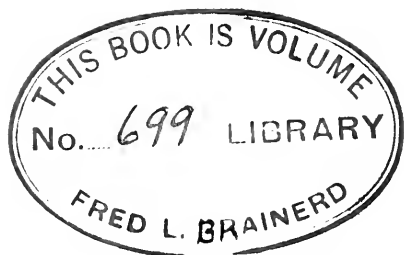




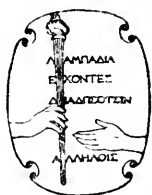
EUROPE'S
MORNING
PAPER
LONDON



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EUROPE'S MORNING AFTER

By
KENNETH L. ROBERTS



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EUROPES MORNING AFTER

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FOREWORD

THE material for this book was gathered during the end of 1919 and the early months of 1920. This period was unique in the history of Europe. Both the old nations and the new nations were just beginning to sit up after their four-year debauch of warfare and to realize that they ought to take something for the awful headaches from which they were suffering. Pessimism was rampant. The entire outlook was a rich dark brown in color. The money of the Central European nations was tumbling to new low levels from day to day. The dazed business men of those nations hadn't learned how to keep pace with the falling exchange. Each nation, as it weakly took up the burden of living in the morning, confidently expected its neighbor nations to expire miserably from anæmia before nightfall—or at least by the following Friday. Nobody knew what was going to happen; and those who made any predictions were usually wrong. An Austrian or a Pole or a Czech or a Magyar might go to sleep at eventide with the equivalent of eleven dollars in his trousers pocket, secure in the conviction that he was going to buy a pair of shoes with his money on the following day; but when he awoke to the rosy flush of a new dawn, prices might have doubled,

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while the value of his money might have slumped to the equivalent of three dollars and nine cents—or just a little more than enough to buy a pair of stockings. Everything, from international boundaries to domestic postal rates, was in a state of flux. I make this statement for the benefit of the people who, like so many others who have read my remarks on Europe, may be impelled to write to me and ask whether it would be advisable for a man with a capital of one hundred and seventeen dollars and fifty-four cents to go to Vienna or Budapest or Warsaw to engage in the automobile—or any other—business. I wish to answer these people now, and in the following way, to wit: their guess is as good as anybody's. The statements in this book apply only to the months during which they were being collected. They were accurate at that time. The book is not a guide to conditions which exist to-day and which will exist next week; but it is a record of what I believe to be the lowest spots of Europe's morning after.

KENNETH L. ROBERTS.

October 10, 1920

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I

POLAND FOR PÀTRIOTISM

IF patriotism could be capitalized, the large, flat, and rejuvenated republic of Poland would have so much money that she could afford to buy all the surrounding countries which are crowding her so annoyingly, and blow them up just to provide fire-works and amusement for the children. If patriotism were edible, the Poles could eat a square meal every half hour, instead of standing in line eight hours for a loaf of bread and then finding out, as they frequently do, that there isn't any bread.

Poland holds the long-distance patriotism championship of the world. Though there are no textbooks in the Polish public schools explaining in twenty lessons how to be patriotic, the small Poles acquire their patriotism with as much vigor and thoroughness as any of the large Poles. It is difficult to say how this is done; for the physical aspects of Poland do not seem to be such as to inspire great enthusiasm in its residents. There is no great abundance of rocks and rills; and as for woods and

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templed hills, they are as rare as electric fans on the Muir Glacier. Poland is a flat land. Enlarge a pancake many millions of times and tint it appropriately, and one would have a fair working model of Poland. Its very name proves it. Its Latin name, Polonia, from which the English "Poland" comes, means the country of plains. It is not a beautiful land. None the less, the acquisition of patriotism on the part of its inhabitants is accomplished with neatness and celerity. Long Poles and short Poles, thin Poles and thick Poles, soldier Poles, musical Poles, and barber Poles—each and every one of them is so filled with the fire of patriotism that the pangs of hunger and cold and disease and war and nakedness and disappointment and grinding poverty are deadened by its genial warmth.

In America we are somewhat given to mentioning a man's activities when speaking of him. "I'd like to have you meet George Jingle, the greatest ping-pong player in Ossawatomie County," we say; or, "I wonder whether you know my friend Will Whiffle, who effected the great consolidation in doughnut-hole machinery?" In this way do we stamp the acquaintance as desirable. In Poland, however, there is only one qualification which is worth advertising. That is patriotism. "Who is this guy Brownski?" asks one Pole. "Why," replies the other Pole, "he's a great patriot." That settles the matter. He's a great patriot, and nobody cares whether he's a dub at golf or the president of the Nowy Swiat Trust Company or a second-rate druggist. When you've said that a man's a great

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patriot you've said it all, in Poland. You have, as the saying goes, said a mouthful. Nobody presses the matter any farther. Nobody asks whether he wears one ounce or twelve pounds of gold braid on his uniform. He's a great patriot. Fine! Bring him round to dinner!

If I were a futurist artist and were attempting to produce a picture which would represent Poland during the first winter of its new lease of life, I would give it a background of gold to represent its patriotism. I would throw in a few Bolshevik beasts gnawing at its edges and at its heart, some endless lines of little children and middle-aged people and old people waiting and waiting and waiting for food, the rags of poverty, the wavy lines of indecision, the smoke of battle, a few dilapidated railway coaches bursting with people, the black splashes of countless funerals, some dizzying downward brush strokes to represent the depreciation of its money, scores of helping American hands and a number of politicians milling round in circles. Wherever there was the smallest unoccupied space I would toss in icicles, Bolsheviks, white eagles, and food cards. Then I would mount the picture on a wheel, attach the wheel to a dynamo, and start it to spinning at the approximate rate of four hundred and seventy revolutions per second. The effect would be somewhat messy; but that is the effect of Poland on the casual observer.

That, in fact, is the effect of all central Europe on everyone. All that one can say about Central Europe as a whole is that it is a mess and that it will probably be a mess for some time to come.

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Practically all other statements are dangerous because of the excellent chance that a statement which is true on a given day will probably be untrue on the following day. Things, as the political economists frequently observe with a look of great profundity, are in a state of flux. They are in a state of flux up to their necks, not to say up to their ears. They have large, unsightly pieces of flux in their hair and eyebrows. I would even go so far as to say that they were stuck in the flux and were making day and night hideous with wild shrieks for some one to come along with a pair of horses and a shovel and get them out. I will also add that their shrieks are justified, and that some one has got to get them out. My reasoning is based on the fairly well-known axiom that a man cannot lift himself by his own boot straps. This operation has frequently been attempted, but has been universally unproductive. People who try hard enough sometimes succeed in pulling their feet out from under them and falling down and breaking their necks. Then somebody has to pay for a funeral.

Poland is in a generous state of flux. Her boundaries are particularly fluxish, especially the boundaries which face Russia and the Bolsheviks. The Peace Conference has carefully refrained from defining these boundaries; so that nobody is able to come within three hundred miles of locating them with any accuracy. They have been left as hazy and indistinct as a kerosene lamp in a London fog, and offer remarkably fine grounds for future wars. The Peace Conference failed in many notable respects, but it was a complete success at providing

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every country in Central Europe with boundaries to fight over. I might add that there are very few countries which will fail to take advantage of the opportunities with which the Peace Conference has so generously provided them. That, at least, is the opinion of every American military man and every American observer that I met in Central Europe—and they are the only disinterested and impartial people to be found in that large and troubled stretch of territory. Everybody else has an ax to grind. Some have only one ax in need of grinding; but most of them have as many axes awaiting the sharpener as a stage magician has rolls of colored paper which he produces to mystify his audience.

And the United States seems to have been unanimously elected to the position of official ax grinder. To change the simile a trifle, if the United States joins with her well-known heartiness in the League of Nations, which President Wilson insisted that the United States should enter without a batting of an eye or a gnashing of the teeth, or words to that effect, she will be the energetic member who will be expected to remove the chestnuts from the fire. She will have to be the one who will have to endure the curses of those who are impatiently awaiting the chestnuts, as well as the one who will have to apply the salve to the burns on her fingers.

The intensity with which Americans in Central Europe mention the League of Nations is truly passionate. They usually lead off in the same way. "When I came over here," says each one of them, "I was all for the League of Nations. But I've changed now; believe me, I've changed! Let them

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sign the Peace Treaty as soon as they can; but for the love of Mike don't let them get mixed up with the League of Nations, which has no reservations in it! If they want to fight, and we tell them not to fight, do you think they'll stop? Not so that you could notice it! Help them, because they need help; but stay out of the League unless it's altered!" And so they run on, from morning to night and through most of the night as well, whenever they can find a warm room in which to sit.

That, however, has little to do with Poland. Poland's boundaries are in a state of flux, and so are her politics and her food supply and her fuel supply and her rate of exchange. The things which I write about Poland were as I found them in the month of January, 1920. They have probably done a considerable amount of fluxing since that time. Probably the rate of exchange is much worse, and probably all the political parties have shifted their allegiance eight or ten or fifty times. Probably the frontier which faces the Bolsheviki has been punched in or pushed out in several places. Probably she has less food and fuel. All these things are bound to change.

There are, however, certain things about Poland which will not be affected by the flux. The people in most parts of the country won't have nearly enough to eat; you may be sure of that. The poor people in the cities will be living on bad potatoes and half-rotten beets and inferior carrots and black bread for which they must stand in line for hours. In the districts which the Russian armies and the German armies devastated thousands of them will

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make their heartiest meals on grass and thistle soup, or on bread made out of pounded roots and vegetables and such-like truck. The Polish money will be worth so little and everything in the stores will be so very expensive that the people will be unable to buy anything except the barest necessities of life; while business men from other countries will be buying everything in sight because the prices seem so ridiculously low to them.

None of these things will change in a hurry; and above all else, the patriotism of the Poles will remain constant. The Poles may be inefficient at governing themselves,—almost any people would be if they had been at it for as short a time as the Poles; they may be lazy and averse to settling down to work; they may squabble among themselves over political matters; they may be regarded by their neighbors as hopelessly incompetent to govern themselves. In spite of all this they will continue to rank high among the world's patriots; and patriotism in sufficient quantities has more than once been known to pull nations out of deeper holes than the one which Poland now occupies.

Poland, as one is quite unable to discover from most of the maps which purport to represent the new nations of Europe according to the Peace Treaty, is a large chunk of territory which starts modestly at the Baltic Sea, bulges mildly into Germany in the west and violently into Russia on the east, and rubs against Czechoslovakia and Rumania on the south. According to the maps it is a rather symmetrical cup-shaped country; but, due to the praiseworthy and ferocious attacks of the Polish

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army on the Bolsheviks, the Russian side of the cup has developed a massive wen which makes Poland twice as large as the map makers conceived it to be when they drew the post-war maps.

The German side of the cup sticks into Germany in a manner which is highly irritating to the Germans; for a Polish army could leap over to Berlin in about two shakes of a lamb's tail. The distance from the Polish frontier to Berlin is only one third the distance from Berlin to the Rhine. Since Germany is contemplating another intensive war with France in the not-distant future, the imminence of the Polish frontier is, to put it conservatively, extremely distasteful to her. She is not particularly enthusiastic about Poland. In the argot of the day, Germany hopes that Poland will choke. She not only hopes that Poland will choke, but she is willing to do anything in her power to assist the choking. Though she is fearful of Bolshevism within her own gates, she is very much in favor of external Bolshevism, provided it be directed against Poland. Some people may consider that these are idle ravings, similar to the disordered visions produced by the potent hashish, or Indian hemp. Such, however, is not the case. The German War Office sent out instructions to former members of the German army, informing them that the Bolshevik army would pay each former German soldier thirty-five marks a day to fight with the Bolsheviks, and give each man a bonus of five thousand marks at the end of three months' service. A Bolshevik general appeared in Berlin with his adjutant late in 1919 to thank one of the highest officials of the German

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government for the many officers which the Germans had sent, *by agreement*, to fight with the Bolsheviks. The Bolsheviks have a powerful and venomous hatred for France. This hatred has been carefully nurtured by German propagandists; for the Germans are already planning to have the assistance of Russia in the next war with France. These plans call for the elimination of Poland. In the city of Kovno, away up on the outer edge of the northern corner of Poland, there is a German propaganda bureau whose entire activities are devoted to sending out anti-Polish propaganda. Most of the pogrom stories come from the Kovno bureau, being sent from there to Scandinavia and from Scandinavia to America. Germany maintains a complete intelligence organization in Poland.

No, Germany does not regard Poland with deep affection. Her fondest hope is that the Bolsheviks will batter the Polish army to pieces—a task for which the Bolsheviks have so far shown little aptitude—and leave the country lying limp and fainting in the dust. When this occurs, she proposes to come into Poland, administer a few well-directed kicks to the Bolsheviks, pick Poland up, brush the dirt from her, hold the smelling salts under her nose and start her going again, attached to the German pay roll. All of Poland's neighbors declare loudly and emphatically that Poland cannot continue to exist as an independent state for any length of time. They say she is so inefficient and impractical that she doesn't know enough to raise an umbrella during a cloud-burst. Germany is the loudest talker along these lines. The Germans are sufficiently practical

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and efficient; but it is quite impossible to see where some of the others have any special license to twit Poland about inefficiency and impracticality. If Poland is due for a fall merely because she is inefficient and impractical, all of Central Europe will be echoing with the thuds of falling countries for the next few years.

Warsaw, the capital of Poland, was an easy place to reach from any part of Europe before the war. It was a day-and-a-half journey from almost all the European capitals. One could go in from Paris or across from London or down from St. Petersburg or over from Bucharest or up from Rome in about thirty-six hours. At the present day one has a better chance of making the trip in thirty-six days than he does of making it in thirty-six hours. I went into Warsaw from Berlin—a trip which took eleven hours before the war. It took me thirty-three hours; and it would have taken me forty if I hadn't thrown my baggage out of the window of the so-called express train in which I was traveling—but which was temporarily incapacitated because the bottom had fallen out of the engine, squeezed into a freight car attached to a switching engine—and transferred from that into a crowded local train which appeared to be going in the right direction.

In America we are inclined to speak of a train as crowded when a few people have to stand up in the aisles. In Central Europe a train which has a few people standing in the aisles is regarded as practically empty. There are a few trains de luxe, operated by the Interallied Military Authorities, which carry only as many people as can find seats.

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But 99 per cent of the trains are so crammed with patient, stolid, foul-smelling, sick, and suffering humanity that the windows are crushed out and the very woodwork splintered.

That sounds somewhat exaggerated, but it isn't. I examined train after train at various spots between Warsaw and the German frontier, to say nothing of riding in a few of them, and I have no hesitation whatever in lifting up my right hand and taking oath that each and every one of them was crowded to the extreme and uttermost limit. Compartments which were constructed to hold eight people would be crammed with eighteen, twenty, and sometimes more than twenty people. In some of the cars the windows were simply broken out. In others they were replaced with wooden boards, so that the darkness inside the cars was made more awful by the lack of ventilation. The people who were squeezed into these trains were traveling out into the country in search of food, or traveling back to the homes from which they had been driven by the Russian or the German army, or traveling in search of a place where they might rest their weary heads—for the larger cities of Poland are filled to overflowing with refugees who are coming out of Russia. Persons who ride for half an hour each day in crowded subway or surface cars in America are forced to endure a most unpleasant experience; but not even they can grasp the horrors of travel in Poland, where one cannot ride in a train without being jammed immovably into a tiny compartment for hours on end, and where no train reaches its destination without at least one typhus victim being removed from it.

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One catches typhus only after being bitten by the typhus louse, and the typhus louse can bite without leaving any trace; and since American medical officers in Poland have found that practically all of the poorer people of Poland are plentifully supplied with lice, one cannot endure the enforced intimacy of a Polish railway journey without enjoying the anticipation of catching a nice case of typhus. This helps to a certain extent to distract the mind from the physical discomforts of the trip; but the distraction is not overpoweringly delightful. It is not a distraction which one would pay large amounts of money to obtain; in fact, a speculator dealing in tickets for that sort of distraction would probably be out of luck even in New York, where the populace appears to be almost unanimous in its anxiety to force its money on ticket speculators of all sorts.

The transportation problem is Poland's worst problem, and she has many serious ones. Germany's greatest problem is raw materials; Czechoslovakia's greatest problem is politics; the greatest problem of the remainder of Central Europe—except Austria—is the lack of coal; and every problem is Austria's greatest problem; but if Poland could have the proper transportation facilities she could probably overcome all her other troubles. She could probably get food and distribute it; she could probably scratch up a fair supply of raw materials from her own tremendous and undeveloped stores; she could probably squelch her rambunctious politicians; she could probably attend handily to the Bolsheviks and watch the Germans at the same time; she could probably manufacture enough goods and export a

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sufficient amount of them and of wood and of raw materials to bring the value of her money to a point where her people could begin to live again rather than merely exist. She has enough coal of her own to take care of her own needs, but her transportation system is limping so badly that she can't get it round to the places that need it.

Poland is fortunate in having several advisers and helpers, many of them sent in by the American who has the respect and the admiration of every nation in Europe and every American in Europe—Herbert Hoover.

In almost any Central European city one is apt to find photographs of Hoover staring somewhat frowningly at him from shop windows. Whenever Americans meet in Central Europe they invariably agree that there is only one man in America who has a thorough knowledge of the horrifying and dazing mess into which Europe has fallen, and that Hoover is the man. The new Prime Minister of Poland stared out of the windows of the former Russian governor-general's palace and informed me in a cold and level voice that there wasn't a child in Poland to-day who would ever forget the name of Herbert Hoover. He also stated unemotionally that the people of Poland will establish an institution which shall perpetuate Hoover's name forever.

Hoover's people are feeding the children of Central Europe; Hoover's people are advising the governments of Central Europe. Central Europe has learned from them, as well as from the American Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A., that Americans keep their promises and that they are in Central Europe

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for no ulterior motives. Other nations come into Central Europe and play politics of the dirtiest sort; they come in and spread the propaganda of hate for other nations; they come in and sanction the exploitation of the different nations by permitting contraband goods to be shipped in and out as military stores; they come in like buzzards to prey on the dying bodies politic in Central Europe. And as they prey they lift up their voices and scream that America must do this and that; that America must do thus and so; that America has made all the money in the world and that she must therefore supply all the help; that America must be the cosmic goat and the international sucker. The Swedes and the Danes and the Dutch and the English and the French and the Italians pour into Central Europe, where the money is scarcely worth the paper it is printed on, and they buy machinery and tools and antiques and jewels and works of art and industries and furs at prices less than a quarter of what they were in pre-war days; and the value of money in Central Europe goes tumbling down into a bottomless pit. America helps the suffering countries with food and loans and advisers; and the buzzard nations on the edge continue to strip them of their goods and to shout that America has all the money in the world and that she alone can help. Poland needs all the help that she is getting from America, and more. Austria is getting some American aid, but not nearly enough. Some of the other nations of Central Europe need a certain amount of American help. All the Americans in Europe agree on that. But Americans in Europe also agree that there are times when it gives

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them a long, lingering pain to think that America is about the only nation which does things for nothing.

But let us get back to that journey into Warsaw from Berlin. That is where one first gets a glimpse of the transportation difficulties with which Poland is saddled. One runs bumpily along the boundless plains, and then the train hesitates, coughs, and stops. A car has broken down. It is repaired with wire or an old rope, and the train proceeds again. Once more it coughs and stops. It has run out of coal and the fireman must cut down a few trees for fuel. It proceeds eventually, only to stop for the third time. This time the bottom has fallen out of the engine. A new engine is procured after an interminable delay. Sometimes, on the fourth attempt to go forward, everything breaks down at the same time and an entire new train has to be summoned.

In all of Central Europe 40 per cent of the locomotives are suffering from such advanced cases of nervous debility that they are useless. Of the large, heavy locomotives a much larger percentage is out of business, so that most of the work is done by small near-locomotives which look as if they had been constructed from tin biscuit boxes and a few old spoons, and which make about as much noise in passing as would be made by a small boy with a penny whistle. Colonel Barber and Major Ryan, two American army officers, are helping the Polish Minister of Railways to establish order so far as it is possible, and are working day and night at the task. As things stand at present the Poles are

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barely moving their coal and their food; and in order to do this the entire nation is making great sacrifices. Passenger traffic has been cut to the lowest possible point, and no luxury articles are allowed to be shipped into the country. The only things in Poland which travel in any comfort are the lice, and even they probably complain of their lot among themselves.

It is also on the journey from Berlin to Warsaw that one gets an idea of the peculiar and messy manner in which Poland is divided. It is divided into three parts in two different ways. This sounds about as clear as Poland looks to a newcomer. Close observers state that one is quite incapable of grasping the Polish situation until he has been there at least six months, and that persons who have been there for six months or over realize that they know less about Poland than they knew when they had been there only two weeks. None the less, Poland is divided into three parts in two different ways. It is divided politically into Posnania, Congress Poland, and the Military Area. And it is divided by pre-war ownership into Russian Poland, Austrian Poland, and German Poland. In parts of Russian Poland the Russian ruble is the only money that is used. In parts of Austrian Poland the Austrian crown is the only money that looks like the real thing to the natives. In Austrian Poland the people had an idea that a crown is as good as a mark. The Polish government didn't think so, and issued an order that one hundred crowns were equal to only seventy marks. The residents of Austrian Poland promptly became frantic with rage.

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The little differences which rise between Austrian, German, and Russian Poland, however, are small and easily straightened out, and if it comes to a question of repelling a common enemy they will all be Poles together.

The political division is a bit more confusing. Posnania is that section of Poland whose center is the city of Posen. It formerly belonged to Germany; and for months after the armistice the Poles and the Germans were greatly given to guerrilla warfare along the new border. That section of the country, having been run by the Germans, was better systematized and better cultivated than the rest of Poland, and food was more plentiful and cheaper. The Poles in Congress Poland say that Posnania is the cheapest place in the world in which to live just now; and I have no reason to disbelieve them. I traveled through Posen with a Dutch courier; and the two of us went to the best restaurant in Posen to try out the Posen food prices. We displayed the utmost recklessness and prodigality in ordering, and succeeded in getting a thick venison soup, a quart bottle of a fine white wine—Rotenberg, 1907, for the benefit of those who think that fine white wines no longer exist—two large orders of turkey, a sallow variety of bread, a generous order of butter, sweet cakes, coffee, and two glasses of cognac. The total reckoning was fifty-six Polish marks. Since a Berlin bank had stung me severely on the preceding day by allowing me only one hundred Polish marks for a dollar when the official rate was really one hundred and twenty marks for a dollar, I am forced to compute the cost of that dinner at

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fifty-six cents from an American standpoint. In Congress Poland the same dinner would have cost three times as much.

Since things are cheaper in Posnanian than in Congress Poland, the Posnanian officials must guard against the people who wish to buy there and take goods into other parts of Poland to resell at a profit. This gives rise to the peculiar situation of one part of a nation maintaining customs officials to prevent smuggling into other parts of the same nation. After one has passed the customs officials at the German-Polish frontier one runs up against another set of officials at the Posnanian-Congress Poland border; and the latter are even more thorough in their search than the former. They herd passengers out of the through train at two o'clock in the morning, line them up with their hands over their heads, and frisk them with the utmost vigor. They take loaves of bread from the travelers, break them open and wriggle their fingers round in the interiors of the loaves. They open bottles of wine belonging to the voyagers and take generous swigs from the bottles. They whack the travelers on the head in order to see whether anything is concealed in their hats. They even make them remove their boots. They don't do these things to Americans or British or French; but the ordinary traveler is treated with about as much consideration as though he were trying to escape with all the treasures of the Polish Church.

Posnanian has a government all its own, and presents all the appearance of a separate state, working in many instances at variance with the central government at Warsaw.

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Prussians snort contemptuously at the situation and declare that a government that is not strong enough to unite its different parts is bound to fall. Polish officials, however, are not at all alarmed. They say that Posnania has a right to protect herself against high prices elsewhere, and that there is no other reason for the separate customs officials and the separate government. I prefer to believe the Polish officials rather than the Prussian snorters; for the past five years have demonstrated conclusively that when a Prussian sizes up a situation he is usually wrong. He always knows what he is going to do himself, but he only thinks that he knows what the other fellow is going to do. So the Prussian knows that he is doing his best to wreck Poland; but there's a very good chance that he's wrong when he thinks that Poland will collapse by the end of 1920.

Congress Poland is made up of the bulk of Poland as it appears on all the post-war maps. That section of the country is run by the President of the Council of Ministers, by the Ministers, and by the Diet, which corresponds to our Congress. East of Congress Poland is the Military Area, acquired by the Polish army because of its facility in chasing the Bolshevik armies to the uttermost confines of the landscape. The Military Area is larger than Congress Poland and Posnania together, and is governed entirely by the army; and whenever the army says anything, it goes. The great bulk of the Poles are emphatically in favor of having the army run everything. They want a military dictatorship for the country. They are very, very weary of politi-

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cians and of political parties which change their allegiance, their political platforms, their minds, and their names every Tuesday afternoon. They are sick of patriotic but unskilled politicians who don't know what to do until they have held a meeting to decide, and who, when they have decided what to do, haven't the slightest idea how to do it.

Politicians are pretty much the same all over the world; but in the new states of Central Europe they are even more so. For the most part they are men who have been yanked out of harness shops or drug stores or schoolhouses or little provincial newspaper offices, and who know about as much concerning the running of a nation as they do about the nebular hypothesis or the theogony of angiosperms. They are woefully incapable and inefficient—far more so than the same sort of people would be in America; for in Central Europe this class of person has been politically sat on for centuries; whereas in America the habitués of every country post office and every country store feel themselves thoroughly competent—and frequently are thoroughly competent—to point out to the heads of the nation the horrible mistakes that they are making.

The army is everywhere in Poland. The war isn't over for Central Europe, and it won't be over for many a long year to come. There are soldiers at every station, soldiers in every hotel, soldiers on every street. Poland, which last winter was the world's rampart against the Bolshevik armies, had nearly one million men under arms, and was holding five hundred miles of front against the Bolshevik armies. She was also keeping careful watch on the

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Germans, who are waiting to slip a knife into her; and on the Czechoslovaks, who have been making things uncomfortable for Poland down round the Teschen coal fields—which, as one looks at a map, are down at the lower left-hand corner of Poland, where she and Germany and Czechoslovakia meet.

All the nations of Central Europe are constantly making things unpleasant for one another. The Peace Conference made a complete and total mess of Central Europe, and each individual mess is producing as many minor messes as it can. Every American in Central Europe is anxious to get that message back to the United States—that Central Europe is nothing but a bundle of hopelessly entangled hatreds and discords; that it is a mass of selfishness and distrust and deceit and dirty politics; that it is a place from which the United States must stay away politically. Help Central Europe, but stay away from anything that will tie us up with it. Nothing that we can do will help to stifle or to soothe or to eradicate the bitter hates which have existed between the peoples of Central Europe for so many centuries.

Poland, as I see it, is the most deserving of our help of all the Central European nations, and Austria is the neediest. Poland is fighting the battle against the Bolsheviks—or was fighting it last winter in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties. Her armies and her people were hungry and bitterly cold and wretchedly clad and enduring unbelievable hardships. Instead of being assisted in every way by the Supreme Council in Paris, the Polish army was ordered again and again by the Supreme Council

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to stop advancing when victories were within its grasp. Poland alone, of all the Central European states, has obeyed the orders of the Allies. Rumania gave the Allies the cold metallic laugh; Germany ignored their commands and continued to do as she pleased on the Baltic; the Hungarian Bolshevik army went up and tried to chew a piece out of Slovakia; the Ukrainians violated an armistice and attacked the Poles; and the Jugoslavs have been indulging in minor wars from time to time. Austria has done nothing because she has nothing with which to do anything; but all the others, with the exception of Poland, have been doing as they pleased and are making great preparations to do as they please some more, despite any commands which the Allies may issue to the contrary. Poland has behaved herself; Poland has fought a good fight; Poland is doing her utmost to live as she should live in the days of misery and poverty and cold and hunger. And because of all these things I repeat that Poland deserves our help more than any of the other nations—though Austria's plight is more pitiful.

As one comes into Warsaw from Berlin one sees soldiers everywhere—soldiers in the steel-blue Polish uniform and the four-cornered caps with the white eagle of Poland on the front; or in olive-drab American uniforms. Some of these olive-drab uniforms still bear American army buttons. Some are still decorated with gold service chevrons. I watched a detachment swinging along the streets of Warsaw one day, and every man wore an American uniform and carried an American haversack with the letters U. S. stenciled on it. There was nothing to dis-

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tinguish them from American doughboys except their four-cornered caps and their Kosciuszko burnsides. They were a credit to the uniform, too, for they were fine-looking boys—and any Bolshevik can tell you that they are fine fighters as well. They fought through the early part of last winter, in the biting cold of western Russia, without overcoats, and in many cases with so little clothing that when the men came back from the front lines they would go to the dugouts in the rear and take off their shoes and their breeches and give them to the half-naked men who were to relieve them. And then they would lie there in the dugouts until their breeches and their shoes came back to them, and then they would put them on and go forward and fight once more.

In the hotel lobbies one encounters Polish officers who could be placed bodily on the operatic stage or among the pages of that sort of novel in which the hero overturns a kingdom in order to marry the beautiful princess who was educated in America. They wear sabers at least five feet long, and the sabers dangle about a foot above the floor and bang against their beautifully polished riding boots. As they stride up and down, the sabers occasionally swing round between their legs, but instead of falling down the officers merely give a dexterous kick with their right heels, and kick the sabers out from between their legs so that they whirl round in a very dangerous manner. They let their hair grow down in front of their ears just the way Kosciuszko used to; and by so doing I think they have acquired some of the fire and the enthusiasm and the patriotism of that brave and patriotic soldier. Whenever they

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meet acquaintances they snap their heels together with a noise similar to the dropping of a pie plate on a marble floor, and bow from the hips. And on meeting a lady of their acquaintance they seize her hand and kiss it passionately. When an officer enters a restaurant in which other officers are seated he stops before every officer and bows from his hips, whereat the officer to whom he bows, dropping his knife and fork, half rises to his feet and bows from his hips in turn. It is all very impressive and splendid. When one dines with a Polish officer the officer devotes half his time to rising and bowing to brother officers. It is a pretty spectacle, but it cuts into the conversation severely.

Possibly that is why the wealthy Poles devote so much time to eating. Or rather, possibly that is why they devoted so much time to eating up to the middle of last January, when the new food regulations went into effect.

There was scarcely a soul in the Warsaw restaurants until nine o'clock at night; but at nine o'clock every restaurant filled up and the occupants ate, bowed to one another, and kissed hands until midnight. And at eating, the Polish officers and the wealthy citizens are almost without peers. It may be that a hearty Russian eater can outeat a Pole, but I doubt it.

In every good Warsaw restaurant there is—or was until last January—a long table covered with a large assortment of cold meats, jellied what nots, salads, small cold fishes, both raw and cooked, and all sorts of appetizers. There might be an entire turkey, which would prove to be goose-liver paste molded into the shape of a turkey. It was always

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a tempting layout. On entering a restaurant a Pole would betake himself to the long table, secure a plate from a waiter, and range up and down the table, transferring one or more samples of every appetizer to his plate. When his plate weighed about four pounds he would get a small glass of slivervitz, which is a potent Polish beverage distilled from the old familiar prune, find himself a chair, toss his slivervitz down his throat, and eat up his four pounds of appetizers, pausing ever and anon to rise and bow to a passing officer.

The appetizers alone would be enough to provide a full meal for almost any American. But for a Pole it was the merest snack. It served only to put an edge on his appetite. Evidently the restaurants had slight regard for its value as a food; for nobody ever kept count of the amount of appetizers which each visitor took. The cost was the same, whether one took a small cold fish or carted away seven pounds of stuffed eggs, goose-liver paste, sliced ham, potato salad, pickled beets, prawns in aspic, corned beef, jellied tongue, smoked salmon, and cold roast what not. Ten Polish marks was the tax for all this or for any part; and ten Polish marks, when I was in Warsaw, was the equivalent of eight cents in American money. After a Pole had finished with his plate of appetizers he would settle down to a couple of hours of steady eating.

All this, however, was in the dear departed days before the Food Ministry and the Department for Fighting Speculation and Profiteering got in its deadly work. They passed a decree which abolished the wonderful spread of appetizers which had em-

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bellished every restaurant. By this decree every restaurant, hotel, and club was prohibited from serving dinners consisting of more than a soup, one meat or fish dish, vegetables, preserved fruit, and a small cup of coffee. The weight of the meat or fish was forbidden to exceed one third of a pound. Nobody could have a piece of bread which weighed more than an ounce and a half, and he had to ask for that to get it. And once he got it, he was forbidden to leave any of it on the restaurant table. He either had to eat it or carry it away in his pocket. The price of the bread was forbidden to exceed the purchase price plus 15 per cent. Concerning sugar, the order declared that "the using of sugar for sweetening hot and cold drinks, omelets and other sweet dishes, is prohibited." This seemed to imply that there was some way in which sugar could be used in restaurants; but unless the customers wanted to smoke it in their pipes or eat it straight it was hard to see how it could be done. Every bottle of wine had to be provided with a tag stating the price of the bottle and the price of one glassful of the wine, and also stating the exact dimensions of the glass which would be filled at the given price.

All these regulations were put into effect merely because the government wished to stop speculation in food as far as it could, and also because of the moral effect on the people. To stop the restaurants from selling appetizers didn't mean that more food could be distributed to the people, for all the appetizers in the country amounted to a small drop in an enormous bucket. But it meant that the hungry people on the street couldn't peer through

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the restaurant windows and see other people stuffing themselves while the masses were staggering along on starvation rations. If Germany, which has more food in a week than Poland has in a month, were to adopt such measures as Poland has adopted to curb food speculation, her wails might be listened to with a little more care and a little more confidence.

There doesn't begin to be enough food in Poland to feed everybody. If all the eatables in the country were divided into equal rations and distributed among the people, they couldn't live on what they got. The people are allowed to buy a certain amount of food at a low price each week, if the food can be delivered. Sometimes it can't be delivered. In many cases the people don't have enough money to pay the low government price; but somehow or other they manage to exist. In many other cases the people can barely afford to buy the government ration; but the government ration by itself isn't sufficient to live on, even when it can be delivered. Yet there are hundreds of thousands of people living on it.

It is an irritating affair, in the countries of Central Europe, to attempt to find out how a poor person lives at the present time. One gets such a person and backs him into a corner and questions him carefully. He is always willing to give information. He has little personal pride left, for hunger has made him numb and tired and helpless. You ask him how much money he earns, and you find out that it is a very small amount. You ask him what he needs each day. He mentions bread and potatoes and coffee and carrots and cabbage. He mentions

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lard, but adds that only a rich man can afford lard. Knowing the prices, you add them up, multiply them by the number of days in a year, and discover that the result is a larger amount of money than the man earns. And no mention has been made of rent or meat or clothes or shoes or car fares or medicines or heat or light or any other necessities of life. It is a difficult matter to comprehend.

For example, I rode out to the town of Skierniewice, upward of sixty kilometers out of Warsaw. The weather was bitterly cold, and our machine had to be shoveled out of six snowdrifts. The Polish system of child feeding had broken down, and the Americans were taking it over. Hoover knew how to pick his men. They work all day, and most of the night as well. At any rate, we poked round Skierniewice and got up on to the second floor of an old rattle-trap apartment house. A door was unlatched, so we went in. The room was a tiny little one, under the eaves, and it had one window in it, and three children and a hen. It was the sole residence of one family. The hen was tied to a bedpost. One of the children was a baby, and it was asleep on a dilapidated bed. The two other children were four and six years old. Four-years was a boy, and Six-years was a girl. There was a little stove in the room, and from the stove a rusty stovepipe ran straight back through the wall. On top of the rusty stovepipe were seven slices of raw potato. Six-years was waiting for them to get warm, and then she and Four-years were going to eat them. It was their evening meal. Seven slices of warm raw potato! The mother was out working.

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for ten marks a day. If she worked steadily for two months, Sundays included, and didn't spend a cent for food, rent, clothes, or anything else, her two months' earnings would be exactly enough to buy one pair of shoes. The mother and the baby and Six-years and Four-years had breakfasted on a cup of coffee apiece. And two of them were dining on seven slices of warm raw potato. God knows how the hen lived. ' I forgot to ask.

Actually, as I have said before, most of Poland's present woes hinge on the poor transportation facilities; but to the great run of people everything seems to hinge on the money problem. If the country could feed the people and distribute raw materials to the factories and export its natural resources and manufactured products, the value of the Polish money would soon improve. But since it can't be done, Polish money slides down and down in value. This is the only angle of the problem which the masses are able to see, and it gets, as the saying goes, their goats. And I don't mind saying that it would get the goat of anybody in the world who had to live in Poland and be paid in Polish money for his labors.

The Polish monetary unit is the Polish mark. The bulk of Poland, having been a part of Russia, used to use the Russian ruble; another part used the Austrian crown; and the third part used the German mark. When the Germans swept across the country and occupied it during the war, they flooded it with a new species of currency—the Polish mark. This is a gaudy bit of poster work, flamboyantly printed in red and white and bearing large white eagles.

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The Germans printed it in carload lots on any old kind of paper. There is plenty of it; but since Poland is not an overcleanly country just at present, it is in a revolting state of filth and raggedness. They printed it day and night, and whenever they purchased supplies or did not resort to ordinary stealing they paid with this imitation or almost money. The Poles have therefore had this unit of exchange wished on them, so to speak. There is a chance that some day Germany may back up the enormous amount of money which she printed in Poland, but it would be impossible to get a Pole to bet a Polish nickel on it. I doubt, too, whether any German would consider it a good speculation.

Supposedly, the Polish mark and the German mark are worth the same amount of money, so that in normal times one Polish mark would be worth 24 cents in American money. Early in January one American dollar would purchase 120 Polish marks, so that each mark was worth less than one cent. The rate of exchange wasn't stationary at 120 for a dollar by any means. During one of the days when I was in Warsaw it hit 150 and then recovered somewhat. But since I changed my dollars at 120 I shall call that the rate. A person can get himself into a frightful mess by changing money back and forth from the currency of one Central European country to that of another. I experimented in Berlin. Late in December I went to a Berlin bank with \$10 clutched tightly in my hand. At the foreign-exchange window I exchanged the \$10 for 475 German marks. I walked round the corner to another bank and traded the 475 German

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marks for 950 Polish marks. I went to a third bank and changed the Polish marks back into German marks, receiving 370 German marks for them. At a fourth bank I exchanged the German marks for American dollars, and received \$7.15 for them. Thus I had lost over 25 per cent by changing my money on one day when the rate of exchange was supposed to be stationary. If I had changed my money into German marks, then into Polish marks, then into Austrian crowns, and then reversed the process, allowing a few days to elapse between each process step, I would probably have ended by owing money to the bank.

There is a young American diplomat in Warsaw who arrived there early last November, when the Polish mark could be obtained at the Warsaw banks at the rate of 38 for an American dollar. This made the mark worth about 2 2-3 cents. The young American diplomat had brought a large bale of American money with him, and he was terribly excited to think that he could get 38 whole marks with just one little American dollar. So he exchanged his entire roll into Polish marks at the rate of 38 for one. Only two months later one dollar would buy 120 marks. Consequently the money of the young American diplomat was worth only one third of what it was worth when he originally changed it. Whenever he wanted to get one mark's worth of anything he had to spend three marks for it. From this one can get an inkling of the involved money situation in Poland. With a little exercise of the imagination one can also get a vague idea of the feelings of a Pole whose income

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used to be 10,000 marks, or about \$2,500. Last January the value of a 10,000-mark income had fallen to about \$85. A 10,000-mark income in the old days used to be a pretty snappy nest egg. To-day a man who tries to exist on it suffers severely.

As the money depreciates, the costs of all things rise. The shopkeepers try to keep pace with the falling money values; but as a rule they can't work fast enough. For example, an American woman in Warsaw bought a beautiful moleskin coat in November for 5,500 marks. At the time when she bought it 5,500 marks represented \$150 to her. Moleskin coats, I am told, cost at least \$700 in America. At any rate, she paid 5,500 marks, or \$150, for it. In January she bought another. In that time the price had risen to 14,000 marks—nearly triple—but 14,000 marks in January represented less than \$120. The furrier had tried to keep pace with the falling exchange, but hadn't been able to do it.

For Americans the prices in Warsaw are as cheap as dirt—and considerably cheaper than American dirt, I'm sure. My room at the best hotel in the city, with breakfast, seldom amounted to more than 80 cents a day. One could have a suit cleaned and pressed for 9 cents. A pound of butter cost 16 cents, and a pound of beefsteak cost 10 cents. A dozen eggs cost 20 cents. A suit of clothes could be bought from one of the best tailors in Warsaw for \$22. One could entertain his friends at a sumptuous banquet, with two or three kinds of wine—that was before the new food regulations went into effect—for about \$1.50 or \$2 a plate. One could take a party to the opera—and the opera in Warsaw is

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real big-league stuff—and have the royal box in the first tier of the diamond horseshoe for 80 cents. Diamonds could be purchased at a price that would make a Fifth Avenue jeweler sob noisily. A two-carat blue-white diamond that would, according to Central European rumor, bring \$1,000 in the United States, could be bought in Warsaw for the equivalent of \$200. The English, the French, the Italians, the Americans, the Danes, the Dutch—all were buying diamonds to take home with them. The jewelry stores had few goods except those in their windows.

A jeweler tried to sell me a platinum cigarette case for \$200. It was about the same weight as a frying pan, and would have been worth at least \$1,500 in America. Two Americans in the consular service in Warsaw have an apartment consisting of a living room, two bedrooms, a bathroom, a maid's room, and a kitchen. For this, last January, they paid less than a cent a day rent. They kept two servants, had electric lights and a telephone, and had champagne every night for dinner. Their expenses for the apartment, servants, food, light, heat, and laundry averaged \$35 a month, or only a little over \$400 a year. Yet to a Pole that would represent about 50,000 marks a year at the January exchange rates; and 50,000 marks is something of a salary in Poland. In fact, a Cabinet Minister receives 38,400 marks—quite a little less than the equivalent of \$400.

Polish workmen, who are the best-paid people in Poland, taking them as a class, are paid 20 to 40 marks a day. Allowing that they work six days a week and fifty-two weeks a year, which they don't, they would earn from 6,300 to 12,600 marks a year.

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Polish laborers, at the present writing, dodge work whenever they can. Shops close, without any apparent reason, for days at a time. The Poles seem to celebrate not only their own holidays, but also the holidays of nations which have conquered or oppressed them in the past and of nations which are helping them at present. There is in Poland a League of Work which is attempting to persuade the laborers to do more work. The league has figured that every holiday causes the Polish nation to lose 100,000,000 marks. It succeeded in persuading the city government of Warsaw to annul seven holidays, among which were the second day of Christmas, the second day of Easter, Whitsuntide, and Saint Stanislaus's Day. The laborers, however, failed to appreciate the effort of the League of Work and showed signs of wishing to revolt against the inhuman decree which would curtail their loafing.

None the less, a generous estimate places the earnings of a Polish workman between 6,300 and 12,600 marks a year. A coal miner earns about 7,000 marks a year. This is unskilled labor. Skilled labor earns more, and in certain cases receives as high as 20,000 marks a year. The laborers are much better off than professors, minor government officials, clerks, salesmen, teachers, lawyers, and architects. The latter, in many cases, earn about one fourth of the amount that laborers earn. This is a familiar story in Central Europe, as it is in almost every country in the world.

The average wage of the head of a family in Polish cities is about 8,000 marks a year; and on this 8,000 marks a family must lodge and feed and clothe

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itself. Eight thousand marks is a very generous estimate. But of the 33,000,000 people who make up the population of Poland, there are millions who get less, and not many hundreds of thousands who get more. Allowing that a family has an income of 8,000 marks a year, let us see what could be bought for that amount. The family has got to live somewhere, so we'll allow them one wretched room in a bad section of town. They can get such a room for about 200 marks a year—rents being the only things which haven't increased greatly in price. Everything else has jumped from 300 to 1,800 per cent. Bread is the staple food in Poland, so we'll allow him one loaf of vile black bread each day—seven loaves a week at the government-regulated price of $1\frac{1}{4}$ marks a loaf. They can't live on that, but that's all we'll allow them. That amounts to 456 marks a year. Then we'll allow them half a pound of tea or coffee each week. That, in one year, would amount to 676 marks. Suppose the family had one pound of meat once a week at 10 marks a pound. They can't get it for that, but they're supposed to; so we'll allow it to them. That amounts to 520 marks a year. Allow them two cabbages a week at 3 marks a cabbage; that makes 312 marks. We'll allow them just enough fuel to cook one meal a day. That would cost 20 marks a week, or 1,040 marks a year. We'll allow them two pounds of flour a week at 16 marks a pound. That runs up to 1,600 marks a year. We'll allow them two pairs of boots for the entire family for one year, which makes 1,200 marks; and two very cheap suits of clothes for the entire family, which

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makes another 2,000 marks. Total that up and you'll find that it amounts to 8,000 marks. That allows for no sugar, no butter, no lard, no salt, no eggs, no milk, no education, no taxes, no underwear, no soap, no street-car fares. Yet there are millions of people in Poland living on less than that.

