as is also the Cathedral. We however passed behind the Old Museum to the street behind.

There were signs marking the way to the Frederic Museum so we very easily found our way across the bridge, along the first street running at the right angles from the farthest side and again across the bridge to the Museum.

We went to the picture gallery first which is upstairs. We went up [p. 14] the stairs you are supposed to go down but that mattered little. To the right as we came up were the rooms of Italian paintings and old works so we went that way.

After having studied so carefully Rubens, Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Raphael and Titian these works looked very queer with their flat rigid appearance.

The names were new ones, Dürer, Cranach, the Della Robbia family, Fra Filippo Lippi, Fra Angelico, Botticelli, and Bellini. A picture by Bellini we noticed because "Herr Professor" had spoken about it. It represents Christ, dead, [p. 145] supported on either side by two angels of sad and serious countenance. It really is very good.

We came to quite a big sized room at the end of this series of smaller rooms. At the end was a statue by Michael Angelo of John the Baptist.

In one corner were four little Raphael's Madonnas. One of them was quite good, the others I did not care for nearly so much. There was a beautiful picture after Correggio of Leda and Jupiter. The background is very dark making the figure of Leda stand out plainly. It is painted as only Correggio knew how to paint flesh tints [p. 16] so they leaves very little else to be said.

At first one does not see Jupiter but after the first quick impression one sees his dark form and face bending over her.

Farther along still there were pictures by Titian one of himself which was excellent and one of his daughter Lavinia.

We crossed over to the other gallery just to see what were going to be there.

The first thing that met our eye were two pictures we had been speaking of quite recently. One was "Mata della Rosa" by Guido Rini. The sweet, sad upturned face was full of character and beauty.

[There is a loose, unidentified snapshot of a large building with mountains in the distance in between pages 16 and 17.]

[p. 17] It is a picture to love and worship. Beside it was the Magdalin by an unknown author.

Both are pictures showing much grief. In the Magdalin picture her golden hair is falling over her shoulders in a golden glory. But she heeds not her own appearance her whole soul and mind is lost in overwhelming grief and her face is turned upward as if seeking strength from above.

We went through this room and through a small room in which hung a picture by Maes of an old woman peeling apples.

The next room contained Rubens as we could tell at a glance [p. 18] but it was getting late so we just walked through the following rooms to the main staircase.

We took a carriage home reaching there just about lunch time, one o'clock.

Mrs. Bennett told us that we ought to go to Charlottenburg this afternoon so we took her word for it and went.

We walked just down to Potsdam Platz and on Potsdamer Strasse, got a number "R" or we might have taken "P" going away from the Platz. This brought us right out in front of the palace.

We had to go inside the central court to a building at the right in order to buy our [p. 19] tickets from the Mausoleum. Then we came out to the central court and passed in to one at the left.

The path was marked and we followed it through the orangerie and out in to the garden. The gardens are beautiful even at this time of year for there are quite a few evergreen trees. We walked for quite a while until we turned in to an avenue bordered on either side by pine trees. At the end stood the Mausoleum. It is not a large building, made in the Doric style the portico being supported by four Doric columns.

We entered and mounting the [p. 19] steps were in an inner vestibule. The light from all around came through blue windows casting a strong blue light on the big marble statue of an angel with sword of flame. Beyond the room with the tombs the windows were yellow of course casting a yellow light. The four tombs were arranged two and two. First was that of Queen Louise and King Frederick William III and second their son Kaiser William I and his wife Kaiserin Augusta. All the four tombs have recumbent figures of the respective persons executed in marble.

[p. 21] Outside of the Castle in a beautiful marble "Dankmal" of Frederick III.

We walked a little way then took the car reaching home about five o'clock.

We had a short time to rest and then we got ready to go to "Madame Butterfly." We took an automobile to the opera house so as to get there in plenty of time.

The opera house is not as large as either Munich or Dresden but it is quite gorgeous and the people seem to dress more.

Our seats were at the very left end of the ninth row but we really could see very well.

The first scene opened in a garden in Japan. [p. 22] The scenery was very pretty, the funny old bridge, the house, the gate and the garden flowers. "Linkerton" an officer in the American navy and "Sharpless" the American consul were together in this garden talking with a funny man whom we judged to be a guardian or uncle of Madame

Butterfly. Linkerton had fallen in love with Madame Butterfly and wished to marry her so negotiations were going on. Sharpless and he talked quite a little together, Sharpless urging Linkerton not to do this, but he was quite set.

After much talk during which Madame Butterfly appeared but once everything was [p. 23] decided on.

Sound of singing was heard from the garden and Madame Butterfly appeared followed by all her girl friends. They were all clad for the bridal ceremony in dainty komonas of bright colors. The relations also arrived at about the same time.

The servants came out from the house bringing a little table and funny little dishes into which they poured refreshment for the guests.

The movements were so funny. The servants in bringing anything always got down on their knees before they set it down and then the funny little bows, curtesies [p. 24] and little steps!

The priest came and the two were married according to Japanese forms.

Then after congratulations the guests one by one all departed. It had been growing gradually dark for long for the moon rose in great splendor. Linkerton and Madame Butterfly sat together alone in the garden. They both appeared very happy. Linkerton told however that he must return with his boat to American the following day.

The curtain went down as they said good-by, Madame Butterfly going in to her house and Linkerton remaining seated on [p. 25] the garden bench.

I forgot one thing. Just as the marriage ceremony was finished up rushed the old high priest and raved against Madame Butterfly for this marriage, cutting her off from the church.

The second scene represented a period of time about five years later. The American consul has received a letter from Madame Butterfly from Linkerton. The scene represents an inner room in the house of Madame Butterfly. The curtains are all down for it is just daybreak. The servant pulls up the screens and opens the doors while Madame Butterfly gets up.

Before long Sharpless appears [p. 26] with the letter from Linkerton. It really is pathetic to see the way that Madame Butterfly takes it and kisses it and presses it to her heart before she will let Sharpless read it to her.

The gist of the letter is that Linkerton is coming very soon. Madame Butterfly is quite joyfull and going in to a side room returns with her boy in her arms. She shows it with pride to Sharpless and thinks of how proud Linkerton will be about it.

When the consul has left she orders her maid to go out and pick all the flowers in the garden. [p. 27] The maid goes and returns several times with big bundles of flowers which Madame Butterfly puts in to the many vases in the room and strews on the floor and chair.

Then they both take big baskets with cherry blossom leaves in them and sprinkle them over everything.

The day is gradually waning and the doors are closed and screens dropped not however before they spy in the distance an American ship which bears Linkerton.

Lanterns are brought in and set on the floor and Madame Butterfly puts on her kimona which she wore when she was [p. 28] married.

She goes to the door looking toward the town and the sea, rolls up the screen and breaks two holes in the glass.

At one she stands, at the other sitting on the floor the child in her lap the maid looks out. The curtain goes down leaving them so.

When it goes up again the scene is the same and the people in the same positions but the lanterns are going out and the day is breaking. Madame Butterfly leaves the room with the child and the maid tends to fixing the house.

Very presently the consul [p. 29] appears. He is in great distress. Linkerton has returned with his American wife who now desires that the consul demand the child.

