

BERLIN FACES TERRIBLE ERA OF ANARCHY; CITY'S STREETS MAY RUN RED WITH BLOOD

Capital of Germany Is on Threshold of Reign of Terror.

Astonishing Spectacle Revealed to World as Veil Is Lifted

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It is also of portentous political import, for developments in Germany generally will depend in a great measure on the attitude of the inhabitants of Berlin, the capital and intellectual, financial and military center of the German empire. If the Kaiser's former realm is to dissolve in further revolutions and anarchy, the impulse will come from Berlin, from the workmen in its factories, the employees in its Government offices and the soldiers in its barracks and training camps.

Express Trains Still Run

It is part of the German system of optical illusions that express trains with sleeping cars, and even with dining cars, are still running to Berlin. But the security which formerly distinguished railroad travel in Germany has vanished. Serious accidents are frequent. Engines, cars and tracks are out of repair; physically overworked drivers overlook danger signals, and signalmen make fatal mistakes. The trains, which are terribly overcrowded with civilian passengers and soldiers, are continually patrolled by detectives who demand passports and papers several times in the course of a journey. Travelers who cannot prove their identity and business satisfactorily are at once arrested and taken off the train.

But the activities of the plainclothes men are purely political and their presence is no guarantee whatever against theft and robbery. The most dangerous railroad thieves are the soldiers coming from or returning to the front, who think nothing of stealing their fellow passengers' luggage from the racks or even rifling their pockets if they are careless enough to fall asleep.

Crooks in Disguise

The trip to Berlin by rail gives the traveler a taste of what is in store for him when he reaches his destination. If he does not personally supervise the conveyance of his luggage to his hotel the chances are he will never see it again. For it is not at all improbable that the "hotel porter" or "Esplanade" is a crook in disguise, one of the vast army of petty swindlers, thieves and sharpers who infest all the Berlin railway stations at present. Even if the porter is genuine it would be rash to trust him with the luggage, for he is often in league with the crooks and allows himself to be "robbed" of it by them on the way to the hotel.

Life in the Berlin hotels, even in the most fashionable and expensive establishments, is likewise no sinecure. Particularly the traveler arriving from foreign neutral countries, who is not yet initiated into the mysteries of Berlin and whose trunks usually contain many articles which are worth their weight in gold in Germany, is regarded as easy and legitimate prey not only by the servants but often by the guests of the hotel. If he does not wish to be robbed during the night he must carefully lock and bolt his door and thoroughly investigate all the dark corners and wardrobes in his room before retiring and make sure that no unwelcome visitors are concealed therein. He must not foolishly put his boots out to be cleaned, nor his clothes to be brushed; they would be gone in the morning.

Thieves Infest Cafes

Thus wary Berliners when they visit a restaurant or cafe, no longer give up their hats and overcoats to the attendants, but keep them in their laps or hang them on the backs of their chairs. For theft is a normal part of life in the German capital today, and nothing and nobody is safe from the depredations of the vast multitude of thieves recruited from all classes of the population. Foreigners arriving from neutral countries and ignorant of the conditions in Berlin are almost sure to be robbed within the first twenty-four hours of their stay, and run no small risk of being murdered, too.

The Berlin of these ultimate days of the great war is a "city of dreadful night," darker and more appalling by far than that visioned by the poet. A plastic description of the first impression produced by nocturnal Berlin on foreign visitors was given me recently by a neutral acquaintance. He arrived in the evening and left his hotel on Unter den Linden for a walk. The streets were steeped in darkness, not as in the case in London and Paris, but as a precaution against air raids, and on account of the shortage of gas and electricity.