I have before me a budget for a family composed of three grown persons and two children. It is pared down as far as it can be pared, so that the family can live with every economy and yet be adequately nourished and decently clothed. It figures up to 4,957.35 marks a month, or 59,488 marks a year. That's only about \$500 in American money; but for a Pole it's a fortune. Before the war that same budget would have figured up to 2,800 marks. Think this over, all you Americans who are suffering because living costs have risen 100 per cent in America.

If a Pole wanted to buy a six-pound turkey every week for his Sunday dinners, he would pay out in the course of a year for turkey alone 9,360 marks, or more than the average earnings of a workman. How can people live when they have so little to live on and so little to eat? I don't know. I prowled round the tenement district of Warsaw, and got into buildings where two or three families were occupying a single room and living on nothing but black bread and decayed vegetables. Some of those rooms had sixteen or eighteen people in them. There were people living in the cellars, where they got no daylight and could afford no candlelight. There were families living in little holes under stairways and borrowing enough heat from their more fortunate neigh-

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bors to cook a pot of coffee or a bowl of carrot soup. I got into one horrible den—an old rabbit warren of a building—in which three thousand people lived. It wasn't extremely large, but it was infested with people, just as decayed matter is infested with crawling things. The people lived among heaps of rags in corners and burrowed among one another on floors; six or eight children would sleep in a single bed with no covering except loose rags. None of those people, except the children who were getting one meal a day from the Americans, had eaten a square meal for years. I'll just repeat that, in case you missed it. None of those people, except some of the children, had eaten a square meal for years. They didn't know what a full stomach felt like.

Warsaw is so crowded with refugees and repatriates from Bolshevik Russia and the devastated regions to the north that there is scarcely a hole into which one can crawl and rest. Private houses have been requisitioned by the authorities. There are 1,000,000 people in Warsaw—100,000 more than before the war and 300,000 more than during the war—and less than 5 per cent of them get one square meal a day. The rest of them have just been squeaking along for years. Their stomachs have shriveled up to such an extent that if an opportunity were given them to eat largely they wouldn't be able to take advantage of it.

The Warsaw bread lines are disturbing spectacles. The Poles are not good organizers, and they cannot distribute their rationed food with any efficiency. The people have had many sad experiences at getting bread; for there have been occasions when the bread

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gave out and they went without for days. So each day sees a long bread line at the door of every bread-distributing center. There are hundreds of them, and they are scattered all over the city. The lines start forming at four o'clock in the morning. The people stand in the ice and snow for hours on end, clad in shoddy garments and broken shoes. The bitter wind whistles down the street, and the people hunch up their shoulders and shrivel into themselves and wait for the bread. They wait for hours on end—thousands of them. I went out early one morning after a heavy rainstorm. The temperature was falling rapidly, and the lines were standing in pools of water which were freezing at the edges. The people were jammed so closely together that when a military policeman hauled a person out of the line for cheating, the whole line toppled over like a row of cards. Those people stood in line from four until half past ten in the morning—six hours and a half in freezing slush. In the coldest part of early winter, when the bread gave out entirely for a while, they stood in line through entire nights with the temperature below zero. These conditions threaten to become worse instead of better.

There are lines in Poland for everything. Each day, opposite the hotel where I lived, there was a line one block long waiting for cigarettes. The government had purchased cigarettes, which were sold to the people at three marks a package, instead of at the ordinary price of six marks and higher. Men stood in line for hours to get a single package, and though the tobacco had the same fragrance that rises from

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smoldering rags and damp hair mattresses on the town dump, the Poles would willingly have waited twice as long if it had been necessary. Occasionally, one would find a line of people formed along a sidewalk without any apparent reason. When they were questioned as to why they were waiting in line they would stare blankly at the questioner and continue to stand. It was generally believed in Warsaw that the people had contracted the line-forming habit and that whenever they saw a person standing anywhere they instinctively crowded up behind him and formed a line.

The weakened condition which the people are in because of their lack of food and the manner in which they crowd together each day, makes them excellent targets for epidemics. In January there was an influenza epidemic which killed them off like flies. Funerals passed through the streets all day long. It was a particularly virulent epidemic, for those who died of it died within twenty-four hours of the time when they became ill.

Conditions in Poland would be infinitely worse were it not for the activities of the American Child Feeders—or, to give them their proper title, the American Relief Administration, European Children's Fund, Mission to Poland. This is a Hoover outfit under the direction of Lieut. W. P. Fuller, a young ex-naval officer. It feeds 1,300,000 children one meal a day, and in order to keep things working smoothly it has to do some brisk hustling. In all of Central Europe the Hoover Child Feeders have something of a job on their hands; but the mission to Poland has to do more sitting up nights than any of the other

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Hoover missions which are doing such a wonderful work; 1,300,000 children is quite a sizable mob to feed every day, when one stops to consider it. They are fed without any distinction as to race or creed. In Warsaw there are eight Christian kitchens and five Jewish kitchens, and in the Warsaw district alone 161,150 children are fed each day.

The feeding stations are scattered all over Warsaw. One can visit any one of them on any morning in the year and always see the same spectacle—thousands of wretchedly clothed, pinched-faced youngsters with battered mugs and spoons waiting for a chance at the American food. The children can't take the food home with them; they have to eat it at the feeding stations, unless they represent a school. If two youngsters stagger in from a school, holding between them a stick from which dangles an enormous kettle, they can carry the kettleful back to the school and eat it there under the watchful eyes of the teachers. But all individuals must eat at the feeding stations. This rule is due to the desire of the Child Feeders to be sure that the children get the food.

Hungry people aren't always so self-sacrificing as they might be; and if a child should show up before two hungry parents with a bowl of savory soup the food might feed the parents instead of the child. So the Child Feeders don't feel that they are doing their duty by the children until they have watched the food enter their mouths.

The meal isn't overlarge from our standpoint; but from the standpoint of a Polish child it's a banquet. It consists usually of a pleasing mixture

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of beans, rice, and meat, with a small slug of olive oil floating on top to provide the much-needed fat. People in America don't know what it is to be without fats; but the people of Central Europe haven't had fats for a couple of years. They long for fats; they hone for fats constantly. A person has to live in Central Europe to know the craving. In the case of the Polish children who are fed by the Americans, the one plate of soup is all they get to eat during the entire day. Sometimes they get a piece of black bread early in the morning and some succulent dainty like a boiled potato or carrot at night. But just as often they get nothing but the young meal which Mr. Hoover's young men see that they get.

The Child Feeders are also distributing clothes to Polish children. For poor people the price of clothes is prohibitive. A workman who earns 8,000 marks a year, for example, would have to pay out three whole months' salary if he wanted even a cheap shoddy suit which would stand two months' hard wear. We'd have the same thing in America if a man earning \$4,000 a year had to pay \$1,000 for a ready-made suit of the cheapest sort. So the Child Feeders are distributing 700,000 outfits of new clothing—cloth cut for an overcoat, but not sewed together, shoes, stockings, shoe laces, one hundred yards of thread and a needle—a needle and a half, in fact. There are three needles for every two outfits, and the efforts of the Child Feeders to explain the needle and a half have almost resulted in sending a large number of Poles to the insane asylum.

The Red Cross, too, is distributing clothing in

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addition to sending out medicines and anæsthetics and vaccines which it manufactures in its Warsaw laboratories, and in addition to sending doctors and nurses through the districts which are suffering the most. The Red Cross has big warehouses in Warsaw, and in them, among other things, they sort and bale the clothing which comes out of America for the Poles. I found a Russian judge and an ex-colonel from the Russian army and two young women who were the daughters of the president of the Kieff Street Railway Company sorting second-hand American shoes in a Red Cross warehouse. Before escaping from Russia the judge had a dandy time with the Bolsheviks. They pulled out all his teeth and jabbed him in about a hundred and fifty places with their bayonets. He is now receiving the munificent salary of 500 marks a month, or \$4. On top of the pile of shoes on which the judge was working was a neat-looking American woman's boot made out of dark-blue cloth. It was a pretty No. 2 boot, and it came from the Famous Shoe Store in Paris, Texas. But the judge couldn't find the mate to it. I think he has an idea that the residents of Paris, Texas, have each only one leg.

Bad as are the conditions in Warsaw, they are infinitely worse in the sections of Poland which were devastated by the Germans behind their lines during the war. This region lies to the north and east of Warsaw. The people were driven out of it, houses and factories and even trees were razed to the ground, and all the landmarks were destroyed. Now the people have moved in again, and are living in the old German dugouts and trenches, under banks

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of earth, among the roots of tree stumps and under the rudest and flimsiest shelters. In many instances they have no regular food at all. That is to say, they have neither bread, meat, nor vegetables. Our minister to Poland, Hugh Gibson—another young man to whom the Poles are very grateful and whom America is fortunate to have as a representative—went up into this district. Mr. Gibson is an accurate and reliable observer. He found entire settlements where people were living on grass or on roots and thistles boiled down into soup. All the people had swollen stomachs, and faces which were old and monkeylike from starvation. In one settlement Mr. Gibson was told of a family that had some bread. It was spoken of in hushed and admiring tones. Bread! Think of it! Mr. Gibson investigated. He wanted to find out how they got the bread. He located the people who had it, and they took it out of what corresponded to the family safe-deposit box and exhibited it proudly. It was a reddish-brown mass about the size of a coconut, and it had a foul smell. It was made from a flour compounded of pulverized beets and carrots and roots and dried grass—the vilest comic valentine of bread.

Dr. Placida Gardner, a comely young American woman, is making vaccines in Warsaw for the American Red Cross. She toyed carelessly with a glass tube containing cholera bacilli which she had reared herself, and spoke of some of the towns she had visited. She went down to Kovel to work on a cholera epidemic. The Bolshevik prisoners there had so few clothes that they could go out only at night. At Bobruisk the Bolsheviks had taken the

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clothes from every orphan in all the orphanages—all the clothes from twenty-three hundred orphans. At Barnowitzi the orphanage had been jammed to the door for three months, and the Red Cross couldn't get any transportation facilities to empty it so that the waiting and starving orphans could get in. Hundreds of peasants were living in old German dugouts amid the greatest misery, for even German dugouts have their drawbacks as town houses. Families were packed into rooms twelve feet square—twelve and fourteen people to a room. The vile-ness of such rooms is indescribable. In one place a family of eight had forty pounds of flour made from barley, and they proposed to live on it all winter.

The Germans had destroyed everything: they had stripped every factory of its machinery; they had taken all the cattle and every bit of live stock; they had taken lightning rods, door locks, keyholes, door knobs, radiator connections—everything, and shipped them all back to Germany. They did all this after the armistice—after the armistice! They wasted and destroyed all things. Over miles of territory, thanks to the Germans, the villages of Poland are blown dust down the wind.

They laugh at Poland in Germany. She is inefficient, they say. She cannot exist. The Poles are lazy dreamers. They can't put things over. The Germans sneer and laugh, and the Polish army pulls in its belt around its empty stomach, and Polish doughboys in Yankee olive drab drive back the Bolshevik hordes that threaten to overrun the world.

The domes of the Russian cathedral in Warsaw gleamed gold against the blue-gray sky before the

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Germans came. But the Germans climbed up and stripped off the gold. Bronze letters above the entrance set forth the age and the name of Warsaw University before the Germans came. The Germans climbed up and chiseled them away. The Germans jeer at the Poles. The Poles say nothing, and fight on against the Bolsheviks—the last stand of the forces of law and order against the forces of disorder and anarchy. The Germans send officers and men to fight with the Bolsheviks against the inefficient, impractical dreamers. And at the Peace Conference there are gray-headed, fusty persons who complain querulously that the war is over, and ask fretfully why Poland doesn't disband her army instead of wasting so much money keeping expensive soldiers under arms. The Peace Conference has displayed as much wisdom and judgment in settling the affairs of Central Europe as a Hottentot might be expected to display in repairing a badly damaged typewriter.

The story of the Polish army is a remarkable and a hectic one. Sketchily it is about as follows: in January, 1919, the Polish army didn't exist. There was, however, a Polish patriot named Joseph Ginet Pilsudski. He was born in 1869, and even in his youth he was plotting and planning for a free united Poland. The Russians took notice of his pernicious activities and packed him off to Siberia as a political prisoner. When he was released from Siberia he came back to Poland and became the editor of an anti-Russian newspaper called *The Laborer*. This again caused the Russians great pain, because Pilsudski said some very nasty things about them.

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So they backed the Black Maria up to the office of *The Laborer*, attached the gyves to Pilsudski's wrists, and gave him a free ride to Petrograd, where he was placed in a nice cool cell in the leading jail. This bored him, so he feigned insanity. He kept it up for two months, and presented all the earmarks of being completely loco, not to say nuts. The Russians studied his case carefully, and all of the doctors said that he was the looniest thing they had ever seen. So he was transferred to a hospital, whereat he promptly crawled out of a window and betook himself to the uncut timber.

The Russians never caught him again; but they heard of him frequently, because he was constantly raiding banks and holding up trains and indulging in similar irritating activities in order to relieve the Russian authorities of money that belonged to Poland. At the beginning of the war he came into Russian Poland with a small outfit of Polish patriots and started a private war of his own against the greatest oppressor of his nation—Russia. He formed Polish legions to fight for a free Poland, but there was no Polish army as such.

In January, 1919, as I have said, the Polish army didn't exist. Poland, as a separate state, had just been created, and she was in a bad way. In fact, if she had gone out hunting for bad ways she probably couldn't have found a worse one.

As the Germans withdrew through Poland, according to the terms of the armistice, the Bolsheviks followed them up, and it looked as though they might overrun the entire country. In the north, on the old Russian-German frontier, the Germans still

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hung on where they had no right to hang; in the northeast they lingered in violation of the armistice terms; and in the west they continued to occupy Posnania; in the southwest the Czechoslovak troops became restless, and eventually advanced into the coal fields which Poland regarded as belonging to her, and took them by force. In the south, as the Austrians withdrew from Galicia, or Austrian Poland, they brought in three Ruthenian regiments and turned over the city of Lemberg to them. Lemberg is an essentially Polish city, occupied almost entirely by Poles, and it should be Polish territory if the nationality and desires of the inhabitants have anything to do with the matter. The Ruthenians joined with the anti-Bolshevik Petlura government of the Ukraine, and the Ukrainians thereupon started to squeeze the Poles in the south.

Starting early in 1919, Pilsudski scratched together a Polish army. He used his secret Polish legions, as well as trained Polish soldiers from the old Russian army, and Austrian-Polish soldiers from West Galicia, and any fighting men that he could scrape together. He started at once against the Bolsheviks, and in a series of very successful operations he got them on the run and ran them until their nether garments almost fell off. In Posnania the Poles pulled themselves together and chased out the Germans—though even up to the beginning of 1920 there were minor engagements between the Germans and the Poles. Down in Lemberg the Polish population rose against the Ukrainians. The women rose and fought them, and little schoolboys—who weren't as tall as the guns which they used—

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rose and fought them. The heroism of the school-boys of Lemberg is known to every Pole. They speak of them with an approving nod of the head. "Good patriots," they say. I'll say so, too. With the help of the Polish women and the Polish school-boys of Lemberg, the Ukrainians were ejected from Lemberg with great vigor. The Lembergians were good ejectors, but they weren't what you could call a trained military force. So they couldn't follow up their victory. They could, however, and did, keep open one line of track into this city; and over this track provisions were brought in in an armored train. The Ukrainians squatted just outside and besieged Lemberg, shelling it frequently and killing about thirty people each day.

In the spring of 1919 the Haller divisions, which were Polish divisions formed in the United States and which were commanded by another Polish patriot, General Haller, began to come out of France. It was planned to use these troops in conjunction with Polish troops to relieve Lemberg. The operations were planned and the orders issued, when the Supreme Council in Paris forbade the use of Haller troops against the Ukrainians. The exact reason for this ruling on the part of the Supreme Council is unknown, but it was supposed to be due to the rights of small nations and the self-determination of people. There is about as much self-determination of peoples in Central Europe as there is milk in Vienna—and there is very little milk in Vienna. The Ukrainians, it is generally understood, were to be allowed a small amount of self-determination so far as Lemberg was concerned, though Lemberg is a

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strictly Polish city and had ejected the Ukrainians. They weren't to be entirely self-determining, but only partially self-determining.

The distinction is a delicate one. They could determine themselves unless somebody weaker than themselves could stop them. If the Poles could undetermine them, so to speak, without the aid of Haller troops, they were at liberty to do so, but they couldn't use Haller troops, who were highly trained fighters. In other words, if the Poles could whip the Ukrainians with one hand tied behind their backs, they could go as far as they liked. Otherwise they could sit and twiddle their thumbs. This was the ruling of that august and omniscient body, the Supreme Council.

At any rate, the Poles revised their plans. The Haller troops were not included in them. With one hand tied behind their backs, Pilsudski's patriots sailed into the Petlura army, relieved Lemberg, and were just about to eject the Ukrainians from Galicia amid loud huzzas when the Supreme Council again interfered. This time the Supreme Council ordered the Poles to stop all operations against the Ukrainians. Having first told the Poles that they could fight if they didn't use their full strength, they now told them that they couldn't fight at all. The Supreme Council is also said to have stated that the Ukrainians had been ordered to stop all operations against the Poles as well. The Poles obeyed orders, ceased operations, and withdrew their forces. They started peace negotiations with the Ukrainians. These negotiations were concluded, but on the morning when the terms were to go into effect

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the Ukrainians attacked the Poles on the entire front.

At this the American minister to Poland, Hugh Gibson, got in touch with the Supreme Council and handed it a few hard facts in unmistakable American talk. Mr. Gibson is a diplomat of the highest order, but his method of expression is often at variance with the accepted ideas of diplomatic utterance; for he says what he means in the fewest possible words. Having been apprised of the situation, the Supreme Council reversed its decision about Haller troops. The Poles, they now decided, could use Haller troops for a certain distance. They could drive the Ukrainians beyond the Spruzc River, but the troops themselves couldn't cross the river. So the Poles brought in the Haller troops and chased the Ukrainians to the Spruzc River and across it. Operations then ceased, with the Poles on one side and the Ukrainians on the other. Half a loaf, as the poet says, is better than no vacation.

The Ukrainians, of course, can make out a case which calls for as much sympathy as the Polish case. Any of the people in Central Europe can make out good cases for themselves. The Peace Conference has left things in such a mess that anyone can fish enough pieces out of the mess to support any of his arguments.

When, late in the spring of 1919, the Germans wished to refuse to sign the Peace Treaty, they showed signs of taking Posnania by force. Consequently, the Poles had to rush heavy forces to the German front. At this juncture Hugh Gibson again stepped forward with a hot note to the Germans, in

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which he said that no attack by the Germans would be tolerated by the Allies. The Germans promptly sheered off, and the Poles were at last at liberty to devote all their energies to the Bolsheviks. They piled into the Bolsheviks in a series of wholly successful operations. In places they drove them back over one hundred and fifty miles. Their troubles were augmented, however, by an unfortunate combination of circumstances in the southeast. Here Denikin came over from southern Russia with a force of Cossacks and what not, and squashed the Ukrainians from the rear. When he had done this the Bolsheviks came down on his rear in turn and gave him a dose of squash which completely eliminated him from the proceedings. This made it necessary for the Poles to extend their front in order to take care of the victorious Bolsheviks.

In January, 1919, the Polish army didn't exist. In January, 1920, it consisted of a million men. This is about as close as it would be possible to get to Mr. William Jennings Bryan's glowing picture of a million men springing to arms overnight.

Pilsudski, who was responsible for the Polish army and for its many successes against the Bolshevik army, holds—or held last January—the office of Chief of State. In the patois of the day he is the Big Noise of Poland. When people talk of a military dictator for the country they are referring to Pilsudski. His only military rank is that of major. He wears no gold braid and no decorations and no badges of office, though he carries the biggest sword in all Poland. When he sits down and holds his sword between his legs it sticks up higher than

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his head. But he is a regular Polish patriot. He needs no gauds or trappings to endear him to Polish hearts. He could even get along without a sword. His patriotism and achievements are sufficient in themselves.

The Poles have been getting what is technically known as a raw deal in many ways. They have been the only consistently successful fighters of the Bolshevik forces. They succeeded where Kolchak, Denikin, Yudenitch, and several minor leaders failed. They have been fighting under terrible conditions. They have gone barefoot and half naked in the winter. Whole companies have plowed through the snow and slush and ice of western Russia with raw and bleeding feet. The lines of communication have been in very bad shape, so that it has been most difficult to get supplies to the front. They have lived on starvation rations, but they have plugged ahead uncomplainingly. When the Red Cross doctors under Colonel Chesley entered the Polish military area last spring they found little boys serving in the army. The hospitals had no anæsthetics, no dressings, no doctors. Soldiers carried no first-aid packets. The hospitals got few heavily wounded men, because the heavily wounded almost always died. The soldiers literally lacked everything. The wounded lay for days on the floors of cold buildings with their clothes stiff with blood. The typhus was very bad, and the dysentery was worse. But the spirit and the morale at the front were and still are wonderful.

Yet the Germans have been allowed to hold districts admittedly Polish until the Peace Treaty

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goes into effect. The Poles have been deprived of their historical port of Dantzic and practically cut off from the sea. They have been repeatedly hampered in their fighting by the Supreme Council. Poland seems to have drawn nothing but soiled deuces, when she deserves only aces from a clean deck.

A Bolshevik medical report filtered into the Polish lines from the Bolshevik army last winter. This report stated that there were fifteen hundred thousand cases of typhus in western Russia. How many there are in Poland isn't known definitely, but the number is distressingly large.

Col. H. L. Gilchrist, of the medical department of our army, is at the head of our typhus mission to Poland. He has been through settlement after settlement in eastern Poland where cases of typhus existed in every house and where in some houses entire families were down with it. He visited one house where the father and three children were lying on heaps of straw on the floor, all sick with typhus. The mother had died of it on the preceding day. Their only food was a basket of gnawed potatoes and beets. An interesting feature of typhus is its habit of taking heavy toll from victims who are cultured and refined, and passing comparatively lightly over the people who have had no advantages whatever.

In some of the worst districts of Poland there is one doctor to every one hundred and fifty thousand people. Almost the worst pest hole in Poland is the city of Tarnopol, in Galicia. There is a quarantine station there. In December, 1919, there were

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twelve doctors at this station, and one of them—Lieut.-Col. Edward Register—was an American. Early in January, 1920, two doctors out of the twelve were left. The others, including Colonel Register, had died of typhus. There is only one treatment for typhus, and that is constant care; so when the news of Register's illness reached Warsaw an American Red Cross nurse—Miss Susan Rosensteil, of Freeport, Illinois—took the night train for Tarnopol to nurse the case, knowing that she had about one chance in a thousand of coming back alive. I mention this because I want the people at home to know the sort of nerve that our women can show. To fight an enemy that can be seen is no easy task; but it's easier than fighting the horrors of a disease that comes from vermin and filth and darkness, and against which one can have no protection except his private God of Luck.

Trains come into Warsaw from Vilna, which is out to the northeast in the military area, with eighteen to twenty-two people in a compartment. I have seen twenty-two people crammed into a compartment. Colonel Gilchrist has seen thirty and thirty-two people in one. As far as I am concerned, my mind refuses to conceive of more than twenty-two people in a compartment; but if Colonel Gilchrist says he has seen it he has unquestionably done so. These compartments usually have typhus cases in them. Typhus, as I have said before, is contracted only from the bite of the typhus louse. Wherever there are typhus cases there are usually typhus lice. The Poles attack typhus by disinfecting the trains. The third- and fourth-class cars, which

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have no cushions, have steam hosed into them at an eighty-pound pressure, so that the lice are nicely cooked. The first- and second-class cars, which have cushions which the steam would damage, are given a shot of hydrocyanide gas. Thus the lice are gassed and die in violent convulsions, though for the life of me, I cannot understand why the stench in a Polish railway compartment which has held twenty-two people for ten or fifteen hours doesn't asphyxiate a louse as readily as hydrocyanide gas.

Unfortunately, plenty of people run round the streets with lice in their clothes, and the refugees who are streaming steadily back into Poland from Russia are covered with them. So this method of attacking typhus is like a man's trying to rid his house of flies without putting screens on the windows. Colonel Gilchrist plans to set up a strict quarantine along the eastern border. He will install four de-lousing plants as a first line of defense; and ten miles behind the first line there will be a second line. Everyone who comes into the country will have to run the gantlet, and this will amount to screening the windows.

I reached Warsaw a few days after Paderewski had finally succeeded in resigning as President of the Council of Ministers. He resigned because he was unable to control a majority of votes in the Polish Diet, or Congress, and because he was consequently unable to institute the measures which he thought Poland needed. He resigned several times, in fact, but only his last attempt was successful. For some little time he carried his resignation with him wherever he went, just as he carried his watch and his

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cigarette case. It was part of his daily costume. After his first resignation three of the twelve political parties represented in the Diet came to him and urged him to reconsider his resignation. In the future, they assured him, he could always rely on their votes. Hitherto they had been against him, but now they would vote with him. So Paderewski reconsidered his resignation. Twenty-four hours later the representatives of these same three parties came to him again and said that they had changed their minds—that they couldn't vote with him, after all.

Americans in Warsaw frequently held pools on the leanings of the political parties. The man naming the correct affiliations of the largest number of parties on a given day would win the pool. Pools were held every day because the parties changed every day. It was a difficult sport, for the parties themselves rarely knew how they stood. On one day, for example, the newspapers would say, "The National People's Party has decided to support Paderewski." On the following day the papers would appear with the statement, "The National People's Party met at three o'clock and decided to withdraw its support from Paderewski." On the third day the newspapers would carry an interview with the leader of the National People's Party in which he would declare firmly that his party had never at any time arrived at a decision concerning whom it would support. When reporters interviewed Polish party leaders they never could tell how their parties were leaning that day until they had attended the afternoon meetings.

So Paderewski resigned as President of the Council

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of Ministers. But he lost neither his influence nor his popularity in Poland. The Poles, being new at the game, didn't quite know what they wanted. They felt, many of them, that Paderewski was a dreamer; they said that they wanted a more practical man. They rather resented the fact that he had made so much money in America while other Polish patriots stayed at home and devoted their energies to working for Poland. But they were united in the knowledge that he was a great patriot; those who knew said that Paderewski's ideas and plans would be carried out, even though he was no longer Minister President. On New Year's Day there was a demonstration for Paderewski in the square in front of the Bristol Hotel, where he was living. He had only recently resigned. Yet twenty thousand people assembled in the square and stood there for three hours in a cold drizzle, waiting for him to come out and speak to them. The band played the Polish national hymn every few minutes, and whenever this happened the twenty thousand bared their heads to the rain. Two men tried to sell caricatures of Paderewski. The crowd beat them so badly that both of them had to be taken to the hospital.

Paderewski was succeeded as President of the Council of Ministers by M. Skulski, a tall, husky, level-eyed, hard-headed man of about thirty-five. He took an engineering degree from Karlsruhe University, and was the head of an engineering firm in the city of Łódz. Most Americans probably never heard of Łódz, but it is—or was before the lack of raw materials closed so many factories—an

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enormous industrial city. The cotton and woolen products of Łódź competed with German products in Constantinople, with Austrian products in the Balkans. Commercial travelers from Łódź were to be found in Siberia, China, Persia, Asia Minor, Spain, and South Africa.

Skulski became the President of the city of Łódź, which is no mean job. During the German occupation of Poland he edited two papers which constantly pleaded the cause of the Allies. These papers were thorns in the German flesh; and if the Germans had ever been able to prove his connection with the papers they'd have shot him. When he was elected to the Diet from Łódź he set out to get the support of a majority of the members. Paderewski has always recognized his ability, and twice wished him to join the cabinet—once, when the cabinet was first formed, as the Minister of Interior Affairs, and again, just before his resignation, as Vice President of the Council. Skulski, just after he had taken office, told me that he had 233 members of the Diet solidly behind him out of a total membership of 395, but he admitted that he couldn't be sure of a fixed majority on all questions. In other words, he had them, only he didn't.

Skulski laughed at the idea of Bolshevism obtaining a foothold in Poland. Eighty per cent of the Polish people, he said, were peasants and had proved their unconquerable patriotism by the manner in which they had organized peasant troops to fight against the Bolsheviks, purchasing their own equipment and serving without pay. The Russian peasants are passive, but the Polish peasants aren't.

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Bolshevik delegations frequently come into the Polish lines to spread Bolshevik doctrines, and are usually rewarded for their pains by being shot by the Polish soldiers without orders. One regiment of Polish troops, according to information which Skulski had just received, had put twelve Bolshevik regiments to rout.

Skulski made a strong plea for American help and the investment of American capital. Poland's greatest needs, he said, were rolling stock and engines for her railroads, food for her people, and capital for investment in her natural resources. The value of the Polish mark can be raised only by the export of Polish goods to other countries—textiles and chemicals, raw materials, petroleum, and, especially, wood. Poland has an unlimited supply of wood, and she is anxious for its exploitation by foreign capital. "Many American, British, and Italian companies," said Skulski, "have already applied to us for concessions in our eastern timberlands; and we have instructed the authorities to assist the representatives of these companies in every way. We are willing to allow foreign companies as much land as they want for exploitation purposes for as long a time as they may need it. We are anxious to have foreign capital—American in particular—invested in our vast farm lands. By the importation into Poland of steam or motor plows, tractors, and other agricultural machines, enormous enterprises could be started. We have over seventy-five million acres of unoccupied farm lands which could be cultivated with great advantage to Poland as well as to the cultivators."

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Paderewski was occupying the bridal suite—or at any rate it looked like the bridal suite—on the first floor of the Hotel Bristol. This is one of the eighteen million Hotel Bristols in Europe. Every city, town, and village has a Hotel Bristol, and some of the cities are so enamored of the name that they have Old Bristols and New Bristols; First, Second, and Third Bristols; Small and Large Bristols. One of the few differentiations they don't use is Clean Bristol and Dirty Bristol—probably because not a great many of them are clean. I would suggest that some of the European cities differentiate their Bristol Hotels by calling them the Cold Bristol and the Colder Bristol; the Breadless Bristol and the Meatless Bristol; the Bathless Bristol and the Heatless Bristol and even the Roomless Bristol. All this would be a great help to Americans who are foolish enough to try to travel in Europe in the near future, when it becomes necessary for them to wire ahead for rooms.

At any rate, Paderewski was occupying the bridal suite of the Hotel Bristol. Whenever he emerged and passed through the lobby everybody removed his hat and bowed low, and all the army officers kicked their sabers out from between their legs and cracked their heels together in token of respect. Anybody who tries to say that Paderewski hasn't the love and the admiration of the entire Polish nation is talking through his hat as well as through his overcoat and his galoshes.

He had a few words to say about Bolshevism and about the gratitude of Poland for American help, while his parrot hung from the top of its cage and swore quietly but fluently in choice Polish.

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“Poland,” said Paderewski, “has done wonderfully well in the short time she has been at it; and those who judge our government by American standards are doing us an injustice. The nation has been functioning for only a year; our people are suffering from five years of war and invasion and hunger and disease; all of our industries have been brought to a standstill. Yet Poland has a government which governs and an army which fights. We realize the dangers of Bolshevism here; for Germany is supplying the Bolsheviks with money and men, and the Bolsheviks themselves are pounding at our gates. They are flooding the country with posters which set forth the glories of Bolshevism; they attack what they are pleased to call Capitalistic America through these posters. Magazines printed in alien tongues in America have reached Poland filled with Bolshevik propaganda, and we have taken them from the mails. The people of America don't realize the dangers which may come to them from Bolshevism or the sources from which Bolshevism all over the world is receiving its greatest aid. Americans have insufficient imagination. They refuse to see a danger until it becomes a concrete menace—something that can be physically met and overcome. American publications have failed to discover or have refused to print the truth about Bolshevism. They have recognized its outward manifestations, but not the forces behind it. But there will come a time in the near future when these forces must be universally recognized.”

Paderewski asked particularly that the heartfelt thanks of Poland be conveyed to America for the

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great help which America has given. Throughout the nation, he said, there was a deep and sincere feeling of gratitude for all that America has done. He followed me out into the hall, beyond the range of the quiet but malignant profanity of the parrot, and repeated this statement three times. He wanted to be very sure that the American nation gets an inkling of Poland's gratitude.

One can find many things at which to smile in Poland. One can get a good laugh out of the Polish nobility. They claim that Poland is a very democratic country because one out of every ten people in Poland belongs to a noble family. One cannot toss a brick into any Polish gathering without hitting a count. One can worry a smile out of the Polish waiters, who insist on wearing sack suits to show their democracy. One can snicker a bit at Polish opera, which is gloomy and likes to depict people dying resignedly in the snow for the mere gloomy joy of dying. One has to laugh a little and even swear a little at the inefficiency and impracticality of the Poles. But one cannot get any mirth out of their hunger and their steadfastness and their intense patriotism.

You can call me pro-Pole if you like. I'm pro-anybody who fights a clean fight in a righteous cause against overwhelming odds. The Poles answer to that description, and it's a pretty good basis on which to rest a case.

II

HUSKS

AUSTRIA is a small peanut of a country about twice as large as Switzerland. It used to be a large, magnificent country—a K. u. K. country, to quote the Austrians, K. u. K. meaning *Kaiserlich und Königlich*, or Imperial and Royal. It was about as K. u. K. as any reasonable emperor could desire; for at the top it was wedged up into Germany and Russia, and swept grandly down past Switzerland and Italy and squatted heavily on the Balkan Peninsula. It was the largest and most K. u. K. agglomeration of real estate in all Europe, barring only Imperial Russia. Russia was a larger parcel of land, but a lot of it was marshland. It wasn't nearly so K. u. K. as Austria—or more properly Austria-Hungary. It didn't support so many palaces and *Hofs* and *Schlösses* and royal retainers and K. u. K. kinglets and princes and grand dukes and royal bums as Austria did.

Austria was rich. She had great industries and the raw materials for them, and the coal and the oil that they needed. She had a population of 55,000,000; and among the 55,000,000 there were as many different breeds of people as there were different varieties of postage stamps in one of those

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packages that used to be advertised as "10,000 stamps, all different: 25 cents." On every Austrian bank note the value had to be printed in eight different languages. Austria had everything—before the war.

That, however, was before the war. At the present time, due to the rulings of an ill-advised body of men known as the Peace Conference, Austria is a small, shriveled wisp of a country. She has lost her farm lands and her mineral lands; she has lost her industries and her seaports; she has lost her coal and her oil and the purchasing power of her money; she has lost every resource which a modern state must have in order to exist. Instead of her former 55,000,000 inhabitants she has only 6,500,000—less than one eighth of her former population. The Peace Conference cut off a slice of Austria and gave it to Poland—and Poland is fighting with Czechoslovakia over part of that slice. The Peace Conference hacked off a huge gob and called it Czechoslovakia; and the Czechs and the Slovaks are quarreling between themselves, while the Czechs and the Hungarians are on the verge of going to the mat over part of Slovakia. The Peace Conference slashed off another slice and gave it to Rumania, and Hungary and Rumania are on the verge of fighting over it. She cut off a final great gob, which is now part of Jugoslavia. The Peace Conference has acted like a fatuous butcher cutting up a slab of meat for some friends; it cut off here and it cut off there, tossing the untrimmed chunks to this one and to that; and at the end it had a disagreeable little piece of gristle left, and that piece was tossed

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to the dogs. The piece of gristle is Austria, and the dogs to whom the Peace Conference threw it are the ravening beasts, Hunger and Cold and Despair.

Austria is a husk of a country—an empty shell. The nation itself is nothing but an unnatural boundary line surrounding a mass of land insufficiently large to feed its people, and without sufficient industries to support them. And Vienna, which with her 2,250,000 people is the greatest part of Austria, is an empty shell as well. The palaces of Vienna, which housed the diseased but royal breed that led Austria into the war and kept her there, are empty except for American feeding stations, while their erstwhile occupants strut and blow in Swiss resorts amid their little pomps and gauds. The stores and shops of Vienna, renowned through Europe for their beautiful things, are stripped and gutted. The banks of Vienna have plenty of money, but it's good for nothing—or next to nothing. And the people of Vienna are empty, too—empty of pride and empty of hope and empty of fighting spirit and empty of food. They're especially empty of food. Quite by chance one day I stumbled into the home of Rosalie Amsuss, aged eleven, and watched her dying of starvation. It was a very unpleasant spectacle. I will tell you all about it in another place. There are plenty of Rosalie Amsusses in Vienna. The stories that you read about starvation in Vienna are quite true. Austria is a nation of emptiness—a husk of a nation and a nation of husks.

I saw scores of letters from Americans in the United States to Americans in Vienna while I was

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there, and every letter contained such questions as: "Are the stories about starving people in Vienna true?" or: "The papers say that the people in Vienna are starving, but they seem to keep on living. What's the truth of it?" or: "Are conditions in Vienna as bad as they say? I suppose most of it is nothing but propaganda or newspaper talk."

I answer those questions here as the Americans in Vienna answered the letters:

The stories are true. Conditions are exactly as bad as they say, and they only grow worse with the passage of the weeks; almost none of it is either propaganda or what the thoughtless sometimes call newspaper talk, for the misery of the situation in Vienna is almost impossible to exaggerate.

Central Europe is the greatest political, social, and economic mess, with the single exception of Bolshevik Russia, that any man now living has ever seen. The situation is so fantastic and so incredible that any person who attempts to tell even a small part of it will automatically be doubted by all persons accustomed to a sane and ordered existence. What wonder that every American in Central Europe, when the League of Nations in its present form is mentioned, makes flapping motions with his hands significant of repugnance? Many a good American in the United States who is all in favor of America entering the League as it stands will, I have no doubt, accuse me of being pro-German and pro-Bolshevik because of what I say against it. I am a reporter, however, and not a statesman or a judge. I am reporting the sentiment which I found among Americans in Central Europe. These men are good

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Americans and many of them came into Central Europe enthusiastically in favor of the League. They are in favor of it no longer. Somewhere in Central Europe there may be Americans who favor the entry of the United States into the League, but I missed them. "A league of nations is all right," the Americans say; "such a thing ought to exist, and America ought to be in it. But not in this League! No indeed! Not this one!"

The Peace Conference has stripped Austria of everything which she needs in order to exist. Far harder terms, financially and territorially, have been imposed on Austria than on Germany. She can't buy coal, she can't buy food, she can't buy raw materials. Her neighbors, who hate her bitterly for her past sins, will give her nothing and will sell her next to nothing. She is cold and starved and helpless and hopeless. Her people want nothing but food to cook and fire on which to cook it.

The present-day Austria, as I have said, is a small peanut of a country. The contour of Ireland, I believe, is vaguely familiar to most people. If a giant steam roller were to roll up on Ireland's lower end and flatten it out a bit, her size and appearance would closely approach Austria's at the present time. Austria's flattened end is wedged between Germany and Italy, and the rounded end is held down at the top by Czechoslovakia, pushed in on the front by Hungary, and jacked up by Jugoslavia.

The flat end is the Austrian Tyrol, where American tourists used to go to exclaim in wonder at the magnificent mountains worn by the landscape and the remarkable hats worn by the Tyroleans. These

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hats had large shaving brushes stuck in the bands in back, and were too killing for words. The hats still exist, and so do the mountains; and in the mountainous sections there is very little raised except the nimble chamois, a goatlike creature whose beard supplies the shaving-brush decoration for the Tyrolean hat. There is no agriculture to speak of. The rest of Austria is also very rugged and hilly, so that the farms are neither numerous, large, nor fertile. Even when all the farms of Austria are thoroughly fertilized and producing at pre-war speed, they produce only enough to feed 30 per cent of her present population. In other words, they produce only a little more than enough to feed the people who live in the country districts. In the past, Austria has manufactured a wide variety of goods, sold them, and purchased food for the remaining 70 per cent of her population with a part of the proceeds. To-day the farms of Austria are producing even less than usual. Most of the few factories that have not been given to Czechoslovakia are shut down, for she has neither fuel nor raw material.

Consequently, Austria has no goods to sell outside. She is earning nothing, and she has few resources; so she can buy nothing. Outside nations don't want to accept her money, for it is worthless. They are only willing to barter with her, and Austria has next to nothing with which to barter. Therefore the only people in Austria who are getting enough to eat are the people who are living in the country. They are getting just enough. The people in the cities are getting what the government can buy for them in outside countries and sell to them at

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a fairly reasonable rate, or what the Americans send them. When the newspapers publish the statement that Vienna has enough bread to last until April 17th, it means that the amount of flour which outside nations have consented to sell to Vienna will give out on April 17th, and that unless the government has succeeded in scratching up a supply somewhere before that time the people will be unable to have any bread whatever. It does not mean that absolutely everyone will be breadless. Persons who have a great deal of money will still be able to get food. They won't be able to get the things they want, but they will be able to get enough to fill their stomachs. At no time can they, even with a lot of money, get enough fats to keep themselves from feeling hungry a short time after they've eaten, but they can keep from suffering. This applies only to people with a great deal of money. If the bread supply is exhausted on April 17th, the normal population gets no bread on April 18th. It can neither find nor afford the bread which is sold secretly.

All the capitals of Central Europe, in spite of their misery, look normal. Berlin, Warsaw, Vienna, Prague, Budapest—all of them are big, roaring, magnificent cities with crowded streets and honking taxicabs and shops and cabarets and theaters. On arriving in Vienna one rather expects to see people dying in the middle of the street-car tracks for lack of food. One expects to see the palaces crumbling in ruins and to see grass growing between the cobbles and to hear the low moaning of the starving children.

One finds nothing of the sort. Vienna wears a gay front. Her women, as always, are the most

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beautiful in Europe. Her men go briskly about their business, and their appearance is normal; there's none of that universal pallor that one expects. The shop windows glitter with jewels or blaze with paintings or silks, or foam—as the saying goes—with lingerie. The palaces are as massive and stately and imposing as ever. The streets, it is true, are full of dust and dirt and paper scraps; and there are hundreds of beggars importuning the passer-by—war cripples in the indescribably shoddy Austrian uniform; scraps and wrecks and husks of men who scramble on the sidewalks for the stubbiest of cigarette butts. But in order to see the true Vienna one must go into the shops and note the empty shelves and show cases; one must look closely at the palaces to see that the windows are unwashed and the rooms untenanted; one must go into the apartment houses to find once wealthy people living in the direst poverty, and to find them dying of starvation.

To get an idea of Vienna as it really is one should see it for the first time at night. Then it is dark and dismal, cheerless and ghastly. The streets are lighted by the weakest of gas lights or electric lamps, separated by wide distances. Except for a few streets in the very center of this great city of two and a quarter million people, the thoroughfares are almost deserted when night has fallen. Even on the few populous streets the wayfarers are dim shapes whose movements seem stealthy and furtive. The hotel entrances and lobbies are dark caves. Vienna after dark looks like what it is—a sick city, a dying city, a city of abject despair.

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In the restaurants and cafés—there is a wide difference between a restaurant and a café in Vienna—the electric lights are shut off at eight o'clock and are replaced by a few carbide lights, which give off a ghastly greenish-yellow glare. No street cars run after half past eight at night. The theaters begin at five o'clock in the afternoon, or half past five, and eight o'clock sees their audiences emptying into the darkened streets. Long-winded German operas like "Tannhäuser" or "Götterdämmerung," in which pairs of fat singers must sing into each other's faces endlessly, begin as early as four o'clock in the afternoon. In January, when I arrived in Vienna, there was a period covering several days during which, because of lack of coal, no passenger trains ran, no street cars, no elevators, no theaters, no opera, no cabarets. Every shop pulled down its shutters and locked its doors at dusk because no electricity could be burned. Vienna was the most desolate city I have ever seen.

At the bottom of all the trouble are lack of coal and lack of raw material. With coal and with raw material Vienna could eventually produce enough goods for export, so that she wouldn't have to be dependent on charity for her food. Without coal and without raw material Austria must be a beggar nation until she is permitted to join her fortunes with those of another nation that has the things which she lacks. Alone she cannot exist; that is an absolute, an accepted, and an incontrovertible fact. There are four countries that she could join: Germany, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and Jugoslavia; Czechoslovakia, which used to be a part of

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Austria-Hungary, hates her for the years of oppression at Austrian hands. Jugoslavia hates her for the same reason—and a Central Europe hate is one of the most persistent and acrimonious hates that ever entered the hating business. Hungary has been stripped of her choicest possessions and is raving wildly to become a monarchy. The governing class in Austria, being Social Democrats—and Social Democracy is so close to a dictatorship of the working classes that a knife blade can scarcely be pried between them—is fearful of tying up with Hungary, because if it had a monarchy wished on it the working classes would not continue to be the ruling classes to any noticeable extent. Germany, however, is also Social Democratic, and Germany is the country which Austria wants to join. The Allies, with the exception of France, are in favor of allowing them to join. France, mindful of Germany's determination to crush her in the not distant future, is determined to prevent any move which might eventually tend to strengthen Germany. The situation is complicated by the fact that there are a few million Germans in Czechoslovakia who can't get along with the Czechs; and if Germany and Austria should join, Czechoslovakia would probably be squeezed out of business with the utmost celerity and vigor. The choicest half of Czechoslovakia is wedged between Germany and Austria as a nut is wedged between the jaws of a nut cracker—and the Germans in Czechoslovakia would do their utmost to assist in the crushing.