He attempts to make some explanation to the maid who is filled with horror when she sees the trim American woman walking in the garden and understands the request. Madame Butterfly comes in, and Linkerton's wife coolly makes her demand without thinking of the effect on Madame Butterfly.

Madame Butterfly manages to keep control enough to tell her to return in half an hour for the child but [p. 30] no sooner have Sharpless and Mrs. Linkerton left, then she falls forward in a dead faint.

The maid hurriedly closes the doors and drops the blinds and goes to revive her mistress Madame Butterfly.

As soon as she is revived Madame Butterfly sends the maid out with the child and she goes to the little cabinet whereon stands a picture of Linkerton.

Near it she sees a knife and catching it up is about to make an end of herself when another outside door opens letting in a stream of sunlight and her child comes running in to her. [p. 31] She drops the knife and catches him to her in a fervent embrace. Then hastily she seats him on the floor puts an American flag in his hands and binds a cloth over his eyes.

She takes one last look at him then quickly picking up the knife goes behind a screen. One sees the knife raised and brought down suddenly. It falls on the floor with a clatter and she comes staggering out a white scarf at her throat.

She takes but a few steps when she falls down dead. About a second later one of the door flies open and in rushes Linkerton – too [p. 32] late.

He finds her lying on the floor in the room all decorated and strewn with flowers to welcome his coming. The consul picks up the child who still tightly holds the American flag which his mother had placed in his hands.

The curtain goes down on this scene.

I wonder if that may not be true in some instances. I am very much afraid it may. When we got home we met Mrs. Bennett in the corridor.

She asked us about it and about who played the [p. 33] parts.

It seems that "Madame Butterfly" which part was played by Fräulein Easton and "Linkerton," played by Herr MacLennan were both played by Americans and what is more they are married.

I thought at the time that "Linkerton" looked and acted the part of an American most unusually well. No wonder!

Madame Butterfly was just right for the part. She was slight and graceful and pretty.

A large Madame Butterfly would have looked queer, to say the least.

[p. 34, Three black and white postcards, two now loose: a photograph of the Kaiser; "Unsere Kaiserin"; and "Charlottenburg, Mausoleum"]

[p. 35]

March 1, 1911, Wednesday

"Now fades the last long streak of snow,
Now burgeons every maze of quick
About the flowering squares, and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow."

March came in like a lion this morning with a great deal of blustering and blowing and rain.

We walked down to Potsdame Platz to take a car to the gallery but we were obliged to wait for some few minutes and seeing an automobile we popped in to it and we taken right to the doors of the Frederick Museum.

We went around downstairs first but although there were many fine things I am afraid we didn't know enough to [p. 36] appreciate them.

The first room contained alter pieces by Fra Bortolomeo, Francia and Andrea della Robbia. Of course they were good but I don't rave nearly so much now about them as I should. Perhaps I shall sometime. In one of the side rooms is erected a Façade of the Palace of M'shatta (Asia Minor 4-6th cent. A.D.). It really is an enormous thing and the carving on the stone is beautiful.

In other rooms there were Persian and Arabian carpets with the most beautiful colors ranging from the very daintiest and most delicate of colors to the deep, rich tints. [p. 37] Another thing—a mosaic from the church of San Michele in Affricisco at Revenna dates from 545 A.D.

Electric lights are turned on it making the gold sparkle like the real article and attracting ones immediate attention. I wonder how they ever got it here anyway.

We did not spend very much time downstairs for there was so much to be seen up. We entered the room with the "Mata della Rosa" and from there made our examinations. One room beyond contains quite a few by Rubens, some by Van Dycke after Rubens' style and one by Vos of [p. 38] two dear little children seated on the floor.

In quite a few of Ruben's pictures we recognized Helen Fromont his second wife. His little cherubs or angles were the dearest little things as were Van Dyck's also. In one picture of Van Dycks where Mary and her friends are weeping over the dead body of Christ the little cherub has such red eyes and his face is all swollen by his crying. He is such a pathetic little figure.

In a room adjoining was a picture by Rubens of just one little cherub all alone holding in his hand a little [p. 39] bird.

In another room containing some of Franc Hals I recognized from a copy in the St. Nicholas or Youth's Companion a picture representing a Dutch nurse with queer cap on her head and clad in a black dress holding on her lap a little child with a big white ruff around her neck. The nurse holds between the fingers of one hand an orange probably to keep the child still.

Mother and I enjoyed ourselves by trying to guess the painter of a picture before we could see the name! It was fun and we were [p. 40] quite as likely to find it a right guess as a wrong one.

We saw one more of the Rembrant "Sampson" series. It was Sampson threatening his father-in-law.

There were several by Van Eyck who painted the dear little one hanging by Holbein's Madonna. Some of them were as fine and delicate in detail as that while others were quite a little larger.

We wished very much that we had taken our lunch with us for an hour more or a little longer and we would have felt that we knew the gallery quite well.

There is one other picture that it quite well known. It is Murillo's "St. Antoine of [p. 41] Padua" holding in his arms the Christ Child. It is a dear picture. St. Anthony is holding the Christ Child in his arms and bending reverently to kiss it. The child is the gayest merriest little child quite care free. The effect is grey for grey clouds are behind through which comes a streak of light and the Saint's robe is grey. There are other little angels too, some carrying white lilies and all merry and happy. This room and the one beyond are rather secluded because they are only connected by a small marble room or hall.

In the room beyond are several small by precious [p. 42] Watteaus.

We took a carriage home and because it was raining spent the afternoon and evening reading and writting.

[p. 43]

March 2, 1911, Thursday

Another day of rain!

There is not much use in traveling the streets when one simply has to go a paddeling. We thought of "I like to go a paddeling / Upon the squashy sand" but it is a different matter to paddle wet streets in a pouring rain with a wind seemingly coming from every point of the compass.

We walked to the Old Museum on the Lustgarten and we were no sooner arrived than it simply rained in a deluge. Luckily we were safely under cover.

The exterior of the building is beautiful. The broad portico supported by eighteen columns in the [p. 44] Ionic stile is led up to by a flight of stone steps flanked on either side by two very fine statues. The one on the left "The lion hunt," the one on the right "An Amazon fighting with a tiger." The roof is also crowned by fine statues.

Inside are sculptures from the periods of Greek and Roman art. Some of them are copies, some of them are originals. There were three figures of the Graces partly restored by yet holding beautiful graceful lines.

We like very much just the busts for the profiles [p. 45] were generally so fine. We examined quite carefully the Greek and Roman noses and quite promptly decided that none of us had one or none of our friends that we could remember. The Greek noses do not go in from the forehead to the bridge of the nose.

Upstairs we started to go in to the Antiquarium but only walked through a few rooms for we have seen so many things of that sort and we have a chance to see so many more. We went back down the short flight of steps (not downstairs) and followed along the long hall through the Rotunda and into the New Museum [p. 46] which is connected thus with the old.

It contains a great many casts of great works but some of them which we have seen we did not like because they weren't nearly like the originals so we didn't stop for close examination. Upstairs are engravings from Dürer, Botticelli and Rembrandt. Quite a few of these we had seen the originals so these we did not stop long over. Mother was hunting for a picture she remembered the Countess of Potocka and we had a hard time finding it.