Turning into the Friedrichstrasse, that great boulevard of Berlin, he found an enormous crowd, pressing up and down the sidewalks and even in the middle of the street, which, owing to the complete absence of automobiles and cabs, could be used freely by the pedestrians. He allowed himself to be carried along by the crowd, which was composed of officers and soldiers in uniform, workmen, women and boys of young boys and girls not yet out of school, past the innumerable cafes, cabarets, ballrooms and bars, which all seemed thronged with guests. He saw, seated at the tables of the cafes, men in military uniforms, and women in civilian dress, and a crowd of young boys and girls not yet out of school, past the innumerable cafes, cabarets, ballrooms and bars, which all seemed thronged with guests. He saw, seated at the tables of the cafes, men in military uniforms, and women in civilian dress, and a crowd of young boys and girls not yet out of school, past the innumerable cafes, cabarets, ballrooms and bars, which all seemed thronged with guests.

benet upon pleasure, but there was no reflection of it on their faces, which were pale, haggard and listless. Their eyes were dull and weary, or unnaturally bright and feverish. The roughest element in the crowd were the quite young boys and girls; their elders seemed too dejected and indifferent to quarrel. As they shuffled and swayed along they appeared to feel the need of supporting themselves and keeping their balance by sheer weight of numbers. With a sudden shock, the stranger realized that the greater part of this tragic multitude was in an advanced stage of intoxication. For, although a square meal has been unobtainable by fair means in Berlin for at least two years, there is still plenty of liquor, adulterated to be sure, but all the more dangerous for that, and potent enough to supply underfed and ill-fed people intent upon forgetting their misery and fears.

Many Fall in Street

My informant walked on down the street. All at once a poorly dressed, elderly man in front of him stumbled, fell and rolled into the gutter. No one in the crowd took the slightest notice. The people passed on leaving the man, who was unable to rise, where he lay. A little farther on a young woman dropped suddenly in exactly the same way. She also was left lying where she fell, and the incident excited no comment whatever from the crowd, who appeared to regard it as a perfectly ordinary natural occurrence.

When, a few minutes later, another man, who did not look at all as if he had been drinking, fell in the street almost at the feet of a policeman who started stolidly away and made no effort to help him, my informant stopped and inquired the reason for this strange indifference. The policeman merely shrugged his shoulders. "They often fall like that," he said. "Sometimes it is intoxication, sometimes starvation, sometimes sickness. And often it is all three together. We can do nothing. There is no place to take them to. The hospitals are full. The jails are full. So what would you have us do?"

German Capital Gruesome

Peering behind the curtain of life in Berlin today is a rather gruesome occupation. But the spectacle presented by the German capital in the daytime is likewise anything but cheerful, though it lacks the macabre contrast between dissipation and misery, which is so characteristic of nocturnal Berlin, and which made such a deep impression on my acquaintance that he declares he will never in all his life forget this terrible vision of men and women falling unheeded in the dark street to the strains of gay waltz music and the crowd pressing dutifully on almost over their prostrate bodies. The most striking feature of the Berlin streets by day is the multitude of rough, ragged children—boys and girls of all ages from four to fourteen—left entirely without surveillance and to their own devices. Since the outbreak of various epidemics—typhoid, cholera, dysentery and grip—the schools have been almost continually closed. The fathers of most of these children have either already been killed in the war or are still serving at the front; their mothers, when they have not succumbed to temptation and deserted them altogether, are working in munition factories and unable to look after them. Their fate is truly tragic.

Murders by Children

Lack of food has retarded their physical and mental development, while freedom from restraint and the bad examples constantly before their eyes have awakened precocious criminal instincts. Robberies and even murders are not infrequently committed in Berlin by boys and girls of thirteen and fourteen. The sight of these unfortunate children, in their ragged clothes and wooden shoes, with their pale, vicious faces and emaciated bodies, hanging around the street corners and the entrances of cafes and low pleasure resorts, is very distressing.

A still harder lot, if possible, awaits the children who are brought into the world at the present time. Born of undernourished, physically exhausted parents, they develop, if they live, into cripples and idiots. I am informed, on good authority, that it often happens now in Berlin that babies are born almost without bones, resembling an unformed mass of flesh without consistency or vitality. Naturally, under these circumstances, while the birth rate is relatively high, infant mortality is very great; but it is not yet possible to give exact figures, as the statistics are still kept strictly secret. When they are eventually published terrible facts will be revealed. For the favorite argument of the German authorities that the German people have gradually grown accustomed to starvation and are now able to live on less food than other nations without serious injury to their health is a ludicrous bluff, and in reality their constitution has been fatally undermined for generations to come.