If the Allies do not permit Austria to save herself by joining Germany, then it would seem that the

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only other solution of the problem would be for her to become a province of Czechoslovakia—and that would be retribution of the most extreme brand. The Czechs are Bohemians, or Boehms. The Austrians have always despised them as being slow and pigheaded. When an Austrian wanted to speak contemptuously of somebody he called him a Boehm—Boehm being pronounced as the word “berm” would be pronounced in Boston. Wandering gypsy bands, traveling north from Jugoslavia through Austria into Czechoslovakia, picked up this expression and added it to their slang. Many American slang words come from gypsy slang by way of thieves’ kitchens and hobo haunts; and from the contemptuous “Boehm” of the Austrians and the gypsies comes our contemptuous slang word “bum.” So if Austria, who once ruled Czechoslovakia with an iron hand, should become a province of Czechoslovakia, she would be ruled by the Boehms, whom she once despised and oppressed.

Back even of the lack of coal and raw materials is the Peace Conference, which has ruled that Austria must exist as a separate state, but refuses to allow her the requisites of existence. It’s about the same situation that might have arisen if the Peace Conference had transported the city of Vienna, with its two and a quarter million people, to a barren island in the Pacific Ocean and had decreed that the residents keep themselves alive as best they could. In the Pacific the Viennese might at least have caught fish and lived on them; but in Austria they can’t even get fish.

If the Peace Conference had announced solemnly

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that on such and such a day it would give a superb production of "Hamlet," but that the characters of Hamlet, Ophelia, the Ghost, and the First Gravedigger would be eliminated from the play, there would have been a great hue and cry. Two regiments of alienists would have been rushed to the Conference posthaste, and the brains of the august body would have been subjected to careful scrutiny. This would have been due to the fact that almost everybody knows all about Hamlet and realizes that only a crazy man would try to give the play without its leading and essential characters. The action of the Peace Conference as regards Austria had earmarks of insanity; but nobody seems to know anything about Central Europe.

But only the financiers and the statesmen and the thinkers of Vienna concern themselves with the lack of raw material and the mistakes of the Peace Conference. The bulk of the people are chiefly worried about the cost of the necessities of life, the value of their money, and the place from which their next meal is coming. No one can take the Vienna people to task for not delving deeper into their problem. These three worries of theirs are sufficient to keep any worrier, no matter how high-gearred it may be, working overtime. In fact, I will guarantee that any American, suddenly confronted with any two out of the three worries which occupy the waking moments of every Viennese, would have to take to his bed with congestion of the worrier—or a lesion, or something which would utterly unfit him for further mental activity.

The krone, or crown, is the Austrian unit of ex-

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change. The Austrian crown and the French franc were equal before the war, their value in American money being 20 cents. Five Austrian crowns were equivalent to an American dollar in 1914. In February, 1920, as this is written, one American dollar is equivalent to 300 Austrian crowns. The crown is worth one third of a cent. In other words, the crown is worth one sixtieth of what it used to be worth, and an Austrian income that used to be worth \$5,000 a year is now worth \$83.

The Austrian crown is divided into 100 hellers. Thus one heller is worth one three-hundredths of a cent. This, I maintain, is about as low as money can fall and still be honored with the name of money. A five-heller stamp, which is in constant use in Austria, is worth one sixtieth of a cent. Since the cost of printing the stamps, perforating them, and applying the gum to the backs must run pretty close to that figure, it is easy to see why the Austrian postal department isn't rolling in money. Ten-heller notes, worth one thirtieth of a cent to an American, actually buy things in Austria. I don't know what they buy, but the Austrians do. Women will hang round shops for ten or fifteen minutes waiting for 20 hellers change—a fifteenth of a cent. The heller offers some remarkable opportunities for puns, but it's good for little else.

The collapse of monetary values in other countries is bad enough; but those collapses fade into insignificance beside the collapse in Central Europe. When an American gets two or three times as many francs in France for a dollar as he used to get he thinks that he is seeing a terrible state of affairs—

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as he is. Then he moves over into Germany, where he gets from ten to twenty times as many marks for a dollar as he used to get; and he at once thinks that nothing could be worse. But when he moves into Poland and gets thirty times as many marks for a dollar as a dollar would normally bring he begins to think that the Germans are well off. And when he gets down into Austria and gets sixty times as much for his money as he could have got in normal times he looks back at the depreciated French currency as being absolutely sound.

No toboggan ever slid down a chute with more rapidity and vigor than the Austrian crown went downhill. During the winter of 1918-19 a dollar was worth 17 crowns. In the spring of 1919 a dollar could be exchanged for 30 crowns. In the autumn the rate was 60 crowns for a dollar. Early last October it was 80, in November 100, in December 180; and in January of 1920 there was a time when a dollar would buy nearly 400 crowns. A man who changed 100 American dollars into small Austrian bank notes last January or February would have had to bale them up and carry them away in a taxicab, for he could never have got them into his pocket.

In May, 1919, some American destroyers came up the Danube to Vienna. The astute gobs looked round and saw that they could get 25 crowns for a dollar. The prospect intrigued them. What a chance! they declared. What a chance! Twenty-five crowns for a dollar! The crown could never go lower than that! So they scraped together all their American dollars and bought crowns at 25. When

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they sold out the rate was 100 crowns for a dollar, and they had learned that one must never think that Central European money has reached the bottom. No matter how low it is, it can always go lower.

The worst of it is that the Austrians can't sit on their money and wait until its value improves. They have to spend it for food. The shopkeepers have to sell their goods in order to live, but when their stocks are gone they can never be replaced, because the profit, which is in crowns, will buy next to nothing in outside countries. For example, an American in Vienna was going on a trip into Jugoslavia last December. Before he started, a Vienna tailor urged him to have a suit made from a very fine piece of English cloth, assuring him that he needn't pay for it until his return. The American agreed, and a price of 7,000 crowns was fixed for the suit. At that time 7,000 crowns was equivalent to \$50. Some weeks later the American returned and got the suit, paying 7,000 crowns for it. But instead of being worth \$50, the 7,000 crowns was then worth only a little over \$20. Suppose the Vienna tailor had originally bought the English cloth for \$4 a yard, and used three and a half yards in making the suit. The same cloth to-day would cost him much more. His profit on the suit would enable him to buy about half a yard of new cloth.

And it doesn't even take a person skilled in higher mathematics to understand that if the Austrian government buys a carload of flour at 1,000,000 crowns and sells it to the people at cost, and if the crown depreciates 50 per cent while the people are

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buying the flour, the proceeds from the sale will buy only half a carload of new flour.

As a result of the depreciated money Vienna, which was the most expensive city in Europe before the war, is to-day the cheapest large city for an American to live in that the civilized world has ever seen or probably ever will see. And at the same time it is the most cruelly expensive place for an Austrian that can be imagined.

I know an American family in Vienna—a father, a mother, and three small children. They were offered a suite of rooms in Schönbrunn Palace—the former residence of the Emperor—for \$7 a month, but they refused it because they would have had to walk about a mile through empty rooms to get to their cozy home. They finally took a beautiful apartment near the center of the city at the same rate—\$7 a month. For this amount they also received a complete outfit of coroneted silver and large quantities of the finest table and bed linen. They have five servants—a cook, a kitchen helper, two maids, and a trained nurse. They pay the cook 85 cents a month. The two maids get 50 cents a month apiece. The kitchen helper, being young and unskilled, cannot aspire to such a munificent salary; she draws 25 cents a month. The nurse, who received a hospital training, demanded a salary of 4 cents a day, but she was given 5 cents so that she would be thoroughly satisfied. Fifteen crowns a day is her pay; and a dollar is equal to 300 crowns. It is almost cheaper to have a trained nurse in Vienna than to subscribe for the *London Times*, for where a trained nurse costs only

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15 crowns a day, one copy of the *Times* costs 17 crowns.

The head of this family rents a gorgeous limousine from a former cavalry officer in the Austrian army. He pays a dollar a day for it, and furnishes all the gasoline and pays half of the tire expenses. The cavalry officer throws himself in as chauffeur, and also throws in a mechanic to open the door for the American and fool with the carburetor when it shows signs of indisposition. The American doesn't care much for the showiness of the mechanic and would be willing to pay five or ten cents extra if the cavalryman-chauffeur would leave him at home. But he won't. The mechanic used to be the cavalryman's chauffeur before the war; and, besides, the cavalryman doesn't know enough about the engine to trust himself alone with it. The cavalryman owns three other machines. When asked where they came from he replied that he had once been independently wealthy, but that the depreciation of the money had so decreased the size of his fortune that he thought he had better invest it all in automobiles before it faded entirely out of sight. One can buy a fine second-hand automobile of the best make in Vienna for \$1,000.

This same American family has a box at the opera three or four times a week. Vienna opera has few equals in the world. The singers are surpassed only by New York. The orchestra and the stage settings are unequaled. Richard Strauss himself conducts the orchestra. The Americans pay a dollar a performance for their box.

At the rate of exchange which existed in January

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the United States could buy a beautiful palace in Vienna for her diplomatic representatives for \$25,000—a sum about equal to eighteen months' rent on such a building at pre-war rates. The United States has followed such a wasteful and short-sighted policy in the past as regards embassies, legations, and consulates that Congress will probably prefer to install our foreign representatives in fusty and cockroach-ridden shacks at tremendous and continuous expense rather than to see that they occupy quarters which are commensurate with America's position among the nations, and which would cost only a fraction of what the rent of the shacks would eventually cost. It is, to put it conservatively, an extreme bore to Americans in Europe when they see American diplomats occupying poorer quarters than the representatives of obscure countries whose names are unfamiliar to the average postage-stamp collector.

Hotel bills in Vienna figure up to peculiar amounts. When I first arrived I could only get a room in a second-rate hotel. It was a large far-flung room with a bilious carpet and a green porcelain stove that looked like an ice chest which had grown too rapidly in its youth. That room cost 17 cents a day, and a bucketful of wood for the stove cost an additional 7 cents. Feeding one bucketful of wood into the stove was like feeding an angleworm to a full-grown alligator. I attempted to negotiate for more wood, for I planned to spend my evenings sitting cozily in front of the green, shiny stove and writing busily in its genial warmth. One bucketful of wood gave the stove about as much genial warmth as a box of wax matches would have given it. So I

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approached one of the eighteen or twenty servants who cared for my room. Austrian hotels may be shy of heat, but they are well supplied with servants. One rings a bell and a servant comes in, while three or four other servants stand outside the door and try to peer in. In a spirit of lavishness one hands him 10 crowns, or 3 cents, and instructs him to bring in a bottle of mineral water. He retires, and in a few moments another servant enters with the bottle and hangs round expectantly. One gives him another 10 crowns, whereat he goes away. In ten minutes a third servant appears to take the bottle away. He looks so reproachful and so neglected that one feels obliged to slip him another 10 crowns.

At any rate, I begged the waiter to get me some more wood. The request amazed him. More, it horrified him. One bucket of wood a day was all that anyone was allowed. To-morrow I could have another bucket. I assured him that I would freeze if I waited until the next day, and urged him to go out on the street and buy more for me. This request cut him to the quick. He felt for me, but he could do nothing. I offered him untold wealth—as much as 80 cents—if he would get wood for me. There was nothing doing. He didn't know where to buy it. I saw the manager about it, but it did me no good. During the entire time I remained at the hotel I could get only about twelve small pieces of pine wood every day. A few people in Vienna know where to buy wood and have enough money to do it. Sometimes they can get enough to keep one room warm all the time. But they must be

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very wealthy people, and they must know the secret places where wood is sold.

From the second-rate hotel I moved to the hotel which has the reputation of being the best. The walls were padded with red satin, and it had a magnificent bathroom, and the bed had a silk canopy over it. It was a very expensive room, and one had to disgorge 30 cents a day for it. It had no stove at all, and one paid 8 cents extra for central heating, but the central heating was not a conspicuous success. The best that it could do was to take the chill out of a radiator for fifteen minutes every morning. It didn't heat it; it merely had the same effect on it that a very large-mouthed giant would have had if he had breathed on it for a short time. Even though a person has untold wealth in Vienna, he usually can't get enough heat. But he can get one of the best rooms in the best hotels in the city—and Vienna has some fine hotels—for 30 American cents a day. I had a big room in the Grand Hotel for 700 crowns a week. Before the war the same room would have cost more than that for a day. Imagine the situations reversed, and one can get an idea of the tragedy of it. Imagine, for example, that American currency had depreciated to such an extent that a suit of clothes cost \$2,500 and an ordinary room in a New York hotel cost \$50 a day. And imagine Austrians being able to come to New York and live in such a room for a crown a day; imagine them getting a suit of clothes for 50 crowns when we were paying \$2,500. It takes something of an imagination, but that's the way things were in Vienna during the early months of 1920.

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No hotel in Vienna is able to heat water for its guests oftener than once a week. Baths have gone out of fashion; for a cold-water bath is viewed with alarm. The people don't wash. Every store, every dining room, every theater has an atmosphere that can be cut with a knife. The hotels even rent their bathrooms. Perfumery is scarce and expensive.

The hotel prices are not the only ones which amaze an American. The price of everything is amazing. I met a woman who was buying antiques for an interior decorator. She was buying almost blindly. "It doesn't matter what I buy," she said, "for on all the things that I care to take out I can make a profit of from 300 to 400 per cent, even in Paris. If I should take them to New York my profit would run up to 700 per cent and even higher." Bone-headed business men who couldn't make a success anywhere else could get along very nicely in Vienna, for they could buy anything and invariably sell it in other countries to advantage.

I quote a few Vienna prices at random from my notebook, giving the American equivalent for the Austrian money. A safety razor, exactly like a popular American make, packed in a leather case with a dozen blades, sells for 80 crowns, or about 25 cents. A dozen blades, made to fit my own razor, cost 20 crowns, or 6 cents. A Mauser automatic pistol in its wooden holster butt was priced at \$3. This was the gun carried by German officers, and is one of the best-made automatic pistols in the world. A Styer automatic pistol cost \$2.50 and a Styer revolver \$1. They are both good guns. An excellent sporting rifle with telescopic sights cost

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\$3.50. The best double-barreled shotgun in one of the best gun stores in Vienna cost \$9.

A guidebook to Vienna, which used to sell for 4 crowns, or 80 cents, before the war, now sells for 6 crowns, or 2 cents. A malacca walking stick, mounted in sterling silver, can be bought more cheaply in Vienna than it can be bought in Singapore, where malacca comes from. Such a stick in Vienna costs \$1. Ten colored post cards sell for half a crown apiece, and foreign post-card postage is another half crown. Therefore one can buy ten post cards and send them to America for 3 cents. It isn't reasonable. A manicure costs $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents; a haircut $3\frac{1}{2}$ cents; a shave $1\frac{3}{4}$ cents. Wouldn't it—as the less-refined elements used to remark—jar you?

A gold wedding ring that used to cost 20 crowns, or \$4, now costs 700 crowns, or \$2.30. A platinum chain with a pendant of small diamonds and pearls set in platinum used to cost 500 crowns, or \$100; now it is 12,000 crowns, or \$40. A beautiful bead bag knitted from tiny beads so that it crumples softly into the palm of the hand used to cost 800 crowns, or \$160; to-day it costs 9,000 crowns, or \$30.

That's about the way with all things. Things cost infinitely more in crowns than ever before, but because of the down-rushing rate of exchange they're cheaper than ever from the viewpoint of the person from a country whose money has not depreciated so violently.

It is, of course, unfair to quote Vienna prices in dollars, for somebody may get the idea that the prices are cheap for the Viennese as well as for Americans. This, of course, is not the case. For a

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Viennese the prices are prohibitive. He can't buy anything at all. I quote prices in the above manner to emphasize the fact that when the Vienna shopkeepers have finally sold everything, the amount of money which they have made from the sales won't be large enough to permit them to get new stocks from the outside countries.

All the above prices are figured on the basis of 300 crowns for a dollar, which is the average rate of exchange that one could get late in January and early in February, 1920. One of the most shameful features of the whole Central European mess is the manner in which money speculation is permitted to continue. How it can be stopped I do not know. American bankers have looked at the situation, and they do not know. They say that the financial situation in Central Europe is unparalleled in the world's history. Meanwhile, every nation in that locality is knifing every other nation, and the bankers are knifing their own people by aiding in the destruction of money values. The value of the money of Central European countries is very low because of the lack of credits and the lack of production, but it is not so low as the rate would tend to show. The violent fluctuations are due in part to speculation.

In one of the large banks in Vienna on the 12th of January I exchanged American dollars into crowns at the official Zurich rate of 195 crowns for a dollar. Private banking houses outside were giving 250 and 260 crowns for a dollar. On February 6th the official Zurich rate was 260 crowns for a dollar. Having learned from experience not to have money

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exchanged at a big bank, I went to a private bank and received 330 crowns for each dollar, though the official rate was 260. Between January 12th and February 6th there was one day when the official bank rate was 310 crowns for a dollar and when the private banks were giving 400. Since the private bankers were not in business for love, they were disposing of each dollar for more than 400 crowns. The effect of such dealings on Vienna business and prices is nerve-racking. No matter how rapidly the shopkeepers raise their prices, they cannot keep pace with the falling exchange. They can't even find the point to which exchange has fallen at a given moment.

The government is doing its utmost to keep abreast of the falling money values by printing more of it. The newness and crispness of the Austrian money made me curious as to how it was done, so I went down to the Austro-Hungarian Bank, which prints all the money, and asked to be allowed to see the printing presses. The menial whom I asked almost swooned at my insolence. He passed me on to the eighteenth assistant manager, who turned me over to the eleventh assistant manager, who shunted me off to the second secretary of the director. The latter refused my request. I went back to the sixth assistant manager, who summoned the second assistant manager, who led me to the director's first secretary. He was persuaded to admit me to the presence of the director himself.

The director was horrified at my demand. No foreigner had ever seen the printing department. Who was I, anyway? With a flourish I produced

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my passport and indicated the stamped signature of the Secretary of State. The director was impressed. Ah, well! if the Secretary of State had signed my papers, I should enter. He summoned the director of the bank-note department, Arthur Naderny. Naderny has invented most of the engraving and printing processes in use in Austria, and his inventions have been adopted by practically every other nation, including the United States. His machine for engraving the copper plates for bank notes is one of the most complicated machines in the world. It looks like the insides of thousands of watches, and the whole machine could easily be covered by a bushel basket. Naderny made a few adjustments in the machine, slipped a copper plate into place, and started it going. A needle cut a beautiful and intricate design in the copper, and when the design was finished it stopped of its own accord. It can be adjusted to engrave any sort of conventional design or animal figures or faces—anything at all.

The Austrian bank-note printing department starts running every morning at half past seven. It prints bank notes steadily until quarter past three in the afternoon. Then a new shift comes on and prints from four in the afternoon until half past eleven at night. Day and night the money rolls off the presses. On Saturdays the work is less arduous. The first shift works from half past seven to twelve, and the second shift works from one to six. Every day an average of 100,000,000 crowns is struck off, and the average monthly production is 3,000,000,000 crowns. This is the amount that used to be produced in an entire year before the war.

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Naderny showed me the typographical printing room, where a battery of thirteen machines slid great sheets of bank notes under the presses and flapped them down in piles. He took me to the copper-plate printing room, where a battery of nineteen machines stolidly ground out sheets of 1,000-crown notes. Each one of the nineteen machines spilled out four notes at a time and 3,000 sheets a day, or so that the total for the nineteen was 228,000,000 crowns in one day. On the next day these nineteen machines might work on 50-crown notes, so that the average would be reduced. These machines were Naderny's invention. Four men turn out twice as many notes with one of them as six men used to turn out with the old-type machine. Naderny showed me the offset printing room. Offset printing is an American invention. In another room sheets of 50-crown notes were cascading out of a wooden chute by the thousands, and men were staggering round, carrying great piles of sheets.

Americans in eastern, southeastern, and central Europe enjoy an enviable reputation, and occasionally a hard-boiled or imitation American gets in and tries to trade on that reputation. The Austrians who are now in control of the badly leaking ship of state are an inexperienced and gullible crew. Their dealings with Americans have given them a child faith in everything American. Not long ago the Austrian Finance Minister telephoned to the Hoover outfit in Vienna and asked their advice in regard to a proposition which an American had put up to him. They investigated and found the American was an

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offensive specimen and that his proposition was the rawest of get-rich-quick schemes. The Finance Minister had actually considered the proposition, since it came from an American.

Another gentleman had a brilliant scheme to get food out of the Relief Administration for nine thousand children belonging to members of the new Austrian army, which is a trade-unionized affair. The army was to give him \$2,000, and he was to do the rest. He said he was an American citizen. He even had it on his business cards. "U. S. A. citizen," said his cards, "St. Francisco." The "St. Francisco" was a horrible mistake, because a lot of the Relief Administration people, like Mr. Hoover, went to college in California, and any little slur like a slighting reference to California climate, a mention of earthquakes, or the mispronunciation of the name San Francisco can never be forgiven by a native or an adopted Californian. So when the head of the Austrian army turned over the documents in the case to the Relief Administration it lit on this U. S. A. citizen from St. Francisco like a ton of brick, or even like several tons of brick. It advised him hoarsely to take the words "U. S. A. citizen" off his calling cards unless he was aching to be shot. And it discovered that he was really an Austrian citizen who had never been within three thousand miles of St. or San Francisco.

Americans in Vienna are anxious to see the establishment of some sort of bureau which will require the registration of all commercial travelers from all nations, and thus make it possible to find out whether or not they represent reputable firms.

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Not only have foreigners stripped the Vienna stores, but they have also dipped heavily into Austrian factories and railroads. The Viennese stockbrokers say that there is five times as much stock-market speculation on the part of the Viennese as there was before the war, but that they are buying and selling small blocks. The only really heavy trading is done by the French, Italians, and British. They are buying in great quantities and buying to hold; so there are some hard-headed people who have faith in Austria's future. Foreign capital bought up all the stock in the Alpine Mountain Iron Works. This stock sold at 800 crowns, or \$160 a share, before the war. The last recorded sales were 5,400 crowns, or \$18 a share. It is still paying dividends of 20 crowns a year from past earnings. French capital has bought the control of Veitscher Magnesit, which used to sell for 300 crowns, but now brings 17,000 a share. French capital is also taking a large interest in the Commercial Bank of Vienna. The Italians have negotiated for large interests in the Depositen Bank of Vienna and in the Commercial Bank.

As I have said, this is all very soft for the foreigners, but for the Viennese it is little short of a living hell. How they endure it without rushing into the street and tearing the entire city to pieces in their despair is beyond the comprehension of all the onlookers. There isn't any decent food for them to buy, and there hasn't been since 1917. As for clothes, they can't dream of buying them, because of their expensiveness. I am speaking now of the bulk of the people in Vienna. In Vienna, as in every

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other city, there are war profiteers and speculators who have made money. A few thousand out of the two and a quarter million can buy clothes and enjoy the few luxuries that Vienna affords; but more than two million are helpless and, to all intents and purposes, penniless. Two million people, all in one city and all practically unable to obtain heat, light, clothes, or any sort of food except the poorest and most meager sort of victuals, is sufficient to give one pause when he comes in contact with it. It is even sufficient to give one a number of long, ruminative pauses.

To lack fuel of every sort throughout a winter must be a very terrible thing. Stop and think of it for a moment, think of being unable to purchase the coal or the wood or the gasoline or the kerosene that one needs in order to cook food each day. Think of having no place to sit, day after day and night after night, except a room as cold as a refrigerator. Yet hundreds of thousands of Vienna people are in that position. In one way the cold is worse than the hunger. A person's stomach protects itself against continued hunger by shrinking; when the Hoover people started to feed the Vienna children, hundreds of them were unable to eat the allotted ration; their stomachs wouldn't hold it. But cold is a different proposition, especially when the person exposed to it is badly nourished.

The Vienna people make strenuous efforts to get fuel. They accomplish unbelievable feats. For example, they walk out to the Wiener Wald and cut down trees and chop them up and load them on their backs and walk back home. It sounds easy. But

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suppose it's the young wife or a postal official who's doing it. She's twenty-three years old and not over-strong because she had a baby a year ago. She hasn't had enough to eat for more than two years. She takes a saw and a sack, and she goes five miles out to the Wiener Wald, and she saws down a tree and saws it up and loads it into her sack—fifty or sixty pounds of it—and straps the sack on her back and returns to the city, jostled and trampled on by the thousands of people who are doing likewise. It isn't the height of relaxation and enjoyment for such a person to go through such an experience, but thousands upon thousands endured it week after week all through last winter.

The Wiener Wald, which is merely the German way of saying Vienna Forest, starts on the western outskirts of Vienna and stretches over the valleys and hill slopes for several miles. When the fuel shortage became acute the city of Vienna permitted the residents to go into the forest and cut the trees. This method was selected because the city government feared that any other method of distribution would be attended by serious riots. So any citizen of Vienna can get a pink piece of paper which entitles him to go to the Wiener Wald four times and cut down sixty pounds of wood at each trip. He can have one of these slips every two weeks.

Every day the people flock to the forest by the thousands. I went over one Friday afternoon in late January, just at sundown. The people were coming home in droves, and each person had approximately sixty pounds on his back. There were old, old men and little boys; there were girls ten and twelve and

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fifteen years old; there were women of forty and fifty and sixty. There were shopkeepers and laborers and street-car conductors and soldiers and post-office officials. There were people who, up to four years ago, had had luxuries and refinements and easy living. Each one had a sack of wood on his back, and each one was bent almost double under it. The road which led out to the forest from the edge of the city was solid with these laden people, so that it looked like a street leading to a football field just before a big game. They had been cutting wood all the afternoon. They had been hacking down real trees with little handsaws. I stopped four girls in succession and looked at their hands. Each girl was about fifteen years old. The hands of three of them were covered with blisters, some of which were broken and some of which were not. The hands of the fourth one were tied with bloody rags. It was her first trip. Her brother always had gone. The last time he went a falling tree had broken his arm. Yes, it was hard work. She would prefer to be cold. But her father was sick.

They came down the road by the thousands, all kinds and conditions of them, each stooped under his or her sixty-pound load. They would stop before stone walls and rest their packs on the wall and hunker down to ease the strain on their aching backs. And then they would struggle up and plod on again. Thousands of them. Never a day went by last winter that 15,000 people didn't go out from Vienna to cut wood in the Wiener Wald, and never a Saturday passed that 30,000 of them didn't go out to cut. If Dante should come back to earth he could get

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out of Vienna some excellent additional cantos for his "Inferno."

Many of the woodcutters have to walk only a mile and a half or two miles with their sixty-pound sacks, because the city runs street cars out to the city limits—street cars without windows, so that the packs can be rested on the window ledges. But some of them wait for hours to get a place in a car, and aren't successful, so they have to walk all the way in. Little boys and little girls and old men and old women walking four miles with sixty-pound sacks on their backs!

Salaries and wages in Vienna are hopelessly inadequate. The President of the Austrian Republic receives 40,000 crowns a year. That, at the rate which prevailed in January, was equivalent to about \$135 in American money. A well-paid bank employee, such as a department manager, a cashier, or a head bookkeeper, received 30,000 crowns a year if he had been with the bank more than fifteen years. A high-grade newspaper man was paid 24,000 crowns a year. A teacher in a high school received 19,000 crowns a year. The best stenographers earned 12,000 yearly. The best-paid clerks in department stores were paid 10,000 crowns a year. A railway conductor got 7,000 crowns a year. At the same period a good suit of clothes cost 10,000 crowns. So did a good bead bag. And the conductor's salary would have bought a dinner for twelve people at the best Vienna restaurant.

Street-car fares have risen in Vienna from 14 hellers before the war to 2 crowns at present. If a man lived on the outskirts of the city and rode to

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and from his work 300 days a year he would pay 1,200 crowns. This would put something of a crimp in a railway conductor's salary.

I sat down one morning with the head of the foreign department of a big Vienna bank to figure on living costs. Our figuring was based on the needs of a couple with one child. They were people of modest tastes, who lived in the simplest manner. They ate most frugally, they had almost no new clothes, they never rode in street cars, they never went to a theater or had a meal in a restaurant, and they never went to the doctor or the dentist. We pared our figures down more than we should have; but the total yearly budget of that imaginary family amounted to 62,000 crowns—22,000 crowns more than the President of Austria is paid. It was also a good many thousand crowns more than the salary of my friend the bank official, and it was nearly ten times the salary of a railway conductor.

"Now look here," I said to the bank official, "if these figures are anywhere near right, as they are, how can you get along when your salary isn't nearly so large?"

His eyes wavered a trifle. "To tell you the truth," he said, "I have a little business of my own on the side—a little export business. If it weren't for that I couldn't get along."

"Then it's all right for you," I said, "but how about the two million others?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Most of them are buying or selling on the side," he said. "If they aren't they're starving."

I investigated and found that his statement came

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very near to being true. The number of people who have something to sell or who are willing to buy something on the chance of selling it at a higher price is enormous. A foreigner who goes into a restaurant to eat will be approached by people with all sorts of things to sell. One of the waiters will offer cigarettes; a stranger will come up and extract watches from every pocket in an endeavor to interest you; another man will ask if you wish to sell French francs or English pounds or Italian lire or American dollars; still another will whisper that he knows a place where a fine tapestry can be bought. One hears no conversation—none—which doesn't deal with buying and selling. The people have got to have the money. They become so dotty on the subject of buying and selling that they will blindly buy things which don't exist and gayly dispose of them to other frenzied financiers.

This has given rise to the expression "*Luft* *Geschäft*," or air business—a business which exists only in the air. For example, a Vienna air trader passes into a trance and emerges with the statement that he has a carload of coal. He is overheard, and somebody immediately makes him an offer for it. He accepts and collects the money. The second man in turn sells the carload to some one else, who sells it to a fourth man, who works it off on a fifth, who disposes of it to a sixth. The sixth man really wants a carload of coal for immediate use, so he tries to get delivery. But there isn't any coal and never was any coal. It was purely air coal. And since it is illegal to deal in coal privately, he has some reluctance about making an uproar over the affair. He

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is, as the Viennese say, "chased by the hounds." But occasionally, a man who has been stung in a dirty bit of air business takes his troubles into court and the judge almost goes mad trying to unravel the problem.

Almost every person that one passes on the street in Vienna is talking money. During the second year of the war all Vienna talked of apartments and the difficulty of getting them. During the third year of the war the universal talk was of clothes and boots. During the fourth year the talk was all of food; but now all the talk deals with money—money which must be had in order to pay the awful prices. Stenographers, clerks, young boys, waiters—they all talk money. They are all speculating in something. They are all buying shares. They are all playing the state lottery. I followed the crowd one day and invested 208 crowns in ticket Number 50,050 of the German-Austrian State Lottery, Fourth Class. I liked the number—fifty-fifty. This ticket might win 100,000 crowns. It has one chance to do that; one chance to win 50,000; one chance to win 30,000; three chances to win 10,000; eight chances to win 5,000; sixteen chances to win 2,000; thirty-five chances to win 1,000; forty chances to win 800; fifty-five chances to win 600; and 2,590 chances to get its money back. The Fifth Class Lottery is even higher; at the top is a capital prize of 700,000 crowns; and at the bottom are 39,798 prizes of 200 crowns each. Everyone figures that he'll at least be lucky enough to get his money back.

The selling of foodstuffs which are supposed to be

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government controlled is known as "*Schleichhandel*," or underhand dealing; and a man who sells food illegally is a *Schleichhandler*. If a man does enough *Schleichhandling* he is promoted to the rank of *Schieber*. One of the worst features of *Schleichhandling* is the manner in which the *Schleichhandlers* sell to one another before disposing of their goods to the ultimate consumer. A *Schleichhandler* might go out into the country and get a lot of eggs, for example, and then sell them to another *Schleichhandler*, who would sell them to another, and so on. This is known as *Kettenhandel*, or chain dealing.

Most of this selling and buying takes place in cafés. Certain cafés get the reputation of being *Schieber* cafés, and one goes to them to buy or sell anything from Chinese tapestries and Czechoslovak money to a pound of cheese. The Vienna people have a great joke among themselves. They declare solemnly that a man went into the biggest *Schieber* café in the city and announced that he had two carloads of snow, and that another man immediately offered to buy them. This statement always provokes shrieks of merriment.

On Saturdays almost every tenth man that one meets in Vienna has a canvas knapsack strapped to his back and is headed out into the country to get food of some sort from the farmers. The farmers are extremely averse to sending their produce to Vienna for sale. There are several reasons for this. For one thing, money means nothing to the farmer. He can't get enough in return for his produce to buy clothes or tools, so he scorns it. But he is willing

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to barter. Offer an Austrian farmer a pair of pants, and he'll trade anything he owns for them. So the Viennese take old shirts and second-hand under-clothing and trousers into the country and trade them for butter and eggs and meat. Part of the food they keep themselves, and part they sell to the Schleichhandlers. All the Vienna hotels are supplied with food by Schleichhandlers; and a person who walks the Stygian streets of the city late at night will see them, bent under their loaded knapsacks, clumping toward the hotels in little groups of three or five. It would be no good to seize this food from the farmers and distribute it equally; for even under normal conditions the total food production of Austria as it exists at present is only 30 per cent of the amount which the people require. If such a distribution were attempted nobody would have nearly enough; whereas at the present time the farmers can feed themselves and sell a little to the Schleichhandlers.

The farmers hate the Viennese. Vienna is a socialist city, and the farmers are anti-socialist. The Social Democracy which obtains among the Vienna workmen is perilously akin to Bolshevism; whereas the farmers, owning their land, are decidedly unsympathetic toward the radical views of those who have been unable to show enough thrift, initiative, and gumption to obtain possessions of their own, and who therefore advocate seizing the possessions of more industrious citizens. The Austrian farmer, moreover, declares that the Viennese are not Austrians at all, but hybrids—an indistinguishable mixture of Hungarian, Rumanian, German, Slav,

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Hebrew, and Italian. And the farmers are right. The people of Vienna are Viennese first and Austrian afterward. They are good-natured, easy-going, lovable, brilliant, and shiftless. "The fundamental features of the character of the people," says Lechner's *Guide to Vienna*, published in Vienna in 1913, "are justly considered to be joviality and good nature. The Viennese has a sympathizing heart, and he is happiest when he has it in his power to be kind and indulgent. He is fond of music and dancing and loves to spend his leisure hours in merry company. In places of public amusement, be they ever so numerous attended, everything goes off in harmless and innocent enjoyment."

If the Viennese consent to go without food and without shoes and without clothes without making an uproar, then they deserve the palm as the most easy-going people who have ever existed. Such an attitude may well be designated the height of joviality and good nature—the very peak of harmless and innocent enjoyment—the apotheosis of kindness and indulgence. But whatever a person wants to call this peculiar Viennese trait, it has kept them from erupting in a series of outbreaks that would wreck the city.

"I have had a very intimate knowledge of Central European affairs for a year or more," said an American army officer in Vienna, "and I know that no other city in Europe would have remained quiet under the same conditions that have obtained in Vienna; but even these easy-going people may take to anarchy unless measures are soon adopted for their relief."

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Vienna is a city of palaces, cafés, and antique shops. The cafés and the antique shops are about on a par numerically. Every fifth doorway in Vienna admits one either to an antique shop or a café. The Vienna cafés exist solely as loafing places for the kind and indulgent Viennese. They sell only tea, coffee, and chocolate. The Viennese flock to them early in the morning, get their cups of tea, coffee, or chocolate, and then sit round and talk or read newspapers or write letters or sell things to one another until late in the evening. The cafés are always full, for they are about the only places in the city that are warm.

In every antique shop there is always somebody who is selling his belongings in order to get enough money on which to exist. The people come in with little newspaper-wrapped bundles under their arms and sell the contents for about one fortieth of their value. The antique dealers in turn sell them to foreigners at about one tenth of their value—in foreign money. The leading newspaper of Vienna carried a full-page advertisement while I was there, addressed, "To the People of Austria" and signed, "A Friend." "If you must sell," read the advertisement, "sell only for food and actual necessities of life or for materials and instruments to work at your trades."

There is an institution in Vienna known as the Dorotheum. It is a big stone building, with many offices, large showrooms, imposing reception rooms, and a general air of security. It is a government pawnshop founded in 1707 by Kaiser Joseph I. It has sixteen branches in different parts of Vienna;

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and the amount of business that it does is tremendous. I went in and took a look at the people who were waiting in line to pawn their belongings, and then I hunted up the manager and asked him to tell me about it.

"In the old days," said the manager, "we actually had more articles pawned with us each week than we do now; but the reason is simple. In the old days the people who patronized us most were workmen. They would come on Monday and pawn their clothes. On Saturday they would redeem them. On Sunday they would wear them and on Monday they would come and pawn them again. This went on week after week, so that our books showed an enormous amount of business.

"To-day our books show about one third as much business as before the war; but the workingman comes to us no longer. His spare clothes have gone for good. He has only what he wears on his back. He has nothing to pawn. Now the people who come are middle-class people. They are pawning the last of their possessions—either the things that they have hitherto treasured too much to pawn or the things which they considered useless. And they never redeem. Never. The workmen pawned and redeemed each week. The middle-class people pawn once, and that's the end.

"The people who come now are ex-army officers and small government officials and physicians and lawyers. Their misery is indescribable. There is one infallible sign of extreme poverty, and that is a pawned wedding ring. Scores of women are pawning their wedding rings each day. They are pawning

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them to get food. The wedding ring is always the last to go. I know; for I have watched the people come and go for many years. When a person has parted with everything and has no more money and can get no food, what can happen?"

The little blue-uniformed manager of the Dorotheum looked at me with worried eyes. Then he asked me a question that hundreds of Viennese asked me during my stay. He asked because he really wanted information. He asked because, like all the others, he didn't know. He asked because he was afraid.

"What do you think will become of us?" he asked. "What do you think is going to happen to us?" There was no trace of a whimper in his voice. But he was afraid. He hoped, as did the others, that I would have a consoling answer at hand. But I had no answer.

I went down to the pawning lines. A refined-looking elderly woman pawned ten old china plates for 10 crowns—enough to buy one egg. A young girl pawned a silver mesh bag, a cigarette case, and a silver watch for 800 crowns. An old man pawned three kitchen knives and a pair of shears for 20 crowns, or the equivalent of ten street-car rides. A woman pawned a wedding ring for 500 crowns. Another woman pawned a gorgeous aquamarine with a diamond at each corner for 5,000 crowns—\$16; and it couldn't have been bought anywhere in the United States for less than \$700. Another woman pawned a baby's silver teething ring and a silver mug for 50 crowns, or the equivalent of one meal at a cheap restaurant. No wonder they ask

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what is going to become of them. No wonder they find the problem a mystifying one.

Practically the only individuals in the city of Vienna who are receiving good food are the very badly undernourished children, who are being fed by the American Relief Administration—the Hoover people. Not all the Vienna children are fed by the Americans; merely the very undernourished ones under the age of fifteen. In Vienna, for example, there are 340,000 children under fifteen years of age. Of these children 332,540 are undernourished—nearly 98 per cent. The number of Vienna children who are fed by the Americans each day is 147,000, or about 44 per cent. In all Austria there are 930,000 undernourished children under fifteen years of age, or nearly 79 per cent of the total number under fifteen years old—1,182,000. In all Austria, including Vienna, the Americans feed 270,000 children every day.

The four Americans—all former army or navy officers—who do the administrative work of the child feeding are thoroughly trained in the American and the Hoover idea of hurdling difficulties. When necessary they work all night. While I was in Vienna one of the American kitchens burned down at night; 14,000 children were fed by that kitchen. The Americans got up early in the morning and plowed in a little harder, and consequently not one of the 14,000 children lost a single meal. This is not the Austrian system. The Austrian system is based on the theory that one should never put off until to-morrow anything that can be put off for a couple of weeks. In Lower Austria there is a peasant

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proverb which says, "If God had appointed a Vienna commissioner to create the world it would not yet have been created." The Americans attached the can to all commissioners who got in their way. For a time they were hampered by a committee for child help who were passionately addicted to a form of vice known as a "*Sitzung*." They would get the Americans over to the Reichstag and have *Sitzung* after *Sitzung*. A *Sitzung* consists of sitting round a table and giving vent to a lot of hot air which accomplishes nothing.

The Americans stood these *Sitzungs* for a week, and listened carefully to protracted discussions concerning the political situation in Vorarlberg, an Austrian province which was then on the verge of seceding from Austria and joining Switzerland. At the end of the week the head of the American Child Feeders rose to his feet and addressed the meeting.

"Gentlemen," said he, "we have come to Austria to feed your children. Your conversation is probably of some value, but it feeds no children. Since you cannot come to any decisions, we shall act as the situation seems to us to demand, and if we need your advice we will ask for it." The Americans then walked out and went to work. They never went back. The committee, having nothing to *sitzung* about, fell into decay and evaporated.

The Austrian imagination was greatly stimulated by the arrival of the Hoover people. One Austrian had a precious scheme for solving the country's food troubles by feeding the population fruit and oatmeal. The great drawback was that Austria had neither fruit nor oatmeal. Another Austrian had figured that

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everything could be fixed by turning the country over to the wholesale production of frogs. The mayor of the city of Baden, who evidently was under the impression that America was going in so keenly for relief work that it would even support Europe's hungry live stock, addressed a long letter to the "American Animal Stuff Feeding Commission" and said that Baden could feed its children if the Americans would help the city raise goats. The letter agreed that Baden particularly deserved help because "every year before the war broke out the municipality of Baden put the big assembly rooms of the Kurhaus and the public playgrounds at the disposal of the American colony for the celebration of the anniversary of the Day of Independence; and the colony was always received at Baden by the mayor."

The Hoover representatives attend to the importation, the distribution, and the control of the American food. Doctor Pirquet, an Austrian who was formerly a professor at Johns Hopkins University, supervises the selection of the undernourished children to be fed. Doctor Pirquet has a system for determining the undernourishment of a child; and after taking a child's sitting height and its weight he can toy with the figures awhile and tell you the exact dimensions of the child's intestines. From this he evolves the child's nourishment in terms of figures. Thus, 100 is the average figure for a well-nourished child; 105 is the figure for a fat, very well-nourished child; 88 means a badly nourished child; and 85 a very badly nourished one. Below 85 a child needs hospital treatment; and if its nour-

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ishment figure gets as low as 76 it almost invariably dies. Doctor Pirquet divides the children into three classes: badly nourished, quite badly nourished, and very badly nourished. This last class of children, known as Number Three, contains those whose nourishment figures are as low as 85. They are the ones whom the Americans feed.

There are hundreds of feeding stations scattered over the city, mostly in schools. There is one in Schönbrunn, the palace of the ex-Emperor, and another in Belvedere, the palace of the Archduke Ferdinand, who was assassinated in Sarajevo in 1914.

I don't wish anybody any hard luck, but I wish that every American could go to Vienna Kitchen Number Thirty-one, where the American Relief Administration prepares food for 7,000 children and feeds 3,000 on the premises, so that he could have an idea of the good that has been accomplished through the efforts of the man to whom a gruff regular-army officer in Vienna refers as "The most humane, the best-informed, the most practical, and the biggest-brained man not only in the United States, but in the world to-day—Herbert Hoover." Mr. Hoover has some staunch supporters in Central Europe. It is due entirely to Hoover's conception and foresight that the children of Central Europe are not dying off like flies, and the future of devastated, discouraged, and practically bankrupt Europe will not be left in the hands of a generation of weaklings and inefficient.

At Kitchen Number Thirty-one the children come into the feeding station in long lines—the boys on one side and the girls on another. Each one carries a cup or a battered pitcher for his ration. They look

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somewhat scrawny, but not distressingly so. But their clothes are very bad. A large percentage of the boys are dressed in old Austrian uniforms cut down to fit them. Their shoes are awful—mere rags of shoes, broken open and home patched.

The day on which I visited Kitchen Number Thirty-one was cold and raw and rainy. Just outside the feeding station was a child who had lost his card. He had no shoes, and he was standing bare-footed in the slush, waiting for his friends to come out. They don't look so bad until one asks their ages. Then one discovers that little shrimps of boys, who look not a day over six years old, are ten and twelve and thirteen years old. Fourteen-year-old children, who ought to be fairly sizable, look just about large enough to be in kindergarten instead of the last grade of the grammar school. And children who look as though they had just learned to talk a few weeks before are in reality seven and eight years old.