It was in the room to the [p. 47] left of the stairs covered by a green curtain because it is fading. It is a dear, dainty little picture and one of which there are quite a few copies.

In this building, at present is the frieze of the great altar on the Acropolis of Pergamon (180 B.C.) but while waiting for the Pergamon Museum to be finished it is only shown to people making special application to the inspector.

Unluckily enough we did not know enough then to make application.

We left the museum about twelve o'clock going over to the "Dome" or Cathedral.

We were nearly blown off our feet in order to get there [p. 48] but at length our goal was gained as we passed in the door of the vestibule and thence in to the church. It is plain but very beautiful a great deal of the stone being marbles. The huge dome is over the central part of the building giving the interior a high appearance. There are private balconies for royalty the ministry the church and choir. The stained glass behind the plain altar may be modern but to me it is beautiful even if it isn't a hundred years old. In a chapel at the left are [p. 49] the tombs of various members of royalty with sculptures for some of them.

After we had stayed for quite a while here we went out and took a carriage for home. After dinner we again took a carriage going to National Gallery.

It was open from one to five admission 1 mark so that we had a good chance to see it without a whole lot of people around. First came the modern sculpture and even though they aren't so wonderful as the old masters the marble itself is so beautiful that it seems to lend beauty to the form [p. 50] and face.

The paintings are also modern and after having seen the great masters one wonders if they both can be called by the same name. Apparently the painter of to-day

is in too much of a hurry to spend careful time in the working out of fine details so that only the impression and not the study appeals to one.

There were some thirty six pictures by Karl Blechen. The landscape ones were better often than his others but none of them compared to Ruisdael.

Böcklin is an impressionist very daring in his attempts [p. 51] and sometimes successful. One of his pictures is quite well known it is call "The Hermet."

The old hermet with grey hair and long beard is standing before his crucifix playing on his violin. Evidently he is putting his whole soul in to what he is playing. Two little angels are perched up high watching him and another one is standing on tip toe trying to look through the keyhole.

One of his portraits is good. The mans face is so human. It represents a painter his palette in one hand and his half poised brush in the other. Behind his shoulder is [p. 52] a skeleton probably death playing on a violin to him. The expression of the face and the ghastly smile is too horrible for words.

There were several pictures by Feuerback among the best of them a portrait of himself and one of his mother in her old age.

The pictures by Lenbach were excellent. His portrait work was especially good. One picture was done in all in brown with very few lines except for the face which was quite carefully worked out.

One picture of Jenny Lind by Magnus showed her as a sweet prim young lady of oldern times.

[p. 53] In the hallway hung a picture by Max in which one could recognize the same girl face as in the one he painted of the girl kneeling on a white rug lost in sorrow a letter beside her that we saw in Dresden. The name of this picture was "Christ healing a sick child." In an inner room it gave a picture of the breakfast scene in the breakfast room at Sanssouci by Menzel and another the Flute concert which might have been supposed to represent Frederick the Great playing on his flute before his assembled courtiers. By the same painter there was a wierd picture showing the [p. 54] interior of a sculptors room. On the wall is fastened two arms and at the first glance it gives one the shudders just to see the arms before one realizes that they arn't human flesh.

For the first time we saw a conception of Salome with the head of John the Baptist where she looked as though she were disgusted and sick at the bloody sight. It was not a well executed picture but I think that the conception is very good.

There was one picture that Mother called our attention to because she remembered it from twenty three years [p. 55] ago. It was "the train of death" by Shangenberg. One saw a prairie across the whole length of which as far as the eye could reach was a long procession of people all following in the train of death. Death in the form of a skeleton with grinning face walked at the head of the line all the others following. There were little children, old people, peasants, people of high birth, a bride, a pope and many others all in the train. At one side of the road was an old woman lifting her hands and beseeching death to take her in his train while at the other side was a young [p. 56] man sorrowfully taking leave of his young wife.

We reached the picture late so that the light was not very good and we could not see the horrible grin on death's face but we knew it was there.

In the same room was one also that Mother remembered. A young man on horse back was riding fast after Fortune who fled before an illusive beautiful phantom. He was riding on a bridge just wide enough for the horse's feet and was just about to ride on to a single plank which spanned a deep ravine. Death was riding fast after him on a horse that would [p. 57] overtake him when he started on the plank but he was heedless of all leaving behind him death in the form of a corpse which he had ridden over. He was after Fortune and so taken was he by the phantom and by the pieces of gold which she threw in the air to him that he heeded not the ravine below, death riding hard after him or the white corpse.

This was practically the last that we saw excepting one which we looked at again a little more carefully. It represented the Mother bearing the Christ Child as coming to a little boy tending his sheep in a field of green [p. 58] grass dotted with the blown dandelions.

The little boy wanted oh so much to give something to the Christ Child but he had no myrrh, frankincense, or precious gifts. So he picked a flower, not a costly flower grown in hot houses but a humble common one and held it out timidly to the Child. It was but the soft grey seed flower of the dandelion but the Christ Child was holding out his hand to receive it with an eagerness that brought joy in to the heart of the little peasant lad standing bare footed, knee deep in [p. 59] the grass, his hat in one hand while with the other he offered his gift timorously the sheep lifting their heads to watch.

It was nearly five when we left so we took a carriage home. In the evening there were three young men, Americans, who knew Mrs. Bennett's son and had come to play together. One of them had a violin worth \$30,000!!!!!!!!!!!!

[At the bottom of the page, two postcards: a color postcard, "Königl. Museum im Lustgarten" and a black and white postcard, "Berlin, Der Dom"]

[p. 60]

March 3, 1911, Friday

Nature was kind to us and the sun shone out quite gaily this morning.

We got up fairly early so as to take the nine eighteen train from the Potsdame Station to Potsdame.

The ride lasted for not quite an hour so that we got in to Potsdame about ten o'clock. We met, or were accosted by a guide before we had taken more than two steps from the ticket punching box and quite quickly decided to employ his services.

He took us first to the Town Palace used by the Crown Prince quite often in the winter. Yesterday the Kaiser [p. 61] was at Potsdame to go through the ceremony of putting the young prince in to the army. On account of this we could not see the palace, which was quite a disappointment. From about in front of the palace we took a car no "A" in order to come somewhere near "Sans Souci."

We got out at Louisa Platz near the Brandenburger Tor, a big gate built by Frederick the Great.

We walked along the farthest street at the left of Louisa Platz and turned down the last street at the left. The Mausoleum is the first place we went to. [p. 62] It is part of the church of peace. We walked around a central inner court which was all green and beautiful. In the centre is a copy of Thorvaldsen's "Risen Christ," a beautiful statue. Around three sides of the inner court ran a colonade of white marble columns over some of which the green ivy was climbing. Inside are the tombs of Emperor Frederick III and Empress Victoria and their two sons. The effect of lighting was not made striking like at Charlottenberg but I like the plain light of day. The marble columns in the interior are of beautiful stone and Helen went quite [p. 63] crazy.

Our guide led us out through the grounds to a little side door by which we passed on to the street. In some maraculous way he had brought us out very near the main entrance to the palace grounds.