Bought Stolen Food

Although food, and the various surreptitious methods of obtaining it, plays by far the most important part in the life of the inhabitants of Berlin, I shall refrain from expatiating upon this well-nigh exhausted subject and merely record some characteristic details which have come to my knowledge recently. For a long time the large hotels and fashionable restaurants in the German capital succeeded in supplying their tables fairly well by buying food illegally from the "Schleichhaendler," from smugglers and from thieves. The revolutionary mutineries of the populace finally forced the authorities to get a step in this practice and many of the best

and heavy fines imposed upon their proprietors.

The consequence is that today the wealthy Berliner in quest of a sufficient meal regardless of cost no longer wends his way to the gaudy halls of the "Adlon" or "Hiller," but sneaks secretly down a flight of dirty stone steps into some obscure cellar in a poor side street, where drowsy drivers and newspaper vendors used to congregate over enormous round glasses of "Weissbier" before the war. Here, where nobody in the world would ever expect it, and neither incursions of the police nor of less fortunate and envious fellow-citizens are to be apprehended, he sits down to the best dinner obtainable in Berlin in the fateful year 1918.

Luxuries in Obscure Cellars

He has to pay the price, to be sure—fifty or even a hundred marks for a meal—but all the luxuries that have long since vanished from the Berliner's table figure on the bill of fare: Meat, fish, butter, eggs, rice, beans and even real coffee. For these little underground restaurants, hidden away in filthy lanes and ill-famed slums of the great city, are depots of the vast organization of the "Schleichhaendler," or illegal food-traders, who finance their proprietors and supply their table. The cuisine in these places is excellent, and financial magnates, rich aristocrats and high Government officials belong to their faithful clientele.

Those initiated into the secret naturally, in their own interest, keep it to themselves, and should the police in the district, in the rare cases when they have not been bribed by occasion, raid this gastronomic haunt the proprietor, who usually makes a small fortune in a few weeks, can well afford to pay the customary fine of two or three thousand marks and suffer the penalty of having his restaurant closed. However, he never reveals his connection with the "Schleichhaendler," for they have promised to pay him a kind of pension in food if he holds his tongue.

Wear Paper Clothing

Visitors to Berlin today are astonished to see at first but few signs of the terrible shortage of clothing. Many persons in the street seem quite as well dressed as in other countries. The difference lies in the quality, not in the appearance, of the clothes. They are wearing clothes made of paper, or of vegetable fibers, which look quite smart when new but have no durability whatever and fall to pieces in a few weeks. Men's and women's clothing is universally made of stuffs which contain from 30 per cent to 50 per cent of artificial fibers. These clothes are by no means cheap. A suit manufactured from nettle fibers costs from 300 to 500 marks if bought legally with a clothes ticket and double that amount if purchased from a "Schleichhaendler."

Suits made of pure wool and cotton stuffs, unadorned with vegetable fibers and paper, cost at least 2000 marks! Consequently, many persons prefer to wait to buy clothes until after the war and use up their old clothes. Men who have worn out their business suits are frequently seen in the streets in the morning hours dressed in dress suits and smoking jackets, which, not having been worn much, are still "as good as new." Wooden shoes are quite common in Berlin now, and shoemakers charge from sixteen to eighteen marks to resole boots with wood, the stock of leather being absolutely exhausted.

Savage Instincts Awakened

The vicissitudes of the war have

Spirit of Brutality Holds Sway and Thieves Infest Public Places

Selfish Materialistic Prussian Spirit Still Prevails. Class Hatred Found

awakened all the dormant instincts of savagery in the German people. They have transformed them into brutal egoisms, swindlers, thieves and assassins. It is less well known that they have also forced them to fall back upon absolutely primitive methods of exchange and barter, as they are practiced by some wild tribes in distant quarters of the globe, but have not been in use in Europe for a thousand years.