Several children were wearing clothes of a peculiar texture. We asked them about it. They were the children of former army officers, and the clothes were made out of window curtains. One boy was wearing a suit made out of one of his mother's old dresses. Girls in many instances were wearing dresses which had been made from tablecloths, bedspreads, and the heavy stuff which the Austrians hang over the lower part of their windows in the winter to keep out draughts. One had on a suit made out of a light-weight carpet.

I was in Vienna several weeks. I got one piece of butter; but there were three weeks when I couldn't

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buy it. White bread was never served in restaurants. For about 200 crowns one could occasionally buy a large loaf in devious and underhand ways; and when one did that he could always wrap it up in a newspaper and lug it with him whenever he went to a restaurant. People who attended select dinner parties would appear with bundles under their arms—bread or butter which they had bought from *Schleich-handlers*. The white bread was always made without milk, and it tasted a great deal like well-ground birch sawdust in a semi-petrified state. There was next to nothing in the markets except evil-looking apples, spinach, cabbage, and beets. The markets whose stalls were once filled with the finest meats and fresh fish displayed occasional attenuated sections of strange animals and a few pallid and sickly salted fish, but their prices were far beyond the reach of the majority of Viennese. For example, corned beef cost 200 crowns a kilogram in January. A kilogram is about two pounds—one meal for a small family. If a family had only one such piece of meat once a week for a year, the total cost would be 10,400 crowns, or more than the entire year's salary of a railway conductor.

The children whom the Americans feed receive each day a cup of chocolate, made with milk and sweetened with sugar, and a huge slice of white bread made with milk and honey, or something equally good. Possibly an Austrian millionaire could have such a meal; but I couldn't buy it when I was in Vienna—and anyone with a few American dollars in Vienna is as good as a millionaire. At Kitchen Number Thirty-one the supervisor gave me a cup of

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chocolate and a piece of bread so that I could taste it. I affected polite interest. I ate the chocolate and bread in rather a detached way, as though I were merely doing it to put the supervisor at her ease. But it was the first—and it was the only—real food I had had in Vienna. If anyone had come up and tried to take it away from me I would have snarled and snapped at him.

The hospitals can't feed their patients. An Austrian came to an American in Vienna to ask for help. His wife had tuberculosis. She was in a hospital. For breakfast she got black coffee; at ten o'clock she was given soup; at noon she had soup and black bread; for dinner at night she received black bread and black coffee. No milk, no fats, no delicacies. There are thousands and thousands in Vienna on the same diet.

The children whom the Americans feed are comparatively well off, but there are nearly 56 per cent of the undernourished Vienna children under the age of fifteen who aren't receiving any food from the American kitchens. And in all Austria, out of the total number of undernourished children under fifteen years of age, 71 per cent eat what their parents are able to buy them. Great numbers of people must live on their government food rations; and how any person can keep life in his body on Vienna food rations is a mystery. Here's what one person can buy at government prices: 3 pounds of bread a week; $\frac{1}{4}$ pound of flour; $\frac{1}{4}$ pound of beans or peas; $\frac{1}{4}$ pound of margarine—maybe, and maybe not; $\frac{1}{5}$ pound of meat, and 1 pound of potatoes every other week. Lay that amount of

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food on a table and look at it. It's scarcely a square meal for a small dog. If a New York woman were told that her Pomeranian would have to live on that amount of food for a week she'd have hysterics. There are thousands of Viennese who have been living on such rations for a long, long time, and who may have to live on them for a much longer time. People have pawned their furniture, their clothes, their carpets, and even their beds to buy food. When everything has gone they live on the government rations and die very slowly. The death rate among children from tuberculosis is almost 100 per cent greater than before the war. The death rate has risen to such an extent and the birth rate has fallen so abruptly that Doctor Pirquet estimates that if this condition should continue for another fifteen years the population of Vienna would be wiped out. I have heard Americans say: "But people can't live on so little food! It can't be done!" They get excited. "If they are trying to live on that, why don't they go away?" they say. "Why don't they move to other countries? Why don't they get land in the country? Why don't they do something?" Those are some of the questions they usually ask; and they're easily answered. They can't go away because they haven't enough money to go with; and, besides, other countries don't want them. There's no room for them on Austrian farms. There's nothing that they can do—but starve and hope for better things.

The hoping, I don't mind saying, is at a very low ebb in Vienna. The bulk of the people are absolutely down and out. I walked into scores of homes

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in search of information, and asked the most intimate questions concerning their finances and their manner of living. Never once did I meet with a rebuff.

I have no room in this chapter for the scores of cases which fill my notebooks. I can quote a few:

Baron Rineland was an officer in the Austrian army. Before the war he maintained a large establishment for his wife and twenty-year-old daughter. His total income now, from pension and salary, is 8,400 crowns a year. It takes over 60,000 crowns, remember, to live frugally. He sold his horses; then he sold his silver; now he is selling his furniture. His daughter gives music lessons at 6 crowns a lesson—2 cents. The baroness does her own work. Comparatively speaking, they're not badly off, though they get their food at the Vienna public feeding stations.

In a room whose temperature was around thirty-eight degrees sat a woman and a young girl making little baskets out of colored tissue paper. The woman was the wife of a captain in the Austrian army. He was an Austrian, but lived in Galicia, which is now Poland. His wife was a Viennese, but by marrying a man who lived in Galicia, she now ranks as a Pole. Every Austrian officer, before marrying, had to have a capital of 48,000 crowns. Her husband had only 24,000. He got a special dispensation from the Emperor to marry with the 24,000-crown capital. The money is deposited with the government, and the interest comes to the couple. The husband was killed. The wife, being a Pole, cannot get the 24,000 crowns, which through

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depreciation is now worth about \$80 instead of the \$5,000 that it used to be worth. She has applied to change her citizenship, but she can get no action. She has two children. The boy is over fifteen years of age and therefore cannot be fed by the Americans. He is starving, though his sister deprives herself of food for him. The woman's expenses last year were 11,690 crowns; and her total earnings were 10,025. She made up the difference by selling her furniture and belongings. Her earnings will be the same this year, but her expenses, owing to increased prices, will be much higher. She and her two children live entirely on government rations; week after week they exist on bread, beans, and cabbage. The average cost per week is 250 crowns. The material of each basket which they weave costs 5 crowns, and they receive 9 crowns for it. Each one takes two hours to make. She wanted only two things: help for her son, and help to become an Austrian citizen so that she could get her 24,000 crowns. My taxicab, on the morning that I visited this family, happened to cost exactly what the mother spends for food in one week.

Director Amsuss is an official in the Court of Justice. He is paid 4,800 crowns a year. For thirteen years he was in the navy, so he also receives a pension of 4,800 crowns, making a total of 9,600 crowns. He had a wife and a son and two daughters. One of the daughters, Rosalie, who was eleven years old, was dying of starvation. She was dying in the next room. You have probably never heard a child dying of starvation—or seen one. I hope you never will. I saw Rosalie Amsuss and heard her. Her

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face was like a bird's skull, and every little while she would gasp a few times. I think I shouted at the director to know why some one wasn't doing something. I think I may have sworn quite a good deal. I asked him why the Americans didn't feed the child. He said that they had. For some time she had gone to the feeding stations, but she had been too undernourished. Soon she had had to go to bed. The Americans broke their rules and allowed food to be taken to her, and the doctor from the Americans came every day, but it was no use. Now she couldn't eat—to-night she would be dead—he had asked for an advance of pay to bury her. There were Christmas greens still hanging on the chandelier, and the noonday sun threw a bright splotch on the green carpet—and she was dying of starvation in the next room. Director Amsuss made no appeal for help, but big tears welled out of his eyes and ran down his cheeks. I asked him if there was anything I could do for Rosalie. He shook his head. She wanted nothing but rest until she died. But his son—his son was a doctor of laws. He was thirty years old and received 4 crowns a day—his wife had just had a baby—all three of them were starving.

Four crowns a day! A cent and a third!

The director went with me to the door. Rosalie's mother and sister came to say good-by and when they spoke they wept. The director merely said that it was a very unhappy world. He had thought that when he was an old man his children would sustain him, whereas he saw them dying and could do nothing to help.

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Every apartment house has its tragedy—frequently its scores of tragedies. I found them wherever I turned.

No American understands how the people endure these things silently. No outbreak would help them; but usually, under such conditions, people resort to violence.

I hunted up and discussed this matter with Karl Tomann, the leader of the Communist or Bolshevik party in Austria. Tomann is a short, thin, sallow-skinned, nervous man about thirty-five years old. He was in the Austrian army early in the war. He was wounded and captured on the Russian front in 1915, was sent to hospitals in Kieff and Moscow, and was then sent east by slow stages until he reached Omsk. He was put to work in various Ural mines, and after that he was made a farm laborer. In the long days of the Siberian summer, he said he and the other prisoners were made to work from three in the morning until eleven at night—twenty hours. When they weakened from fatigue they were flogged. With Kerensky's rise to power things were better for a time, but eventually much worse than under the Czar. When the revolution came he was freed and went to Moscow. He worked with Lenine in person from April, 1918, to December, 1918, when he left Russia to take up the work in Austria. Speaking of Siberian prisoners, there are thousands still in Siberia. They have been there for four or five years. They can't get home. So far as they know, they may be there for life. It's rather tough on their families.

Tomann, in January, was in almost daily com-

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munication with Moscow by courier. He was receiving regular reports from the Bolsheviks in the United States.

America, Tomann said, was far more ripe for Bolshevism than is Europe. The people who come back from America say that the outlook is good. I asked him what he meant by good, and he replied good for Bolshevism. I asked him if he was sending agitators to America as well as getting them back. He hesitated, and finally refused to answer. I asked him what he meant by saying the outlook was good for Bolshevism in America. He said the high rate of exchange made it impossible for Europe to buy from America. As a result America would soon be overproduced and the factories would have to shut down, thus throwing great numbers of workmen out of positions. When this happened the workmen would go Bolshevik. He looked for America to go Bolshevik in about two years' time.

Tomann wasn't at all convinced of America's idealism. From his point of view the help which America was giving to Austria was being given by American capitalists for purely capitalistic reasons. They will help, he thinks, just so long as there is some advantage to be gained from helping. I asked him what advantages he was talking about. He replied that there were two things to be dragged out of Austria. One was the waterworks, the other was the children, who in the future will be able to work and be the slaves of American capital. That's what he thought American capital has in mind—the enslaving of the Austrian children. I told Tomann that I supposed he thought American cap-

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ital helped the victims of the Messina earthquake and the San Francisco fire so that it could enslave the Italian and the Californian children. He was full of some ripe Bolshevik ideas, was Tomann—about as ripe as a Roquefort cheese.

He talked himself round in a circle about as rapidly as it could be done. Bolshevism was coming in America because the European nations couldn't buy from the capitalists, and because the factories would therefore have to close from overproduction. The capitalists were trying to avert this, but couldn't. Note that, please; and then note the following statements which Tomann also made: Wilson has been disavowed by the Senate, which is composed of capitalists. He was disavowed because he favored the League of Nations. The capitalists considered that the League hindered capitalist expansion. Why did it hamper capitalist expansion? Very simple! Because it was founded to save the impoverished states of Europe from ruin. The saving of them would have cut into capitalistic pockets, and therefore they are against it. Clear? It's as clear as a hard-boiled egg!

"Look here, Tomann," said I, "if the capitalists could save the impoverished states of Europe from ruin the states could buy from the capitalists, and then none of the factories would have to shut down, and America would be in no danger of Bolshevism. How about that?"

"The war," replied Tomann, dodging the question nimbly, "has created whole poor countries. The war was caused by capitalistic-anarchistic production. States which were once creditor states are now

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debtor states. Practically all Americans believe that they belong to the class which possesses money; and they think that Bolshevism won't come because the workmen don't suffer."

"Whither do we drift?" I asked. "Let's get off that capitalistic-anarchistic stuff and get back to talk that means something. Why doesn't Austria go Bolshevik?"

"Capitalism," Tomann answered, ignoring my question, "can never help Austria. The feeding of children by Americans may avert an immediate revolution, but it can have no lasting good."

"Well," said I, "is it better to let the children starve and have a revolution, or feed the children and avert a revolution?"

"That question is difficult to answer," said Tomann. "Feeding the children is a great beneficial action at the moment, but it can have no lasting good. I am against the extension of credits to Austria, but I am neither for nor against the feeding of the people."

"What do you mean—neither for nor against?" I asked. "You are either for or against everything. You like dogs or you don't like dogs; you are in favor of rotten eggs or you are not in favor of them; you think Emma Goldman is either a help or a hindrance to society."

"Ah yes," said Tomann. "That is a very important point. In theory I am against feeding, because it is not good that a poor man's child should receive alms. But in this instance I am forced to disregard my theories. Theoretically I'm against it, but actually I'm not."

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“And why,” I repeated, “doesn’t Austria go Bolshevik?”

“We are waiting for some neighboring nation to go,” he said. “Our greatest hope is Italy. When she goes Austria will go.”

“You had a grand chance,” I reminded him, “when Hungary went Bolshevik on one side of you and Bavaria set up a people’s republic on the other side. What more could you want than that?”

“The time was not ripe,” said Tomann, passing his hand wearily over his brow. “And now I have much work to do.” So I came away.

But even the weakness and stupidity of the Bolshevik leaders and the smallness of the Bolshevik party in Austria do not explain why the people do not rise in rage against the intolerable conditions under which they are living.

The American Relief Warehouse in Vienna will do much to relieve misery and distress. This scheme, which was worked out by Hoover, makes it possible for a person in the United States to buy a food draft at an American bank. This draft is sent to some person in Vienna by registered mail, and that person presents it at the American Relief Warehouse and receives good American food for it. If money alone were sent, he couldn’t buy decent food in the open market. In the first ten days after the announcement of the new warehouse scheme 140,000 Viennese sent postcards to relatives and friends in America asking that food drafts be sent to them.

Austria is a little country, but she holds about as much misery to the square inch as any other nation

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ever held. The Peace Conference, as I said at the beginning, has stripped her of everything she needs in order to exist, but it has left her with enough hunger to supply all the other nations with a liberal amount. It's the only thorough and complete job that the Peace Conference did.

III

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LET us suppose that a low tennis shoe of the variety familiarly known as a sneaker has been worn for a number of months until it has become soft and flabby and slightly bulged in spots. Let us then suppose that a dog has joyously discovered this sneaker and appropriated it and dragged it round by the toe in a spirit of gay and careless abandon until the toe has been bent down—down dejectedly. After this maltreatment the profile of the sneaker would be very similar to the Czechoslovak state as it appears on all maps issued since the Peace Conference took its first convulsive and enormously successful steps toward making a mess of Europe. The heel of the Czechoslovak sneaker rests heavily on Austria. The rear end of it—and the opening at the top through which the foot is inserted—snuggles into Germany. The eyelets for the shoe laces are the rich coal districts of Upper Silesia and Teschen. Poland presses down on the eyelets and on the entire toe. The ball of the shoe rubs irritatingly on Hungary, and the tip of the toe is applied snugly to Rumania.

Such a wealth of technical detail is, I fear, apt to

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confuse and bore the reader. But the condition which exists within Czechoslovakia is so closely connected with the peculiarly wandering shape of the country that I am forced to be technical against my better judgment.

Czechoslovakia, then, is shaped like an old tennis shoe which has undergone great vicissitudes. The heel section is a bowl rimmed with hills and mountains. At the bottom of the bowl, which goes by the name of Czeski or Bohemia or Böhmen, live the Czechs, or Bohemians—6,000,000 of them; and on the rim of the bowl, forming a palpitating and irregular fringe to the 6,000,000 Czechs, live 3,000,000 Germans. The Germans do not care for the Czechs. They hate them in good German fashion. Nor is the hating in Central Europe confined to the Germans alone. The Czechs are also first-class haters. Say what you will about the peoples of Central Europe, but do not try to cast any reflections on their hating abilities.

So the Czechs and the Germans in the heel section of Czechoslovakia hate one another. It would be unfair to say that the Germans hate the Czechs more than the Czechs hate the Germans. In any sort of official hating contest they would probably tie for first place, along with all the other dominant nationalities in Central Europe. Some people in that section of the world talk loosely about an organization of countries which shall be known as the Danube Federation, but such an organization, I believe, might more expressively be termed the United Hates of Central Europe. The Czechs hate the Germans in the heel of the shoe because the

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Germans for many hundreds of years oppressed or tried to oppress or talked about oppressing them. And the Germans hate the Czechs because the Czechs are giving them a little taste of their own medicine. They are, as the uncultured sometimes remark, handing it back to the Germans. The Germans are not—or were not in February, 1920, when I visited Czechoslovakia—allowed to have a voice in the framing of the laws under which they must live; and the Czechs frowned on anyone who spoke German. They instructed German business houses to write letters in the Czech language, and to cut out the German. The Germans were getting up an hour earlier every morning and going to bed an hour later every evening so that they could indulge in as much daily hate against the Czechs as the situation seemed to them to demand.

The toe section of the shoe is Slovensko, or Slovakia, which is inhabited largely by Slovaks. There are about 2,000,000 Slovaks in the toe section. But along the sole of the shoe there are upward of 700,000 Hungarians, or Magyars, all busy at the great Central European pastime of hating. Strangely enough, the Hungarians do not hate the Slovaks. But they are filled with a passionate and searing hate for the Czechs who have come down into Slovakia to rule the Slovaks and the Germans and the Hungarians and anyone else who may happen to be within the boundaries of Slovakia. The Hungarians hate the Czechs because they have come down out of Bohemia and driven about 15,000 Hungarians out of Presburg, the ancient Hungarian capital on the Danube, where the kings of Hungary

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were crowned for upward of four hundred years. They hate them because they have seized some very choice territory which Hungary claims has always been Hungarian and is Hungarian and always will be Hungarian.

It must not be supposed that the Czechs endure all this hating with equanimity. It is not the custom of Central European nations to turn the other cheek or love their neighbors as themselves or anything like that. Any nation that turns the other cheek in Central Europe is almost sure to have its ear torn off, its eye blackened, and its gold-plated collar button and its moss-agate cuff links purloined before it can say Jack Robinson, or even refer warningly to that august assemblage, the Peace Conference. Many people ask why it is that the Peace Conference should be referred to as an august assemblage or an august body. The reason is very simple. August is a month which makes everybody in Central Europe hot, and so does the Peace Conference.

But as I was saying, the Czechs do not remain quiescent under the storm of Hungarian hate. No Hungarian can outhate a Czech so long as the Czech's hater has a single cylinder on which to run. The Czechs not only hate the Hungarians in return, but they advertise their hates extensively. Late in February, 1920, in the second year following the great war, the Czechs had erected on the Hungarian-Slovakian border before Presburg great stretches of barbed-wire entanglements, twenty feet in width, against the Hungarians; and behind the entanglements they had dug trenches of the most approved design, and at fifty-yard intervals there were ma-

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chine guns. Along the roads there were Czech trenches and barbed wire, as well as along the electric railways and the railroad; while for miles up and down the Danube the bushes on the river bank were laced and entwined with Czech barbed wire.

There were Czech guards and Czech sentries everywhere; and when I started down the Danube from Presburg to Budapest I saw an American woman in uniform—a duly accredited worker for an American relief organization—being searched down to the skin by a woman searcher on the orders of Czech customs officials.

The situation is complicated in Slovakia by a number of fairly well-developed hates which exist between the Slovaks and the Czechs.

The Czechs and the Slovaks are both Slav races, but they are divided by the Little Carpathian Mountains which run diagonally across the country from the top of the shoe laces to the front edge of the heel, so that there is a natural division between the two peoples in spite of the similarity between their languages. But there are other serious differences; such, for example, as the difference in character. The Slovaks are hard-working, patient, ignorant, lovable, conservative, and very religious people. The Czechs are hard, socialistically inclined, and rather contemptuous of religion.

The Czechs are running Slovakia, and Slovakia is full of Czech officials. Like all socialists, the Czechs want to socialize everything in sight, and the Slovaks are not poignantly eager to be socialized. Slovakia is full of Czech soldiers. There is friction here and friction there; friction over this and friction

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over that. The Czechs are amateurs in some lines of endeavor, but they are highly gifted in the art of rubbing everybody the wrong way.

Possibly a great deal of this is due to the sudden exaggeration of national feeling which has swept over the Czechs in the first flush of their freedom, so that Czech culture and Czech ideas and the Czech language and the Czech people seem to them the finest and most beautiful things in all the world; and possibly this national feeling will become less pronounced with the passage of time. But whatever the reason, there is friction in Slovakia between the Slovaks and the Czechs, as well as a vicious, penetrating, outsize, hair-raising hate between the Czechs and the Hungarians. Since the Czech press agents, of whom there are many, will damn me in ear-splitting tones and call me upward of fifty-seven different varieties of a liar for these statements, I will return to them and elaborate on them at another point in my narrative.

The extreme toe of the Czechoslovak shoe is the supposedly self-governing state of Rusinia, or Carpathian Russia, inhabited by some 700,000 Rusins, or Ruthenians, or Little Russians. The Rusins have always been known as Ruthenians, but as soon as they obtained their freedom they decided that they wanted to be known as Rusins. I do not know why this is so, and neither, apparently, do the Rusins. But if they wish to be called Rusins they should be called Rusins, for that advantage appears to be the only one which the Rusins obtained from the Great War and the tireless activities of the Peace Conference.

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I have no doubt that the average American is in the same box as myself as regards Rusinia. I had not only never heard of it before starting my European wanderings, but after I had heard of it I couldn't find it on a map. None the less, there are 700,000 of these Rusins; and the supposedly self-governing state of Rusinia forms the extreme, down-drooping toe of the Czechoslovak sneaker; and it has—or it did have in February, 1920—an American president. I am going to tell you about Rusinia at greater length than its size and importance deserve, because its story forms a remarkably fine advertisement for the extreme acuteness, omniscience, fair-mindedness, augustness, and studiousness of the Peace Conference. It also forms an excellent groundwork for a three-act comedy. Nothing is lacking. You have the young American who talks Pittsburgh slang and becomes president of a Central European state; you have the natives in picturesque embroidered vests, high black boots, and loose white pants with fringes on the bottom; you have an old castle on a hilltop in the dual capacity of seminary and a president's home; you have equal parts of intrigue and scenery; you have everything, in fact, except Mr. George M. Cohan.

The northern boundary of the toe of the Czechoslovak sneaker is the Carpathian Mountains. On the southern side of the mountains live the Rusins. On the northern side of the mountains, in that section of Poland known as Galicia, are the Ruthenians. The Ruthenians and the Rusins are the same people, but they can't get together, because of the mountains between them. If each Rusin were

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equipped with an airplane he could hold regular communication with the Ruthenians across the mountains. Not having airplanes, the Ruthenians and the Rusins cannot mix.

Not being able to trade or mingle with their blood brothers on the northern side of the mountains, the Rusins had all their dealings with the Hungarians to the south. Rusinia is practically a solid mass of mountains, which are covered with pine forests. The valleys, all of them, run down into Hungary. The Rusins took their wood down the valleys, which was the only direction in which they could take it, and sold it to the Hungarians; and the Rusin peasants went down into the fertile Hungarian plains each year, helped to gather the harvests on the Hungarian farms, and went back into Rusinia each autumn with enough foodstuffs to last them through the winter—foodstuffs which the mountainous nature of their own land made it impossible for them to raise. Rusinia was a part of Hungary. Hungary depended on Rusinia for pine wood for building and for mine timbers, and the Rusins depended on Hungary for their food. The Rusins had no dealings with the Czechs and no dealings with the Slovaks.

The Rusins have always been much given to emigrating to the United States. There are 700,000 Rusins in Rusinia, and in the United States there are another 500,000 of them. During the time that America stayed neutral the Rusins in America seemed unconcerned over the land of their birth. But as soon as President Wilson came out with his pregnant remarks concerning the rights of small nations the American Rusins sat up and took notice. They

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decided immediately that they wanted Rusinia to be free. Never before had this idea attained any prominence in Rusin circles. But President Wilson's remarks filled every Rusin-American breast with a passionate longing for a free Rusinia. This movement originated in America and stayed right where it started for a long, long time. The Rusins in Rusinia knew nothing about it. In June, 1918, the Rusins in America got together and elected an American National Council of Uhro-Rusins, and toward the end of July the twenty-three members of this council met and prepared a memorandum to be presented to President Wilson. This memorandum demanded complete independence, or at least autonomy, for Rusinia. Having prepared this memorandum, the Rusin councilors did nothing for nearly three months. But at the end of that time they held another meeting and elected as representative a young man named Gregory Satkovich. By so doing they injected upward of seven quarts of jazz into the movement for Rusin independence, and the movement immediately attained such impetus that almost nobody who originally laid hands on it has since been able to let go of it.

Gregory Satkovich is a Pittsburgh lawyer. He was born in Holubina, Rusinia, in 1886. His father was a notary and the head man of a small district. The elder Satkovich was very pro-Russian in his beliefs, and since Rusinia was a part of Hungary the Hungarians could see very little advantage in his pro-Russian views. Consequently they made things unpleasant for him and he promptly packed up and emigrated to America. That was in 1890. In 1891

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he sent back to Rusinia for his wife and the six children, and the whole Satkovich family moved to America. The elder Satkovich edited a Rusin newspaper in Homestead, Pennsylvania, for twenty-five years. The children received good schooling. Gregory, who was next to the youngest, went to the De Witt Clinton High School in New York, and then to Duquesne University, where he received an A.B. degree in 1907. In 1910 he was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania Law School. He was admitted to the Pennsylvania bar the same year, and practiced steadily until he got tangled up with the movement for Rusin independence in October, 1918.

Prior to October, 1918, Gregory Satkovich was concerned only with such things as the independence of the Satkovich family, the batting average of Honus Wagner, and the annoying rise in the price of lamb chops. But with his election to the American National Council of Uhro-Rusins his mind was promptly filled with plans for a free Rusinia. He was a solid American citizen. Rusinia was only a name to him, for he had left the country when he was five years old. He didn't know what the Rusins in Rusinia wanted, or why Rusinia should be free, but he was a young American and an energetic American, and he had been elected to an organization that was trying to get freedom for Rusinia. So he threw up his law practice and sailed into the job of obtaining Rusin independence.

He translated the memorandum of the national council into English, gathered a few prominent Rusins, and rushed to Washington. He saw McAdoo.

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He saw his Congressman. And on October 21st he saw President Wilson in the Blue Room.

“Dog-gone!” said Mr. Satkovich, reminiscently, as we sat together over a pitcher of beer in the capital of Czechoslovakia. “Dog-gone! I remember it yet! I was spokesman. I slipped him the memorandum. He took to it very kindly and promised to help us. He said we couldn’t be independent, but he promised to help us get our autonomy. Dog-gone!”

The Rusins of America then asked President Wilson for help, and President Wilson promised to assist Rusinia in becoming autonomous. President Wilson also thought it would be expedient for the Rusins to seek membership in the Mid-European Union—a union of eleven small nationalities of Middle Europe who were banded together in America for the purpose of cementing the moral and material forces of small oppressed nationalities against the enemies of the Entente. The president of this Mid-European Union was Thomas G. Masaryk, who is now President of Czechoslovakia. So the Rusins sought membership in this union, and requested recognition of Rusinia as a separate nationality. All this was graciously granted by the Mid-European Union on October 23, 1918.

In November the Rusins in America decided that Rusinia should line up with Czechoslovakia as an autonomous state. A plebiscite of Rusins in America was held, and showed that 66 per cent were in favor of joining the Czechs, 20 per cent were in favor of joining the Ruthenians, and that the rest favored being just plain independent. And all the

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while the Rusins in Rusinia were plodding along in the same old way—just Rusing along, so to speak.

In February, 1919, Mr. Satkovich, accompanied by one other Rusin-American, arrived in Paris and submitted the results of the plebiscite to that august body, the Peace Conference. The august body accepted the plebiscite, and as a result Rusinia became an autonomous state under Czechoslovakia.

When President Satkovich told me the story of Rusinia's rise he didn't refer to the Peace Conference as an august body. His opinion of the Peace Conference for accepting the plebiscite was not high.

"What," I asked President Satkovich, "did the men in Paris know about Rusinia or about the merits of Rusinia's claims?"

"Not a damned thing," said President Satkovich.

So Rusinia became an autonomous state under Czechoslovakia, and Mr. Satkovich went down to Uzhorod, the capital of Rusinia, to break the glad news to the native Rusins.

He had his troubles traveling through Czechoslovakia, as almost everyone does. The Czechs don't make it easy for travelers even now. When Mr. Satkovich was doing his traveling the Hungarians in Slovakia were celebrating a national holiday and were on the verge of rebelling against the Czech soldiers who were scattered promiscuously over the countryside. The Czech soldiers were, consequently, not only on the *qui vive*, but were jumping nervously up and down on it. Once when the Satkovich automobile didn't stop quickly enough they shot his rear tires full of holes.

"Boy, oh, boy!" said President Satkovich, in

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describing the incident, "I certainly thought they had me dead!"

But they didn't. He reached the capital of Rusinia at night. It was dark and lonesome. He climbed up the hill to the castle, which was built some seven hundred years ago and is still habitable. His cousin lived in it, being connected with the seminary which now occupies it. His cousin didn't know him. So he introduced himself and announced that he had come to tell the Rusins that they were free. His cousin was unimpressed. It was a depressing evening.

In the morning when Mr. Satkovich rose and looked out of the window of his mediæval bed-chamber he looked down on the Ung River, stretching straight down the valley from the castle. It was a lovely castle. It was a lovely view, but it was somewhat impaired by the fact that the Hungarian Bolsheviks were in the valley, and that the Czechs were holding one side of the river while the Bolsheviks held the other. The lines were being held by agreement, and there was no fighting. But every little while one of the Czechs in an outburst of national enthusiasm would empty his rifle, and the bullet would usually hit the castle. So Mr. Satkovich left the castle and went down into the town and informed the Rusins that they were free. They were pleased with the news, but they doubted it.

Eventually they believed. The work of their American brothers was highly commended. Mr. Satkovich was made President of the Directorate of Rusinia.

President Satkovich is paid 5,000 Czechoslovak

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crowns a month, and that amount, when I met him in February, 1920, was equal to about 65 American dollars.

"I have to dig into my own pocket every month," he said, sadly. "If I hadn't salted away some coin before I came over here the country would have gone bankrupt long ago."

Since the population of Rusinia is more than 80 per cent illiterate, the ordinary type of election ballot can't be used. President Satkovich has devised a new sort—a regular American ballot, with a photograph in place of every name. If a voter hasn't met a candidate he must vote according to the manner in which he is impressed by the candidate's picture. If he leans toward socialism he picks the hardest-looking picture.

The photographic ballot gives rise to some delicate problems. Shall it be illegal for a candidate to have his photograph retouched? Shall he be permitted to be photographed in his Sunday clothes, or will he be obliged to wear his everyday garments? Shall the picture be full length, exposing the wrinkles in the trousers, or shall it be only head and shoulders, exposing the wrinkles round the ears? These are questions which cannot be answered offhand.

President Satkovich said that Rusinia was going to have a parliament and a constitution modeled after one of our state constitutions. I asked him on what state constitution the Rusin constitution would be modeled.

"Pennsylvania, I suppose," said he. "It's the only one I know anything about, but it's so dog-gone rotten that I hate to use it for a model."

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He has five Cabinet ministers: a Minister or Director of Culture, a Minister of the Interior, a Minister of Finance, a Minister of Law, and lastly, a Minister of Religion and Commerce. The last seemed an odd combination. It brought up pictures of money changers in the temple. I asked the President about it, and he explained satisfactorily by saying that being Minister of Religion didn't provide enough ministering for any active Minister, so that he doubled in commerce, as one might say.

There is a police force in the Rusin capital, but there seems to be a strong inclination on the part of some of the Rusins, police officers included, to go back to their old position as a part of Hungary instead of remaining a part of the Czechoslovak state. Consequently, a Czech soldier accompanies every Rusin policeman when he is on duty. I asked the President why it should be so.

"Safety first," said he, shrugging his shoulders enigmatically.

He added that the Hungarian propaganda to separate Rusinia from Czechoslovakia was very strong; that there were many posters depicting the better food conditions which would exist under Hungarian rule, and that the Czechs didn't trust the Rusins.

I have dealt at this undue length with Rusinia because its position explains one or two of the reasons why Americans in Central Europe develop flushed faces when they mention the Peace Conference. The Peace Conference, knowing nothing about Rusinia, granted autonomy to it on the representations of ex-Rusins who were American

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citizens, who had been out of touch with their former country for years, and whose views had consequently mellowed in retrospect. And here is the situation which existed early in February:

The ignorance and poverty in Rusinia are of such nature that the Rusins are wholly incapable of governing themselves. Rusinia was formerly a part of Hungary. To-day it is separated from Hungary by a boundary line which is guarded by barbed wire and Czech soldiers and a rigid passport control. The Rusins cannot follow their old custom of going down into the Hungarian plains and earning their winter supply of food by the sweat of their brows. They are dying of starvation daily in the mountains of Rusinia, and they are locked in by the new border with which the Peace Conference in its magnificent and awe-inspiring wisdom has furnished them. Their pine trees no longer roll down the valleys to the natural market in Hungary, and the Czechs have no facilities for rolling them across the mountain slopes into Slovakia.

The American Relief Administration sends food into Rusinia for the children, but in some districts the adults appropriate it and use it to eke out their own miserable rations of grass and vegetable flour. The Rusins are helpless and hopeless.

Czechoslovakia, then, is shaped like an old tennis shoe. The Czechs, surrounded by Germans, are in the heel; the Slovaks are in the front part of the shoe, and they have a patch of Hungarians along the sole—a very squeaky and troublesome patch. In the extreme toe are the Rusins. Between the Bohemians and the Slovaks are the Moravians—

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a gentle, kindly, religious, agricultural people. At the top of the shoe laces are the Teschen and Upper Silesian coal fields, mostly inhabited by Poles. Everywhere through Czechoslovakia are Czech soldiers—in Bohemia, in Moravia, in Slovakia, in Rusinia, and especially round the coal districts. And along the Hungarian border there are trenches and machine guns and acres of barbed-wire entanglements and Czech soldiers.

Czechoslovakia is a beautiful country, a rich country, a country well worth fighting for. Its fertile farm lands lie in broad valleys and on softly swelling hills. Its villages are quaint and clean and substantial. Its towns and cities are satisfyingly picturesque. In the windows of all its provision stores the hungry wayfarer, who drops in from starved Austria and stripped Poland, sees butter in tubs and countless eggs and fat Rouquefort and cream and Cheddar cheeses; he sees slabs of bacon and frosted cakes and sweet chocolate; and his eyes glisten at the wealth of the country. Factory chimneys are smoking bravely—a noteworthy sight to persons fresh from Austria, where every stack is cold—and there are plenty of them.

Of the industries which were claimed before the war by the entire Austro-Hungarian monarchy, Czechoslovakia now has 95 per cent of the sugar industry, 95 per cent of the wool-textile industry, 82 per cent of the cotton-textile industry, 78 per cent of the machinery manufactures, 65 per cent of the iron foundries, 50 per cent of the distilleries, all of the china industry, 98 per cent of the glass industry, and 85 per cent of the shoe factories. She

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has the coal fields which used to supply the entire Austro-Hungarian Empire with its coal. Czechoslovakia was the top layer of the old Austria-Hungary. It is as though Austria-Hungary had been a receptacle full of rich milk. All the cream formed at the top, and this cream was skimmed off and given to Czechoslovakia, leaving a very watery fluid for the other people interested.

Czechoslovakia seems to have everything she needs, with the single exception of raw materials. She is far better off than most of her neighbors. In fact, one might go so far as to say that there is nothing at all the matter with Czechoslovakia except the bad rate of exchange, a small coal shortage, a lack of discipline among government employees and soldiers, a lack of trained officials, too many Germans, too many Hungarians, too many Rusins, low wages, high prices, too much socialism, a shortage of railway cars, too much Peace Conference, too many neighbors who don't care passionately for the country, too much suspicion, too much hatred, too many soldiers, too much boundary, and too much politics. Outside of these few things, which the passage of years will do much to remedy, Czechoslovakia is all right.

Prague was the capital of the kingdom of Bohemia and is now the capital of the brand-new Czechoslovak state. There is a poem which begins with lines to the general effect that, "The man whom I pity knows naught of the city—the wonderful city of Prague." There is some reason for this exuberant statement, for Prague is so well stocked with mediæval towers and palaces and sky lines that

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nine tenths of the city looks like well-constructed stage scenery instead of a regular town. In every block there is something that was built back in thirteen hundred and something, or fourteen hundred and something, or fifteen hundred and something; and wherever one wanders there are tablets or statues to commemorate somebody's bravery against the Turkish army more than four hundred years ago, or somebody's else historic defense of Prague against the Swedes, or What's-his-name's bold feat of throwing a couple of disliked councilors out of a second-story window, or the discovery of fifty or sixty new stars by Tycho Brahe round 1599, or a few of the gallant deeds of the famous king, Ottocar II, who died back in 1278 after living up to his name by traveling far and fast and breaking down with a loud report at the end.

Lovers of the antique frequently fall into swoon after swoon because of the beautifully carved doorways and columns and wrought-iron work which ornament the humblest dwellings of Prague; while artists of great poise and experience often burst into tears at their first sight of the spire and walls and towers and battlements of the royal palace and the cathedral rising in a glorious jumble from the heights above the river Moldau.

The stagy effect of the mediæval Prague buildings is heightened on Sundays and holidays by the national costumes which the women wear. They are exactly the type of costume which the glorified dairymaids wear in such popular successes as "The Duchess of Discobolus" or "The Prince of Prunella." The skirts are brilliantly red or blue and come only

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to the knee, and the waists are gracefully puffed and incrustated with beautiful embroidery, and there is a frothy white or red headdress, a purely decorative embroidered apron, and a brilliantly colored shawl which is caught loosely over the arms according to the ideas of the best-known chorus directors.

Early in February I stood in the Old Town Square of Prague, sometimes known as John Huss Square, to watch the Czech legionaries return from Siberia. Under all conditions the Old Town Square looks like the work of an imaginative artist. There is the mediæval church of the Hussites at one end, with two high Gothic towers; and midway up the high-pitched roof of each tower are four diminutive towerlets stuck against the slope in such a manner that they look as though they were going to fall off in about six seconds. There is the Kinsky Palace, and a Gothic town hall, and rows of porticoes, and queer old-fashioned buildings with carvings and painted figures and balconies and columns on their fronts.

With all this as a background, the square began to fill with soldiers. Czechs in American uniforms on which the United States army buttons still remained, debouched from one street; Czechs in French birettas and American uniforms debouched from another street; from a third came a column of two hundred and fifty Czecho-Americans in olive-drab uniforms, headed by two big American flags and singing a Czech marching song as they came. They lined up round the square. From far off there came the bang and the crash of a Czech band. All the bells of Prague went to tolling, the white and red of

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Czechoslovakia fluttered at all the windows; and into the square marched the Siberian Rifles, resplendent in twany-brown uniforms purchased in Japan—the first of the Czech units to return from Siberia.

Incidentally these Czech fighters are the best advertisement that Czechoslovakia has ever had. They are the cream of the Czech fighting forces—finely drilled, husky, hard-fighting, upstanding troops. None of the other Czech military units compares with them. For five years their homes had been only a name to them. They had endured the unendurable and surmounted the insurmountable.

So the bands blared, the people cheered, alongside the Siberians ran hundreds of Czech women and girls in their national costumes—short skirts, embroidered aprons, glistening headdresses, foamy waists brilliant with embroidery, beautiful shawls. One expected the women to burst into some such song as “We’re the Dainty Dairymaids” or “The King Is Returning To-day, Hurrah!”

The women in their opera costumes crowded round the statue of John Huss in the center of the square, the Siberian Rifles lined up round three sides of it, the Czechoslovak Foreign Minister and a French general and several officers advanced and kissed the regimental flag decorated with the Russian Cross of St. George—regular stage stuff, aside from the lighting effects.

As a result of the war and the splitting up of Central Europe into small nations, the national spirit of the different peoples has been greatly intensified. This

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is particularly true of the Czechs, who take the attitude that nothing is any good unless it is Czech. The Czech idea of a riotously good time is to put on the Czech national costume and walk up and down the street, giving the frigid and unmistakable Czech razz to anybody who tries to talk anything but Czech. There was a period during the early months of 1919 when a person who couldn't talk Czech simply couldn't get anywhere at all in Prague. The Czech national feeling was so strong that Czechs who spoke perfect German or French refused to speak anything but Czech. In fact, people who spoke German were frequently mobbed. This is quite understandable, of course, for the Germans and the Czechs have been at one another's throats for hundreds of years. For more than six hundred years the Germans and the Austrians have been trying to Germanize the Czechs. The attempt almost succeeded round the year 1380, but John Huss stepped forward and reminded the Czechs who they were, whereupon they became violently chauvinistic, so to speak; chauved viciously in all directions and brought forth the Hussite wars, as a result of which the Czech language and literature obtained the ascendancy over the German products for a time. The Hapsburgs made another determined stab at Germanizing the Czechs all through the nineteenth century, and as a result the bitterness of the feuds between the Czechs and the German-Bohemians since 1861 would make the bitterest Kentucky feud look like a strawberry festival.

So the Czechs can scarcely be blamed for wanting to Czechize everything. Having been Germanized

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by the Germans and Austrians, they now propose to Czechize the Germans and Austrians in turn.

“Hand it back!” That’s the slogan which might to good advantage be inscribed on most Central European coats of arms.

All of the cities and towns in Czechoslovakia which used to have German or Hungarian names have now been given Czech names. This causes embarrassing happenings. The capital of Slovakia, for example, has appeared on all maps for the past few hundred years as Presburg. This was the German name for the town, and in parentheses after the German name usually appeared its Hungarian name, which was Pozsony. The city was inhabited almost entirely by Germans and Hungarians. With the creation of the Czechoslovak state the Czechs came down to Presburg, seized it, and began to drive out the Hungarians. They also gave the town a Czech name—Bratislava. Consequently the capital of Slovakia now has three names: Presburg, Pozsony, and Bratislava. The Czechs frequently refuse to recognize the city by any name other than Bratislava. If one wishes to catch a train from Prague to Presburg his inquiries concerning the train are apt to be met by apparent ignorance on all sides because of the unwillingness of the Czechs to admit that there is any such place as Presburg in existence. The same thing has happened to a less tongue-twisting degree to the Slovak city whose German name is Kaschau, whose Hungarian name is Kassa, and whose Czech name is Kosice—which is pronounced Koseetsy.

This sudden accession of national feeling on the part of the Czechs has made them very brusque

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and belligerent toward all their neighbors. They are ready at any moment of the day or night to enjoy a free-for-all fight with either the Hungarians or the Poles, and all of their neighbors accuse them of all sorts of contract breaking and cruelty. The Austrians, for example, say that the Czechs do not live up to their agreement to send a certain amount of coal daily into Austria. The Czechs admit this, but say that when they made the agreement they overestimated the amount they could let Austria have. They also say that if the conditions were reversed Austria would let Czechoslovakia freeze rather than give her a single ton of coal. This statement, in the light of what Austria has done to the Czechs in the past, is not at all unreasonable. Czechoslovakia is merely handing it back. One of the most prominent men in Czechoslovakia—himself an enthusiastic Czech—made the following interesting statement:

“The Allies don't realize or appreciate all that the Czechs did to contribute to the fall of Austria-Hungary. We taught our railway conductors to steal, our freight officials to divert shipments, our postmen to open letters; we taught our accountants to falsify accounts; we encouraged all sorts of cheating and crookedness and chicanery, so that the economic situation of the old monarchy might be undermined. We taught Czech soldiers to disobey orders and to mutiny, so that the discipline of the Austro-Hungarian army might be undermined. We were successful. But to-day we are paying the cost, for the things which we taught our people cannot be untaught in a short time.”

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This man, I believe, was unduly severe toward his own people. All through Central Europe there is an enormous amount of loafing, cheating, stealing, graft, debauchery, and starvation. Throughout Central Europe at least 90 per cent of the people find it absolutely impossible to live decently on their salaries. They are demoralized by years of war. They are further demoralized by the new and inefficient governments that are trying to hang on to the reins of those strange wild horses, International Politics and Affairs of State, and whose arms are almost being pulled out by the roots in the attempt. Want plus demoralization results in many unpleasant things.

Though Czechoslovakia seems on the surface to be far better off as regards food than all her neighbors, her city dwellers are really suffering almost as much from lack of it as are the people round about her, because of the high cost of everything in crowns.

The Czechoslovak crown, when I was in Czechoslovakia in February, 1920, was worth $1\frac{1}{3}$ cents, as compared with a pre-war value of 20 cents. Before the war one got 5 crowns for a dollar. In February, 1920, one got 75. Yet this queer condition existed: the rate of exchange for Central Europe is fixed in the Swiss banking center of Zurich. At the same time that one dollar could be changed for 75 Czechoslovak crowns in Czechoslovakia the Zurich rate was 100 Czechoslovak crowns for a dollar. This was due to the fact that the Czechoslovak foreign exchange office fixed the internal exchange rate for Czechoslovakia and kept it unnaturally high, for fear that the people would

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start a few riots if the value of their money was allowed to slump too rapidly.