In front of the beautiful gates, which were sent to America for the Chicago exposition, stands an obelisk erected by Frederick the Great. Frederick said that if England could have an obelisk he could; and so, when he could not get one he made it! The queer characters and signs on it meant nothing of course. This was just an example of how he got just about what he wanted [p. 64] He took us through the gates from which stretched a long, broad, straight avenue up to the New Palace.

We walked along the avenue as far as the big basin or fountain then he turned to the right and after quite a little bit of walking we came up on a terrace where was one part of the palace of Sanssouci. It was but one story high, ornamented with a great deal of gold work. It was the part known as the picture gallery. We left our guide outside and went in with the guardian who spoke excellent English. The building inside is very beautiful. The floor is of marble [p. 65] as is all the stone work. The ceiling is nearly covered by gold ornaments and decorations.

The pictures, are all originals of great masters, Rubens, Rembrandt, Van Dyck and others. There was one picture that was rather fascinating in a way. It was the death of Cleopatra. The viper, hidden in a basket of fruit on her arm, has fastened its mouth on her wrist and already her face and neck were turning a bluish white.

There was a dear little picture of Cupid on Skates and also a statue of Venus burning Cupid's bow and arrows. Cupid was crouched down [p. 66] beside the altar whereon his belongings were being destroyed. He was half crying and yet he was very angry about it. His little face was screwed up in an expression of anger and his little fists were doubled up. He looked up at Venus who was smiling at his trouble as if to say that he would get even.

From the picture gallery we climbed a flight of steps in the hall and came out on the terrace of the palace itself. Everywhere in the decorations of garden or picture gallery we saw little boys. It seems almost pitiful to think of Frederick's wanting little boys [p. 67] everywhere.

At the right and left of the palace before an arber are firstly the graves of Frederick's dogs and secondly those of his monkeys. One of his last wishes was that he

be buried with his dogs and it seems too bad that he was buried beside his father who was so cruel to him.

We passed around to the back side of the palace where one now enters. Across on a hill we saw a ruin that looked quite Romanesque so we naturally curiously inquired what it was. It is another instance of [p. 68] Fredericks getting what he wished for. If they could have ruins in Rome why he could have a ruin; so, he had this built and at the same time made some use of it by having his reservoir there. There was a cleared avenue of turf leading from the ruin to the central back portion of the palace. On either side of this the trees were growing.

We entered by a back door at the right and the first room we came in to was that of Voltaire. Ever since I have ever wished to come to Europe I have always wanted to see this room. I was not at all disappointed. [p. 69] There is a great deal of work in the decoration for the walls and the ceiling are ornamented with quite a good deal of painted wood carving.

We asked the guide the reason for so many animals and birds. So he explained. A parrot was put there because Voltaire talked like a parrot, that is according to Frederick's ideas of the great writer. There were monkeys because he said that Voltaire looked like a monkey. A stork because he walked like a stork. The inkwell on his writing table was ornamented with a fox because he was cunning like a fox. [p. 70] Two monkeys waited on the edge of the waste basket with grinning faces to receive Voltaire's papers.

This wasn't all. In an alcove where probably a bed was once, was Voltaire's dressing table with the toilet articles provided by Frederick. The wash basin and picture were unusually small because Voltaire appeared to be afraid of water. The shaving brush was unusually large because Voltaire was always using one.

The chairs and all the furniture were upholstered with cloth on which were pictured different animals. On a stand was a drawing [p. 71] by Frederick of Voltaire and it was by no means flattering. It is not the slightest wonder that Voltaire the minute he stepped in to this room prepared for him, at once turned and went right straight back to Paris. He became reconciled however and returned later.

Most of the rooms were quite elaborately decorated with painted wood carving. Blue and silver and gold and white seemed to be quite popular colors with the monarch.

There was the room where William IV died and some relics of the olden times. [p. 72] Among them was a clock which stopped exactly at twenty minutes past two, the time in the morning that William IV (?) breathed his last breath. It was never been wound up since.

Another room was Frederick's room with a rack to hold his music when he played his flute and a chest to keep the music in. It is said that when he had hard problems to solve that one would hear him tramping around the rooms and corridors playing on his flute and thinking.

His dining or breakfast [p. 73] room is a circular one built of white marble entirely. Here one can imagine gay little scenes such as was portrayed in the picture we

saw in the National Gallery yesterday. From the big French windows one could see the stone steps leading down to the garden, the monument of Frederick the Great on horseback, the big fountain and a long avenue stretching away through the trees.

Over this door or French window is written the name Sanssouci thus: SANS, SOUCI . The guide explained it thus. "Sans is the French word for without [p. 74] "Souci" is the French word for care. So Frederick wrote it with the comma and said when I am to the left of the comma I am without care for all the rooms where I make gay with my lords and ladies are to the left of the comma under the title of "without." When I am at the right of the comma I am governed by Souci or care for his bedroom, sitting or study room and library were all to the right.

From the breakfast room we passed in to "Souci." Frederick's study room or private chamber is kept [p. 75] much in the same condition as it was. The first window as we enter is the one where he was found dead. His writing desk and stool are still preserved but they are in a very delapidated condition. These are among quite a number of things that Napoleon took to Paris with him. You had better believe that Germany made an attempt to get everything back with interest when in turn they were in Paris.

The walls are protected by glass and our guide told us, with how much authority I know not, [p. 76] that when the Kaiser was showing Roosevelt around Sanssouci, Roosevelt asked the reason for having the glass. "My dear friend responded, the Kaiser "it is to protect us against your country people who wish pieces of the cloth for souvenirs." People who do those sort of things are a disgrace to their country.

There were, to go back to the study, many relics of Frederick. A statue representing him as a small old man seated in an arm chair piled with pillows his two dogs, faithful companions to him all his life and his true friends [p. 77] were on the other side. Of course the statue is modern.

There was a beautiful table of tortoise shell inlaid with gold in his room and another stood just inside his bed room. His bed is still in very good preservation with its scarlet hangings and scarlet covering. It was just like a child's bed though in regard to length. I would not have slept in it one night if I could for I have had enough sad experiences with short beds.

From his bed room we passed in to his library considered one of the finest or the finest room in the [p. 77] palace because of its beautiful wood paneling ornamented with brass. In almost every available wall space are bookcases filled entirely with French books.

Under glass, now, is a screen worked by one of his sisters showing that some one of his family at least thought something of him.

There is a very plain wooden desk on the top of which, under glass is a signed letter of Voltaire's.

In one of the bookcases is the book just as it was found open when Frederick was found dead. It is thought that he was reading [p. 79] one of the two pages open when he was taken by an attack of dropsy and died, unattended.

Under the desk I spoke of is a plain wooden box in which he used to carry his papers when he went traveling. On either side of his big arm chair are stools for his

dogs and quite a few of the chairs had old cushions up on top of the good upholstery so that his dogs could sit on them too.

This was practically the last room of any importance. We passed through a long corridor and went out of the French window in the room just back of the break-[p. 80]fast room.

From there we passed by the old mill to the Orangery. On the way the guard told us the story of Frederick and the miller. Frederick was much annoyed by the noise the windmill made so he called the miller and told him to take his mill away or hush it or it would be taken away by force.