The mode of procedure is something like this. A Berlin manufacturer takes stock of the goods which he has been able to keep out of Government control or which he still may have left over from pre-war days. He selects cloth, soap, rubber goods or boots, as the case may be, and takes them with him into the country to the farmers. He will refuse even the highest prices for these goods, for it is food he is after, not money. Thus a pair of boots is exchanged for some pounds of butter; a yard of cotton cloth for so many dozens of eggs, a piece of soap for a sirloin of beef, etc. Half a dozen reels of sewing silk buy a Limburger cheese, and a serviceable pair of overalls are quite worth a sucking pig. Not only goods, but services also, are bartered.

Laborers prefer working for a stipulated quantity of food a day to earning high wages; tailors cannot find apprentices unless they promise to give them three or four yards of cloth or a new suit of clothes.

This new fashion of bartering, which extends to all trades and all classes of the population, points to the evident fact that money has completely lost its value in Berlin, as in most other parts of Germany. Fabulous prices are paid by Berlin millionaires for the mere necessities of life. And there are plenty of millionaires in the German capital today, probably more than before the war, though the names of many of them were unknown a year ago. For the social status of the classes has completely changed in Berlin. Men who were rich before the war have either become richer still through speculations in food or merchandise, or lost everything even to their former social standing, owing to the depreciation of currency. Obscure tradesmen and crooks of all descriptions have made millions. The "nouveau riche" dominates in Berlin society today, and his arrogance is both grotesque and insufferable. He pays any price, causing the cost of living to soar higher and higher. He is universally hated and despised, but he can afford, for the moment at least, to scorn his detractors. The

brutal egoism of these wealthy upstarts has been a potent agent in stirring up the latent revolutionary instincts of the masses in the German cities, and it is extremely probable that their overbearing insolence and utter disregard of even the rudiments of patriotism and citizenship will one day bring upon them terrible retribution.

Big Pay for Workers

The Berlin workmen, who as a class used to be diametrically opposed to the rich, have moved up to the second place in the social scale and now really form the middle class. They earned high wages in the war industries, often as much as three marks an hour, a day's work bringing them twenty-five or thirty marks, which they spent freely in amusements and drink in the evening. This represents a much larger income than the majority of the old German middle class—officials, school teachers, the lawyers, doctors, judges and professional men generally—have at their disposal, for they remained almost stationary since the outbreak of the war.

In Berlin, the numerous class of subordinate officials and employees with small fixed salaries is reduced to absolute misery. They are today the real proletarians, living in hopeless, sordid indigence and scarcely able to exist at all without having recourse to criminal practices. For they have neither money enough to buy food, like the successful speculator and the highly paid workman, nor goods to exchange for food, like the small tradesman and merchant. This new proletarian class of low wage-earners, mostly with large families, is sunk today in a great city like Berlin, in the deepest abyss of want.

The natural consequence is that, while its members formerly supported and represented the bourgeois element in German politics, they have now become converts to extreme socialism and Bolshevism, and enthusiastic followers of Haase and Liebknecht. They form the real revolutionary element today but their very misery serves to cow them and they are not organized for action like the workmen with their trade unions under the leadership of the astute Legien.

Workmen Overbearing

The revolutionary danger will subsist even if a really democratic government is established throughout Germany. The Berlin workmen, for the very reason that they have been so long pampered and spoiled by the Government's according them excessive wages, extra food rations, and even donations of clothes, are animated by an overbearing and aggressive spirit. The best illustration of the transformation the classes have undergone in Germany is afforded by the audience at any of the Berlin theatres today. The scene is already almost worthy of Bolshevik Petrograd or Moscow.

In the boxes sit magnates of the "Schleichhandel," flashing diamond rings from their thick fingers, discarding boisterously, devouring fruit and nonchalantly flipping orange peels and cherry stones over the balustrade into the pit. The stalls and the balcony, where in olden times the intellectual and professional classes used to dominate, are now almost exclusively filled with male and female work-

ers from the factories, the women and girls tricked out in gaudy finery, the men most often still in their soiled working garb. The former middle class, when it can afford to visit a theatre at all, is relegated to the gallery. Even in Reinhardt's "Deutsches Theatre," the eclectic temple of the dramatic muse, scenes like the above, eye-witnesses tell me, can be observed nightly, and coarse laughter, ironical remarks, and occasionally an apple core whizzing through the air interrupt the dialogue of Ibsen or Strindberg.