If I had exchanged American dollars for Czechoslovak crowns in Switzerland, and then rushed over into Czechoslovakia with my crowns, I could have bought a third again as much as could a person who exchanged American dollars in Czechoslovakia. Such an arrangement might be very nice if the Czechs could put up a high barrier so that nobody from the outside world could come in and spend money in their country. But they can't do that, so that their peculiar attempts to regulate their own money only result in assisting their own people to get it where the chicken got the ax.

Since Czechoslovakia used to be a part of Austria-Hungary, the new republic started with the old Austro-Hungarian currency, to which a small Czechoslovak stamp had been attached. Since one could get 330 Austrian crowns for a dollar at the same time that one was getting 75 Czechoslovak crowns for a dollar, one of the great outdoor sports consisted of forging stamps and attaching them to Austrian money, thus making Czech money out of it. It was an easy sport and a great money maker. But it didn't help the value of the Czech crown to any noticeable extent. The Czechs are replacing the old money with beautiful new money made in America, and when it is all replaced there will be no more counterfeiting.

One of the largest banks in Prague had a display of American securities in its window to stimulate confidence in prospective depositors. The securities were all made out in the name of the bank. There

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was a certificate for one share of United States Steel Common, a certificate for one share of Pennsylvania Railroad, and a certificate for one share of Anaconda Copper. These are all excellent securities, but classed, I believe, as a business man's risk rather than a bank investment. Encouraged by the American securities, I sought an interview with one of the highest officials of the bank and urged him to explain the whys and wherefores of the peculiar Czechoslovak financial situation. Out of the flux of words which he emitted I gathered only one thing: with the foreign exchange office fixing the exchange rate at 75 when the Zurich rate was 100, anybody who sold American dollars in Czechoslovakia lost money, and anybody who bought them made money just like finding it. All a buyer had to do was to hold his dollars until they reached the Zurich level, which they would inevitably do.

Any European banker who attempts to explain foreign exchange nowadays talks like a phonograph playing a worn-out record with a toothpick as a needle. But many European bankers are making more money every month by speculating in money than they ever made before in all the years of their life put together.

Since I got no results from the banker, I interviewed Mr. Benes, the Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia, on the subject.

"The problems of Czechoslovakia," said Mr. Benes, "like the problems of many other governments in Central Europe, are particularly puzzling, because the problems which naturally confront a new republic are accentuated and intensified by the

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awful rate of exchange. This exchange rate makes it absolutely impossible for European nations to buy abroad. Ultimately the United States will find herself in precisely the situation which we are now in. The value of the American dollar is too high. When there is overproduction, as there will be when America cannot sell to Europe, the factories will have to close. Then there will be troubles among the workmen, and the value of the dollar will fall.

"The only remedy is stabilizing the rate of exchange. The most terrible feature about the money of Central Europe is the manner in which it fluctuates. If any country could know that its money would be stationary to any point it could get along somehow. But the rate of exchange can only be stabilized by international agreement."

I advanced the theory that speculation had more to do with the fluctuation of foreign money than anything else.

"Certainly," said Mr. Benes. "Whenever Czechoslovakia attempts to improve the value of its money Germany throws millions of Czechoslovak crowns on the market and the value of our money falls again. It is not to the advantage of Germany to have our money worth more than the German mark."

"Then the nations of Europe are harpooning one another," I said. "Each one is grabbing all he can while the grabbing is good?"

"Of course," said Mr. Benes, with a pitying smile at the childish innocence of my remark.

One of the most puzzling things about European affairs to an American wanderer is the enormous

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amount of energy devoted by the nations of Europe to proving that the United States must raise the value of European money by loaning money to Europe, and the complete absence of any attempt to stabilize exchange by agreement. Suppose a gentlemanly burglar were removing the loose change from the pocket of a helpless wayfarer; and suppose at the same time that the burglar were shouting over his shoulder to a distant friend of the wayfarer that the wayfarer was losing money and must be given more at once. I make no comments and draw no conclusions, but if your supposers are in good working order just do a little supposing along those general lines.

But as I started to say some time back, the high cost of everything in crowns makes living very difficult for the city dwellers of Czechoslovakia. An unskilled laborer in Prague gets from 7,000 to 8,500 crowns a year, while a skilled laborer gets from 14,000 to 20,000 crowns a year if he works six days a week and is never out of a job. A bank employee who has been with the same bank for thirty years also earns 20,000 crowns a year—or the equivalent of about \$265 in American money. The average wage of the clerks, the teachers, and the small government official is about 7,500 crowns a year.

A good suit of clothes in Czechoslovakia costs 2,500 crowns, or one-third of the yearly income of a white-collar man. Poor men who must buy new clothes or go round in rags can get shoddy suits for 600 crowns, or \$8 American, but such a suit won't endure three months of reasonable wear without

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falling to pieces. A pair of workingman's shoes costs about 280 crowns. The cheapest sort of shirt costs 70 crowns. Almost nobody in Czechoslovakia wears underclothes any more, because of their high cost. But shirts must be worn, and cheap shirts have a bad habit of disintegrating after a few washings. Consider, then, the cost of a shirt in the eyes of the average Czechoslovak. The average wage is 7,500 crowns a year. The price of the cheapest shirt is 70 crowns. It's the same as though a man who earned \$1,800 a year in the United States had to pay \$17 for a single shirt.

I was talking living costs with a Czech government official who received a salary of 19,000 crowns a year. In the middle of our talk a small boy entered with a package. The official opened it shamefacedly. It contained one slice of ham on a small slice of black bread.

"There you are," said he. "That piece of ham and bread cost eight crowns. If I had it every day for a year it would cost me nearly three thousand crowns."

I asked him how much he paid for his meals.

"For breakfast," said he, "I pay four crowns, and get a piece of cheese, some tea, and some bread. My lunch costs fifteen crowns, and for that I get a soup, a small piece of meat, a vegetable, and a pudding. My dinner costs thirteen crowns, and I have soup, meat or fish, a vegetable, bread, and a glass of beer. That represents a yearly expenditure of eleven thousand six hundred and eighty crowns for food alone, and I am always hungry. Every day I have to send out for little things to eat."

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When a single man pays 11,680 crowns in the course of a year for nothing but three frugal meals each day, it can be seen that a yearly salary of 8,000, 10,000, or 12,000 crowns hasn't a heavy purchasing power for an entire family which has to figure on clothes, heat, light, and rent, as well as on food. For further depressing financial details I refer the reader to my preceding articles on Poland and Austria. Though the suffering in Poland and Austria is far greater and more widespread than in Czechoslovakia, the sudden drop in the value of Central European money has created in all these countries a condition which is very similar.

Americans find the living very inexpensive in Czechoslovakia. I sampled the best rooms in the leading hostelries of Wittingau, Prague, and Königgrätz in Bohemia, Brünn in Moravia, and Presburg in Slovakia, and in none of them was I obliged to pay more than 30 American cents for my night's lodging and breakfast the next morning. One person could have a sumptuous repast in Prague for 70 or 80 cents, while the wine list presented some bargains that would make even a soda fountain hang its head in shame. From the Rhine-wine list one could have a large bottle of Hochheimer or Liebfraumilch, for example, for 40 cents. A magnum of Hungarian champagne set the reveler back 90 cents and provided him with at least \$10 worth of headache. To top off a dinner one could have his choice of a small shot of Benedictine, Chartreuse, cherry brandy, or Curaçao for 5 cents a glass.

And while on the subject of forbidden fruit it should be recorded that Czechoslovakia is the only

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Central European country whose beer tastes at all like beer. Even in Czechoslovakia the resemblance between the beer which one gets and the beer which one ought to get is none too startling. Yet the Pilsener beer—Pilsen now being a Czech city with the name of Pizen, just as Budweis is a Czech city with the name of Budejowice—is quite recognizably bitter and beery. But all other German, Austrian, Czech, and Hungarian beers are the most annoying burlesques on beer into which a thirsty man ever thrust his nose.

The near beer which was so common in America during the doubtful or almost arid era was powerful and potent compared with the present-day German and Austrian beer. It looks like beer and it smells like beer. It is a beautiful golden yellow in color, or a rich brown, and it is crowned with a creamy collar that makes the air whistle shrilly through the parched throat. It looks, as I say, like the real thing, but it tastes like some sort of ditch water that would be nasty if it had enough strength, but that hasn't even enough strength to quench a thirst. Its percentage of alcohol must be considerably smaller than that of buttermilk, but I cannot give any figures on this phase of the matter, because everyone was so disgusted with the beer that he was unwilling to talk about it.

A traveler in Bohemia quickly learns that there are certain things which are essentially Bohemian—or Czechish. There is a belief in the neighborhood of Washington Square, New York, that true Bohemianism consists of wearing the finger nails in deep mourning, scattering cigarette ashes on the

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floor late at night, not paying the rent on time, placing all successful people on a verbal griddle, and talking a great deal about art.

This, however, is not truly Bohemian. True Bohemians eat enormous quantities of caraway seeds and goose, use the most uncomfortable bedclothes in the world, and go to bed at eight o'clock at night. A natural disinclination to be quiet before two or three o'clock in the morning would consequently prevent the Washington Square Bohemians from resembling the true Bohemian to any marked degree.

The Bohemian has the same passion for caraway seeds that the southern Italian has for garlic. When a Bohemian cook prepares anything she instinctively reaches into the caraway-seed box and heaves a handful of seeds into the dish. She uses caraway seeds with the *hors d'œuvre*, soup, fish, meat, vegetables, desserts, and cakes. One American in Prague carries a pair of small silver tweezers with him, and whenever he sits down to eat a meal he draws the tweezers from his pocket and starts to pick the caraway seeds out of his bread with them. He spends twice as much time in picking caraway seeds out of his food as he does in eating, and the doctor says that he will have a nervous breakdown if he can't get food that has no caraway seeds in it. The advantages which accrue from the use of caraway seeds in food are not known except to the Czechs and the Germans. I asked a Czech what it was about caraway seeds that made them so popular. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Why does an Arctic explorer love the Arctic regions?" he countered.

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It was an unanswerable counter which answered all things.

The national dish of Bohemia is unquestionably goose. Americans in Prague declare that the Czech coat of arms should be a goose couchant on a *knüdliche* surmounted by three caraway seeds rampant. The *knüdliche* is a ball of half-cooked dough about as large as a baseball, and it is highly esteemed as a food in Bohemia. If the Czechs ever fight the Hungarians they could use the *knüdliche* as an offensive weapon to good advantage, for it would perform terrible execution if thrown with any accuracy against the enemy. Anybody who had the misfortune to be struck by a *knüdliche* would think that a house had fallen on him. Strangers who eat an entire *knüdliche* for the first time have the sensation of having swallowed one of the Pyramids of Gizeh.

As for the goose, it is a common food in Bohemia because everyone raises geese. I made a trip by automobile up through Bohemia, across Bohemia to that portion of the country known as the Sudetenland, where the German inhabitants set up a republic called the Sudetenland Republic after the armistice, and down through Moravia; and in that trip I saw more geese than I had dreamed were in existence. Geese rushed out from every house to voice their displeasure of automobiles by undulating their necks and hissing ferociously; geese gathered in solemn conclaves in our path and honked their loathing of us to high heaven; geese materialized from nowhere and flapped out from under our fenders. Wherever we stopped for food the food consisted of goose—

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goose soup, goose liver, goose breast, roast goose, chopped goose, sliced goose, stewed goose, and just plain goose, with an occasional *hors d'œuvre* of *pâté de foie gras*. Goose is a fine food for Christmas and holidays, but goose for lunch and goose for dinner and goose for supper day after day and week after week is a bird of another feather—a bird, in fact, completely covered with variegated feathers. After a few days of this fare the mere sight of a goose is sufficient to send a wave of nausea through the most enthusiastic goose lover, while the distant honk of a goose is enough to give him a nervous chill.

Probably the enormous numbers of geese that are killed annually in Czechoslovakia account for the feather bedclothes. Every little house in the country, every apartment, and almost every hotel room in Czechoslovakia boasts feather bedclothes. The contraption resembles a flimsily made feather mattress. When retiring for the night one throws himself on the bed and allows the feather covering to fall heavily and clingingly on top of him. It is musty and adhesive and oppressive. It isn't so bad when the weather is bitterly cold and one can succeed in prying open one of the windows which Central Europeans so religiously seal down during the winter months, but when the weather is at all warm the feather bedclothes are excessively heavy. It is a case of all or nothing. The entire wad of goose feathers must be endured, for if it is thrown off there is nothing left—sometimes not even a sheet.

Some of the more advanced hotels have substituted blankets and a quilt for the feather bedclothes, but even in such cases tradition is too strong for them.

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The top of the quilt has a row of buttons down each side and across the foot, and the sheet is pulled up on to the top of the quilt and carefully buttoned to it, so that the bedclothes are a compact and slippery mass. In order to remove the quilt on a warm evening one has to do as much unbuttoning as though he were assisting all the inmates of an orphan asylum out of their pinafores. And when the bedclothes are buttoned up any sudden movement on the part of the person who is reclining beneath them is sufficient to cause the entire mass to slide off the bed and on to the floor.

The head of the Hoover Child Feeders in Czechoslovakia is Capt. Arthur C. Ringland, a former American army officer, who used to be in the Forestry Service round the Grand Cañon. With five American assistants Captain Ringland has divided Czechoslovakia into 200 districts, with local feeding committees scattered through each district. Thus there are 200 district committees and 3,000 local committees; and through this organization the American food goes to some 550,000 children.

The Americans, of course, are not interested in Czechoslovak politics, except as the politics tend to hinder their work. They don't even care about talking Czechoslovak politics. They are in Czechoslovakia to see that the children who are suffering from malnutrition, in the opinion of competent physicians, are fed. They don't care what race a child may belong to or what its parents' creed may be. If the child is hungry they aim to feed it. The people among whom they work, however, don't

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always feel that way about it. In many towns which have Czech majorities the Czechs frequently try to fix things so that German children won't be fed. In towns with German majorities the Germans often take steps to deprive the Czech children of food.

The American Relief Administration has been forced to recognize this condition, and they have to be very careful that the feeding committees are carefully mixed. Each committee must have an equal number of Czechs and Germans on it, or of Slovaks and Hungarians, or of whatever nationalities the district may be comprised. In the town of Novi-Paka, for example, a party representing one nationality succeeded in grasping the reins of power. Its first move was to insist that only the children of that party be fed. The examining doctors were assailed by a mob which demanded that their children be put in C class—C class representing the worst cases of malnutrition and the only class to be fed—without regard for their actual physical state.

All of this has been a great shock to the Americans in Czechoslovakia, who had come to the new republic expecting to find all the inhabitants of the young Czechoslovak state pulling together in enthusiasm and accord. They had forgotten, of course, the messy condition which existed in the United States after the Revolutionary War, to say nothing of the odorous state of affairs after the Civil War. They had forgotten that Czechoslovakia was being guided by politicians and diplomats who had donned the official silk hat of statesmanship for the first time on October 28, 1918, admired themselves in the

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mirror for a few moments, and then strolled up to the palace and wondered how to start running a republic.

The internal squabbles which distress the Americans to such a degree and make them so pessimistic are old, old stories. So, too, are the attitudes which the Czechs adopt toward their friends and enemies. Historians and observers who have been notoriously pro-Czech have for many years written the Czechs down as being over-aggressive, as well as painfully shortsighted and narrow in their political outlook. One of their greatest admirers has declared that, though the progress of the Czechs in fields other than political has been altogether admirable, they have always lacked political leaders of eminence, so that they have allowed themselves to squander time and energy over barren linguistic brawls, to overdo the policy of the mere wrecker and obstructionist, and so to destroy their prestige and reputation for political foresight both at home and abroad.

The squabbles between the Czechs and the Germans are so old that, in the low patois of the late American army, they have whiskers on them—long, flowing white whiskers. Both the Germans and the Czechs claim, of course, that they got to the country first. But when two different nationalities in Europe get to arguing over a bit of real estate, the first move of each people is to prove that they got there first. The Rumanians and the Hungarians can prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that they got to Transylvania ahead of the others. The Hungarians and the Slovaks lie rings round one another on a similar question. The Czechs and the Germans go back thousands of years to prove their

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claims to Bohemia. If put to it, the Germans could probably prove conclusively—conclusively to themselves, that is—that they were the original inhabitants of Canada, Mexico, and the North Pole, and that the effete government of the Incas of Peru resulted from their rejection of German culture.

As a matter of fact, outsiders don't much care who got there first. If the Dutch tried to take New York away from the United States on the ground that the original settlers of New York were Dutch, they would probably receive one of the loudest and most resonant guffaws that ever emerged from human lips. But it is a matter of history that there was a Czech state in Bohemia twelve hundred years ago, or upward of eight hundred years before the late Christopher Columbus borrowed money on the quaint theory that the earth was round enough to permit him to discover America. At that time—twelve hundred years ago—the Czechs were indulging in passionate and ferocious wars with the neighboring German tribes. Sometimes the Germans would come out on top and the Czech state would dry up to a small peanut. At other times the Czechs would get the Germans on the run, and at such times the Czech state would swell out like a wet sponge. Always—century after century and sometimes generation after generation—the Czech-German racial struggle came off with absolute certainty, albeit without the same regularity as Christmas or the Allentown Fair.

It is this same old racial struggle which is going on to-day. The Germans used to hand it to the Czechs; and now the Czechs are handing it back

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to the Germans. They aren't getting on a bit better than they have ever got on; and it is highly probable that they aren't getting on any worse, either, in spite of the assurances of the Germans that they simply can't endure the Czechs another minute.

The Germans—a ring of three million round the six million Czechs—are roaring ferociously. They are complaining that they have no representation in the laws under which they must live; that their schools are being taken away from them; that they are being forced to speak the barbarous Czech language; that they are being discriminated against in business; and that they cannot and will not stand it.

Over against their hair-raising howls is the fact that the Bohemian, or Czech part of Czechoslovakia, is a geographical unity. It is a plateau fringed with mountains—a natural fortress. It is Czechland, and anybody who doesn't like it is at liberty, as the saying goes, to lump it. If the Germans don't like it they can lump it. If a large crowd of Americans should emigrate to Bohemia, and should start to make a protracted and poignant yelp because they didn't like something, they also could lump it. Czechs in the United States who don't like American customs and American laws and American ideas—and American schools—are also at liberty to lump it or get out.

With the Czechs it is a case of Bohemia for the Czechs. It is also apparently a case of Slovakia, Rusinia, and part of Hungary for the Czechs as well. But just at present we are talking about Bohemia,

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which is a Czechland and a geographical unity—a natural nation. “Bohemia for the Czechs,” then—that is their cry.

There is a fly in the consommé, however. Germany lies to the north of Bohemia and Austria to the south. If Austria joins with Germany, as she might, and if between them they had a keen desire to crush Bohemia out of business, the three million disgruntled Germans in Bohemia would not be much of a hindrance.

The Czechs have been great promisers during the past year or so, but their neighbors and a good many of their own people claim that they don't live up to their promises. The Germans have been promised equal rights and schools and all sorts of things, but in February, 1920, every German with whom I talked in Czechoslovakia declared openly, loudly, and contemptuously that none of the promises had been kept.

I interviewed Mr. Tusar, the Czechoslovak Prime Minister, on this subject among others. Mr. Tusar admitted the great differences between the Czechs and the Germans, but spoke in words which were well coated with diplomatic salve and Prime-Ministerial optimism. He declared that the Czechs and the Germans are still overshadowed by the past, and that the leaders, grown up in the traditions of petty national strife, find it difficult to renounce their old attitude—meaning their attitude of excessive hate and loathing. He said that the Germans weren't to be punished for their past sins, however, and that they were to be granted more liberty of policy, nationality, and culture than the Peace Treaty ever

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thought of granting them. He didn't say when they were to be granted all this. He disposed of the school question by saying that privileges of an educational nature for the Germans had to be restricted for budget reasons, and sorrowfully observed that the Germans unjustly misunderstood this.

"Finally," said Mr. Tusar, "through mutual economic interests, in time, life for the two nationalities living side by side will grow more pleasant and a lasting agreement result some day."

It is more to the advantage of the Germans in Czechoslovakia to be citizens of Czechoslovakia than to be citizens of Germany or Austria. There are many Czechoslovaks who fought loyally in the Austrian army to the very end of the war, but who are as free from dislike or restrictions, so far as the outside world is concerned, as though they had fought against Germany all their lives. There is no moral boycott against any part of Czechoslovakia. This is a valuable asset in Central Europe, and the Germans in Czechoslovakia appreciate it. They are willing to be placated, even though most of them say that they aren't. The desire of the Czechs to have Bohemia entirely Czechized can readily be understood, especially by thorough Americans. But even the most thorough Americans in Czechoslovakia predict trouble for the Czechs if they don't soon start handling the Germans with softer gloves than they have hitherto used.

The situation in the Slovakian toe of the Czechoslovak sneaker is one that causes a newcomer to hold his head in his hands and call weakly for a headache powder. In the cant phrase of the political

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student, it is a sweet mess. It is as complicated as a perpetual-motion machine, and the League of Nations could unravel it about as easily as a hippopotamus could crawl through a stick of macaroni.

The Slovaks aren't a very well-known people. The American idea of them is that they are content to live fifteen or twenty in a room and in the most squalid surroundings. I have been into a good many Slovak villages, and I have found the Slovak peasants among the most attractive and lovable peasant people of the many I have seen. Their cottages are simple and neat and comfortable. Every Slovak peasant woman has embroideries which she designs and works herself—waists and skirts and aprons and shawls and headdresses and sheets; and for beauty of design and fineness of execution they are unrivaled. Every Slovak peasant woman has these things. Almost all the Slovak women paint the plaster walls of their kitchens and living rooms with free-hand designs so symmetrical and daring and colorful that they nearly knock out the eye of the unprepared beholder. In other words, they are almost without exception people of excellent taste and with a love for the beautiful.

The great drawback about the Slovaks is their illiteracy. For nearly one thousand years Slovakia has been a part of Hungary, and during this time the Magyars—as the true Hungarians are always known in Central Europe—oppressed all things Slovakian. That is to say, the Magyars prevented the Slovaks from developing as Slovaks. The only schools which taught the Slovak languages were the primary schools. If a Slovak wanted higher education he had

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to go to a Magyar high school and college. Slovaks who learned the Magyar language were favored by the Magyars and given public offices.

Thus practically all of the educated Slovaks are Magyarized. Some people say very harsh things about the Magyars for refusing to allow the Slovaks to have their own high schools and colleges. Yet in America we don't allow different nationalities to have their own schools. We Americanize everyone so far as we are able, so that we may have unity and accord.

At any rate, the Slovaks who didn't go to Magyar schools are illiterate. The Slovaks who went to Magyar schools are Magyarized and frequently speak Magyar fluently, but don't speak Slovak. These Magyarized Slovaks have always made opposition politics to the Magyars, but the only thing which they have sought in the past has been autonomy under Hungary—never independence or autonomy under Bohemia.

Once a person makes opposition politics over a long period of time it gets in his blood. He is "agin" all government. He specializes in destruction and never in construction. Many of the parties now in power in Central Europe are made up of men who have always made opposition politics and who therefore cannot originate constructive policies. Being themselves the government, with only themselves to oppose, they promptly proceed to oppose themselves. In this they are like those constitutional fighters, the Montenegrins, who, lacking a common enemy to fight, choose up sides and fight one another. The Slovaks are makers of opposition politics. They

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were against the Magyars. Now they are against the Czechs—not violently, but just against them. They haven't yet reached the point where they want to break away from the Czechs. As a matter of fact, the Slovaks don't know what they want, because of their newness and rawness. There are four political parties in Slovakia, and not one of them has a definite program.

As for the Czechs, their policy is to make the Czechs and the Slovaks into one people, and this is particularly galling to the Slovaks. The Czechs, as I said earlier in this article, are hard. Religion cuts no great figure in their lives. Czech soldiers have knocked down many of the Slovak shrines which dot the countryside, and while I was in Presburg Czech soldiers entered the cathedral there and hacked off parts of a Magyar shrine on the cathedral wall. Then, too, the Czechs are Socialists. Bohemia is largely Social-Democratic, and the Social Democracy which obtains in Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia, and parts of Italy is perilously close to Bolshevism. Some people refer to Social Democracy as creeping Bolshevism. Its foundation, despite the denials of the Social Democrats themselves, is class warfare and the socialization of everything. Put that in your pipe and smoke it and you'll find that the smoke comes out a bright, Bolshevistic red.

All of these things offend the Slovaks. The Slovaks are mild, conservative, and very religious. Many of them own their land, and consequently want nothing of Socialism. There are not enough educated Slovaks to fill 10 per cent of the government and school positions in Slovakia. The va-

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cancies are filled with Czechs who have been sent down from Prague. In many cases these imported officials are incompetent. Lots of them resemble the carpetbaggers who went from the North into the South after our Civil War. Many of these new officeholders are aggressive and arrogant. They don't think much of the Slovaks and they don't hesitate to show it. This helps to give the Slovaks a long, lingering pain.

The Czechs refuse to listen to any talk of autonomy for Slovaks, because Slovakia has such a scrambled population that an elected Slovak parliament might suddenly vote to join Hungary. One of the leading Slovaks explained it this way: "Fifty-four per cent of Slovakia's population is Slovak, thirty-one per cent is Magyar, eight per cent is German, and seven per cent is Rusin. In the Slovak parliament there would be about one hundred and sixty Slovak members and about one hundred and forty others; and not all the Slovaks would be loyal. Some are Magyars at heart. So we couldn't be sure of a majority in parliament, and consequently Slovakia cannot be autonomous."

Competent observers seem to think that the situation between the Slovaks and the Czechs can be calmed if the Czechs adopt a less aggressive, more tolerant, less suspicious attitude. Claims are made in Slovakia that the country is infested with Czech spies. The competent observers also hold the opinion that if the Czechs aren't able to place any confidence in the Slovaks they'd better get rid of the country.

The Slovak-Czech situation, muddled and dan-

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gerous as it is, fades into insignificance beside the Czech-Magyar situation in Slovakia.

The Czech-Magyar hatred is an excellent sample of the magnificent, unparalleled, 100-per-cent hatreds which the Peace Treaty has loosed in Central Europe and which have turned Central Europe into a greater collection of Balkan states.

The states which have been formed out of the old Austro-Hungarian monarchy are maintaining nearly twice as many soldiers as the old monarchy needed to keep the peace before the war. Every border is guarded and triple guarded. Every piece of luggage is investigated minutely at every border.

No longer can a traveler in Central Europe say, "On such and such a day I shall travel to such and such a place." The United Hates of Central Europe will not permit any such freedom of movement.

Nowadays a traveler goes when he can get his *visés* and his police permits, and not before. On arriving in a city he must inform the police. On leaving the city he must inform the police. When leaving a country he must have the permission of the country which he is leaving, the country to which he is going, and the countries through which he must travel. It sometimes takes an entire day to get a single *visé*. Americans, who are the most highly favored of all travelers, are sometimes forced to present letters stating that they are not involved in politics before they are permitted to travel into a country on an American passport. Special *visés* are frequently required in order to go to different parts of a single country. Most good trains are under military control, and military permits are

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required in order to ride on them. All reservations on trains possessing reservable seats or compartments are made from one to three weeks in advance.

Journeys which used to take three or four hours before the war frequently take from fifteen to twenty hours to-day because of passport restrictions and border difficulties. To go from Prague in the west of Czechoslovakia to Uzhorod in the east used to take ten or twelve hours. Now it takes two days. From Vienna to Budapest used to be a five-hour train ride. To-day it takes fourteen hours. Train travel in Central Europe is exactly the same as train travel between Boston and New York would be if one needed a *visé* to go from Massachusetts into Rhode Island, from Rhode Island into Connecticut, and from Connecticut into New York, and if one had to endure a searching customs examination on leaving Massachusetts, entering Rhode Island, entering Connecticut, and entering New York.

Exaggerated? The case is understated! Coming from Poland into Austria I saw five people thrown off the Entente express—people of some consequence, too—because they had failed to get police permission to leave Poland. In spite of having paid their fares, they had to go all the way back to Warsaw and go through many hardships and inconveniences because of their oversight. Coming from Hungary into Austria I saw two hundred travelers jammed into one small room for five hours until each one of the two hundred had satisfied the customs requirements.

I saw an American citizen in the American Legation in Prague almost weeping with rage because the

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Czechs at the border, in examining him for money and suspicious papers, had ripped his coat open with such violence that every button on it had been half torn off. I have seen the Italian consul in Vienna refuse to *visé* an American passport to Italy until the owner of the passport produced a letter from the American Mission in Vienna stating that he was not concerned in politics; and at the same time as a matter of principle, the American Mission in Vienna refused to accede to this demand on the part of the Italian consul and would not supply any American citizen whatever with any such letter. In other words, American citizens could not proceed from Vienna to Italy, in spite of having good American passports.

No; the difficulties of travel in Central Europe are hard to exaggerate. My references to them have barely scratched the surface. Some day I will really tell you about it, and as you read the white hairs will come crowding in among your raven locks. Every state in Central Europe hates every other state with enough bitterness to sour eau de Cologne, and a few of them, not content with hating everyone else, hate themselves.

The hot box of the Czech-Hungarian hate is the city of Presburg, or Pozshony, or Bratislava. I call it Presburg because under any other name it can't be found on an American, English, French, or German map.

Presburg is the capital of Slovakia. It used to be the old capital of the Magyars. For hundreds of years the Magyar kings were crowned there. It was inhabited chiefly by Germans and Magyars, with a

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smattering of educated or Magyarized Slovaks. The tombstones in the cemeteries of Presburg bear nothing but Magyar and German names.

To-day it is a Czech city. Fifteen thousand Magyars have been prodded out of their homes and jobs to make room for imported Czech officials, Czech school teachers, and Czech merchants, and have been shipped down into Hungary. The Magyar professors have been thrown out of the ancient Magyar university at Presburg. The name of the city has been changed to a Czech name. The street signs and the shop signs have been done over into Czech.

In front of the city, on the side facing the Austrians and the Hungarians, are the barbed-wire entanglements and the trenches and the machine guns and the soldiers that I spoke about earlier in this article.

A street-car line used to run from Vienna to Presburg. To-day travelers going by that line have to get out of the cars one hundred yards before they reach the border, walk up to the barbed-wire entanglements that the Czechs have erected, go through the customs, and then walk another one hundred yards on the other side of the border and get into another street car. No more cars can run through. Common sense and rapid transit have received a severe kick from national hatred.

The Magyars are so ferociously angry at the Czechs that the mere mention of the name Czech is enough to make most of the Magyars within hearing have near-apoplexy. They claim that the Czechs have seized Magyar territory to which they have no right at all. The Hungarian army vanished into thin air

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just after the armistice, and it was then, or soon afterward, that the Czechs occupied Presburg without resistance. The Magyars claim that they could never have done it if there had been any Magyar army left.

The Czechs took Presburg because it is a part of Slovakia. True, it is a Hungarian city, but none the less it is part of Slovakia. It is also a port on the Danube, and the Czechs have got to have a port on the Danube. In addition to taking the city of Presburg and the solidly Magyar parts of Slovakia, the Czechs also took a big stretch of land known as the Grosse Schütt, which is a rich territory between two branches of the Danube. It is sixty miles long and thirty miles broad. Its population consists of more than 100,000 Magyars and only a few hundred Slovaks. It is neither part of Slovakia nor occupied by Slovaks, but the Czechs declare that they must have it in order to control their part of the Danube. The Magyars are fairly tearing their hair out by the roots because of it. Exactly the same tension exists between the Czechs and the Magyars over Presburg as exists between the Italians and the Jugoslavs over Fiume. The Fiume situation, however, has received more advertising.

The Magyars say that there are 700,000 Magyars whom the Czechs have taken into Czechoslovakia by main force and against their wills. They say that they will never endure it. They froth at the mouth and gasp hoarsely when discussing the matter. They issue posters declaring that Presburg is the Magyar Strasburg. They say that it's Alsace-Lorraine all over again. They get out propaganda

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maps showing the gluttonous Czech minority which is controlling Czechoslovakia. They declare that they must and will have the city of Presburg and the 700,000 Magyars back again in Hungary. They disseminate passionate propaganda among the Slovaks.

The Czechs meanwhile are not idle. They erect barbed-wire entanglements and dig trenches. They get out propaganda of their own, showing stalwart Slovak farmers sweeping the Magyar rats out of Slovakia. They say that they need the territory which they have taken, and that they intend to keep it in spite of all the Magyar protests and all the Magyar threats.

They have instituted a censorship which goes through letters coming in to Magyars living in Presburg. Many Magyars claim that they can get no letters at all from the outside world.

The Magyars are accused by the Czechs of financing Bolshevik agitations in Slovakia. The Czechs are accused by the Magyars of harboring Bolsheviks who helped to wreck Hungary, as well as of spreading stories of Magyar intrigue in order to gain sympathy. The Magyars claim that the Slovaks can't understand the Czech language. The Czechs claim that the Magyars stole all their culture from the Slovaks—a charge which causes the Magyars to burst into horrid peals of wild laughter and almost go mad with fury. The Magyars say that all Slovaks loathe the Czechs and love the Magyars. The Czechs claim that all Slovaks despise the Magyars and worship the Czechs. And so on through day after day and night after night, so long as there is anyone to listen. And when there isn't anyone to listen it

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is generally believed that they talk to themselves. It is interesting, but somewhat dazing.

I asked Prime Minister Tusar what he thought the outcome of the bad blood between Bohemia and Slovakia would be.

“The relations with Slovakia are simply a problem of patience,” said Mr. Tusar. “One must wait until the Magyar agitation there loses ground. Then matters will be finally settled of their own accord.”

I asked Magyar leaders in Slovakia why they didn't stop their ructions, let the Czechs take what they want, settle down to work and try to get along somehow.

“Isn't there some way that you can arrive at an understanding with the Czechs?” I asked.

The Magyar leaders, one and all, pounded the table with their fists.

“No! No! Never!” they shouted. “No! No! Never!”

I know that there are many people in America who think that the Peace Conference did a pretty good job, and that Central European affairs can be regulated by the League of Nations. I had occasion to remark on that fact to an American who has been going up and down in Central Europe for the past year on official business.

“I know that there are people like that,” he said, wearily and tolerantly, “but you want to remember”—and here he heaved a sigh that blew the ash from his cigar—“you want to remember that those people don't know anything about Central Europe.”

IV

FOR OVER A THOUSAND YEARS

THROUGHOUT Hungary, on blank walls, public buildings, railroad stations, signboards, shop windows, and other convenient surfaces, there are large posters, medium-sized posters, and small posters depicting a cracked, blood-red object and bearing the words, "*Nem! Nem! Soha!*"

The newcomer to Hungary is puzzled by them. He doesn't know whether the cracked, blood-red object represents a new sort of waffle iron, a picture puzzle, or a highly efficacious brand of mustard plaster.

So the newcomer waits until he catches an English-speaking Hungarian, and then he questions him.

"Could you tell me," he asks, "the meaning of this '*Nem! Nem!*' stuff?"

"No! No! Never!" shouts the Hungarian, fiercely.

"But why not?" persists the newcomer. "There can't be any harm in telling. If you prefer you can whisper it to me."

"No! No! Never!" declares the Hungarian, still more fiercely. Then he takes the newcomer by the arm and leads him to a quiet coffee house, or

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kave-haz, as the Hungarians so piquantly spell it, and tells him a long, long story which always begins with the mystic words, "For over a thousand years—"

In order that we may understand the point of view of the Hungarian, or Magyar—for the Hungarian always refers to himself and is always referred to by other Europeans as a Magyar—we must put our supposers to work and do a little intensive supposing.

Let us suppose, for example, that round the year 1820 a race of people known as the Grabbonians, who came from the poverty-stricken country of Grabbonia up along the shores of the Black Sea, where nearly every large rock seems to have some sort of half-baked nation clinging to it, had emigrated from Grabbonia to the United States and settled in the state of South Dakota.

Since South Dakota had only a few Americans within its confines at that time, and since the Grabbonians could converse in only the guttural Grabbish tongue, the Grabbonians formed themselves into colonies and retained the manners, customs, and speech of far-off Grabbonia. They soon controlled the state officials and the courts of justice, and through them the schools. The Grabbonian language was taught in all the schools of the state, in spite of the fact that it was a part of America; and it wasn't long before the Grabbonians began to think that Americans in South Dakota had no rights whatever. In fact, they frequently talked of driving out the Americans who had the outrageous idea that just because the Grabbonians were living

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in America they ought to be Americans, too. Besides, the Grabbonians were very peevish because the United States wouldn't found a Grabbonian university for them in South Dakota. They were very peevish indeed over this. They told the rest of the world that they were being frightfully oppressed, and a number of foreign authors wrote books about the American oppression of the Grabbonians, almost skinning the United States alive for its heartlessness.

And then one fine day—our supposers are still revolving at high speed, of course—America went to war with the Oriental nation of Goulasha. By an unfortunate chain of circumstances America was defeated. And when the terms of peace were announced the state of South Dakota was made a Grabbonian state, with its central government in Grabbonia on the Black Sea; and all because the Grabbonians slightly outnumbered the Americans. It was taken entirely away from the United States, and the United States was instructed that the Americans living in South Dakota would have to be subject to Grabbonia on the Black Sea.

The Americans both in South Dakota and out of it were almost hysterical with rage over the situation. The things they said about the Grabbonians could scarcely be written on asbestos paper without scorching it. All Americans united in saying that since the American nation had been formed in 1776, and since all United States territory had been obtained fairly by them before the Grabbonians had ever come on the scene, and since the Grabbonians had come to them as immigrants, they had no national rights whatsoever to the land that they occupied,

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even though they might outnumber the Americans in South Dakota.

At this point we can shut off the power, gently bring our supposers to a full stop, and get back to Hungary.

The cracked, blood-red object depicted on the posters which are plastered all over Hungary is a representation of Hungary as it was before the war. The cracks represent the new boundary lines along which the country has been divided by the terms of the Peace Treaty. The words, "*Nem! Nem! Soha!*" are the Magyar rendering of the English phrase, "No! No! Never!" And the argument on which the Magyars base their feverish and emphatic words is exactly the same argument which Americans would advance if they should lose the state of South Dakota to the hypothetical Grabbonians.

As to the validity of their argument, I can only say that, so far as I could learn, every American who has been in Hungary during the past year, including General Bandholtz, chief of the American Military Mission, believes that Hungary has been unfairly treated and that the terms of the Peace Treaty as regards Hungary's dismemberment should be revised.

When one gets back a thousand years and prods round among the dead bones of the tribes that came boiling out of Mongolia and down from Russia and up from the Balkan Peninsula, and chased one another madly up and down the surface of Central Europe—when one gets back into those rare old days one can't be absolutely sure of dates, facts, or anything else. When one states that the eastern Goths moved out of Rumania on or round moving

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day in the year 452, and that the Gepids came in behind them with such speed that they walked all over the heels of the last eastern Goths to depart, one is taking a long chance on being called a liar by some one who has other, but not necessarily more trustworthy, data in his possession. There is still some difference of opinion in the United States as to which admiral was responsible for the victory at Santiago in 1898, and grave doubt exists in many quarters as to whether the battle of Bunker Hill took place on Bunker Hill or on Breed's Hill. Consequently there is a thick, dark-brown haze over a large percentage of the happenings which took place back in the years 907, 1101, 1253, and all other adjacent dates, and a wary eye must be cocked toward those people who assure us that such and such was true at any such far-off period.

It is not necessary to dig into history, however, to discover that Hungary before the war was a natural country, just as Bohemia, the Czech part of Czechoslovakia, is also a natural country. Its natural boundaries were perfect. On the north, the west, the east, and the southeast it was rimmed with high mountains. On the south its boundary was formed by large rivers. It was—and is—one of the most perfect closed basins that can be found on any of the five continents. The Czechs argue that their country is a natural country and has always belonged to them; therefore the millions of Germans within their boundaries must bow to the will of the Czechs. For the same reason Hungary wants to keep her natural country intact. Strangely enough, there are many people who recognize the justice of the

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Czechs argument, but who cannot see where a similar argument on the part of the Magyars is worth its weight in sour apples. As a result Hungary's boundaries to-day are nothing but red lines on the maps. They are unnatural boundaries, and Hungary is determined to get back most of the parts that have been taken from her.

In the north Hungary has lost Slovakia and Rusinia—Slovakia being the toe of the shoe-shaped Czechoslovak state, and Rusinia being the extreme tip of the toe. In the east she has lost the huge rough triangle of Transylvania to the Rumanians. In the west she has lost the small strip of German West Hungary to Austria. And in the south she has lost Croatia and Slovenia to the Jugoslavs. All that remains is the Magyar kernel which was the center of the old Hungary.

There is practically no outcry from the Magyars over the loss of Croatia and Slovenia—the districts behind Fiume and the Dalmatian coast which now make up the upper end of Jugoslavia. The Croats have been a distinct, warlike, and progressive people for centuries. Until the day of the armistice they fought hard and valiantly against Italy and the Allies on the side of Austria-Hungary. So the Magyars esteem the Croats highly as brother warriors, whereas they loathe the Czechs. Of all their enemies, the Italians held the Croat regiments of the Austro-Hungarian army in the highest respect. The Magyars have great sympathy and liking for them. For years Croatia has been practically an autonomous state under Hungary. Hungary is sorry to lose Croatia, but so far as I could find

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out there is no bitterness over the slicing off of Croatia.

But over the losses to Czechoslovakia, to Rumania, and to Austria, the Magyars are making such an uproar that the eardrums of any stranger in Hungary are constantly aquiver. They say that the wrenching away of these parts of Hungary is comparable only to the partition of Poland and the theft of Alsace-Lorraine by Germany. "For over a thousand years—" they tell you.

One hears that phrase, "For over a thousand years," so many times in the course of each day spent in Hungary that he finds himself walking along the streets whispering over and over again, in time with his footsteps, "For over a thousand years! For over a thousand years!" He unconsciously fits it to all the tunes the Hungarian orchestras play. The rattle of horses' hoofs on the pavement seems to clack out the words, "For over a thousand years! For over a thousand years!" They get on the brain. One almost goes mad from hearing them.

None the less, they are the groundwork of all Magyar arguments. Because of those thousand years the Magyars grit their teeth and ejaculate, "*Nem! Nem! Soha!*" when asked to submit to the partition of their country. And this is the way of it:

The Magyars are the direct descendants of an Asiatic tribe of people who hailed from the rich lands round the Sea of Azov, and whose chief means of support consisted of swooping down on a neighboring tribe, beating it to a decided and scarcely distinguishable pulp, and appropriating the remaining pieces. It is highly probable that if Attila,

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the well-known Hun, had not damaged his reputation by his loose methods of waging war, the Magyars would claim a distant relationship with Attila's gang. As things stand at present Attila is rather neglected in most stories of Magyar beginnings, and the original Magyar leader is stated to be the great chieftain Árpád, who is represented in all Magyar paintings as being a proud-looking, dark-brown man with a gold helmet, a black curly beard, bracelets round his biceps, and a hand like a Virginia ham.

However, none of these early ancestors were anything to brag about so far as chivalry and loving-kindness were concerned. When a Roman emperor or general came home from the wars with a nice parcel of bush-league kings and generals as captives, and was honored with a triumph for his clever work, the captives were marched through the streets of Rome in chains, and shortly after the procession had passed the reviewing stand the captives were beaten with sticks until their skin was cut to ribbons, and then they were dragged over to the Mamertine Prison and thrown into an underground cell, and finally, as soon as their bruises and cuts had begun to sting, a prominent government official came round and stabbed them to death and threw them into the Tiber. None of the old-timers was a shrinking violet; and to descend from the best of them was about as discreditable as to descend from the worst.

When we first hear of the Magyars they are swooping hither and yon along the shores of the Black Sea, now taking a fall out of the Petchenegs and again taking a fall out of the Cumanians, but always taking

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a fall out of somebody. Ever since the beginning of things the Magyars have always been a warrior people. They have always been in a fight with somebody so long as there was anything to fight about. They have fought almost everybody in the world at one time or another, and they show signs of not being through even yet.

While the Magyars were surging along the borders of the Black Sea, the great natural basin which later became Hungary was being occupied in comparatively rapid succession by various queer brands of people, all of whom either lived to fight or fought to live, as everyone did in those dear dead days. There were the Sarmatians, the Scythians, the Celts, the Romans, the Goths, the Teutons, the Huns, the Slavs, the Avars, and probably a number of others whose fighting abilities were not sufficient to get their names mentioned in history. But each of the tribes and races which entered the big mountain-rimmed basin made an attempt to consolidate it and hold it—and couldn't.