The miller begged him not to disturb it as it was his means of earning his living. Frederick then wished to buy it but the miller did not wish to sell. They went to law about it and the [p. 81] case was decided against Frederick who was obliged to leave the miller alone.

It was bought from descendants of the miller by royalty for \$4,000 or 4,000 marks. At any rate it was a big price to pay for the historical structure.

The Orangery is quite a big building built in 1856. In front, on the terrace are astronomical instruments taken from the Jesuit college in Peking. They were cast in bronze by Chinese artists in 1673 and were brought to Germany by the soldiers as part of the trophies of the Boxer outbreak. [p. 82] It is said that the Chinese Prince when he came to apologise for the killing of the German ambassador was entertained at this palace where as part of his humiliation he could see these instruments taken from his father land.

Inside the first great hall are copies of the master pieces of the great masters. Some of them are good but of those of which we have seen the originals we have always find something lacking. It is hard to tell just what it is but it always is something.

We had to put on the funniest [p. 83] big slippers so as not to hurt the hard wood floors. You couldn't lift your feet, you just had to slide all the time.

The rooms in the Orangery that are fitted up for living purposes have a great many things given by Nicholas of Russia. It seems as though about everything they spoke of was a present from him. The rooms were all kept up for use at any time and the upholstery of the furniture was beautiful.

In one room there were two lapis lazuli tables presents from Nicholas and all the furniture was upholstered in the most beautiful dark [p. 84] blue satin cloth and the walls were light blue. They carried out their color scheme most beautifully.

In the next room were quite a few things in malachite also presents from Nicholas. Their quantity did not detract from their quality and beauty.

It has been quite recently that this palace has been restored to palatial style.

We decided that we had better have dinner before we went to the New Palace so our guide took us to the Old Mill Restaurant a little behind the palace of Sanssouci. At the restaurant we laid in quite a stock of postals [p. 85] for such an interesting place as that was, we didn't wish to forget.

Our guide led us through the grounds on the way to the New Palace showing us beautiful bits of gardening as we went along. There was one long avenue from which we looked through a stone gateway crowned by an eagle to a white marble figure of sleeping Ariadne on a bed of green plants and leaves. This was quite near the Old Mill.

I think we must have walked nearly a mile before we came any where near [p. 86] New Palace.

The gates which are closed when the royal family are in residence were now flung wide open and we sauntered up the remaining part of the main avenue. Often we turned to look back down the long stretch behind us to the entrance gates and the obelisk.

When we were well in view of the New Palace our guide began to tell a story. When Frederick the Great commenced the Silesian Wars all his enemies said that he could not carry on war because he had no money. When the war was finished [p. 87] he paid all his debts and built this palace with the money he had gained through warfare.

On the top of the dome stand three female figures supporting his crown. One is Katharine of Russia, one Maria Theresa and the other Madame Pompadour. Frederick sent a sketch of this to the three women. He said I have paid all my debts and built and paid for this palace but I did not have enough money to buy clothes for these women. As further humiliation they saw themselves represented as supporting his crown. [p. 88] In front of the palace one can turn in three directions and see in each a great avenue stretching out and out and out.

All around are covered statues which only make one imagine what it was like in the summer with the fountains playing, the trees in foliage, the gardens bright with flowers, bands playing and all the statues uncovered.

We went around to the left side of the palace and were obliged to wait for some few moments until another part was through.

Behind the main building [p. 89] are the stables, a small chapel and a kitchen. The food was all brought by an underground passage. At length our turn came and we started, we going ahead of the other party in order to hear our guides explanation in English.

The rooms here are of course kept up in a palatial style for the Kaiser comes often and entertains much. Among other rooms that were shown was the room where Kaiser Frederick died. (The father of the present Kaiser. He died of cancer). The bed was gorgeous. A light blue with much [p. 90] silver embroidery and work. But it was so [underlined three times] short. I don't see how a medium sized person could possibly have slept there without most excruciating discomfort.

The smoking room where very likely Roosevelt and the Kaiser sat together was among the rooms and then we came to one wonderful in every way. It was the stone room or shell room. The walls the pillars the ceiling were all covered with stones and shells, amethyst, malachite, jasper, petrified woods from America, I guess shells and [p. 91] stones from every nook and corner of the world.

There are niches with statues where fountains can run and when the glare of the electric lights is turned on it must be a perfect fairyland each crystal catching and

reflecting the light. One Christmas, it may have been last one, there were eighteen Christmas trees just in this room so that gives one an idea of how immense it is.

We passed upstairs from here and in to the huge ball and reception halls. The first one was simply immense and one could [p. 92] imagine gay scenes going on. Following in succession came two ball rooms each hung with large pictures.

We passed through a small room, in to a corridor and came to the private theatre. It is the dearest little place! But it is capable of holding two hundred. Everything is upholstered in red and is arranged like a big theatre on a miniture scale. The royal seats were cosy arm chairs where their majesties could sit at ease. I wonder if Madame Barbarini ever danced on the miniture stage before Frederick the Great and his assembled [p. 93] court? Perhaps. One like to imagine scenes like that. This was practically the last room of special importance that we went to and soon we were on the way to Charlottenhof never however quitting the royal grounds.

On the way we passed a queer little edifice built by Frederick for no special use as far as we could find out. The outside is ornimented with Japanese (?) or Chinese figures and one the inside roofs of the porticos monkeys jumping at you. One jumps at you in three directions the other in four. [p. 94] Charlottenhof is a dear cosy little palace with only some eight or ten rooms but as one goes through them they seem many more than they are.

William IV spent much of his time there.

Each room though small is dainty and princly in itself. The old furniture and china of the different rulers is of course highly prized. Our guide could not go inside with us but the other man by German and English made things very interesting to us. He showed us, and let us handle a cup and saucer worth up in the [p. 95] thousands. Just think of it!

Perhaps the room that is known best is the Humbolt room. The paper and the furniture and bed coverings all match. It is supposed to represent a tent room and everything is carried out accordingly. All the articles in the washstand have niches to fit in to and the desk also can be folded in to a very compact form. It is because all the little details are carried out that the room is so interesting.

From Charlottenhof we continued through the garden past the Roman baths which at this time [p. 96] were not open to inspection till we came to an exit between the two houses of the gardener and keeper to Allee St, Luisen Platz and in to Charlotten Strasses. Linden Strasse to the right and Breight Strasse to the left brought us before the church. Our guide had gone for the keeper and soon she let us in to the interior which is very plain and simple. Before the alter is the royal box many of the other seats are occupied by the soldiers. Behind the alter the keeper opened the door to a vault and turned on the electric light. [p. 97] It is low narrow and plain. In it are two coffins at the left the father of Frederic the Great and that of that monarch himself.

It seems pathetic to think of the two being side by side when Frederick was treated so cruelly by his father and when he wished to be buried with his dogs. The one tomb is so large and the other so so small. We stood where Napoleon once stood and

looked upon that which his eyes once beheld. But here you feel in sympathy with the Germans and are glad that they got back [p. 98] every single one of the things he stole.

Our guide led us by back streets until he suddenly brought us out by the back gate of the New Palace. He crossed the court to the left hand side to make some inquiries (we didn't know what). He was successful and returned with the news that the palace was open now.