In the cafes and cabarets the change is still more striking; the officers and students who were formerly their best customers have vanished altogether, and it is not unusual to see workmen in their overall drinking forty-mark bottles of bad German champagne with chorus girls and music-hall artists. All the places of pleasure in Berlin are pervaded by an atmosphere of repulsive brutality. The classes regard each other with mutual distrust, contempt and hatred, and the anxious question upon everybody's lips is: What will happen when the army is fully disbanded and the defeated, infuriated soldiers flock back into the capital?

Terrible times of anarchy and bloodshed, unless I am greatly mistaken, are still in store for the inhabitants of Berlin after all the misery and privations they have endured during the war. But they do not, deserve pity. Berlin has always been and still is the incarnation of the selfish, materialistic Prussian spirit which has rendered the German race loathsome to all the rest of the world. Until a month or two ago, the people of Berlin thronged about the Kaiser when he showed himself on Unter den Linden, adoring him as a demagogue, because they believed he would bring them victory and wealth to satisfy their brutal appetites. He was

their "representative man." If today they condemn the former Kaiser, it is not because the spirit of democracy and liberty has found entrance into their souls, but simply because he has disappointed their hopes, and they imagine they can elude some of the just punishment in store for them by sacrificing the Hohenzollerns. The egoism, levity and surprising lack of real patriotism which has distinguished the entire German people, but more particularly the population of Berlin, all through the war, has, in a large degree, contributed to the collapse of the German empire.

The selfish materialism is incurable; the German anarchy, which I believe to be inevitable, will be but another expression of it in a different form. In the days of frightful disaster, when Germany was deserted in rapid succession by all her vanquished Allies and the German armies were being overwhelmed daily in the west, while the Reichstag was examining the advisability of forcing the Kaiser to abdicate and the aspects of revolution and plague stalked through the streets of the capital, the usual autumnal horse races were being held on the race course at Karlshorst near Berlin, and the turf was thronged with a variegated multitude, avid for pleasure and gain.

These races, perhaps the last that will be run at Karlshorst for many a day, represent the ultimate act of the ingenious comedy of self-assurance and "organization," which Germany has been playing for the last three years before the astonished audience of the world; but they are also a typical revelation of the Prussianized character of the German people, of their absolute lack of dignity and true patriotism, their selfish superficiality and base materialism, which their rulers reared in them for half a century and which even defeat and disaster seem powerless to eradicate.

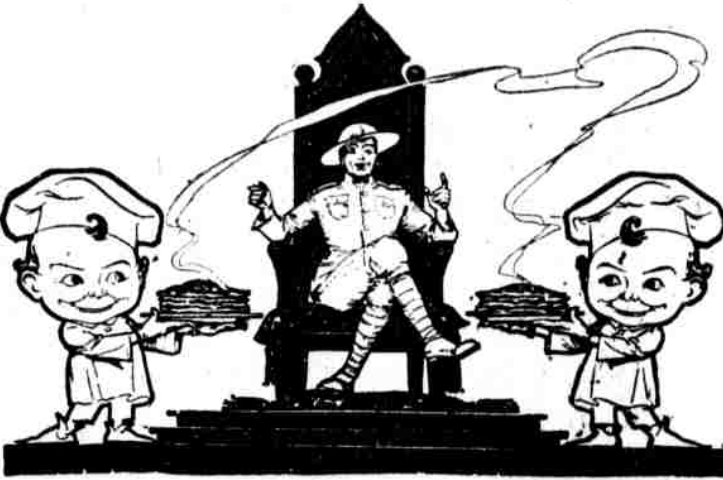
\$100,000 for U. S. Portrait Gallery
Washington, Dec. 14.—(By A. P.)—Announcement was made here tonight that Christoffer Hennings, a banker of New York and former Norwegian shipbuilder, has donated \$100,000 to the foundation for a national portrait gallery in the United States similar to that in London. The money is to be used in purchasing a collection of portraits of officials who have "formed the driving force of America's efforts in the great war." The first portrait to be painted will be that of President Wilson.

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