In the year 895 the Magyars left the shores of the Black Sea, crossed the mountains, and came into the territory which they have held ever since. Even the Hungarian historians are unable to agree on the reasons which brought them in. Some say that they were invited to come in to do a little high-grade fighting, others say that they were compelled to move in because certain tribes on the outside were too strong for them and kept crowding them. At any rate, all historians agree that it was in the year 895 that they moved in. They moved in, took the country, consolidated it and held it, and on this fact

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they base their argument which starts, "For over a thousand years—" Until the Magyars came nobody had ever been able to get a nation started. The Magyars succeeded where everybody else had failed, and for over a thousand years they have kept right on being successful. The few scattered peoples who were wandering round the Hungarian basin were absorbed by the Magyars and became Magyars.

The ancestors of the Slovaks in the north, the Magyars claim, were colonists who were brought in by contractors two hundred years after the Magyars arrived—contract labor introduced for the purpose of clearing the forests. On this, as well as on the argument that the majority of Slovaks do not wish to be separated from Hungary, the Magyars base their ear-piercing howls against the cutting away of Slovakia from Hungary.

The Rusins, they claim, were immigrants who crossed the mountains almost five hundred years after the Magyars arrived, for the purpose of pasturing their cattle on the Carpathian slopes.

The Rumanians of Transylvania, declare the Magyars, were wandering shepherds who didn't start crossing the mountains from Rumania into the Hungarian basin until the year 1245.

As for the Germans who occupy German West Hungary, the Magyars say that they were immigrants whom the Magyars encouraged to come into Hungary from 1150 to 1250, and again from 1711 until 1783.

The basis of all European argument is history. A European can dive headlong into a mass of historical facts and semihistorical facts, come up grasping a

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handful of bleached bones, and rattle them together loudly enough to drown out all other sounds within a ten-mile radius. To Americans who are accustomed to regard the founding of Plymouth Colony and the courtship of Miles Standish as the very dawn of history, the European history hound is an incomprehensible and unmitigated bore. He won't talk about anything but history. In the course of twenty minutes' conversation he drags in unpronounceable names, dates with six inches of dust on them, tribes of people that haven't done any active tribing since the year 1099, and battles that took place three years before the Norman Conquest of Britain was thought of. He also expects his listeners to have a perfect and complete understanding of everything he is talking about. This habit is not restricted to one or two Central Europeans, but is common to nearly all of them. The Poles, the Czechs, the Slovaks, the Ukrainians, the Magyars, the Serbs, the Croats, the Bulgarians, the Rumanians—all of them quote history in support of their claims that they deserve more than they possess.

Let me give you a sample of the historical discourse—not to hold up anyone to ridicule, but to explain why it is that an American finds Central European affairs difficult to grasp unless he has read at least two hundred and fifty pounds of assorted histories. I started to discuss with a Magyar the present-day Rumanian invasion of Hungary—the invasion in which the Rumanians stripped Hungary of horses, cows, sheep, seed corn, stores of food, farming implements, railroad cars, and practically everything else that wasn't cemented to the ground.

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"There are certain parts of Hungary," I said, unwarily, "which have been occupied by Rumanians almost as long as by Magyars, aren't there?"

That question was all the Magyar needed to set him going.

"No! No! Never!" he exclaimed. "The most cruel people in the world were the Beskides, or Bessenyök, and Constantinus Porphyrogenitus says that . . ."

"Hold on, there!" I begged him. "How do those cruel people get into this, and who was that man you mentioned so lightly?"

"Dear sir," said the Magyar, earnestly, "the Oláhs claim . . ."

"Oláhs? Oláhs? This is the first time I ever heard of them! Who let them into this argument, and what are Oláhs?"

"Dear sir, the Oláhs are the Rumanians of to-day. The Oláhs, or Rumanians, claim . . ."

"Look here: if the Oláhs and the Rumanians are the same thing, why not call them Rumanians and leave out the Oláhs? That Oláh stuff means next to nothing to me or to any other American. So far as we are concerned, you might as well call them Blups or Glups or Oompahs. If you want us to understand you, you must be simple and concise. Remember, above all else, to be simple."

"Very well, dear sir. The Oláhs, or Rumanians, claim that they have inhabited the eastern end of Hungary continuously since Trajan colonized that territory; but Constantinus Porphyrogenitus . . ."

"Just a moment! Who is this Trajan?"

"The Roman emperor, Trajan, dear sir. But

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this statement is false and absurd, for Flavius Vopiscus, Eutropius, and Rufus Lextus . . .”

“Here, here! This is getting too complicated! You have referred to Constantinus Something-or-other. What has this fellow got to do with this crystal maze? And would you mind calling him Con, for short?”

“Ah yes! Constantinus Porphyrogenitus! We have his word that . . .”

“But who was he? Who was he? Why quote him? And please call him Con!”

“Dear sir, Con was a Greek emperor. In nine hundred and fifty Con tells us that the Beskides, the most cruel enemies of the Magyars, lived next to the territory in which the Oláhs, or Rumanians, claimed to have lived, so that they couldn't have lived there at all.”

“I don't see it. I don't know what you're driving at. You'll have to make it clearer.”

“Dear sir, because of the extreme cruelty of the Beskides the territory next to them was left uninhabited. The Oláhs, or Rumanians, claim that their ancestors lived in that territory when the Magyars entered Hungary in eight hundred and ninety-five; but Constantinus Porphyrogenitus informs us that in eight hundred and ninety-six there was nobody living there. The Magyars had entered Hungary, but the eastern portion of the land was uninhabited.”

“Well, what did Con know about it? Was he writing for a Greek newspaper, or what?”

“No, dear sir! Constantinus Porphyrogenitus was an emperor who personally investigated conditions in Hungary for the sole purpose of investigating.”

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"But isn't there a chance that if Con wrote his report in nine hundred and fifty on conditions which existed in eight hundred and ninety-six, he may have made some bad slips?"

"It is hardly possible, dear sir. An emperor's position is such that he would have no occasion to distort the truth."

"There is something in what you say. At any rate, we will allow that point to pass. But you said something about the Emperor Trajan colonizing that territory. How about that?"

"Dear sir, the Emperor Trajan colonized that territory; but each of the three authors, Flavius Vopiscus, Eutropius, and Rufus Lextus, records the fact that the Roman emperors moved every inhabitant out of that region. The Rumanians, or Oláhs, claim that they descended from the Romans living there, but there was nobody living there, so their claims are false."

"That sounds fair enough. But if the Rumanians didn't descend from somebody who didn't exist, whom did they descend from?"

"Dear sir, in the year ten hundred and ten the great Saint Stephen, king of the Magyars, sent out Magyars to colonize the uninhabited region which the Rumanians claim to have occupied before our arrival. These colonies were increased from time to time, until the Tartars . . ."

"How did the Tartars get into the story? I thought we were talking about Rumanians."

"The Tartars, dear sir, swept down from Tartary in the year twelve hundred and forty-five, and massacred great numbers of Magyars. They killed off

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thousands and thousands of the Magyar colonists in Transylvania and put an end to Magyar expansion, so the kings of Hungary permitted wandering shepherds from Rumania and Bulgaria to cross the mountains with their flocks and herds. These wandering shepherds are the Oláhs, or Rumanians, of to-day. Therefore, if Transylvania is taken away from the Magyars and given to the Rumanians, or Oláhs, dear sir, it will be taken from a nation which first made the land safe, and given to the descendants of wandering shepherds who were received in unsuspecting friendship."

That, in brief, was the manner in which the Magyar presented the case. He referred to many other things in the course of his chat. He proved by philology that the Rumanian language didn't come from the place where the Rumanians claimed that it did. He dragged Albania and Thessaly into the story. He devoted a considerable amount of time to the western Goths, the eastern Goths, the Gepids, and the Avars. He spoke of Krassó-Szörény and upward of thirty other districts that I couldn't make a note of because I hadn't the slightest idea how to spell them. He worked Saint Ladislaus into the narrative, as well as King Geza II, the Wallon Italians, the Saxons, King Andrew II, the German Order of Knights, King Bela III, the Roman Catholic Church, the Greek Church, Rumanian national literature, the lack of culture among the early Rumanians—and all these features, I believe, are quite necessary to a lucid and scholarly presentation of the case.

If I were to go at all thoroughly into any one of

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the many moot points which are constantly being mooted by the Czechs and the Slovaks and the Rumanians and the Jugoslavs and the Magyars on the largest and loudest mooters on which any mooting has been done in modern times, this little thumbnail sketch would run on to an unconscionable length. Several volumes could be written on the historical claims which the Czechs and the Magyars set up to that part of old Hungary which is now Slovakia. Several more volumes could be written on the Rumanian and the Magyar claims to Transylvania. To cut down the length of any one of these claims is to be accused of being superficial. The Slavs who read these paragraphs will accuse me of being sufficiently superficial to float round on a bowl of skimmed milk.

There is another great point of argument which centers in the old Hungary, and that is the question of oppression. The Rumanians claim that the Rumanians in Hungary were terribly oppressed by the Magyars. The Czechs and some of the Slovaks claim that the Slovaks in Hungary suffered untold agonies from Magyar oppression. The Magyars, on the other hand, claim that these people weren't oppressed at all. In fact, they claim that the percentage of Rumanian schools for the Rumanians in Hungary was greater than the percentage of Rumanian schools for Rumanians in Rumania. They claim that the Slovaks and the Rumanians and any other nationalities within the Magyar domain could do as they pleased so long as they weren't guilty of disloyalty to the Magyar nation. It is certain that the Slovaks who have educated themselves in Magyar

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colleges have risen to high positions in Magyar university faculties, in Magyar courts, and in the Magyar government. The people of Slovakia under the Magyars developed their Slovak arts, learned Slovak in the primary schools, spoke the language without interference, and wore their national costumes whenever they pleased. The same thing is true of the Rusins and the Rumanians of the old Hungary. The Magyars have tried to educate them along Magyar lines, just as the Czechs will try to educate the Germans along Czech lines, and just as America is trying to educate everybody in America along American lines. Some people point to the illiteracy in Slovakia, Rusinia, and Transylvania as a sign of Magyar oppression. The same type of illiteracy exists in the mountains of Tennessee, Kentucky, Virginia, and Maine, and for the same reasons. The peasant people of southern Italy yield the palm to almost nobody in the matter of illiteracy, but they aren't oppressed, and nobody tries to argue that they are.

There is no doubt that the Magyars were represented by many stupid and cruel governors at various times in various parts of the Magyar kingdom, and that these people behaved toward the people under them as stupid and cruel people always behave. There is also no doubt that a great deal of buncombe has been written about Magyar oppression by the politicians of those portions of the old kingdom which were seeking to break away. When the Germans in Nebraska are not allowed to have their own schools they are oppressed to a greater extent than, in many cases, the Slovaks and the

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Rusins and the Rumanians were oppressed by the Magyars.

It is not my object to whitewash Hungary in this brief account, or to convince the readers of this chapter that Hungary is innocent of everything. I merely aim to report what the situation was in Hungary in March, 1920, and the opinion that had been formed by those who had sifted the evidence. That opinion, as I have said before, was almost universally in favor of giving back to the Magyars a large part of the territory which the Peace Conference originally took from them. An American general, after studying the situation carefully, reported that in his opinion the Peace Treaty should be revised in favor of Hungary. I found no Americans in Hungary who did not hold the same opinion.

From the *London Times* of March 4, 1920, comes the following news item:

The Supreme Council yesterday dealt chiefly with the question of peace with Hungary. Considerable difference of opinion arose between the various delegates, mainly in consequence of an Italian suggestion that the frontiers assigned by the general treaty of peace to Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and Jugoslavia should be revised in favor of the Magyars. This suggestion seemed to have received some support from the British representatives, but to have been opposed by the French, who do not favor the idea of throwing an important part of the general Peace Treaty into the melting pot.

I must repeat again what I have said before in the chapters on Poland, Austria, and Czechoslovakia. There is scarcely an American in Central Europe who

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does not regard the Peace Conference and its decisions as a gigantic joke. In one country it has disregarded ethnographic claims and stuck to geographic claims. In the next country it has done exactly the opposite. Though the Treaty pretends to stand for the self-determination of peoples, there is not a country in which self-determination exists. Austria is not permitted to determine its future. The Germans in Bohemia have as much chance of self-determination as has a bucket of oats in front of a horse. The same thing is true of Magyars in Slovakia, Ukrainians in Poland, Poles in Bohemia, and Magyars in Rumania. These are only a few instances, but they are typical of the work which the Peace Conference has done behind the pretty scenery of self-determination.

There are, I know, many people in the United States who will object rabidly to any such defamation of that august body. If these people will hark back six or seven harks they will recall that one of the most austere and intense American supporters of the Peace Conference and its works once gave an English newspaper an enormous amount of free advertising. This paper, he said, was the only one he ever read, because of its wonderful grasp of European politics. He was referring to the *Times*.

For the first time [says an editorial in the London *Times* of March 4, 1920] the British public have now seen the European Areopagus—the Supreme Council of the Peace Conference—at work under their eyes. They have beheld its cowardice, its vacillation, its meanness. They have watched it as it jettisoned one doctrine after another as the fears and the hopes of each triumvir for his own electorate seemed to demand. They have

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observed it fumbling and groping from one subject to another without knowledge to illuminate it or principle to guide its steps. That has been a very wholesome object lesson to them. It has explained to them the character of much that was done in Paris. They understand now how the whole Treaty was made, and they know why it was made so ill.

There will also be many people who wish to take me to task for what I have said regarding the buncombe which has been written concerning Magyar oppression of the different nationalities within the borders of the old kingdom. To these people I would like to quote a statement made by Theodore Roosevelt to a prominent Hungarian in 1904.

"I know the history of Hungary," said Roosevelt, "and I cannot but admire the manner in which the dominant Magyar nation manages so many different nationalities and religions—manages to keep them loyal to their country, as they have been for so many centuries. We have the same problem in America, and in this respect we have much to learn from Hungary."

For all these reasons the Magyars lift up their voices and shout, "*Nem! Nem! Soha!*" ("No! No! Never!") when they speak of the dismemberment of the kingdom. Hungary is covered with antidismemberment posters, the most popular one being the blood-red relief map of Hungary as it was before the war, with great cracks running across it along the new dismemberment lines of the Peace Treaty, and with the words "*Nem! Nem! Soha!*" splashed beneath it.

But there are many other protesting posters. A new one is issued every few weeks, and all the shop

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windows and all the billboards and all the blank walls display it until a new one appears. One shows a relief map of Hungary with a hand plunging a cruel-looking knife into it and carving off huge chunks. "Can we endure it?" asks the Magyar word beneath the map—intimating that the Magyars are practically out of endurance. Another shows a Magyar peasant in his national costume, clasping a map of Hungary to his breast and protecting it against the attacks of birds of prey. Still another shows huge hands grasping at different sides of Hungary. "Thieves' Hands," says the title of this poster. Others show Magyar warriors in full armor defending the industry, the art, and the religion of the western world from the Tartar hordes and the Turkish invasion. The Magyars say that prior to their wars against the onrushing Turks back in the sixteenth century, 85 per cent of the population of Hungary was pure Magyar, but that so many Magyars fell before the Turks that at the close of the Turkish wars the population was only 44 per cent pure Magyar. This terrible loss of life took place in only a few decades, and because of it Hungary claims the title of the Ancient Bulwark of Christendom. By permitting Hungary's dismemberment, say the posters, Christendom will be making a very evil return for the debt which it owes to Hungary. "He who would dismember Hungary," reads one poster, "is paving the way for a fresh war." "Do you want four Alsace-Lorraines?" demands another, which represents the four dismembered sections bursting into flames. "Presburg, the Magyar Strasburg," reads still another, referring to the ancient

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Magyar city on the Danube which the Czechs have occupied.

The mental picture which the average American has formed of the Magyar, or Hungarian, I believe, is a somewhat erroneous one. The popular impression of him, if I am not mistaken, is that he is one of the hardest of hard-boiled eggs—a low person with a baroque mustache who gets into violent fights on Sundays. In reality the true Hungarian is one of the most amiable, hospitable, and attractive persons that one can find in Central Europe. On this fact the surrounding nationalities base some of their loudest shrieks. “Everyone who goes to Hungary,” they claim, “falls into the clutches of the Magyar aristocrats and is hoodwinked by their fine manners and their fluent lies and their generous hospitality!”

It is a fact that practically every American or Englishman who goes to Hungary is more favorably inclined toward the claims of the Magyars than toward those of most of the surrounding nationalities. To say, however, that all of them are hoodwinked is to make a statement which cannot possibly be true. There must be quite a number of Englishmen and Americans who are still capable of nailing lies, seeing through fine manners and resisting the debilitating influences of hospitality, whether these parlor tricks originate with Magyars, Celts, Slavs, or Germans. Roosevelt liked the Magyars, and it is highly probable that the amount of hoodwinking that was successfully foisted off on him would have discouraged the most hardened foister.

However, the true Magyar is either an aristocrat or a lover of the pomp and gauds of aristocracy.

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The newcomer writhes internally when he hears for the first time the form of farewell that is used so frequently by Magyar underlings and shopkeepers—“*Ich küsse die Hände,*” or, “I kiss the hands.” The Viennese, too, have that odd form of expression. One walks out of a restaurant or a theater or a store amid an echoing volley of “I kiss the hands!” It’s enough, as the less cultured American is sometimes heard to remark, to get your goat. But the Magyar likes it. He is a monarchist by nature. He wants a king. He is a superiorist; he feels that he is far better than any of the surrounding nationalities; and when asked about it he freely admits it. In the perpetual wrangle about culture which is constantly going on in Central Europe, the voice of the Magyar rings out loud and clear above all the others—not necessarily because his culture is so much better than all the others, but because he feels confident that there’s nobody with a culture which has his, so to speak, shaded.

When a Central European gets his legs under a table and starts to discourse on his culture he can run on for hours at a time unless he is forcibly shut off. He argues either that the other nations have no culture or that the other nations stole their culture from his own. The Czechs, for example, snort loudly at Magyar culture, saying that the Magyars stole what little they have from the Slovaks. This makes the Magyars almost wild with rage, and they howl frantically that the Czechs are rude and cultureless, and that the Magyar culture is worth eighteen or twenty cultures like that of the Czechs. They speak of their cultures in much the same way

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as chiefs of laboratories discuss diphtheria cultures. They mention them as though they could be injected into the forearm with a hypodermic needle. To an outsider who is getting his eightieth or ninetieth cultural earful in the course of about two weeks, most of the Central European culture conversation sounds about the same way as a cultural squabble between the cities of Terre Haute, Kansas City, El Paso, and Elmira would sound.

The Magyar, however, believes and has good reason for believing that he is more advanced in his civilization than are the Slovaks, the Rumanians, and all the other peoples who have been under Magyar rule for so many centuries. And the Magyar has been a fighting man for centuries. He is a born warrior. He has been accustomed to fight for what is his. Being a superiorist, he believes that it is genuinely better for the nationalities of the old Hungary to be under his rule than to be under their own rule. He sincerely believes that every part of the old kingdom belongs to him as much as Budapest belongs to him. Having been accustomed in the past to fight for what is his, he intends to keep right on fighting for what he considers his. Sooner or later he will fight for all the parts of the old kingdom that have been taken from him—just as we would fight eventually to get back South Dakota if the Grabbonians took it away from us. Germany has no argument to put up over the loss of Alsace-Lorraine and German Poland; Austria has no ground for protest over the loss of Bohemia; but Hungary has a large amount of ground on which to protest loudly and persistently against the loss of her integral parts.

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For this reason the Magyar wails of "*Nem! Nem! Soha!*" cannot be sniffed at by any person who hopes to see the peace of Europe in a position where it is not likely to be smashed into a million fragments by a week from almost any Friday in the future.

For the past six years the Magyars have had as much unwelcome excitement as any nation has ever had in that period of time. According to the Magyars, they were forced into the war by Austria against their wills. Hungary, they claim, had nothing to gain and everything to lose. They also claim that they have always had rather more than less sympathy for the Serbs—against whom the opening guns in the Great War were fired by Austria-Hungary—and that their admiration for England and America has always been very great. All the Magyars, moreover, say that they detest Austria and have always detested her. Austria, they say, has always made cat's-paws out of them—has always treated them like yokels. It is a fact that Hungarian society would never receive the Austrian and the Czech army officers before the war. The Magyars also claim that they have no use for Germany and never have had—that they were forced into an alliance with Germany in sheer self-defense. Such statements, must, of course, be taken with a grain of salt.

At any rate, the Magyars had nearly four and a half years of war. At the end of the war there was a revolution, and the Social Democrats took over the government. As in all the Social Democratic parties which now control Central Europe, those members of the party who were extremists—or who belonged to the Extreme Left, as the technical

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phrase runs—were plain Bolsheviks. In all of Central Europe the extremists of every Social Democratic party—which means the political party that is giving Europe to the dogs and frightening the business men to such an extent that they scarcely dare to open their factories or to speed up their industries—have the same bitter hatred of the bourgeoisie and of capital that the Bolsheviks have. In Vienna I went to Dr. Otto Bauer, former Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Dr. Friedrich Adler, a member of the National Assembly, for certain statements regarding the Social Democrats. These men are leaders of Social Democracy—the ruling class—in Austria. Both men said that they absolutely refused to make any statements to the American press, because it was universally bourgeois and capitalistic. The backbone of all Social Democracy is class warfare.

The Social Democratic government of Hungary, headed by Count Karolyi, was weak. The army, following the armistice, melted into thin air. Karolyi's War Minister, who apparently was chosen by Karolyi for reasons similar to those which seem to have actuated the choice of some of our own Cabinet Ministers, declared that he didn't care if he never saw another soldier as long as he lived. When the murmurs of the people grew to a thunderous roar Karolyi ran away to Czechoslovakia. Because he let the army go Karolyi is almost universally blamed by the Magyars to-day for their plight. He seems to have thought that the Allies would not allow an unarmed nation to be attacked. If this was the case his thinker was suffering from sand in the gear

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box. And he ran away under fire. This being the case, the Magyars are entitled to think as they please about him, even though some outsiders claim, as they do, that Karolyi was an idealist and a great man.

When Karolyi ran away there was a grand upset; and late in March, 1919, the Bolsheviks seized the government. The Bolshevik leaders were men of the lowest, vilest, and most brutal type. They were ignorant and avaricious. Their leader was Bela Kun, or Kohn, and his chief assistants were the two Szamuely brothers—who are always spoken of by the Magyars as “the terrible Szamuely brothers.” The Szamuely brothers are dead now. One, trying to flee from Hungary with millions of crowns in loot, committed suicide when he saw that his capture was certain. Another was executed. Bela Kun is imprisoned near Vienna. The Magyars are trying to extradite him so that they can try him for his crimes.

Under Kun, the Szamuelys, and the most ignorant and avaricious gang of thugs that ever held government positions outside of Bolshevik Russia, the Hungarian Bolsheviks inaugurated the red terror in Budapest. They murdered large numbers of the Magyar bourgeoisie. They did some very awful things. Under their rule the dregs of the slums rose up and scattered filth in the homes of the hated bourgeoisie. No member of the bourgeoisie was permitted to remain in full possession of his own home. In every home was put the outpouring of the slums—laughing and gloating over their hated enemies, the capitalists. The Bolsheviks printed

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money in a hurry—in so much of a hurry that they printed the notes on only one side of the paper. In every house they named one of their number to be a man of confidence, and to this man of confidence every person in the house had to come in order to obtain permission to have a pair of boots repaired, to buy a shirt, to get a piece of meat to eat. If the man of confidence approved, it was all right; if he disapproved, it was all wrong.

Stores were closed; windows were smashed; buildings were looted right and left. Persons possessing bank accounts could draw out only 200 crowns a month—and the crown was worth very little at that time. Later this law was altered so that a man could draw out as much as 2,000 crowns a month, but no more. There was only one newspaper—the red newspaper, and that printed nothing but Bolshevik news. The whole world was represented as going Bolshevik—especially America; and copies of the Socialist paper, the *New York Call*, bearing across the top of the front page the slogan, “Proletarians of the World, Unite,” were distributed in Budapest to show that Bolshevism was strongly entrenched in the United States. The bourgeoisie were thrown into prison. Daily lists were issued of the people who were to be shot because of anti-Bolshevik sympathies. A red army was formed, and many workmen were forced into it against their wills. That is to say, some of them were forced in. Many other non-Bolsheviks went in of their own accord.

A great many non-Bolsheviks shouted for Bolshevism in Hungary during the Bolshevik régime, because the Magyars are great opportunists.

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A part of the red army was sent down against the Rumanians, and a part was sent up against the Czechs, for when the Rumanians and the Czechs had seen Hungary lying helpless before them without an army or any other means of protection they had promptly waded in and helped themselves to whatever they wanted—and their wants were not at all modest. The section of the red army which went against the Rumanians got into action first, and promptly went to pieces. The Rumanians, fairly climbing up the backs of the fleeing Bolsheviks, came all the way across Hungary and into Budapest. That was early in August, 1919, and on that day Bolshevik rule in Hungary became a thing of the past.

Terrible as was the Bolshevik rule and the red terror in Hungary, it had one beneficial effect: Hungary, having had a good dose of Bolshevism, is permanently cured. It is the one country in Central Europe where there is no more fear of Bolshevism. "We know what it is now," say the Magyars, "and it can never happen again. Anything is preferable to it. It can never get started in the future."

From August until November, 1919, the Rumanians occupied the Hungarian capital. Not caring to wait for reparations committees to decide what indemnities Rumania should receive from the Central Empires, the Rumanians decided to be their own reparations committee and take what they wanted from Hungary while it was lying helpless on its back. So they went through Hungary with a fine-tooth comb. They took locomotives, freight

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cars, and passenger cars. They took astronomical instruments, microscopes, and scientific instruments. They took farm tractors and harvesting machinery. They took hoes and rakes and shovels and every other farming tool that they could find. They took corn and wheat and potatoes and all the other food-stuffs that the farmers didn't conceal. They even took from the farmers the seed wheat that had been tested and selected after years of experimenting, and shipped it back to Rumania to be ground up into flour. They gathered up all the horses and cows and sheep that they could find and shipped them back to Rumania. As a result the Magyar farmers lack farm implements, animals to cultivate their fields, and seed with which to plant them. There is a grave possibility that instead of being self-supporting in the autumn of 1920, as the Magyars had expected to be, another year may have to elapse, thanks to the Rumanians, before they can produce enough to feed themselves properly.

After Bela Kun and his infamous crew had been driven from power, one government followed another with bewildering rapidity. Hungary has always been cursed with politicians, and the post-Bolshevik politicians were representative curses—selfish fortune hunters, for the most part. The governments had no semblance of strength and no power to keep order, and under them the young Magyars ran amuck, took the law into their own hands, and killed a large number of the Bolsheviks who had made life so horrible for the Magyars. This sort of lynch law is only too common in the United States; so if Americans will consider what the Magyars endured

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from the Bolsheviks, they should have no difficulty in understanding how it was possible for the young Magyars to run amuck.

There were even posters in parts of Budapest reminding the citizens of the outrages which they had suffered, and suggesting by implication, though not in words, that the same treatment be accorded to the people who had been responsible for their suffering.

During the Bolshevik régime a Magyar admiral named Horthy decided that the time was ripe for action and plenty of it. Horthy had served in the Adriatic with distinction during the war, and had received so many decorations that when he put on all of them his left shoulder was five inches lower than his right. He was a popular man and a fighter. Moreover, he came of a fighting race; for five members of the Horthy family died in the great battle of Mohacs in 1526, when the Magyars finally went down to defeat before the Turks. And he had a fighting name—Miklos, which is pure Magyar for Mike.

Horthy went down to Szegedin, in southern Hungary, with a handful of other fighters, and sent out a call for volunteers. Officers and men flocked to him, coming in the most devious ways to escape the Bolsheviks. The Italians helped him and supplied his men with part of the arms which they needed. Horthy's men are well-trained, soldierly-looking troops. The Magyars themselves say that there are 30,000 men in Horthy's army. As a matter of fact, there is nearly double that number, at least.

When the Rumanians moved out of Budapest,

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Horthy moved in. He demanded order at once, and got it. He had no use for self-seeking, agitating politicians, or for strong-arm methods, and he said so frankly. Just after I arrived in Budapest, late last February, Horthy was made military dictator of Hungary, with the title of chief of state, or regent—the ruler until a king is crowned. Horthy started right out to do the dictating, too. The politicians framed up a set of rules for him to work under, so that they could go ahead picking up all the loose moneys that weren't pasted to the floor. Horthy's only powers were to be the right to kiss his hand to the people on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, attach his name to statements issued to the press, and ride in front of the band on a milk-white charger. The politicians came to Horthy one February morning and said, graciously, "You're elected regent; kindly step out on the balcony and address the populace." The populace, having been tipped off, was in front of the building, shouting itself hoarse, and the politicians figured that Horthy would not dare to refuse the popular demand.

Horthy, however, knew exactly what he wanted, and he didn't care how long he kept the populace standing in front of his residence. He demanded the right of sending parliament home when it got too windy, of making war without publishing his intentions several weeks ahead of time to the people whom he planned to hit, and of having several other highly dictatorial privileges—and of having them right away.

"After you have made these little changes," said Admiral Horthy to the waiting politicians with a

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benevolent smile, "the program will proceed. Until then the eager populace will not be addressed."

His demands were acceded to with some reluctance, whereupon he gratefully accepted the dictatorship, while the professional politicians started hunting for a soft place on which, as one might say, to get off.

Before I left Vienna for Budapest several people had occasion to ask me where I was going. When I mentioned Budapest they shook their heads knowingly. "You'll see a city of madmen," they said. "They're all crazy down there! The city is covered with posters demanding pogroms. The white terror which exists is worse than the red terror at its height."

I floated down the Danube to Budapest with both eyes wide open for madmen rushing along the banks with knives in their hands. I saw nothing but the swollen brown waters of the Danube, the flat, monotonous and wonderfully rich Hungarian farm lands and millions of wild mallard ducks. The Danube has worked up considerable of a reputation for beauty and blueness, on account of Mr. Strauss's celebrated waltz. It is, however, not particularly beautiful and not at all blue between Vienna and Budapest. Instead of "The Beautiful Blue Danube," Mr. Strauss should have written a jazz melody entitled, "Down on the Danube There Are Dandy Ducks," or something like that, if he wanted to be strictly up to date and truthful. As the little steamer churned downstream she was constantly surrounded by flocks of ducks which got out of the river ahead of her and circled round behind her to settle again and resume their feeding; blue-winged teal, geese,

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black swans, widgeon, and mallards, but mostly mallards. There were mallards in twos and tens and hundreds and thousands. They passed the steamer in never-ending flocks. The Danube has from three to eight channels, and innumerable backwaters and bayous all along the flat Danube basin, and the steamer was only kicking the ducks out of the main channel. I strongly recommend the Danube as a duck hunters' paradise.

Though there were no madmen rushing along the banks of the Danube, there were a number of men on the steamer who became so extremely upset that they might have been called mad by a purist. There were five hundred passengers on that steamer, and there were cabins for only thirty-eight of them. It is only a one-day trip from Vienna to Budapest, but, owing to the aversion of the steamboat officials to overwork themselves, the boats didn't run after nightfall. Consequently the steamer tied up a few miles out of Budapest, and the four hundred and sixty-two people who didn't have cabins had to lie down on the floor with their baggage and try to sleep. During the night some evilly disposed persons percolated among the slumberers and stole a large percentage of the baggage. To cap the climax, the purser went ashore during the night with most of the passage money in his pocket, met some low characters, and was relieved of 30,000 crowns. Consequently all the passengers had to be searched the next morning—all, that is, except one or two Americans who didn't exactly fancy the idea of being searched and were willing to fight for their fancies. As a result of losing their baggage and being searched,

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there were a great many persons on the boat who might have been classed as madmen without any undue stretch of the imagination.

The question of the white terror in Hungary is a delicate one to handle, because a great many of the people who have the most heated views on the subject are the ones who haven't been in Hungary and consequently don't know what they are talking about. They are prone to think that people who base their judgment on personal observation are either mistaken or have been misled or are deliberately falsifying. Quite briefly, the white terror is supposed to be the terrorization and murder of Hebrews in Budapest because of the part that Hebrews played in Bolshevik rule. The claim is made that this white terror has the official sanction of the Horthy government. It is claimed that more people are being killed under the white terror than during the red terror. It is claimed that the city of Budapest is plastered with posters inciting the people to kill Hebrews.

As a matter of fact, there are no anti-Hebrew posters or anti-Bolshevik posters or pro-pogrom posters exposed anywhere in the city of Budapest. I hunted for them very carefully, unwilling to take the assurance of Americans and Magyars alike that such things did not exist. I questioned a large number of people, ranging from college professors down to hotel porters, concerning such posters. A large percentage of the people I asked had never seen anything of the sort and were of the opinion that there hadn't been any such things. From others, however, I learned that anti-Bolshevik post-

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ers had been posted up in the city for a short time after the Bolshevik overthrow, and that these posters, by picturing the sufferings of the Magyars under Bolshevism, had tacitly encouraged retaliation. At the end of a short time, however, they had been taken down. After considerable effort I secured a copy of the poster admitted by all to have been the most virulent of the Magyar anti-Bolshevik propaganda. This poster is now in the possession of the publishers. It is no more rabid than many of the anti-German cartoons which appeared in America during the war.

As to the number of people who have been killed by anti-Bolshevik persecution since the Horthy forces entered Budapest and a sound government was started, the claims have varied between 200 and 2,000, with the average claimant leaning toward 2,000. The Socialists have been the ones who have made the most horrifying claims. Consequently the Socialist leaders were the ones to approach in order to obtain definite charges. This was done, and the Socialists furnished a list of the people who had vanished during the first two and one half months of the Horthy rule. This list, furnished by the injured party itself, contained not 2,000 names nor 200 names, but 26 names. These 26 persons had disappeared. It was implied that they had been murdered, but it was not so stated. Investigation showed that, of the 26, several were in Vienna, where they had fled when they learned of the violence of the anti-Bolshevik feeling in Budapest. Several others were located in Czechoslovakia, where they had fled for the same reason. This list

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is in the possession of Mr. Grant-Smith, American commissioner to Hungary.

There is a white terror in Hungary, but it is a good deal like the white terror that obtains in the United States among the reds. We have good reason to want to rid America of reds. We have made the fact very plain, and American Bolsheviks of both the gutter and the parlor variety are watching their steps with unusual care. The Magyars have far better reason to loathe Bolshevism and the Bolsheviks than America has yet been given, and the Bolsheviks know it. They are adhering rigidly to the straight and narrow path. That is the white terror. Those who can are fleeing to other countries. A few have been killed. But the story that no Hebrew dares to show his face in Budapest is pure piffle. As has been the case for many years, practically all the Hungarian banks, newspapers, politicians, nobles, and large farms are controlled by Hebrews who are as enthusiastic Magyars as any Magyar in Hungary, yet all businesses are running as usual in Budapest.

I went to Admiral Horthy himself for information concerning the white terror, for it is said among outsiders that the white terror is carried on by officers of Horthy's army.

"I am trying to maintain order in Hungary," said he, "and my officers and men know it. I have told them—and they understand perfectly—that if any murders take place while I am in power I will be seriously damaged. I know, if I may be pardoned for saying so, my officers' sentiments for me; and I know there is not one of them who would not suffer greatly rather than cause me any embarrass-

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ment. Whoever the men may be that are responsible for the few murders that have taken place, they have made every attempt to throw the blame on the Horthy army, but they have done it in an incredibly clumsy and stupid manner. For example, there was recently a most unfortunate and terrible affair: a newspaper editor was seized and carried to the country and murdered. His murderers traveled in a military automobile, and after the crime had been committed one of the men stood up in the automobile so that he could be seen by passers-by. He was dressed in a uniform, and in a loud voice he stated that he was an officer, and asked to be directed to the barracks. Such actions are ridiculous, for no murderer would brand himself so unmistakably. It was a clear attempt to throw the blame on my officers."

I asked Admiral Horthy whether his government wished to discriminate in any way against Hebrews, as reports say that it does.

"In no respect whatever," said Admiral Horthy. "The Hebrews control business and banking and journalism in Hungary because the Magyar aristocrats, in many instances, have been lazy and prone to regard work as beneath their dignity. Consequently we cannot exist without the Hebrews. The only antagonistic feeling among the Magyars is against the immigrants who have come in from Galicia during the war—the parasites who feed on one another and on everyone with whom they come in contact, and who have profited in food, so that they have grown wealthy while the price of the food has soared above the reach of our own people."

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As regards her money, Hungary is in practically the same position as that in which Austria finds herself. The reason for this is difficult to understand, for whereas Austria is stripped of factories, coal, farm lands, food, and everything that is necessary for a state's existence, Hungary still has almost everything that she needs in order to be self-supporting—or will have almost everything as soon as she has recovered from the war, Bolshevism, and the Rumanian invasion. Had it not been for the Rumanians she would have produced more than enough food for her own needs by the autumn of 1920. Her claims that she cannot exist without the territory which the Peace Conference has taken from her are untrue. It would be hard lines—and unfair lines—if she had to get along without this territory, but she could easily do it. And yet her money is as low as Austria's—or was as low as Austria's early in March, 1920. Why should it be so? I do not know, and I was unable to find out, though I asked everybody I met, from Admiral Horthy down to the hat boy in the Hungaria Hotel, not omitting several of Budapest's prominent bankers.

Some of it is due to the fluency with which the money is rolling off the printing presses; but Austria should unquestionably have the most worthless money in the world. She should lead her nearest competitors by several miles. How it is that Hungary can run neck and neck with her is a mystery. It is as much of a mystery as the reason why the Magyars always write their names hind side to, or front side back, so to speak. A Hungarian who signs himself Kiralfy Bela is really Bela Kiralfy. An

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American who signs his name Harry J. Wimpus is at once known to all Hungarians as Mr. Harry, and any telegrams which are received for Mr. Wimpus are put in the unclaimed rack, because Mr. Wimpus has become Mr. Harry and is unrecognized by any other name. Thus, Bela Kun is always referred to by the Magyars as Kun Bela, and if Mr. Irvin Cobb should go to Budapest to live he would have to call himself Cobb Irvin or be classed down in the ruck with the unknown Jones John and Smith Samuel and Brown Charles. What pleasure the Magyars get out of fooling themselves into thinking that "Macbeth" was written by Shakespeare William, and that the character Schofield Penrod was created by Tarkington Booth is quite beyond the comprehension of the average comprehender. It might add to the beauty of the well-known ballad "Old Black Joe" if it were Magyarized into "Old Joe Black," but I doubt it.

Nobody knows why these things are so, but they are so. Early in March the person who was fortunate enough to have American dollars could change them into Hungarian crowns at the rate of 250 crowns for each dollar. Since one dollar could be exchanged into only five crowns before the war, the financial expert will be able to reckon that the crown in March was worth one fiftieth of what it used to be worth.

There is the same amount of money speculation in Hungary as everywhere else in Europe. The result of this on money values is very bad. Round the 15th of February the money speculators were having a delightful time in Budapest. On the

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morning of a certain day one dollar would buy 300 crowns; at noon of the same day the rate had been forced down to 220 for a dollar—a difference of approximately 25 per cent. Stock speculation damages many people, of course, and is not a particularly savory proceeding, but stock speculation by comparison with money speculation is as innocent and harmless as passing the contribution box. Money speculation reaches and affects every person in the nation.

Food is plentiful in Hungary, because it is essentially an agricultural country. Czechoslovakia and Hungary are the two countries in Central Europe where an outsider with money can buy all the food that he wants, and in almost as great variety as it can be bought in France or Italy. The price of this food, however, is so high that it is almost beyond the reach of the Hungarian. A family of three people in Budapest that wishes to have meat five times a week and set a table that will keep the entire family well fed must spend 10,000 crowns for food each month, or 120,000 crowns a year. It is a difficult thing in Hungary, however, to scrape together 120,000 crowns a year. An assistant professor in a university receives 1,000 crowns a month, or 12,000 crowns a year, and on that amount of money he is so close to actual starvation that there isn't a trace of humor in the situation. The trick of having a suit of clothes turned by a tailor is the oldest of old stuff in Budapest. They learned it years ago. Now the Magyars are having their turned clothes re-turned, so that one sees some pretty pitiful things in the line of clothes.

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The workmen who are working are a little better off than university professors, because the average workman's wage is 100 crowns a day. There are a great many out of work, however, because of the universal lack of raw material and also because the Rumanians gutted so many factories of their machinery and tools. Probably the greatest sufferers are the once wealthy people who owned property in what is now Czechoslovakia and Rumania. Once they had incomes; to-day they have nothing. It is bad enough, say the Magyars, to have nothing under the best of conditions, but to have nothing when everything is so frightfully expensive is many times worse. For some little time I was unable to grasp this argument, for it seemed to me that the person who has nothing when prices are low is about as badly off as the person who has nothing when prices are high. "But, don't you see," explained the Magyars, "that when we pawn our belongings in order to live, we have to pawn so very much because of the high prices?"

The establishments in Budapest which traffic in old silver or jewels are doing an enormous business, and the city is full of them. I went into shop after shop of that nature, and in each one the people were lined up in front of the counter like bargain hunters in American department stores, but all of them were selling, always selling. In all the stores I visited I saw not a single person buying.

One of the largest shops of this kind was owned and managed by a Hungarian who, years ago, worked for one of the largest silver manufacturers in America. That man was one of the busiest men I have

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ever seen. His shop was full of people from early morning until late afternoon, all eager to sell him heavy old silver services and family jewelry and massive candlesticks, things that collectors would have fits over.

"I spend millions of crowns each month," said he, "but I haven't nearly enough money to buy the beautiful things that are offered to me. Everybody is selling all that he has in order to get food—selling, selling, selling, always selling. For everyone that comes in to buy, two hundred come in to sell."

"Then how do you live?" I asked him. "That arrangement isn't very equal."

"Don't you see," he explained, "that the people who buy are foreigners—Italians and Frenchmen and Englishmen and Americans? Our money means nothing to you people; so that one foreign buyer makes a great difference. Only a short time ago an Italian gave me two million crowns and told me to buy all that I could get with it. You see, that is eight thousand dollars. Yet for that amount of money I was able to buy for him wonderful old silver that Americans will be glad to pay sixty thousand and seventy thousand dollars for when they come to Italy.

"You ought to buy something," he said to me, insinuatingly. "You could sell it in America for fifty times what you pay for it."

"What would you suggest that I buy?" I asked him.

"Anything at all," he replied, cheerfully. "That's the nice thing about it. You can buy blind and still make money."

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A baroness came in with a bagful of family plate. The silver buyer examined it carefully, accepted several pieces, and handed back a beautiful silver fruit basket. The baroness asked why he hadn't taken it. "It isn't silver," explained the silver buyer. Poor baroness! Her silver wasn't silver. It was more humiliating than having to sell her belongings. I asked the silver buyer about her. He shrugged his shoulders. "Her estates are in Czechoslovakia," said he. "She can get nothing from them. She is selling everything from her town house. When everything is gone . . ." He turned up his hands enigmatically.

An army officer—a colonel—came in and sold a gold ring for 500 crowns; enough to buy six pounds of bacon. "That man," said the silver buyer, "has one of the finest private collections of old gold coins in the world. He cannot take them from the country because the law prohibits it. His constant fear is that he will have to sell them at a small part of their value in order to live."

A woman of the streets came in, pouting, and tried to sell two gold bracelets and a gold watch. She demanded 5,000 crowns for the watch. The dealer offered her 2,000. She accepted it and went away, still pouting.

A poorly dressed man came in, detached the chain from his watch and offered it for sale. The dealer questioned him for me. He was employed, he said, in the City Hall, where he received 250 crowns a month and free lodging, heat, and light. But he works part of each day outside City Hall, and labors each night, so that his total yearly earnings

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are 20,000 crowns. In spite of that he is forced to take 800 crowns from his savings each month in order to get along. And even with that he and his family can never eat meat or have milk. They are vegetarians in spite of themselves, subsisting almost entirely on potatoes, beans, flour, and sugar. As he talked, other Magyars came in to sell little things: one a teapot, one a pair of seed-pearl earrings, another a stickpin, one a silver mirror and a pair of cuff links. They gathered round the speaker, nodding their heads with approval at every word. Each one knew the exact price of every commodity; each one was selling his last possessions in order to live.

The farmers, like the farmers of every country, are in far better shape than the city dwellers. Owing to the difficulty which the city dwellers have in getting food, they barter with the farmers. A roughly dressed farmer came into Budapest, entered the best shoe store in the city, and demanded a pair of shoes. The shoe dealer shook his head. "They're six hundred crowns," he said, "and I think you won't be able to pay it." "Why not?" asked the farmer. "In my grandfather's time and in my father's time and in my time the price of a pair of shoes has always been equal to a pair of chickens; and to-day it is the same. Will you give me the pair of shoes for my two chickens or shall I take them to the market?" The shoe dealer said that he'd better take them to the market. He did so, and soon afterward he returned to the shoe store with 600 crowns—for 300 crowns is the price of a chicken.