In the entrance hall were several cannon—a most cordial welcome to us. The first big room contained of special importance one of Madame [p. 99] Pompadour's clocks and we were told when we came back that we would see something else of interest on the other side of the room. Among the other rooms we went in to was a dear little one all paneled with birds eye maple. Perhaps one of the most interesting was a corner room used by Frederick the Great where he used to do a great deal of his business.

Outside stood and stands a tree where people having a petition might go. When Frederick saw them standing there he immediately sent out someone [p. 100] to bring in their request. If he was busy and they were obliged to wait until they were tired, often they climbed in to the tree and Frederick looking hastily in to the looking glass before his desk could see them there reflected and send for them.

In one of the previous rooms we saw a bed of his, separated from the rest of the room, when he so wished by a railing with a gate. This was of sterling silver.

[added into the left margin] Off from this room was a secret room with double doors where Frederick could converse in private. The inside of the centre table could go down to the kitchens and would return set with food at any time.

When we came back on the other side of the room we had first entered the thing of interest they had promised us proved to [p. 101] be the measure Frederick had for his soliders. We all fell short of it and poor man himself was quite a little smaller than we.

We saw the outside of the present rooms of the Kaiser and his wife and the inside of the Princesses room just as she uses it as well as that which Queen Wilhemena [sic] used at one time. The last room contained Goblin tapestries among the best preserved of all we have seen.

The staircase down which we went is a gradual incline for Frederick the [p. 102] Great in his old age was affected with gout. It was decorated with trophies of the hunt all prizes of the present masculine members of the royal palace.

We had tea at the station and took the five o'clock train back to Berlin getting there in good time and with a good appetite for our delicious dinner.

[At the bottom of the page, the business card of their guide: "Eduard Ostermann / English guide / Nowawes-Potsdam Telephon 140 / Friesenstr. 6"]

[p. 103, A black and white postcard "Friedrich der Grosse in Sanssouci"]

[p. 104, Two stacks of black and white postcards. Top: "Potsdam, Brandenburger Tor" and an unlabeled card of a domed building seen through arches with a garden in the foreground. Bottom: "Eingang zum Park von Sanssouci" and "Schloss Sanssouci mit Denkmal Friedrich des Grossen." The unlabeled postcard is glued to the page, the other three have hand-written pencil notes on the back about the illustrations, most of which is included in the main diary entry.]

[p. 105, Two stacks of black and white postcards. Top: "Sanssouci-Potsdam, Schloss Sanssouci mit grosser Fontaine" and "Blick vom Scholss Sanssouci mit der grossen Fontäne." Bottom: "Potsdam. Schloss Sanssouci von Ruinenberg gesehen" and "Voltairezimmer Schloss Sanssouci." The loose cards again have pencil notes on the back.]

[p. 106, Two stacks of black and white postcards. Top: "Potsdam—Schloss Sanssouci / Bibliothek Friedrichs des Grossen" and "Potsdam Sanssouci, historische Windmühle." Bottom: "Sanssouci-Potsdam, Schloss Orangerie mit den chines, astronomischen Instrumenten" and "Sanssouci / Felsentor mit schlafender Ariadne." Some with pencil notes.]

[p. 107, At the top a stack of three black and white postcards: "Sanssouci, Neues Palais"; "Sanssouci-Potsdam, Neues Palais—Muschelsaal"; and, "Sanssouci, Neues Palais, Tanzsaal." At the bottom, an admission ticket hand-labeled "The church ticket for admission to the grave of Frederick the Great."]

[p. 108, Five admission tickets, printed in German, are pasted to the page, all labeled by hand, for "Gallery of Sanssouci," "Palace of Sanssouci," "Orangerie," "New Palace," and "Town Palace."]

[p. 109]

March 4, 1911, Saturday

We slept very hard this morning so we did not get up any too early.

When we did finally get started we walked down to Pottsdame Platz and from there crossed to Leipziger Strasse. Quite a few of the interesting shops were here and we walked along quite slowly until we came to Frederick Strasse. Then we began to realize that time was flying so we made an endeavor to chase it with the result that we quickly reached an arcade which brought us through to Cooks where Mother did some business.

It was getting late so we hurried down to the castle and found [p. 110] the entrance through a tent in the second court yard.

We waited for quite a few minutes for another party to be through then we walked up the sloping stair was fixed as it was for gouty Frederick the Great.

At the first room we were presented with great big slippers to slide around in. The rooms were beautiful and also the things in them. In one of the rooms the furniture

was specially pointed out the guide saying that the chairs and probably meaning the other things were worth 12,000 marks or \$4,000 apiece! Isn't that gorgeousness?!

[p. 111] The walls were hung with satin to match the furniture coverings. In another room was a great amount of the golden service. It is not used now except as a decoration for the wall which at one end it covers nearly entirely.

In the same room over one of the doors is a balcony, I should judge which Frederick had made. In his time it was all of sterling silver and once when he was in need of money he had it melted down. Whether, when it was restored, it was made of sterling silver, or not I do not know but as it is now one can see how valuable it [p. 112] must have been and perhaps must be.

[Loose in between pages 112 and 113: two small pieces of blue paper with handwritten notes in pencil of various trips made on certain days and the calling card of Ethelinda's mother, engraved "Mrs. T. Arthur Frey"]

The throne room all of marble is simply gorgeous; made all of marble and gold for the ceiling is a mass of gold worked in to all kinds of patters and devices. The gold alone here on the ceiling must be worth a fortune.

It is one of the most splendid works that Frederick has made and is worthy of the initials which stamp his creation. A staircase of marble led us to the chapel also all in marble. At the alter are two or four marble pillars presents from Egypt for they are of a very rare and [p. 113] beautiful marble of a yellow tint. In some of the other places we have noticed tiny slabs of this kind of marble set in for decoration but no where have we found it in so large a quantity.

Helen and I feasted our eyes on this and so in consequence lost some of what the guide was telling.

Behind the alter hangs a big cross of silver all set with precious stones of all kinds.

There is but one thing, so far, that I could wish to have given me by these monarchs we have a plenty, and that is, some of their precious stones. [p. 114] They are very beautiful.

This was the last thing shown and it is practically the last thing in Berlin we saw for we took a carriage home and after lunch took a carriage to a hairdressers, recommended by Mrs. Bennett, and went through the performance of having our locks fixed up. The evening we spent very quietly.

[At the bottom of the page, an admission ticket printed in German, with the handwritten label "Ticket to the royal palace in Berlin."]

[p. 115]

March 5, 1911, Sunday

Our intentions to go to the American church held good until it began to rain when we gave up in despair.

About twelve it let up a little and Mother promptly stirred us up and we got on our things to catch a glimpse of the "Tier Garten."

First we aimed for the monuments of Königen Louise and her husband, König Frederick William III. A broad path among the trees led up to an open space. There stood the monument of the tall, graceful, beautiful woman, white outlined against the dark green fir trees in a semi-circle behind. [p. 116] Mrs. Bennett told us that on the anniversary of her birthday or day of her death that the square where her statue stood was simply crowded to overflowing with flowers.

Facing her, across a stream of clear running water stood the monument of her husband clear cut, also, against the dark background of trees, a memorial of a man in the end of struggle—brave.