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That, of course, makes it very nice for the farmer, but it helps the city dweller not at all. Figures compiled by Capt. Gardner Richardson, chief of the Hoover Child Feeders, or, more formally, the American Relief Administration, in Budapest, show that on an average the costs of seventeen commodities are sixty-six times as high as they were in August, 1914; whereas salaries have not begun to go up proportionately. In other words, the costs of necessities of life have increased 6,600 per cent, whereas salaries have increased only from 400 to 800 per cent. Let that sink in, all you people who find it so hard to struggle along when you find prices increased 100 per cent. Picture yourself confronted with a 6,600-per-cent increase in the cost of bread, meat, salt, eggs, shoes, and clothes. It takes something of an imagination. A man's shirt cost 5 crowns in Budapest before the war. Now it costs 180 crowns. A man's hat cost 8 crowns before the war. Now it costs 650 crowns. A pair of men's stockings used to cost $\frac{3}{5}$ crown, and now they cost 70 crowns. Americans must imagine themselves paying about \$35 for a one-dollar shirt, \$150 for an ordinary derby hat, and \$10 for a pair of socks before they can feel that their imaginers are working with sufficient smoothness to enable them to get the Magyar attitude. Much is made of the depreciation of the German mark and the difficulties which the Germans have in getting along, but the Germans aren't within several kilometers of the terrible position in which the Poles, the Austrians, and the Magyars find themselves. The Germans are unquestionably entitled to some sympathy, but in

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the League of Central European Nations That Need Sympathy, Germany is pretty well down in the second division.

The American Relief Administration feeds one meal to 125,000 undernourished Hungarian children each day. Because there is plenty of food in the farming districts the feeding is restricted to the city of Budapest and its suburbs, and to the mining and industrial districts. In addition to the food the Hoover organization has shipped to Hungary 50,000 outfits of children's clothing—shoes, stockings, and an overcoat in each outfit. An American Relief warehouse has also been opened in Budapest, so that the Hungarians may receive American food by presenting food drafts from America at the warehouse. No distinction is made as to race, creed, or political affiliation of the children's parents. Stories have gone round outside that Hebrew children are discriminated against. The stories are absolutely untrue.

Hungary, in March, was one of those extremely rare countries where an American diplomat could live on his salary. Vienna, having received many foreigners within her gates, kept very well in touch with foreign exchange and strove to put prices up to a point where foreigners would pay real money for what they bought. But not so many foreigners had found their way to Budapest when the first warm days of spring came stealing up the Danube; and the prices that foreigners paid were in some instances even more startling in their lowness than Vienna prices, which struck Americans as being about the lowest things in the world.

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I had a large room in the Budapest hotel which the Bolsheviks had honored by seizing for their headquarters, and which can therefore be unhesitatingly designated as the best. However the Bolsheviks may be maligned, they must always be given credit for wanting to live as the capitalists live. They hate the capitalists, I know, but they dearly love the capitalists' homes and money and automobiles and power. In fact, the only thing about capital that they dislike is the nerve of the capitalists in having what the Bolsheviks want but are incapable of getting by lawful means.

At any rate, this hotel fronted on the Danube, as do most of the good Budapest hotels. My windows looked across the Danube to the heights of Buda and the fortifications and the great palace of Maria Theresa that tops them. Under the windows the Danube steamers plied up and down, and vessels from Greece and the Black Sea discharged their cargoes. In American money that room cost 17 cents a day—or 41 crowns.

I have before me a dinner card from the Hungaria Hotel, whose restaurant has the reputation of being the best in Budapest—and the best in Budapest is very good. It is dated March 4, 1920, on which date a dollar bill could be exchanged for 250 crowns. Translating the items into an American money equivalent, I find that the following prices obtained: consommé in a cup, 1 1-5 cents; cold assorted meats, 12 cents; goose liver in jelly, 13 cents; cold chicken, 25 cents; cold fish with mayonnaise, 12 cents; sardines, 4 cents; carp in red wine, 16 cents; ham omelet, 16 cents; grilled lamb, 18 cents; fried filets

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of goose liver, 25 cents; goulash en casserole, 8 cents; roast beef, 20 cents; roast lamb, 20 cents; beefsteak hash, 20 cents; potatoes, $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents; creamed spinach, 3 cents; Brussels sprouts, 10 cents; salad, $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents; tarts, 5 cents; and cream cheese, $1\frac{1}{4}$ cents.

Turning carelessly from the dinner card to the wine list, I remark in passing that the best Hungarian still wines, on the same day, cost from 12 cents a quart to 42 cents a quart, while the best of a list of thirty-one Hungarian champagnes nicked the buyer to the extent of \$1.21 a quart. Any person who contemplates packing up and rushing to Hungary to spend the rest of his life should remember, however, that it is very difficult to get there without a good reason for going, that *visés* are hard to obtain, and that train travel in Central Europe for anyone but officials or persons with influential connections has the same deleterious effect on the human system that being dragged backward through a knot hole would have.

Another reason that Budapest prices are not so high as Vienna prices lies in the fact that tradesmen are forbidden by law to make more than 15 per cent profit on the cost of the article to the dealer. With the falling rate of exchange this frequently makes it rather hard on the tradesman. A furrier, in giving me the prices of various furs in his shop, quoted a red-fox neckpiece, lined with gray satin, at 1,400 crowns, or about \$5.60 in American money. "We used to be able to buy an undressed fox-skin for five or six crowns," he complained, "but to-day we have to pay two thousand crowns for an undressed skin."

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"How can that be," I protested, "when you are selling this fox neckpiece for fourteen hundred crowns?"

"The fourteen hundred crowns," he replied, "represents the original cost of the skin, the cost of making it up, and fifteen per cent profit. A greater profit than that is illegal."

He deserved great credit for his extreme honesty, of course, but his career as a business man, I fear, is doomed to an early and tragic end.

The following prices are taken at random from my notebook, with American equivalents for the Hungarian prices: women's hats in the best millinery shops, \$8; women's hats in the mediocre shops, \$1.70; a German-made safety razor with a dozen blades, 35 cents; a box in the diamond horseshoe of the beautiful Royal Opera House, 85 cents; a German-made vacuum bottle, 40 cents; Hungarian whisky with a label reading, "Made According to the Scotch Manner," 98 cents a quart; frogs' legs in the market, $\frac{4}{5}$ cent a pair; American canned salmon in $7\frac{3}{4}$ -ounce cans, 24 cents a can; Japanese canned salmon in 16-ounce cans, 24 cents a can; a large can of American pork and beans, 9 cents; a can of American soup of one of the most popular brands, 4 cents. The price of this American soup, which is less than half what it costs in America, is reminiscent of Italian trading with Vienna. Italian salesmen brought sardines to Vienna and sold them at a fine profit. Later, when the Austrian exchange rate fell, the same Italian merchants went back to Vienna, bought back all their sardines at greatly increased prices in crowns, shipped

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them back to Italy and resold them, making a larger profit on the second transaction than they had on the first one.

However, the Magyars are learning rapidly. A foreigner who asks prices when accompanied by a Magyar is given far lower prices than he would receive if he went alone. An American had an offer of an official residence for 40,000 crowns a year when the landlord wasn't sure of his connections. Later, when the landlord discovered that he was an American official, the price was jumped from 40,000 crowns to 300,000, which would put a kangaroo to blush, as one might say, in the matter of jumping.

In spite of the tremendous cost of everything in crowns, there are plenty of people in Budapest who are wearing beautiful clothes and filling the restaurants until midnight every night. They are war profiteers and food profiteers and people who are engaged in smuggling goods out to Switzerland, where they are sold at an immense profit. The hotels are crowded. For a time I slept in the reading room of the Hungaria Hotel—an enormous state chamber with a glass chandelier weighing about seven tons.

“How about a bathroom?” I asked the manager.

He looked at me reproachfully. “There is a baron sleeping in the bathroom,” said he.

Wherever a person goes in Hungary he falls over a baron. They seem to be almost as common as are doctors of philosophy and science and law and what not in Germany and Austria. Princesses are also very common in Hungary. A brick thrown

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at random into any dining room would hit either a baron or a princess. There is something in the Magyar blood that craves these little fringes and advance guards of royalty, just as there is something in their blood which demands a king to wear the sacred crown of Saint Stephen. They have a lost, uncompleted feeling without a king. I took the matter up in some detail with a number of Magyars, and the impression that I gathered from them was that a Magyar without a king felt a good deal like a man on Main Street without his trousers.

The sacred crown of Saint Stephen, to the Magyars, is a very potent emblem. If America had some particular object in which were blended the Liberty Bell, the Monroe Doctrine, the American eagle, Lincoln's Address at Gettysburg, and the Americanism of Theodore Roosevelt, it would be held in the same high esteem in which the sacred crown of Saint Stephen is held in Hungary. It is a neat-looking dome-shaped crown topped with a cross which is bent over as though one of the earlier wearers of it had knocked it off the bureau. It was presented to the first apostolic king of Hungary, Saint Stephen, by Pope Sylvester II; and Saint Stephen had himself crowned with it in the year 1000. All the kings of Hungary have been crowned with it ever since. When Austria and Hungary were joined together it wasn't enough for the emperor of Austria-Hungary to be crowned in Vienna. He had to come down to Presburg or to Budapest and be crowned with the sacred crown of Saint Stephen before the Magyars considered that the job had been properly completed. Little replicas

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of the crown are sold in all Hungarian jewelry shops.

The hated double eagle of Austria has been discarded as an emblem by the Magyars and supplanted by the sacred crown of Saint Stephen. It is stenciled in silver on the fronts of the steel helmets of Horthy's army.

To the Magyars, a king adorned with the sacred crown of Saint Stephen means security and safety. I asked many Magyars why they wanted a king, and that is the answer which was made by all of them. "A king means security and safety." It is safe to say that 90 per cent of the Magyars want to be ruled by a king. "We have tried a republic," they say, "and we have had a taste of Bolshevism. Now we want a king back again."

The Magyars really don't care whether they have a good king or a bad king, a strong king or a weak king, so long as he's a king. Their problem is a bit difficult, because they can't go out and pick up a capable-looking college professor or general or drug-store proprietor and make him king. They must have a man who is thoroughly familiar with the kinging business, who can employ eighteen or twenty thousand courtiers and maintain a dozen castles and palaces without caring anything about the expenses, and who knows the members of all the royal families of Europe by their first names. This requires a man with royal blood in his veins; and because of the fact that so many people of royal blood are either marooned in Switzerland or hived up in Holland for the rest of their lives, the Magyars are having a hard time of it. Admiral Horthy has

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been mentioned for king several times, but the mentions are not received with any enthusiasm. Horthy, say the Magyars, is a brave man, a strong man, a lover of law and order, and just the man to restore and maintain order in Hungary. But he has no royal blood in him. Therefore the Magyars do not want him for king. He represents exactly what the Magyars ought to have in the king line, but since he isn't royal the Magyars would prefer some half-baked kinglet. Horthy is the regent of Hungary—the uncrowned king. When the time comes, say the Magyars, he will name the king who is to rule, but he can never have the sacred crown of Saint Stephen blocked to fit his head. That's what the Magyars say, but they have received surprises in the past year, and they are apt to have more.

At dinner parties, in coffee houses, on street corners—everywhere the argument over a king is always raging. It is an involved and, to an American, an incredible affair. One party, the Legitimists, wants Hungary to be ruled by the former Austrian Emperor Karl. Karl is not only a weakling, an incompetent, and a trimmer, but he is a Hapsburg; and Hapsburgs are forbidden by the Peace Treaty. None the less, the Legitimists want him, because he was once crowned with the sacred crown of Saint Stephen. Consequently they claim he is still Hungary's king. It makes no difference to them that Karl, just before the end of the war, in spite of having sworn to protect the integrity of Hungary, said to the Croats, "Take from Hungary what you will; only remain under my scepter." The Legitimists can stomach anything so long as it's royal. It

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is hard to reconcile the Magyars' declarations of love for the Entente and their professed hatred for Germany and Austria with the equanimity and even eagerness with which, by their own confession, they would welcome a Hapsburg king.

The anti-Legitimists, who outnumber the Legitimists five to one, lean in several different directions where a king is concerned. At leaning they are heavy rivals of the Leaning Tower of Pisa. They are particularly given to leaning toward Prince Joseph, who is living quietly in Budapest at the present time and saying nothing in a very cagy and royal manner. Prince Joseph is also a Hapsburg, but a Hapsburg, according to the Magyars, who has always been against the Hapsburg policies and the Hapsburg intrigues. He is also related to the Belgian royal family through an aunt, a great-great-grandmother, a third cousin, or some other near and dear relative; and the anti-Legitimists are relying on this relationship to take off the Hapsburg curse so far as the Entente is concerned. In the war he first commanded an army division, then an army corps, then he was given command of the Transylvania front, and finally wound up on the Italian front. He is said by the Magyars to have led his men into action under heavy fire repeatedly, and to have been that unusual combination, a very popular commander and an excellent disciplinarian.

It is a rather sad specimen of royalty, however, who is not mentioned at least twice a week as a possible king of Hungary. A few of the royal brotherhood even go so far as to hire press agents to take up a residence in Budapest and see that

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their employers are mentioned. There is loud talk of an English prince, for the Magyars are very fond of the British. In fact, the British are the most popular foreigners in Hungary, with the Americans running them a close second. The young King of Bulgaria has had a large amount of quiet but intense propaganda thrust forward in his behalf; and the Rumanians thought it would be very nice if the King of Rumania, who is not at all overworked at home, owing to the activities of the Rumanian queen, should occupy his spare moments by holding down the Hungarian throne. This suggestion, it should be added, roused as much merriment in Hungary as a new Chaplin film. The Serbians started a little campaign in behalf of their king for the Hungarian throne, but it didn't get across very well. The Hungarians have heard too many tales about the manner in which the preceding king of Serbia met his death, so it flivved. Young Prince Charles, second son of King Albert and Queen Elisabeth of Belgium, also gets his name in the Hungarian papers regularly as a likely candidate. I heard no mention of the Sultan of Sulu or the King of Abyssinia as possible occupants of the Hungarian throne, but almost every other ruler, near ruler, and would-be ruler was mentioned. As to the question of who the unlucky man will be, you are at liberty to make your own guess. Whoever it is, the Hungarians will be thoroughly satisfied so long as he's a regular king.

The Magyars have swung too far in their reaction against Bolshevism, just as Czechoslovakia and Austria have swung too far in their reaction against a

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monarchy. They're all sick and in need of a large amount of doctoring.

I found one man in Central Europe who is optimistic over the future relationship between the nations of Central Europe, Hungary included. This was Admiral Troubridge, the British head of the Danube Commission, which exists for the purpose of facilitating and encouraging commerce on the Danube. The Danube, by the terms of the Treaty, is an international waterway, and all commerce in transit may pass freely between the Black Forest and the Black Sea without interference on the part of intermediate states. It may, that is, if it is lucky. Admiral Troubridge based his argument on the improvement that had taken place in Danube traffic between November, 1919, and March, 1920. When the Admiral made a trip of inspection up the Danube last November, practically everyone shot at his steamer. Rumanian, Serb, Austrian, and Czech soldiers, stationed along the banks of the river, took pot shots at the steamer every little while, apparently for the mere joy of shooting. He was carrying a crate of geese for food, and one of the geese was killed by a Czech bullet.

The Admiral stopped the steamer, went ashore, and read the riot act to the shooters. Their only reason for shooting seemed to be that they had guns and should, therefore, use them on any moving object. Every boat that moved on the river became a target for uniformed marksmen. That was in November, 1919. In March, 1920, four months later, passenger steamers were making frequent trips between Vienna and Budapest without a shot being fired at them.

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The opinion was hazarded that the soldiers had found from long experience that they couldn't hit the steamers, and that they were waiting for something bigger to come along. The Admiral didn't think so. He thought that the nations were calming down. He thought that the disturbances of the immediate present should be viewed with a tolerant eye, and eventually—say, in fifty or sixty years—the world will be rewarded by seeing all the nations bordering on the Danube living together in complete amity and accord. That was the most optimistic view of the situation that I found—and fifty or sixty years is a long time to wait.

The general opinion regarding Central Europe is that it is merely an extension of the Balkan States, carefully primed and pointed toward a long and complicated series of wars and revolutions and governmental crises. As a hotbed for riots, shooting frays, and general cussedness, say diplomats, soldiers, and travelers, Central America has at last been outdone by Central Europe. Compared with the Central Europe of to-day, Central America isn't in it.

All the Allied nations are playing politics and favorites in the new Central Europe, and the wheels are revolving with such vigor that anyone who tries to interfere, or even attempts to examine the wheels too closely, is more than likely to lose a couple of fingers or to have his coat torn off.

Italy wishes to secure the friendship of both Rumania and Hungary in order to have somebody to hit Jugoslavia in the back if Jugoslavia tries to start anything over Fiume. France is supporting Czechoslovakia so that she may have help when

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Germany fights again with France. Consequently she is opposed to taking anything from Czechoslovakia, no matter how strong Hungary's claims may be. England is deeply interested in Hungary because of her commercial possibilities, and also because it gives her a strong position from which to take graceful dives into Central European politics. Italy is opposed to Czechoslovakia because Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia are close friends, and anything which strengthens Yugoslavia is offensive to Italy. That is the cloudiest beginning of that frightful mess known as Central European politics. It has more branches than a banyan tree or the Boston and Maine Railroad. To go into it more deeply at this juncture would only result in giving the reader a headache.

Meanwhile the Magyars claim that Slovakia has been stolen from them and that they intend to have it back. If they wait long enough and with sufficient patience, they claim, Slovakia will separate from the Czechs and come back of its own accord. There are 700,000 Magyars in Slovakia who are forced to live under Czech rule; the Czechs have stolen the Hungarian city of Presburg; they are oppressing the Magyars. Will the Magyars endure it?

Nem! Nem! Soha!

Rusinia is also a part of Hungary, and it has been taken into Czechoslovakia. By this Hungary has been deprived of pine forests which are an economic necessity to her. The Rusins are starving because they can no longer come down on to the Hungarian farms and earn their winter's provisions. Can the Magyars supinely endure such a state of affairs?

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Nem! Nem! Soha! Not so that you could notice it!

The Rumanians have come into Hungary and stolen thousands of square miles of territory that does not belong to them. They are forcing 3,000,000 Magyars to live under a government which is far less advanced than the government under which they were brought up. They have stolen provisions and cattle and live stock of every description from the Magyars, leaving thousands of them destitute and helpless. Will the Magyars submit to this loss of territory which is theirs, and to the oppression of 3,000,000 Magyars in the stolen districts?

Nem! Not by a jugful of *Nems!*

The Allies have given German West Hungary to the Austrians. But that is Magyar territory, settled by German immigrants. The Hungarian-Germans are separated from Austria by mountains, and they cannot cross the mountains or have economic intercourse with Austria unless they use balloons. Their economic future lies with Hungary, not with Austria. The land belongs to Hungary, say the Magyars, and the inhabitants wish to remain with Hungary. Will Hungary suffer this land to be torn from her?

Nem! Nem! A hundred times *Nem!* And a thousand times *Soha!*

The banks of the Danube at Budapest are underlaid with hot springs, sulphur springs, saline springs, smelly springs, and very smelly springs. Huge and sumptuous baths have been built over many of these springs—not to hold in the smell, but so that the people can enjoy the baths. Admiral Horthy had

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taken over one of the largest of these buildings and was doing his dictating from it. I went there and found the building full of soldiers wearing the old German tin hats emblazoned on the front with the sacred crown of Saint Stephen; swashbuckling husars with little peanut jackets edged with black Persian lamb round the collar and the cuffs and the lower edges of the bobtailed coats; officers fresh from the field with the new and unmistakable insignia of the Horthy army—a single large feather sticking up pugnaciously from the fronts of their jaunty caps; officers with hundreds of pounds of gold braid cunningly attached to unexpected parts of their uniforms. Aids and secretaries told me that Horthy worked from eight o'clock in the morning until midnight.

I found him plowing through a mass of papers. He was wearing a plain-blue uniform, like the British naval uniform, and he looked and acted and talked like a quiet, affable, and likable Englishman—though his speech sounded a bit as if he were affecting a slight Weber-Fieldsian dialect.

I asked him what, in his opinion, Hungary needed the most in the way of help. He smiled somewhat ruefully. "I will not say 'arms,'" said he, and then he stopped. But he said it in such a way that it was impossible not to gather that if Hungary could have the arms that she needed she would be quite competent to look out for her future without any help from anyone. "We have enemies on every side of us," Horthy explained. "They have stolen from us whatever they could, and they long to steal more. The situation is an impossible one. I shall never do anything which goes against the orders of

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the Allies, but we hope to be permitted to protect ourselves against our enemies. Just at present we have been stripped; we are a beggar nation; and there is nothing more which our enemies can take. But in the autumn, or next year, when we are producing more food than they, the robber nations will want to seize from us the food which they do not possess. Unless we can protect ourselves they will do so."

Horthy explained that the country still had hopes of being able to feed itself next autumn. "When the Rumanians robbed our farmers," said he, "the farmers were able to conceal a great deal, and bury much seed where the Rumanians were unable to find it. This is now being brought to light, and the patriotic farmers are sending it to us for distribution."

I spoke of the barbed-wire entanglements and trenches which the Czechs had made on the border between Slovakia and Hungary. "The Czechs speak of the Hungarian spring offensive, and of the inciting of Bolshevism in Slovakia by the Magyars so that they may have an excuse for marching on the country. How about it?" I asked.

Horthy smiled contemptuously. "That's only their guilty consciences," said he. "They have taken what doesn't belong to them, and they know it. Czechoslovakia is on the verge of Bolshevism, we believe, but if it should go Bolshevik we shall only defend ourselves. I have asked Admiral Troubridge to send a gunboat to Presburg to protect the Magyars there against Bolshevik attacks. That has been my only action."

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“And when the Magyars say, ‘*Nem! Nem! Soha!*’ do they mean it?” I asked.

“The Magyars are fighters for what they believe to be right,” said Horthy. “America recognized that years ago in the honor which she did to our great patriot, Kossuth, and the addresses which were made to him by the greatest men in America when he went there over half a century ago. I feel sure that if we wait long enough the lands which have been unjustly taken from us will fall back to us of their own accord. They are ours and they have always been ours. But it is hard to wait when Magyar people are being forced to live under civilizations which are lower than their own. These things are wrong, and the Magyars, as I have said, are fighters for what they believe to be right.

“My greatest wish is that Americans might come to Hungary in great numbers. We are deeply grateful for all that America has done for Hungary in the past, and we are confident that all Americans who come to us will realize the wrong that has been done to us and give us their sympathy and their understanding.”

V

ALMOST SUNNY ITALY

IN Italy there is a popular and fascinating game known as "morra." The game is easily played, for it requires no expensive tools and no outlay for playing fields, special garments, or other hindrances. Its only requirements are two players, each of whom must have a loud voice and one hand with five fingers on it. Thus the game is within the reach of practically everyone.

To play the game of morra, the two players face each other. Each one raises his clenched hand shoulder high and suddenly brings it down in front of him with one or more fingers extended. At the same time he bawls out a number. The number which he bawls out is his guess as to the number of fingers which have extended from his opponent's hand plus the number which have been extended from his own hand. Thus, he may stick out two fingers, but shriek "Five!" in ear-splitting tones—the idea being that he guesses that his opponent will extend three fingers. Or he may thrust down his hand with all the fingers extended and howl "Ten!" which means that his opponent will also have to extend his fingers with equal generosity if the guess

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is to be correct. That, in effect, is the game of morra. It has few rules. One of the rules is that when one of the players has ten correct guesses to his credit, the other player shall buy him a drink. Another of the rules is that when the players begin to fight over the game, as they invariably do, the onlookers shall make an attempt to separate them before one of them draws a carving knife and dissects the other in a crude but effective manner. Still another rule is that nobody in Italy shall play morra after ten o'clock at night. This rule is a national law. The Italian lawgivers discovered that so many Italians had settled down to steady drinking by ten o'clock at night that morra fights which started after that hour were not easily quelled and consequently were very apt to end fatally.

That is the great trouble with morra as played in Italy. In spite of its childish simplicity and its lack of intricate and bewildering rules, the Italians always fight over it. Whenever a person sees a game of morra in progress and is suffering from boredom, he needs only to hang around for a few minutes in order to witness an exciting and possibly hair-raising fight. Morra causes more accidents each year than do all the automobiles and railroad trains in Italy. Usually the accidents are cutting accidents, though occasionally they are indirectly caused by chairs, table legs, boot heels, and other blunt instruments. The Japanese play a game which is almost exactly like morra, but the Japanese do not fight over it. Similar games provide relaxation and amusement without fighting in several other countries. It is only in Italy that the game breaks up

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in violence which brings the police running madly to the scene, and in raucous cuss words of such ferocity that little children are constrained to seek sanctuary in convenient drain pipes.

There is, however, a point which is frequently overlooked in morra fights. After the contestants have been separated and the table-leg splinters have been removed or the cuts closed with neat button-hole stitches, the two principals invariably kiss fervently, according to the peculiar Italian custom, and go home with their arms around each other's necks. In Kentucky, I venture to say, a man who had been struck viciously over the head with the major portion of a Heppelwhite hatrack would brood over his wrongs so persistently that the person who had done the striking would soon require the undivided attention of a skilled mortuary expert. In Albania, an intriguing country, a man who had been smitten by any sort of instrument, blunt or otherwise, would go ramping ferociously up and down and around the mountains of Albania with a knife between his teeth and his finger trembling tremulously on the trigger of his rifle until he had located the smiter and perforated him from so many angles that all of the four winds of heaven could blow through him without hindrance, no matter how he was left lying. Never would a Kentuckian or an Albanian devote any of his precious moments to kissing a person who had made a pass at him with an angular table leg or sought to introduce a No. 5 carving knife between his waistline and his floating ribs. He might so far cool off as to rest content with kicking him, but never with kissing him!

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But in Italy a grievance is soon forgiven and forgotten. Blows are quickly followed by embraces. Two strong men who at one moment have been attempting to cut each other to shreds will, five minutes later, be raising blisters on each other's cheeks by the violence of their kisses. This is known as the Italian temperament, and the Italian temperament is too often disregarded when the Italy of to-day is under discussion.

In adjacent countries they are predicting terrible things for Italy. The industrial north, say the wise-ones, is on the verge of going Bolshevik and establishing a Soviet form of government. Sicily and the southern provinces, they say, are on the verge of separating from the mother country and setting up a republic. The Communist leader in Vienna assured me early in 1920 that he expected Italy to go Bolshevik in the near future, and that when Italy went Austria would also go. On the day before I left Austria for Italy a keen observer of events informed me in hushed tones and with ominous headshakes that things in Italy were very bad—very bad! Workingmen were taking over the factories; the King was to be fired by the Socialists; the great Italian boot, hanging down into the Mediterranean, was vibrating so violently with evil forces that it was expected to kick itself into a complete wreck at almost any moment.

I came over the mountains into Italy, expecting to see a series of highly entertaining riots and trustfully believing that there would be lots of thrilling things to write about. I came through Venice and Bologna, where the sausage comes from, and Pistoja,

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where pistols were invented, and down to Rome, and the only thing that looked like a riot was a somewhat heated argument between two Venetian gondola chauffeurs as to the hotel which would be most pleasing to my captious American taste. One of them insisted passionately that the Grand was the best, and the other held out noisily for the Royal Danielle, but after they had argued for five minutes I went back to the train and departed, for the train didn't stay long enough to permit me to go to any hotel at all.

As for thrilling things to write about on that trip down to Rome, there were no shooting frays or machine-gun actions or anything of that sort, but there were things which were equally thrilling to people who had been making extended sojourns in Central Europe. There was, for example, a rich yellow Italian cheese on sale at all railway stations, and genuine milk chocolate, and sausages heavily larded with fat—delicacies which can only be properly appreciated by persons who have been eating the fatless foods of Central Europe for a few weeks or months. And the Italian trains, instead of being three or eight or eighteen hours late, were actually on time. The customs officials were polite. Everything was strangely thrilling. Conditions in Italy may be very bad—very bad! as the keen observers in adjacent countries like to observe in such melancholy tones, but by comparison with conditions in Central Europe, Italian conditions are little short of heavenly.

That is to say, they are little short of heavenly if one is lucky enough to dodge the strikes which

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exist in such profusion in Italy at the present time. In fact, the strike crop in Italy just now is surpassed only by the grape crop, the onion crop, the flea crop, and the Roman ruin crop. The Italian laborer is just beginning to grasp the deep, soul-stirring joy which lies in striking and making everyone, including himself, excessively uncomfortable. It is the Italian temperament asserting itself. The Italian temperament has always objected strongly to doing things in the regular, legal, commonplace way. It is the Italian nature to be against the government and everything in power—possibly because so many Italian governments in the past have been so very, very bad, not to say rotten. This fact is recognized by the Italians themselves as a national characteristic, similar to the liking for blue golf pants on the part of the Montenegrins and to the affinity between Frenchmen and snails.

Rome once had a mayor named Nathan who conceived the idea of putting iron baskets in the park, surmounted by signs requesting the care-free Italian populace to throw paper in the baskets instead of on the grass. The baskets always went empty, however, for every Italian who read the signs promptly threw all his papers everywhere but in the baskets.

With the advent of spring the Italian government ordered that all clocks be set back an hour so that the people might have the advantage of an extra hour of daylight. The new time was always designated "the legal hour." In Italy, as in other countries, a large number of boneheads didn't care for the legal hour, so they made a frightful uproar and organized strikes against it. The street-railway

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employees, for example, were striking against the legal hour. I asked one of them his reasons. "The new hour," said he, "makes it necessary for us to get up too early in the morning. Everything is foggy and dark." I reminded him that the new hour saved coal for the nation and gave him an extra hour of daylight when his work was done.

"Yes," he said, "but it is too foggy and dark when we get up."

"Our mistake," declared Premier Nitti, "was in calling it 'the legal hour.' We should have known that no true Italian would have endured it. We should have called it 'the illegal hour.' Then every Italian would have been unanimously in favor of it."

The Italian farmer has always blamed his rulers for undesirable climatic conditions. "It is raining!" he says. "Thief of a government!"

In strikes the Italians have found a wonderful medium through which to express their distaste for law and order. Somebody is striking somewhere at all hours of the day and night. The reasons for the strikes are often shrouded in the darkest mystery. Too frequently the strikers themselves haven't the slightest idea why they are striking, yet they strike with a cheerfulness and abandon that would arouse a thrill of admiration in the breast of the most mercenary walking delegate.

If one happens to run into a series of Italian strikes, conditions do not impress one as being particularly heavenly. One is impressed in quite the opposite way, in fact.

I left Belgrade early in May on one of the few good trains now existing on the continent of Europe—

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the Orient-Simplon Express. This train starts from Bukharest in Rumania, runs across Jugoslavia and Italy, through the Simplon tunnel into Switzerland, and across France to Paris. It is made up of sleeping cars, which are known as wagon-lits in Europe, and a dining car. The train got safely across Jugoslavia and rolled gently into the Italian city of Trieste early in the morning, just as the passengers were luxuriously thinking about getting up slowly and comfortably. Their luxurious thoughts, however, were rudely shattered by an unhealthy-looking man in a railway official's uniform who capered up and down the platform gleefully and ordered all the passengers to descend. The train, he declared with an offensive smirk, would go no farther because the wagon-lit employees were striking. The passengers would kindly use expedition in descending.

The passengers poured out like angry hornets, demanding frantically to be told what the wagon-lit people were striking for. The official did not know. Neither did the wagon-lit employees. Not knowing what the strike was about, they were incapable of forming a trustworthy opinion on when it would be over. Most of the passengers, not expecting to get off the train in Italy, had no Italian money with which to buy food. Those who ventured into the streets of Trieste discovered that all of the shops were closed as tight as drums. They had been closed for more than a week because the employees were striking. They were striking for 70 per cent of the net profits of the businesses, in addition to their salaries. The shopkeeper was to have 30

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per cent of what he made. The other 70 per cent was to be divided among his employees.

The passengers from the Orient-Simplon Express crowded into the first train going in the general direction of Paris. Some of them squeezed into second-class coaches, and a few into third-class coaches. They were unanimous in saying that they would endure anything to get out of Italy. The railway officials assured them that it was a through train. It would eventually get them to Paris, they were told. They rode all day. Early in the evening the train came to Milan. Here another railway official walked up and down beside the train and informed the passengers that the train would go no farther. The striking wagon-lit employees had requested the railway to stop the train, and the railway had graciously consented. Everyone would therefore kindly descend, using speed.

Everyone descended, using more profanity than speed. The hotels of Milan were congested, so that many of the passengers slept on the floor of the station, which, like all Italian stations and every other variety of Italian building, was heavily populated by fleas. Those who went out to hunt for food were met by the glad tidings that the restaurant employees of Milan were striking. Why were they striking? Well, they were striking because the restaurant proprietors were making all the money. This was not fair. The employees should receive 25 per cent of the net profits. A little knot of restaurant employees told me all about it. I asked them a question. Suppose the restaurant proprietor lost money. Were they willing to

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pay 25 per cent of his losses? They regarded me with contempt. A restaurant proprietor, they assured me, did not lose money. But suppose he did, I insisted. They talked very loudly and waved their hands in my face after the Italian manner. Here was something that I was to get firmly fixed in my head. A restaurant proprietor did *not* lose money. He *made* money. What was the use of talking about a restaurant proprietor who *lost* money? Certainly they wouldn't pay 25 per cent of his losses, because there wouldn't *be* any losses. Was I crazy, that I asked such a question, or what was the matter with me? A gray-clad policeman with a business-like revolver at his belt strolled carelessly in our direction at this moment. I therefore strolled carelessly up an alley and went away; for the Italian policeman has a habit of agitatedly getting out his revolver and shooting it off in a loose and uncontrolled manner when confronted by a crowd or any gathering of people which looks like a crowd or which can be stretched by a nimble imagination into a crowd.

There is one thing for which the Italians will probably never have to strike. I refer to policemen. Wherever one turns, especially in these days of strikes, he finds a policeman looking at him in an intent and embarrassing manner. These are a new sort of police, all taken from the army and all carrying a mean-looking revolver, ostentatiously displayed. Whenever a strike is on, they stroll around in pairs in close proximity to everything and everybody that has anything to do with the strike, and whenever there is any untoward disturbance or

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gathering they unlimber their revolvers and shoot them wildly in all directions. If the gathering or disturbance is not quieted by this demonstration, they suddenly begin to shoot with less wildness but more frequency. There are a great many strikes in Italy, but because of the lavishness with which the Italian police do their policing Italian strikes generally end as pure and unadulterated strikes, instead of as battles royal, as they so frequently do in America and other countries which are supposed to be in far better condition than Italy. There are thirty thousand Royal Guards, as the new police are called, and it is expected that there will be fifty thousand of them before long. With fifty thousand of these heavily revolved persons strolling observantly through the highways and byways of Italy, it is expected that the keen delights of striking will soon begin to pall on even the most enthusiastic Italian strikers.

But as things stand to-day, an Italian must strike in order to be in vogue. Striking is all the rage in Italy, just as it is all the rage for Italian tailors to construct a pair of trousers in such a manner that the waistline is located close up under the armpits, instead of down around the waist where Nature, in her superior wisdom, planned it. Separate strikes have been negotiated by the street sweepers, the railway employees, the post and telegraph employees, the garbage collectors, the cooks, the cab drivers, the hotel and restaurant waiters, the street-railway employees, the excavators of Roman ruins, the butchers, the confectioners, the ironworkers, the barbers, the field workers, the

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tailors' assistants, and various other classes of toilers. There have also been a number of general strikes in which everybody has quit work for varying lengths of time. General strikes are usually declared in order to show sympathy for somebody—not to get definite results. Having shown their sympathy by a general strike, the strikers go back to work, and the person or persons for whom they have shown their sympathy get sympathy only—and it is difficult nowadays to become excessively obese on sympathy alone.

For example, late last March the workmen in a big Naples factory sent a delegation to the manager and demanded a wage increase of 100 per cent. They also demanded an immediate reply. The manager pointed out that he could not give an immediate reply until he had consulted with the owners. One of the workmen thereupon shot him. Then the workmen took over the factory, locked up the office employees, and announced that they were going to run the factory themselves. This news was conveyed to the police, who found themselves unable to approve of the suddenness with which the workmen had acted. They therefore came running down to the factory with their revolvers held nervously and loosely in their hands. The workmen gathered on the factory roof and tossed a number of bricks on the heads of the policemen, in addition to firing at them freely with revolvers. The police gayly returned the fire, and when the tumult and the shooting died several of the strikers were also found to have become thoroughly dead. The police then broke into the factory, released the wounded man-

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ager and the office employees, and arrested the leading strikers, who were prominent Socialists. On the following day all Naples was tied up in a general strike to show sympathy for the imprisoned Socialists. The general strike lasted for twenty-four hours. At the end of that time everybody went back to work. The imprisoned ones, however, remained in prison—greatly heartened, no doubt, by the general sympathy extended to them.

During the same month all the waiters in Naples struck, their grievance being that the restaurants added 10 per cent to the bills for service and then failed to give the 10 per cent to the waiters who had done the serving. The whole affair eventually came down to just one restaurant proprietor who was pig-headed and didn't want to give in. The striking waiters were busily engaged one day in a demonstration against the pig-headed proprietor when a detachment of Royal Guards encountered the crowd and began to shoot off their revolvers according to custom. Several people were wounded, and on the next day there was a general strike as a protest against everything. It lasted only a day, and it accomplished nothing—except to give the strikers a warm glow of pride over their sympathetic attitude.

Railway strikes are viewed with more wholehearted loathing by the Italian people and by tourists than any other variety of strike. They occur without warning, and a traveler who is unfortunate enough to be overtaken by one is more than likely to find himself dumped down, bag and baggage, in the middle of a lot of picturesque Italian scenery, but from twenty to forty miles from a

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hotel. Until the strike is over not a train runs. When I crossed northern Italy in May the railroads were just recovering from a strike which lasted eight days, during which time not a wheel turned.

In the industrial centers of northern Italy—Turin, Milan, and Genoa—strikes are more common than in the south because of the large numbers of Communists who infest these cities. Workingmen in these centers are constantly on the verge of taking over factories in order to run them for their own benefit, and the government is constantly teetering around nervously in an attempt to guess the exact moment when it must take over the factories itself in order to forestall the Communists.

Nor is the agricultural south without its troubles. In the south the land is held in great part by large landowners. The peasants, keenly desiring their own land, have banded together and marched on the large estates, dividing them into convenient plots and starting to work the plots themselves. The landowners register an ear-splitting howl of protest, whereat the *carabinieri*, or rural police, march against the excited peasants, kill a few of them, and eject the remainder from their newly acquired fields. There is guerrilla warfare for a few days; all the landworkers strike with great heartiness. Sympathy is shown by a general strike. Matters calm down—and then the whole thing starts over again when another crowd of peasants get together and occupy the estates of several large landowners. This sort of activity provides the principal form of relaxation for the natives of the province of Lecce, which takes in the heel of the Italian boot.

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After noting a few samples of the labor difficulties which obtain throughout Italy, the casual observer is inclined to throw up his hands and urge that Italy be separated from the rest of the world by a high reinforced concrete fence so that its Bolshevistic inhabitants cannot get out and contaminate anybody else. They are not new symptoms for Italy, however. She has suffered from the same pernicious sort of seven-year itch before, and has staggered through with flying colors. For three years after the end of the war between Austria and Italy in 1866 the laborers used to riot and wreck shops and appropriate other people's goods to their own use. In 1898 there were bread riots in Italy which threw any Italian riots of 1919-20 into the deep shade. At various cities, and notably at Milan—always a hot-bed of Socialism—the movement developed into a regular revolution, with the Socialists aligned against the government. The government was obliged to proclaim a state of siege at Florence, Leghorn, Naples, and Milan, and the mob at one time became so ferocious that the commanding general opened on it with his artillery, killing upward of ninety persons and wounding several hundred. The leaders of the Milan mob were convicted on so many counts that each one of them was sentenced to several centuries in jail, but it was the Italian temperament, and in three years' time everyone was out of jail and the erstwhile opponents were kissing one another tenderly.

As far back as 1900 the increase in the number of strikes which were taking place in Italy caused a large amount of unfavorable comment among people

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who like to see workmen work regularly. "Since 1901," says one book of Italian statistics, "there have been, more than once, general strikes at Milan and elsewhere, and one in the autumn of 1905 caused great inconvenience throughout the country and led to no effective result." The conditions which exist in Italy to-day are very similar to the conditions which have existed there, off and on, for the past few centuries.

As in many other parts of the world, unrest and dissatisfaction are rampant in Italy. Down in Sicily, last spring, the Sicilians showed their general dissatisfaction by holding a demonstration against the King and Queen of Italy. The King and Queen of Italy are rulers whose democracy is about 100 per cent pure. They are as simple and as unaffected people as one can find. The King has turned his great estates over to the people; he has given his palaces to be made over into homes for old soldiers and hospitals and suchlike things. He lived with the soldiers in the trenches during the war. The Queen goes among the poor people and mothers their babies and talks with them as any next door neighbor would talk. They are the real thing in democracy. So the Sicilians hold demonstrations. Why? Because the King and Queen are too democratic. Yes, unrest and dissatisfaction are rampant in Italy. Never a day goes by without some very pronounced ramping, and there is a strong belief in many quarters that the all-European ramping championship, so far as unrest and dissatisfaction are concerned, should be awarded to the Italian people. Rampant as these things are, how-

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ever, the percentage of Italians which indulges in them is not more than 10 or 15. The bulk of the Italian people own little pieces of ground or little shops. They have a little money in the bank, and they are not rampers by nature. If unrest and dissatisfaction are rampant, the ramping must be carried on without their assistance. They would no more join in a revolutionary movement than they would entertain the notion of jumping into the crater of Mount Vesuvius in order to keep warm during the heated term. They may be parties to the general unrest and dissatisfaction, but they are deeply averse to any change in the government. They are averse to it because it is a matter of common knowledge among Italian peasants that a change in government means increased taxes, and they have about as much desire for increased taxes as they have for a cholera epidemic or for prohibition. The Italian peasant and agriculturist, who makes up from 80 to 90 per cent of the population of Italy, has a deep and sincere craving to be let alone. This craving amounts almost to a passion. The famous Garibaldi, who was a great hand to raise forces for the purpose of freeing Italy, said that he never had any peasants among his volunteers. They wanted no change in government: it would bring them nothing but increased taxes. So the revolutionary movement which is pestering Italy just now will never be supported by a large percentage of the Italians. The chief support comes from the loud-mouthed, easily influenced, hard-boiled workmen in the industrial centers—the people who haven't any stake in the country—the men who didn't fight during the war,

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but who stayed at home and received higher wages than they had ever before dreamed of receiving in their lives. These folk are particularly dissatisfied. They don't want anybody to get more money than they get. They want everything in sight and a little more beside. By way of expressing their dissatisfaction they have voted the Socialist ticket with great vigor and unanimity, though many of them have not joined the Socialist party. In Italy there are some 38,000,000 people. The Socialist party only claims to have about 120,000 men regularly inscribed on its membership rolls, but among the 120,000 it has a great number of paid agitators—*propagandisti*, they are called—who are constantly speaking at meetings, presiding over them, writing newspaper articles, and distributing Socialistic doctrines among the dissatisfied workmen.

In spite, however, of having only 120,000 recognized members, the Socialist party recently elected 156 Socialist Deputies to the Chamber of Deputies, which has a total membership of 508. The highest number of Deputies which the Socialists had elected prior to the last election was 40. Relics of that last election may be seen to-day on fences and on the walls of buildings from the north of Italy down to the south. "*Vive Lenin!*" read signs which industrious Socialistic hands have applied: "Vote for Lenin! Vote for the Socialist party! A vote for the Socialist party is a vote for Lenin! Lenin, the greatest man in the world! Hurrah for the Soviets! Hurrah for Soviet Russia! Vote for Lenin and the Soviets!" The Socialists in Italy and all over Europe are working overtime to-day at the con-

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genial task of press-agenting Lenin. They have now reached a stage where Lenin is represented as a combination of Napoleon, Saint Anthony, the Angel Gabriel, George Washington, Augustus Cæsar, and the man who struck Billy Patterson. In fact, they go even farther. Many of the Socialists declare that Lenin is far more worthy of respect and adoration than the Trinity.