We wandered along among the paths one and a while catching a bird note that made us know that spring was coming in spite of the coolness of the air until we came out by the peace [p. 117] monument at the end of the Siegesallee.

The golden figure of peace stands high up on a fluted column. In the fluting of this column are two rows of guns captured from the French and Hungarians. The whole monument is so huge that the guns look small but in truth they are no such thing. They are grim weapons of war. The figure, though commanding a fine prospect yet did not impress me for the one there was merely poised on one foot with the rest of the figure thrown in to a position as if flying. [p. 118] This one did give one the impression of so much free movement.

We walked home by the Siegesallee looking for the last time at the marble figures lining the way and making it beautiful and interesting. Today it naturally lacked its group of eager scholars with their teacher studying the history of their country in this way.

We had not much more than got back to Mrs. Bennett's before it set in raining again. I wrote until lunchtime and also most of the afternoon. In the evening we packed for our long journey to-morrow.

Mrs. Bennett came up for [p. 119] a few moments and we had a pleasant talk together. She knows the president of Smith College and it turned out that the rooms which we have are the ones he occupied for some time. That will give the girls a nice footing to start acquaintances on.

[At the bottom of the page, two color postcards: "Berlin Siegesallee" and "Berlin, Siegesalle"]

[p. 120]

March 6, 1911, Monday

The maid called us at six and oh but we were sleepy! We had to hurry though for we didn't have any time to spare.

Breakfast came at seven and fifteen minutes later we said good-bye to Mrs. Bennett and were whizzed away in a taxi for the Anhalterbahnhof.

The train made up there so we did not have to hurry very much and about eight o'clock we safely curled up in our compartment ready to go again.

The first part of the way was just what we had seen coming on from [p. 121] Dresden so we slept, read and looked out of the windows until we came to Dresden about ten. There was Frau Schörke on the platform as bright and lively as ever. How good it seemed to see her again! She handed us the school pictures and our red Peter Thompson ties and in return we passed over a huge bundle of letters we had all stamped with German stamps, ready to mail. Ten minutes went all too quickly and we waved as long as she was in sight. I wonder if we will ever see her again. I hope to, next year but things are so doubtful! I wonder what the future [p. 122] holds in store for me.

Leaving Dresden the scenery became more interesting for out of nowhere hills rose and rock formations which led us to think of Saxon Switzerland. The hills and valleys were very wild and the rocks jagged and thrown together as if by some giant hand. Indeed it resembled a miniature Switzerland and it wasn't so very tiny after all.

Along beside our train flowed the Elbe in swift cross currents which made it very hard work for boats going upstream.

The train curved along beside [p. 123] it with the hills rising above it making the landscape most interesting.

In one spot we saw up on the hillside quite a group of people whose bright and many colored cloths made a brilliant patch against the brown hillside. The went almost as quickly as they came to sight and our train with a whistle carried us on and out of sight.

At the border we had to open everything but when they were all taken down at the risk of breaking our heads the inspector merely waved his hand and passed along. [p. 124] It was a much worse job to take them strap them and put them up than to take them down and unstrap them for when we travel with only suit cases we usually have them about as full as they will squash.

Our train reached Prague at about three (+) and getting a porter there, he put the things on his shoulder and marched off, we, quite mistified but following close at his heels.

We followed for about five minutes at the end of which time he brought us to the doors of our hotel, "Swartzes Ross." [p. 125] We presented here, for the first time our Cook's Hotel Coupons – and did not meet with satisfaction. The rooms they offered were poor, third rate ones and we would not take them. They showed us good rooms however which we took with a supplement of a franc apiece on our Cook's tickets.

When we were fairly settled we put on our things and went out to have a survey of the town.

Our hotel seemed to be on one of the principal streets so we turned and walked down it, not however without stopping to look at the old Powder Gate just opposite. [p. 126] As Mother remembered it, this is where they used to keep their ammunition and in case of enemies being in the neighborhood they climbed up a rope ladder, drew it up

after them and waited, comparatively safe. The outside is ornamented quite a little but the whole presents a grim, war like impression.

The street we started on was quite long but we walked along until we came to the river, hardly noticing the flight of time or the length of the distance. We broke the saunter at only one place where we went in to price some of the garnet [p. 127] pins.

Helen bought a long garnet bar pin as did Katharine also while I invested in a pendant. It was getting toward dusk when we turned around and went back to the hotel, hungry and tired mortals. My but dinner tasted good and the minute my head touched the pillow when we were back upstairs, I was asleep.

I slept a most unsuspecting sleep not knowing what would come to me.

[p. 128, A black and white postcard hand-labeled: "The Powder Gate (1485)"]

[p. 129]

March 7, 1911, Tuesday

We were up in good season this morning and I was most unpleasantly surprised. I had not been the only one to occupy my bed as was quite evident by the marks on my face and arms. Flees have not bothered me before except at Heidelberg but possibly they have started in to give me the discomfort the others have suffered.

We had quite a little bother to get a guide and a carriage after breakfast but all in good season they both arrived – and we departed. We drove under the Powder Gate and followed that street down to the farther left hand [p. 130] side of an open square. Evidently our arrival was most opportune for the driver stopped, our guide got out and told us to look at an old clock on a tower before us.

It was a complete puzzle to us and well it might be having been made in 1490 – two years before our land was even discovered. The numbers on the face of the clock run up to twenty four and it strikes at twenty minutes of the hour. When it strikes two doors at the top open and a procession of the twelve apostles appears. The figures, as they pass the [p. 131] window turn from their side ways position, outward and one whom Helen declares is St. John goes through a motion which she says is a salute. Another, whom she designates as St. Peter bows. She was tickled to pieces to think that St. John saluted and St. Peter bowed. When the procession has passed the shutters come together and a cock above them crows.

We saw from this same position the church where John Huss preached but we did not go inside.

In the pavement of the square is a round spot where twenty four (+) (?) nobles were [p. 132] beheaded at one time.

From there we went to the Jewish synagogue stopping at a store on the way to buy the tickets. It is a queer, low, very small building and when we got inside it seemed queerer still. It didn't have the air of a church at all though the smell of incense was strong. There were quite a few old Jewish lamps and vessels which looked like old junk ware more than anything else. Doubtless they came from Solomon's temple or somewhere else equally sacred but they have very little beauty. A long passage way

runs along the outside with windows [p. 133] looking in to the interior. Here the women may stand for they are allowed inside only for weddings and funerals.

Leaving here, we walked to the Jewish cemetery covering a kilometer of ground and in which several thousand people are buried, the bodies being piled five deep. The gravestones are set in hit or miss fashion one often falling on the other in their endeavours to retain a place. Our guide interpreted some of the signs thus: — two crossed hands stand for a descendant of the tribe of Aaron, a pot for a descendant of the tribe of Levi and grapes for one of the [p. 134] tribe of Israel. There were other symbols which stood for other things and other tribes.

Small stones placed on the grave stones represented the number of times people had been to the grave to prey. Some grave stones had many while others had but few. The first burial was made here in 601 or 602 and the last some where in the first part of the eighteenth century. I think this is one of the most interesting things we have seen for we have seen nothing the least bit like it before.

We found our carriage and [p. 135] resumed our drive.

The bridge built by Charles IV of German soon loomed up, the entrance guarded by an old tower at which the Danes were defeated when they attacked Prague at the time of the thirty years war. A monument of Charles IV stands at the edge of the river brink.

The bridge itself is very old and interesting for it is lined on both sides by shrines of all kinds. Our guide spoke especially of the shrine of St. John Nepomuk which stands at the spot where he suffered martyrdom by being thrown from this bridge into the river. [p. 136] When we had crossed the river we were in the oldest section of the city but in spite of it being the oldest section we were pleasantly disappointed in finding it so clean.

As we climbed the hill which began on the other side, we got glimpses in to quaint courtyards and dark passageways, but we did not stop until we reached the palace of Count Waldstein. Here we got to go in. A young girl with a big bundle of keys showed us the way but our guide did the talking.

The first room was supposed to represent a [p. 137] grotto but its real use was as a shower bath for all the stalactii were perforated and water could come through each point.

A doorway in the wall was the means by which the count could ascend to his observatory to consult with his astrologer for he was a great believer in the stars and signs.

In a small room was one of the stuffed horses, one stuffed after having been killed in battle. I wonder if he ate from a marble manger. If he did we saw nothing of them though we asked especially [p. 138] about them.

The gardens are extensive and once must have been very beautiful with their marble statues and fountains.

The girl led us to another part of the building to see a huge hall the height of two ordinary rooms and lighted double rows of windows on either side. The effect of its vastness was greatly increased by mirrors at either end making it to look endless.

Beyond this is a small chapel containing one or two pictures, originals of old masters. The chairs were a convenient contrivance the arms and [p. 139] back serving to make a comfortable chair and then by turning up the arms formed the upright supports for the back, making a chair to kneel on for prayer. The altar was peculiarly situated for we were obliged to go to a balcony which looked down practically in to a shaft at the bottom of which was the altar. There was another chapel below the one we were in.

That was all that was shown of the palace but there were a great many more rooms and they were beautiful too for we caught glimpses of gilded ceilings with paintings through open windows on the [p. 140] courtyard.

The drive from Walstein's Palace up to the hill where the castle and church are situated was a hard, steep, one for the horses but as we climbed we got a fine view out over the city.

The exterior of the castle reminded us a wee bit of that of Versailles but the resemblance was not great. Our carriage drove in to an inner court and there we got out to start on our tour of inspection. The first room is called the Vladislav Hall or Hall of Homage for it was here that the states did homage to [p. 141] newly crowned kings of Bohemia and here also was held the coronation banquet. Later it was used for tournaments on horseback and one could imagine how the hall rang with shouts, the ring of steel on steel and the swift rush of the horses hoofs. At present the floor is of wood—for the better accommodation of tourists.

At the left we entered a room where the diet of Bohemia was wont to assemble. It looks at present ready to have people come there for a meeting and sometime there may be [p. 142] again a king sitting in the seat.

The bust of the builder, Vladislav II is over the throne while opposite over the door is the bust of the architect and well he deserves that place of honor for while the room is small compared with the big Hall of Homage the fine gothic vaulting is especially beautiful.

We went up a winding stair and in to the Hall of the royal diet or Council Chamber. It is quite a large sized room with windows on two sides. A small room opening from it was for the office porter. [p. 143] Our guide told us that this was the room from which the imperial counselors Jaroslav of Martinitz and William Slavata together with their secretary Fabricius were thrown out.

A cross at present marks the spot where the heap of garbage was, which saved their lives. I can't get over seeing the funny side of the matter for I want to laugh whenever I think of Fabricius apologising because he fell on top of the counselors. He certainly must have been very polite if he even remembered to do it in this extremity.

[p. 144] Across in another portion of the palace were two large halls one of which, the Spanish Hall, is said to be one of the largest halls in Europe. It is kept quite in repair for at any time, although unlikely, the Kaiser might come. This was the last room we saw in the palace so we took leave of our castle guide who, unfortunately, was obliged to refuse Mother's tip because the other guide happened to be around.

The Cathedral of St. Vitus was the next place we went to and there we had to hunt up the two sacristans [p. 145] one to unlock one door and the other to unlock the

other door. There are so many precious things that the one key is not intrusted to one man.

The interior is in the simple Gothic style the stone employed being grey. The grey of this stone work was set off by the purple coverings of the seat – it being the time of Lent while the sunbeams dancing in the shafts of light from the high windows making a brave attempt to chase the grey shadows in to the farthest corners.

The tombs here are interesting [p. 146] alone for their history. Within a small space inclosed by an iron lattice fence is the Royal tomb containing the bodies of Ferdinand I and his wife Anne and their son Emperor Maximilian as shown by the three life sized statues and besides the others that of Charles IV. The silver tomb of St. John of Nepomuk is a huge affair but in spite of its being costly to the amount of 500,000 crowns, or \$1,000 it is not so very beautiful and is a clumsy incumbrance to the aisle.

The most valuable chapel is that of St. Wenzeslaus. On the big iron door is a [p. 147] bronze lion's head with a ring in the mouth. It is said that St. Wenzeslau seized on this ring at the time that his pagan brother slew him. The chapel itself is very valuable for the lower parts of the walls are covered with amethysts and other precious stones.

Set in to the back of the altar is a case containing the helmet and shirt of chain armour belonging to St. Wenzeslau. We made not attempt to see all in the Cathedral for we neither had the time or the strength. Only one other thing did our guide stop us at and [p. 148] that was the Belvedere. It is the building built in the style of the Italian Renaissance work and used by Rodolph II as a place to keep his collection of coins.

Along the staircase as we ascended ran the chain of the golden fleece cut in the stone work and this we found constantly repeated. The one room of importance has paintings on the walls representing scenes in the history of Bohemia. We were given a small book and followed the paintings as it was given there.

The outside balcony, running around on all four sides gave us a fine position from which to look at the town with its church [p. 149] steeples rising from every point of the compass. The court where the lion were kept was pointed out and it is here that Shiller based the plot of his story of the glove.

We drove home rapidly from here our appetites well sharpened by the lateness of the hour.

In the afternoon we walked around the little narrow streets and on to the old bridge again. One thing we noticed – that quite often when people passed the shrines on the bridge they lifted their hats or crossed themselves.

About four we got back to the hotel and rested as well as packed for our start tomorrow.

[p. 150, Two stacks of postcards, most black and white. Top: "Praha, Staroměstské náměstí"; "Stary hrbtov zidovsky"; and, a color scene of a courtyard, unlabeled. Bottom: "Prag. Alstädter Brückenturm"; "Hradschin von der Karlsbrücke"; and, "Prag. Karlbrücke mit der Kleinseite"]

[p. 151, At the top of the page, a stack of three postcards: a color postcard "Prag. Königliche Burg"; a black and white postcard "Prag.--Veitsdom"; and, "Praha. Letohrádek Belvedere." At the bottom is glued a colored postcard of the tower clock near the Powder Gate in Prague. It has a toothed wheel at the side which rotates to change the figures that appear in the two upper windows.]

[p. 152, Glued on the page, "The Guide through St. Vitus' Cathedral of Prague." Glued into the last page of the guide are two admission tickets, one to the Synagogue in Prague.]