The Chamber of Deputies in Rome, with its 156 Socialist members, is an interesting study for a person who wants to see how Socialist representatives comport themselves when elevated to a position of trust and responsibility. It is also an interesting study for a person who likes excitement of a rather coarse type and doesn't know where to go to see a prize fight. I visited the Chamber on March 24, 1920. It was a dull day, as days go in the Chamber of Deputies now that the Socialists have returned so many members. There were only three fights, and in none of them was there a knockout. The Italian newspapers, on the following day, passed over the proceedings with small headlines and scant remark. I am forced to conclude that no session of the Chamber of Deputies would be considered worthy of particular notice by the Italian newspapers unless a couple of Deputies tore each other to pieces with their bare hands and unless at least nine others burst blood vessels from screaming curses at one another, so that the walls were messed up in a noteworthy manner.

The building in which the Chamber of Deputies is housed is guarded by a heavy cordon of military police with loaded revolvers. At each doorway of

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the building are soldiers in steel trench helmets and with bayonets fixed on their rifles. Soldiers similarly armed are scattered all through the building. The exact reason for the large number of soldiers cannot be discovered. They are either there to keep outsiders from getting in and hurting the Deputies or to keep the Deputies from getting out and hurting the populace or to keep the Deputies from one another and wrecking the building. The first theory is reasonable, for the Deputies make such disgraceful exhibitions of themselves that the citizens might be excused for wishing to exterminate them. The second theory is equally tenable, for the Deputies—especially the Socialist Deputies—act more like wild beasts than humans, and anybody who watched them at work for a while would be quite justified in climbing a tree whenever he saw one of them approaching. The third theory is the weakest, for the Deputies are constantly getting at one another, and seem always to be on the verge of tearing the building to pieces, yet the soldiers make no move to restrain them.

The Chamber of Deputies resembled our own House of Representatives. Orlando, the President of the Chamber, sat at a high desk facing the semi-circular tiers of benches. Beneath him were the desks for the Cabinet Ministers, with Nitti, the Prime Minister, in the center. Each of these principal desks was furnished lightly but attractively with a bottle of claret, a bottle of water, a dish of sugar, a goblet, and a spoon. The President's desk, in addition, boasted a dinner bell. The President rang the dinner bell between speeches and also when the

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Socialists waxed too obstreperous, so that he spent practically all his time ringing it. At every third or fourth ring the Cabinet Ministers would pour slugs of claret into their goblets, add a little sugar and water, stir vigorously, and suck it up slowly amid the hoarse, angry, and thirsty cries of Socialist Deputies. The privilege of drinking sweetened claret and water during sessions of the Chamber seems to be one of the few benefits which accrue to the position of Cabinet Minister in Italy.

All of the Socialist members of the Chamber occupied the benches at the extreme left of the semi-circular tiers. This is the reason why Socialists are known as the Left. There seems to be an opinion in many circles that the Socialists are called the Left because they will, to use a cant phrase, be left if they insist on pursuing their present tactics—left holding the sack, as it were. The same people have an idea that the Communists and the Bolsheviks are known as the Extreme Left because they will be left, in a manner of speaking, even more extremely than the Socialists if they keep on at their present gait. This idea is erroneous. In Europe the Socialists always sit on the left-hand side of the representative bodies, and the extreme Socialists always sit on the extreme left. Hence, as the coarser elements of the late American army were wont to observe, the Pyramids of Egypt.

The left-hand section of the Chamber, then, was filled. Every seat was taken by an ardent Socialist. A great many of these Socialist Deputies, I feel obliged to record, were about as hard-looking specimens as one could encounter in the less aristocratic

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American jails. Some were greatly in need of shaves, and others seemed to be laboring under the misapprehension that the laundry workers of the nation had been striking for several months. It is quite conceivable that a man may be utterly slack in the matter of personal cleanliness and neatness, and still be a person of great mental powers, but, as a rule, the man whose thoughts are orderly and clean finds it impossible to be anything but orderly and clean in dress and person. To put it bluntly, a large number of the Socialist Deputies appeared to be extremely messy, both bodily and mentally.

The middle section of the Chamber, occupied by members of the so-called Catholic party, was not packed as solidly as the left, but it was very well filled. The right-hand section, in which the conservative element was located, harbored a pitiful handful of venerable gentlemen who seemed to be busy at some such irrelevant tasks as posting their diaries or writing letters to neglected relatives.

The desks of all the Deputies were barren of loose articles. There were no unattached inkwells or books or fittings of any sort. Everything was screwed down tightly. The walls of the Chamber are embellished with some very beautiful mural decorations. The oaths and the blows which the Deputies exchange with such fluency have no effect on these paintings, but if 156 rabid Socialists should start to throw inkwells wildly at their political enemies—as they would do a hundred times a day if there were any inkwells to throw—the mural decorations would soon look as though a herd of mules had been running up and down them. So the desks

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of the Chamber were unencumbered by inkwells or other throwable objects.

I have attended a number of prize fights where the spectators became violently excited and displayed their excitement by howls, yells, and interchanges of blows, but never have I witnessed a prize fight at which the spectators lost control of themselves to the extent that the Socialists lost control of themselves at this humdrum session of the Italian Chamber of Deputies.

The first speaker of this particular session was Modigliani, a Socialist leader. He was a fat man with a tremendous black beard and spectacles which made him look like a huge, overfed owl. His speech was a demand that newspapers be forced to reveal the sources from which they received their financial support. His gestures were passionate in the extreme and his words aroused his Socialist brethren to a high pitch of enthusiasm. Repeatedly they would burst into wild, ear-piercing shrieks of approval and into storms of applause. The center of the Chamber, however, took no pleasure in his address. They shouted at him angrily, and waves of hisses interrupted him. A man in the center rose to his feet and shrieked at him ferociously. Modigliani shrieked back. The Chamber was in an uproar, with every member shouting in concert. The faint tinkle of the President's bell, as he jangled it frantically for order, went unheeded. Modigliani, frothing at the mouth with excitement, finished his speech by pounding on his desk with both fists and howling like a wild man. He fell into his seat with every sign of physical exhaustion, while his friends

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rushed to him, patted his arms and back, and kissed him affectionately. The sympathies of the gallery were evenly divided, the hisses and the applause being equally violent.

The second speaker was an inoffensive-looking member of the Catholic party—a tall, droopy gray man with a surprised-looking gray pompadour and a long, droopy gray mustache. He got along famously—for a little under three minutes. Then he said something that the Socialists didn't like, and they started in on him. They jeered and wailed mournfully. He made little futile flapping motions with his hands and tried to go on. The jeers and wails increased in volume. He tried to make himself heard above the din, whereat the Chamber became a bedlam. He stood for over five minutes trying to make himself heard, and during all that time the Socialists kept up their deafening tumult. Finally he sat down, and the Chamber gradually became quiet again.

One of the Deputies addressed a question to Nitti, the Prime Minister. Something about Nitti's reply incensed a Socialist, and he objected in strident tones. Nitti attempted to proceed, but the Socialists bawled and booed and shouted and hooted so that he was forced to stop.

By this time Modigliani had recovered from the exhaustion brought about by his first speech. Rising to his feet with an impassioned gesture, he began to speak again. His opening words offended a man in the center, who at once leaped up wildly and called Modigliani a liar. One of Modigliani's friends, maddened by this attack, rushed to Modigliani's side

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and hurled bitter curses at the attacker. Every Deputy leaped to his feet, roaring and bellowing. Orlando, President of the Chamber, mixed in the fracas and bitterly condemned the Catholic party for causing the disturbance. The howl that went up was as deep and deafening as that which rises from a cheering section at a football game after a successful play. The Socialists jeered at the Catholics. They "yahed" them and "booed" them and made offensive, suggestive noises indicative of their contempt for them. They gave them the rude Italian raspberry. The Catholics roared in anger, vowing that Orlando never called the Socialists to order, though they were the greatest offenders. The air was full of hands. Everyone was gesturing wildly.

A Catholic rose and began to answer Modigliani, though Modigliani had not yet finished. The Socialists hooted him from the moment he started, directing all sorts of offensive noises and yells at him. The noise was so loud and continuous that people in the galleries who wished to speak to one another had to shout at the top of their lungs. One of the Socialists was particularly offensive in his shouts and gestures. Several Catholics put their heads together and shouted, "Oil! Oil!" at him. The allusion was to the fact that this particular Socialist had been accused of profiteering in oil during the war. Trembling and white with rage, the Socialist rushed up the aisle and toward the men who had shouted "Oil." He was caught and held by other Socialists. Foaming at the mouth, he screamed insults and epithets at the

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Catholics. When those who were holding him loosed their holds, he leaped on the desks and started jumping across them to get at his enemies. He was caught and pulled down. A friend leaped up and attempted to get across the desks and into physical contact with those who had shouted "Oil." He, too, had to be hauled down and restrained by force. During all this the Chamber was in a tumult of howls and yells and hisses. Deputies were shaking their fists at high heaven. Two or three were weeping. A score seemed to be on the verge of having epileptic fits.

At this point Orlando went into action. He shrieked and yelled and banged on his desk with his fist and almost crawled on top of his desk in his rage. He beat his desk with his little dinner bell and jumped up and down and tore at his hair. The whole affair was disgraceful, he screamed. It was impossible to proceed under existing conditions! What was the use of a Chamber of Deputies that devoted all its time to fighting instead of to depping! The Socialists were behaving in an intolerable manner!

Modigliani bitterly resented these words. He burst into screams of anguish. Such was the energy with which he spoke that his cheeks, his fists, his beard, his arms, his legs, and his stomach were all of a quiver. The Catholics received his words with a tumult of howls. They groaned and hissed so that the groans and hisses of the mob scene in "Julius Cæsar" would have sounded like the murmur of a soft west wind among the willows by comparison. They shook their clenched fists and clutched their

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heads in anguish at the insolence of the Socialists. A Socialist rose to his feet, howled his anger toward the center, and then suddenly turned, raced up the aisle at top speed, and tore across the passageway behind the desks, with the evident intention of killing as many Catholics as possible before being overpowered. Deputies rushed back to intercept him. The Ministers, the Deputies, and the gallery were on their feet, screaming with excitement. The noise was deafening. A bell rang. It was six o'clock—time for an hour's intermission so that the Deputies could go over to Aragno's and have a cup of chocolate. The tumult ceased. The Deputies jostled toward the exists in apparent amity. . . . Can you, as the saying goes, beat it?

It is the Italian temperament at work. Let five hundred Americans work themselves up to the same pitch of antagonism and excitement that the five hundred Italian Deputies had achieved, and a goodly percentage of the Americans would have celebrated the end of their perfect day in the hospital—and they'd have gone in ambulances. But the Italians went to Aragno's for chocolate, and they walked.

There has been a great deal of talk in Europe and America concerning the hatred which the Italians have for Americans, and also concerning the unpleasant experiences which American travelers in Italy have suffered because of this hatred. Several Americans in various parts of Italy took great pains to acquaint me with the brutal treatment which they had received from Italian customs inspectors, passport officials, and railway employees because they were "damned Americans." A prominent

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American business man on his way from Vienna to Constantinople with several secretaries and relatives, told me that he had been grossly insulted by the Italians when he crossed the frontier late in April: he had been told, he said, that the Americans had tried to run Italy long enough; the railway officials refused to give him lights in his railway coach, saying that the "damned Americans" could sit in the dark; they had refused for a long time to accept American money for railway tickets, but had finally taken it at a rate of exchange which was very unfavorable to the Americans.

This is doubtless all true, but since many Americans are contemplating a trip to Italy in the near future, I feel impelled to offer my own experiences as a balance to those who complain so loudly of their treatment in Italy. I went through the Italian customs and passport officials in the north, traveled down to Rome and Naples, making protracted stops in both cities, and crossed the peninsula in the south to Foggia and Bari on the Adriatic. I went through the customs and passport officials again at Bari when I left Italy to go into the Balkans. I re-entered Italy again at Trieste, left it once more to go into Jugoslavia, came back again from Jugoslavia, traveled across the north of Italy, and passed the frontier into Switzerland. Every crossing of a frontier meant still another bout with customs and passport officials. Never did I encounter anything except the utmost courtesy and consideration. Nobody insulted me; nobody made any disparaging remarks about Americans; nobody pried into my baggage; nobody detained me; nobody searched me

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for concealed money, in spite of the constant assurances which I had received that such would be the case. I was traveling as any American tourist would travel, without special letters from any Italian officials, without a uniform, and with a regulation passport. My experience was not unusual; for I met many other Americans who had invariably received the same uniformly courteous treatment from Italians. I have sometimes, it is true, been obliged to change money on trains and on steamships, and in all cases I have been unmercifully stung. The Italians have no monopoly on that particular form of highway robbery; for the stinging of travelers who are caught short on money is one of the most popular indoor and outdoor sports in Europe. If one needs to change American money into English money on an ocean liner he will be given about one third less than he would receive on shore. But it will be his own fault; for he should have got English money before getting on the boat. French money is used on all the big continental expresses which run out of Paris. If, on one of these trains, one needs to change American into French money, he will lose 30 per cent on the transaction. But it's his own fault again; for he should have come heeled with French money. The American who complained so bitterly about the sickening manner in which he was forced to accept an unfavorable rate of exchange for American dollars when coming from Austria into Italy should have provided himself with plenty of Italian money before he left Austria. Not to do so was a guaranty that he would be subjected to many inconveniences, delays, and annoy-

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ances. Let us, for a moment, use our imaginations and allow our minds to dwell on the plight in which an Italian would find himself if he should rush up to the ticket office in Niagara Falls, New York, and demand tickets for four or five persons to Chicago when he had nothing but Italian money on his person and could speak no language but Italian. I venture to affirm that he would find himself out of luck. I will go even farther than that: it is my belief that when the ticket agent had finished with him and had summoned the police, the Italian would be strongly of the opinion that all of the luck in the world had been distributed long before he was born.

I am therefore forced to the following conclusions, which will prove highly offensive to the Americans who have been badly treated in Italy: the person who retains his temper at all times, uses the brain with which he was provided by an all-wise Providence, and permits an occasional smile to lighten his features when conversing with railway, customs, and passport officials will have few troubles in Italy. An obtuse or grumpy official, when presented with the Italian equivalent for a half dollar, will almost break a leg in order to be helpful. An American who can't understand Italian, and who becomes peevish because Italians cannot understand him, even when he shouts at them at the top of his lungs, will probably have cause to complain of contemptuous treatment at the hands of the Italians. You see, the Italians are pretty well satisfied that they won the war. That being the case, they don't feel that there is any crying need for them to take backwater from Englishmen, Frenchmen, or Amer-

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icans, either. I am willing, however, to bet several hundred Austrian crowns, or even as much as three dollars, that any American who keeps his temper and refrains from looking as though he had recently had word of the death of a bosom friend will meet with nothing but courtesy in Italy.

The frequently mentioned hatred for Americans which is supposed to exist in Italy may have existed at one time, but it is nearly as nonexistent to-day as are Eskimo plover, the last specimen of which was found in 1898. It is an unfortunate fact that our late allies do not have the same tender regard for us which they had during the latter months of 1917. Italy isn't a bit more anti-American than is France or England. In fact, one hears far more anti-American remarks in England or in France than he does in Italy. Where the American nation as a whole seems to pain the British and the French, it is Mr. Wilson who gives the Italians a series of sharp, shooting twinges. They explain carefully to Americans that it is Mr. Wilson who irks them. They want it distinctly understood that with them it is a case of Wilson—that's all. The more tactful Italians shake their heads in a puzzled manner when his name comes up. It is such a pity, they say, that Mr. Wilson should have become so sick. The less tactful ones are—well, less tactful. They cannot for the life of them understand why Mr. Wilson so persistently upholds the claims of the Slav nations, and so persistently refuses to consider the Italian claims. Mr. Wilson, they say, sees nothing wrong in permitting the Czechoslovaks to include millions of Germans within their boundaries, and hundreds of

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thousands of Magyars. He considers it all right for the Yugoslavs to do the same with Germans and Magyars. Yet he protests violently against the Italians taking a few thousand Yugoslavs in the same way. This is all the more incomprehensible to the Italians because the Croats and the Slovenes—which are the peoples that the Italians refer to when they speak of the Yugoslavs—fought bitterly against the Italians on the side of Austria-Hungary until the armistice. Why, they ask, should their allies favor their enemies rather than their friends? This is the Italian viewpoint. I do not uphold it; I merely state it. Very few disinterested people uphold Italy's viewpoint as regards the cities and territory which she has grabbed along the Adriatic coast, from Fiume down to southern Albania.

There is much more anti-French sentiment in Italy than there is anti-American feeling. The French, say the Italians, have not been good allies; they have not stood by them. Now the Germans, they say, have always been true to their allies: the Germans can be depended on; Germany will soon be a strong nation again. All through Italy there is a very strong pro-German sentiment. "Dear old Germany!" say the Italians . . . and, "dear old Russia!" When one looks into this matter he gets a strong whiff of that odorous mess known as European politics. France, to protect herself against a possible future attack on the part of Germany, is coddling and pampering Czechoslovakia so that Czechoslovakia may be in a position to give Germany a brisk kick in the rear if the occasion should ever demand it. Yugoslavia and

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Czechoslovakia are sister states, and between them there are strong bonds of sympathy. But Italy and Jugoslavia are at swords' points. They talk constantly of fighting. France, being the protector of Czechoslovakia, would also help Jugoslavia in case she fought with Italy. Italy would need help against Jugoslavia, and since she can't have it from France, her thoughts are dwelling fondly on Germany, her old love. The Italian temperament also enters into the question. In past years the Italians have always been against the nation which had the upper hand in Europe, for they have always felt that Italy was oppressed by the nation with the upper hand. Either they considered themselves oppressed by the French or by the Austrians. Just now France has the upper hand. Therefore their temperament obliges them to be anti-French.

From the standpoint of the tourist, Italy to-day isn't much different from the Italy of before the war. The food is good and there is plenty of it. Because of the rate of exchange, the prices of many things are even cheaper for Americans than they used to be. Before the war an American dollar used to be worth five lire, and one lira was equivalent—as careful figuring will demonstrate—to twenty cents. In the spring of 1920 the value of the lira had declined to such an extent that an American dollar could be exchanged for twenty-four of them, so that the lira was worth approximately four cents. The value of the lira moves around almost as rapidly, however, as the tail of a hound dog on a hot scent. An American in Rome cabled back to America on April 6th for \$1,000 to be sent to him in

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Naples. The American bank which cabled the money, for reasons best known to itself, cabled the equivalent of \$1,000 in lire. On April 14th the American was notified that the money was deposited to his credit in a Naples bank. But instead of \$1,000, the American found that he had 20,000 lire, and 20,000 lire was worth only \$849. The transaction, which was conducted by two reputable banks, annoyed him to such an extent that he refused to accept the money. Unfortunately, all people aren't in a position to refuse to accept money which has so dwindled in transit. A little matter of \$250,000 is sent back to Italy every working day in the year by Italian immigrants in the United States. This always arrives in lire, not in dollars, and the recipients never refuse to accept it, but it has lost greatly in value in transit. Speculation, as I have said before and as I take great pleasure in repeating, is at the bottom of an enormous amount of the European money troubles. The banks declare that they are wholly at a loss for a remedy which will stop this speculation. If that is the case, it is not unreasonable to assume that the world's bankers know as little about finance as does the Kamchatka blubber eater who sells a dozen sea-otter skins for two tin hunting knives and a gallon of Russian-distilled prune juice. After one has seen the troubled and innocent peoples of Europe going through hell, starvation, and damnation because the value of their money has fallen away to a point where it will buy them no food and no clothing—where it will keep no warmth in their bodies and no decencies in their lives—one is inclined to cast large

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quantities of slurs and aspersions on persons who have devoted their lives to financial matters, but who can offer no solution for a financial problem which is enriching them but ruining millions.

Compared with the Central European nations, Italy's finances are on a firm footing, but they are in far worse shape than those of France or of England, and neither France nor England can afford to buy from America. Italy is doing most of her buying at the present time in Germany and Austria. The stores are full of German and Austrian made goods, all of which cost from five to fifteen times as much as they cost in Berlin or Vienna. The Italians themselves are greatly depressed by the increased cost of living; but the increase has been little greater, in proportion, than it has been in the United States. In this connection I was asked by great numbers of Italian-Americans who had returned to Italy from the United States to send a message to all Italians in America who are thinking of coming back to Italy. The message was, "Don't come back!" The Italian-Americans are waiting around in shoals and hoards for boats to take them back to America. They are bitterly cursing the day when they decided to return to Italy, and I feel obliged to pass along the message of warning in the hope that a few good Italian-Americans may be saved from the heartburnings and the financial losses that have beaded with clammy perspiration the brows of all Italians who have left America for Italy since the end of the war.

American tourists, however, feel rather opulent in Italy. At an excellent but quiet hotel in Rome,

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for example—a hotel that has sufficient standing to be cluttered up constantly with principessas and contessas and marchesas and what not—one may have a room looking out on the palms and bamboos and wistaria and roses and towering cypresses of the Pincian Gardens, and one may have a bathroom and three excellent meals a day, all for a matter of 400 lire a week. Four hundred lire is—or was in April—equivalent to about \$20. One may tumble into one of the open-faced Italian carriages with a taximeter attachment, drive and drive and drive for hours on end, hand the driver double the amount registered on the meter as required by law, fight passionately with him as to the size of the tip which he is to receive as wine money, compromise with him by giving him all that he demands, and still only have to separate one's self from 60 cents. That, I am willing to take oath, is considerably better than being obliged to hand \$10 to a taxi thug for driving one from a Hoboken steamship dock to the Pennsylvania Station, as I was forced to do on May 23, 1920. Ten dollars is 240 lire; it is 3,300 kronen; it is . . . well, it is certainly what Artemus Ward would have catalogued as "2 mutch."

A suit of clothes, made by a first-class Roman or Neapolitan tailor out of fine English cloth, can be had for as little as 600 lire, or \$30, or for as much as 800 lire, or \$40. A suit made from the same sort of cloth by an American tailor would cost from \$80 to \$150. It makes one indulge in extensive speculations as to how American tailors get that way.

The Italians are afflicted with the fascinating be-

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lief that all Americans have untold wealth. When an American asks the price of an article in a shop the salesman who tells him usually acts in an off-hand way, "But that is practically nothing for you Americans." It does no good to argue. One can become hoarse assuring the salesman that one's last penny will probably be wrung from one by a heartless landlord within a week after one's return to America, only to have the salesman smile pityingly and skeptically. Their belief in the limitless moneys that Americans possess is confirmed by the manner in which they translate lire into dollars. I accompanied an American on a suit-buying expedition. "How much would this be?" he asked, fingering a piece of cloth. The tailor rolled his eyes toward the ceiling and made a hasty computation. "One hundred and sixty dollars," he finally replied. "What!" shrieked the American in a shrill, horrified voice. "Yes," said the tailor, firmly, "one hundred and sixty dollars—eight hundred lire." Before the war 800 lire was \$160, but on that particular day it was \$40. The Italian shopkeepers who speak English always compute comparative values for Americans in that way, and confidently assume that an American, having untold millions, stands ready to pay \$160 for a suit of clothes, or to disgorge \$70 or \$80 for an automobile for a day. This gives rise to misunderstandings. I met a man who was in a tantrum of rage because he claimed the Italians had been trying to steal everything but his shirt. He bought an enormous flask of red wine for 7 lire, or 30 cents, and came and told me about it, pausing occasionally to weep into the wine. These

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Italian robbers, he said, had tried to charge him 1,500 lire for a two-hundred-mile automobile trip. I wept with him. "Gracious goodness!" I said, "that's seventy dollars." "Ye-ah!" he said. "That was what they tried to nick me for." Questioning revealed the fact that the automobile dealer had given him the price in dollars instead of in lire, and that the American had been so incensed that he had rushed away immediately in a cloud of profanity. We went back to the dealer's and offered him 325 lire, or \$16, for the automobile trip which the American claimed was to have cost 1,500 lire. The dealer accepted with alacrity. The affair was a somewhat complicated one to grasp. The dealer had originally wished to charge the American 350 lire for the trip. That, on a pre-war basis, would have been \$70. So, in his naïve Italian manner, he told the American that the trip would cost \$70. The American, in telling me the story, had computed the \$70 into lire at the existing rate of exchange, and had got 1,500 lire—a sum which the dealer would never have dared to ask, for to him 1,500 lire would have meant \$300.

The tourist will find little or no change in Italy. He will find the same old vineyards, with vines trained to grow between low trees in the north and high trees in the south, and he will find the vineyards producing the same old red wine that slides down the throat so easily and so harmlessly until a certain point is reached, after which it suddenly inflames the mind of the drinker to such an extent that he is filled with a longing to use his stiletto on somebody near or dear to him. He will

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find the same old guides who whisper in the same old thrilling tones that Mount Vesuvius is on the verge of erupting again and blowing all of Italy into the middle of Kingdom Come, or whose information concerning the ancient Romans is of such nature that any reputable historian who hears it would burst into low moans of anguish. He will find the same peanut-sized donkeys staggering around under monumental loads and protesting against their lot in life with all the noisy bitterness of a fire whistle. He will find the same old dirt and the same old fleas and the same old carriage drivers voicing the same old anguish at whatever reward they may receive for their labors. He will find the same old expatriate Americans raising the same old complaints against the drab and mercenary aspects of life in America. He will find the same old genuine fifteenth-century Italian antiques made, inclusive of wormholes, in Newark, New Jersey. He will find the same old Camorra and the same old Mafia and the same old Evil Eye doing business at the same old stands at which they were doing business long before Amerigo Vespucci went into the exploring trade and decided to allow his name to be used as an advertisement for the continent that Columbus discovered. He will find the same gorgeous scenery and the same history-soaked ruins and the same whisky-soaked near counts and the same horrible odors that have always been a part and parcel of Italy's glory and that will always be a part of Italy's glory until Vesuvius lives up to the gloomy prophecies of the guides and erupts with enough violence to spatter Italy all over the Milky Way.

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There is one great difference, however, which will impress the tourist deeply. I refer to the Italian military officer. In the spring of 1920, what with the constant talk of fights with the Jugoslavs and one thing and another, there were more Italian officers in the foreground of all Italian scenery than there were Roman ruins. The Italian officer is a romantic and affecting spectacle. He wears a long blue cape about the color of a bluebird's wing. It contains enough cloth to make pup tents for a baseball team, and the Italian officer picks up one end of it and throws it up over his shoulder so that he is a big light-blue cocoon with his shiny pomaded black head sticking out at the top and his shiny bespurred black boots sticking out at the bottom. Some of the younger officers have gone back to school and college, but they still wear their uniforms and their beautiful blue capes. Some have gone back to business and some have gone back to doing nothing, but all of them get out their uniforms and their romantic blue capes and stride around in them whenever there is the slightest excuse for so doing, while the impressionable and excitable Italian maidens press their hands to their hearts and gasp in admiration. The cold and reserved tourist who has spent his life in the restrained atmosphere of Oriskany, New York, Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania, or Glen Ridge, New Jersey, is held spellbound when he sees a pair of these wonderful blue-caped creatures walking along the sidewalk holding hands, or when he sees two of them meet on a crowded street, throw their arms around each other, and kiss ardently—having been separated, probably, for as

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much as four hours. The Italian temperament is responsible for these things, and the more stolid American finds it difficult to grasp the Italian temperament. That is why undemonstrative people from northern countries must be heard with suspicion when they declare that all Italy is in such a ferment that it is about to explode.

The Italian temperament manifests itself in many odd and fascinating ways. Practically all Italians, on entering into conversation, lose control of their hands, which fly around in a loose and dangerous manner. One who witnesses a discussion between two Italians is in a constant state of nervousness lest each of them stick several fingers into the other's eyes and suddenly go blind. When one walks the streets of any city of southern Italy one will repeatedly come across pairs of disputants facing each other with inflamed and contorted faces, shrieking at the top of their lungs and shaking their hands in each other's faces with such violence and rapidity that their heads seem to be surrounded by a heavy mist. It is a terrifying spectacle. One feels sure that it will be only a matter of seconds before both of them draw murderous knives and hack each other into a sort of Hungarian goulash. One imagines that one is being accused of arson, forgery, and petit larceny, and that the other is being charged with mayhem, counterfeiting, and murder. One contemplates running for the police in order to avert a shocking double killing, when both of the disputants suddenly fall silent and walk away. On questioning bystanders, one learns that they were merely discussing the possibility of getting a little

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rain within the week or comparing notes on the price of olive oil. In the north the hands are usually kept below the level of the shoulders and the fingers are used somewhat sparingly. A speaker starts to emphasize his discourse with his clenched fist, and every time he makes a point he frees one finger. When all five fingers are spread out he clenches his hand and starts over again. In the south the hands seldom descend below the level of the shoulder during a conversation. Everything is stretched out to the limit. All the fingers are extended, as are the arms, eyes, mouth, and voice.

Italian carriage drivers are greatly given to being temperamental. It is traditional with Italian carriage drivers that they must never be satisfied with the amount of money which is given them by foreigners. Their fathers and their grandfathers and their great-grandfathers were never satisfied with the tips which they received from the foreigners, so it is a matter of pride with them to be dissatisfied also. It is always the same story. On descending from the carriage the foreigner pays his fare plus a tip. The carriage driver looks at the money with loathing. He shrieks aloud, as though a rusty poinard had been plunged into his vitals. He clasps his brow with every sign of mortal anguish. If an insufficient amount of attention is paid to him he will in all probability descend from the carriage and follow the guilty party into hotel, theater, or restaurant, as the case may be, howling for his rights at the top of his lungs and airing all grievances suffered by him during the past ten years. Three cents will calm him, but if he isn't calmed he will

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refuse all fares for hours in order to brood over his wrongs.

Italian shopkeepers make frequent use of their temperament in order to shake a little extra money out of the easily cowed foreigners. Greatly taken by a magnificent pair of carved wooden cabinet doors, genuine fifteenth-century, made on East Twenty-first Street, New York, a foreigner drops into an Italian antique shop and asks the price. The dealer proudly replies that \$200 takes them. The foreigner says coldly that he only wanted two doors, not two dozen. He thereupon offers \$8 for the doors. The dealer, stung by this insult, almost breaks down and cries. That pair of doors would bring \$1,500 or \$2,000 in New York! Why, he himself is personally acquainted with the cousin of the man who got them from the Palazza Lambusto. Notice the carving! Notice the wormholes! The worms that made those holes were the most highly bred hole makers that the fifteenth century produced! Notice the manner in which the doors were worn by countless hands! The foreigner replies that he sees all these things, and understands perfectly that the owners of the doors must have spent their lives opening and shutting them in order to get them so thoroughly worn. He then offers \$20 for them. Infuriated, the dealer calls on Heaven to witness this awful wrong that is being done him. He himself paid \$135 for the doors. His children are clothed in rags because of the terrible rate of exchange. His little baby hasn't had a drink of milk for three years, and his wife will be unable to afford a new hat until 1950. Yet he cannot exist

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without doing business, so, in hopes that the foreigner will bring him other customers, he will sacrifice the doors for \$120. It will be a loss for him, it will almost ruin him, but he will do it. Weakened by these words, the foreigner in a rash moment says that he will pay \$50 for the doors. "Sold!" shouts the dealer, briskly, and he calls for his assistant to come and wrap them up. . . .

No, the Italians haven't changed much. They still retain all their bizarre superstitions, for example. Whenever an Italian has a dream he gets out his dream book and finds out what his dream means in terms of figures, and then he scrapes up all the money in the house and runs out and plays those figures in the lottery. If he dreams that rare old dream about wandering into a ballroom in his pajamas he doesn't mention the dream to his friends for the sake of making conversation. Not he! He gets his dream book out from under his pillow, finds that the abstruse calculations of the dream experts have identified ballroom with the number 28 and pajamas with the number 3. So he plays number 28 and number 3 in the week's lottery; and if he doesn't win he feels positive that somebody with the evil eye looked at him and gummed up his chances. Somehow or other these things don't sound just right to us intellectual Americans who prefer the more practical ouija board to such puerile fancies as dream books. But you can't make an Italian believe that there's anything wrong in his system. It's all foolishness, of course, to think that dream books and certain dates and people's ages and suchlike truck can have any connection with lot-

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tery . . . the Messina earthquake occurred on the twenty-eighth day of the month; thousands of Italians selected the number 28 on which to put their money in that week's lottery. The number 28 turned up, and a stated amount had to be paid to each one of the thousands that had chosen to bet on 28. The government almost went broke. But of course there's nothing in any of that stuff, as ouija-board devotees can tell you.

The evil eye still goes big in all parts of Italy. A man who has the evil eye, if recognized, can get no service in restaurants, no rooms in hotels, no carriage to drive in. Strong men drive hurriedly up alleys to escape him. The mere mention of his name is sufficient to make sensitive Italians leave the room in an uncontrollable fit of shudders. This makes it nice for Italians who have a grudge against somebody. All they need to do is to spread the report that the hated one has the evil eye. Italians are rarely skeptical about such a statement. If they are, however, and demand proof, it is only necessary to connect the accused person with a minor disaster. "How do I know?" whispers the accuser. "Don't you remember the big banquet last March when the glass chandelier fell on the banquet table and upset all the wine? Well, he was present . . . it was his fault. . . . The eye, you know!" That's enough. Nothing else is necessary. The fact that there were ninety-nine other persons at the banquet doesn't for a minute lead anyone to think that the dropping of the chandelier was due to anything or anyone except the man with the evil eye.

We in America can't understand all these things.

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We can't understand why the Italian people, with all their reputed love for the beautiful, should be so contented amid such a tremendous amount of dirt. Until the horticulturists become more active every rose will continue to have its thorn. The chief thorns in Italy's beauty are her filth and her evil odors. Possibly these things, like the fleas, don't bother the natives. But for foreigners they exist in large, staggering quantities. I mention these things, not in the spirit of carping criticism, but merely in order to show that it's the same old Italy.

Great fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em,
And little fleas have lesser fleas, and so *ad infinitum*.

sang some well-known singer in the long ago. If his statement is correct, the number of lesser Italian fleas that bite the little Italian fleas that bite the great Italian fleas must stagger the most vivid imagination. Italy is a large country, and to go from the bottom of it to the top takes a matter of two days. Yet there is no hotel and no palace and no restaurant and no train and no railway station in all that large country that cannot and does not, at a moment's notice, provide fleas for the foreigner who may step into them in a flealess state. At a formal dinner in Rome one evening I watched a flea crawl out of the opening in the shirt bosom of the host at a spot about opposite the lowest stud. Followed by the fascinated stares of all the guests on my side of the table, the flea marched sedately up the glistening expanse of shirt bosom and disappeared from sight again beneath the host's immacu-

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late tie. I spoke with him at a more appropriate moment on the subject of fleas. "You get accustomed to them," he said. "I haven't felt a flea on me for years." I asked him whether he hadn't felt one that evening. He shook his head in a surprised manner. "I haven't felt a trace of one," said he, "and I'd feel them very quickly in this suit, because it's tight." So the natives are probably correct when they claim that the fleas don't bother them, but for foreigners life in Italy is just one darned itch after another. A medical friend of mine carried a bottle of chloroform around with him. Whenever he felt a flea at work he'd uncork the bottle and pour a few drops on the spot where the flea was lurching, whereupon the flea would pass out temporarily and the sufferer could retrieve it and destroy it at leisure. This system worked marvelously until my friend visited the city of Bari over on the Adriatic coast. Bari is a hot, dusty city, and the dust is white and glaring and the fleas are large and black and plentiful and very quick to jump up out of the hot, white dust and onto the cool bodies of the foreigners. When my friend reached Bari he had to keep pouring and pouring and pouring the chloroform into his clothes. In order to keep pace with the fleas he poured on so much that he chloroformed himself. The hotel proprietor found him unconscious and called in five doctors in the belief that he was dying. As a result of the treatment he received my friend was sick for a week and he had to pay the doctors \$37. Now he lets them bite.

A lot of people are waving their arms around

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and saying despondently that it isn't the same old Italy. But I can promise those who go there that they will find the same old ruins, and the same old moon shining down on the same old canals of Venice, and the same old Italian temperament, and the same old smells, and the same old fleas . . . and what more does a tourist want for his money, anyway?

VI

THE MYSTERIES OF PARIS

WHEN authors and orators and other thoughtful persons begin to probe round for the soul of Paris, as they so frequently do, they are apt to become a trifle maudlin. "Paris," they declare, making a sweeping gesture with the right hand and dashing a shining tear from the left eye—"Paris smiles—and forgets!" That is one of the favorite remarks about Paris. She smiles—and forgets.

I suppose the authors and orators know what it is that she forgets, but I don't. It seems to me that Paris remembers everything that she ever knew. She smiles—*ah oui!* as they say in Paris and its environs. *Ah oui!* She smiles, and in spite of her smiles she remembers all things. She remembers all about the French Revolution, and the whiff of grape-shot that left the scars on the front of the Church of St. Roch, and the proper way to serve *bœuf à la mode*, and the method of making the front of a dress stay up when it has neither back nor shoulder straps to support it. She remembers the Emperor Julian, who was the first booster for Paris away back in the year 350 or thereabout, and she recalls the only true method of cooking the large and succulent snail

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which fattens on the vine leaves of Burgundy. She remembers, too, the Germans, and how they planned to take Paris and make a large and unsightly mess of it. *Ah oui!* She remembers the Germans. Paris smiles, pirouettes slightly, and exudes a whiff of intriguing perfume, thus elevating the spirits of the beholder, but anybody who thinks that the airiness of her behavior means that she has forgotten anything has several things coming to him.

That neat phrase anent Paris smiling was invented by a Roman general about three weeks after the city was named. Long years ago there was nothing to Paris except an island in the Seine. The Parisii, a temperamental but lovable tribe of people who lived on the island, used to do practically nothing in the winter except stand round the edges of the island and watch the water rise, just as so many of them have done every winter since then. In the spring and summer and autumn they devoted themselves to fighting, occasionally varying the monotony by selling bead bags to foreigners or by trying to catch fish from the Seine, though there have been no fish in the Seine since the post-Pliocene period. That was long ago, but the activities of the early Parisii will strike familiar chords in the breasts of those who have encountered the more modern Parisians. The Germans who have encountered them will find something vaguely reminiscent in the reference to their fighting. Julius Cæsar conquered the early residents of Paris, but that was probably because they only fought in the spring, summer, and autumn. In later days they have also taken to fighting in the winter when the occa-

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sion demands it, and this fact has been particularly impressed on the Germans at one time and another during recent years. In the early days of the Roman occupation of the island they called the island Lutetia. They built palaces on it, and their friends used to come up from Rome to visit them and buy bead bags and laugh at the idea of the natives trying to catch fish in the Seine. Later the Romans changed the name of the island to Parisea Civitas, and almost immediately abbreviated the name to Paris.

About three weeks after this change occurred, as I started to say at the beginning of the last paragraph, a Roman general came back to Paris from London, where he had been living for weeks on boiled meat and boiled potatoes and boiled carrots and boiled fish and suet pudding. The time was winter, and he had had no heat in his London lodgings. The weather, moreover, had been cold and rainy and foggy, and whenever he went outdoors he got his feet wet. It had been a most depressing sojourn. The crossing, moreover, had been extremely rough, and most of the waves in the Channel had attempted to climb into his lap, so that his armor had rusted badly. He came rolling into Paris at night, as everyone does, and as he wandered grouchy up the Boulevard St. Michel toward the Roman baths the people in the restaurants gave him the Chautauqua salute and shouted to him to come in and have an *apéritif*. Several chic young women hailed him gaily and wanted to know whether he wasn't anxious to buy just one leetle drink. The moon shone down through a hole in the clouds, and a cab driver passed him, cracking his whip and sing-

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ing a gay melody in a wheezy voice. The streets were crowded and care-free midinettes were exclaiming ecstatically over the bead bags in the windows. The general decided to buy a "leetle drink." It was then that the remark about the smiling of Paris sprang into being.

"Paris," said the general as he removed his helmet and banged it on the marble table top in order to attract the attention of a waiter who was completely absorbed in a domino tournament in which two of the guests had been engaged since early in the afternoon—"Paris smiles—and forgets."

He meant that the general atmosphere, after the gloom of London, was highly exhilarating, but that he was slightly disappointed because nobody showed any signs of wishing to hear about his hard trip, and burst into tears over it. Whenever Paris has her troubles she always manages to conceal them. She sings and she smiles, but she refuses to sob bitterly over the woes of others. If others wish to join in her songs and her smiles, very good, not to say *très-bon*. But if they do not wish, they may make of themselves an absence. *Ah oui!* But the general, being tired and cross, sprang the remark about smiling—and forgetting. And that canard has been going ever since, like the bit of fiction to the effect that home-made rum is good to drink.

One has evidence that Paris does not forget as soon as he sets foot in it late at night. One always arrives in Paris at night, anyway, and one always arrives late, because no French trains ever get anywhere on time these days. This is known as the *crise du transportation*—the transportation crisis. Life in

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France is just one darned *crise* after another. No day goes by without its *crise*, and every morning and every afternoon the eighty or ninety or one hundred Parisian papers announce in glaring headlines that another *crise* has struck town. Sometimes two or three new *crises* start crising on the same day, and the Parisians work themselves into a severe lather over the situation. Everyone in all the restaurants shrugs his shoulders so violently that the floors shake and the windows rattle. But before there can be a *crise d'emotion* the disturbing *crise* passes, and on the following day there is a new *crise* to distract the mind and excite the fancy.

We were speaking, however, of arriving in Paris late at night. One usually arrives from two to six hours late, but always late. One is fresh from the hard-boiled foods and the clammy fogs of London, and the very atmosphere of Paris is elevating and stimulating. One sees strong men kissing each other on the station platform. One catches the odor of intoxicating perfumes.

"Aha!" says one, "this is indeed the life, then!"

And one goes out to get a taxicab. One immediately is confronted by a *crise*—the taxicab *crise*. It is not an extremely serious *crise*, but whenever one is particularly anxious to get into a Parisian taxicab and is just about to do so, somebody usually comes up behind him and hauls him off by the coat tails and gets into the taxicab himself and goes away. However, by screaming at the top of one's lungs and shaking one's fists violently at the persons who are also desirous of obtaining the taxicab, one can usually obtain it for himself. And when he has done

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so and is riding away in it he remembers one of the things that Paris won't forget—to wit, the fact that the battle of the Marne was won by taxicabs.

When the German hordes were sweeping into the heart of France in 1914, General Gallieni mobilized the taxicabs of Paris, loaded them with poilus, and rushed them out against the Germans. By so doing he delivered a violent and unexpected blow, and the Germans were defeated. But the taxicabs are still doing business. Some of them, it is true, are doing it on only one cylinder, and that one cylinder is frequently afflicted with serious pulmonary troubles. Somehow or other, though, they manage to stagger along. And everybody who rides in them remembers the battle of the Marne. He feels quite sure that his particular taxicab was one of the staunch band that rushed the poilus to the front in 1914. It has a sunken look round the middle that convinces him that it has probably carried enormous loads of poilus across vast stretches of shell holes and trenches. If he tries to persuade the chauffeur to take him up a hill he is frequently refused. If one wishes to go up to Montmartre, which is a long, hard pull, one usually has to tackle three or four taxi drivers before meeting with any success.

"What!" exclaims the bearded driver, cocking an ear at the distressed coughs of his engine, "mount that great ascent there with this poor little one? Sacred name of a small dog, but no!"

And his machine goes lurching off in search of some one who will be content to stay on level ground.

They don't steer as well as they might, these

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veterans of the Great War. They collide with one another frequently, and it then devolves upon everyone connected with the collision to make as passionate an outcry as possible in order to establish his innocence. This is a rule which no Parisian ever forgets, any more than he forgets the excellent rule which provides that any person who is so careless as to allow himself to be hit by an automobile shall at once be taken into custody and immured in the nearest jail unless he is in such shape as to require the attentions of a surgeon or an undertaker.

Because of this law Paris is unfamiliar with the type of person who walks slowly across the road in front of an approaching automobile, glaring at it contemptuously in order to show that he is not only as good as the automobilist, but several times better. In the event of a collision, however, everybody is guilty until he can prove his innocence, and the only way to prove one's innocence in Paris is to make a noise about it. As soon as a collision occurs, a large jury of onlookers, with several gendarmes as judges, assemble round the wreckage. The sufferers emerge from the heap and at once begin to shriek and howl and swear. The judges and the jury listen carefully. When the shrieks and howls and curses of one party become weaker than those of the other, the weaker side is marched off to the police station. The reasoning of the onlookers is simplicity itself. If a man makes a lot of noise he does so because he believes that his cause is just. If his cause is unjust he will be unable to speak about it as fluently as he might otherwise speak. So when

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an argument rises the loudest talker commands the most respect.

The *crise* of transportation is the first *crise* which one encounters when entering Paris, but before one goes away one hears of as many *crises* as there are patriots in Poland—almost. There is the *crise* of money, the *crise* of coal, the *crise* of food, the *crise* of lodging, the *crise* of clothing, the *crise* of building material, the *crise* of sugar, the *crise* of inundation, the *crise* of taxes, the *crise* of passports, and countless other minor *crises*. We have the same thing at home, but we are not as attentive to details as are the Parisians. When strictly fresh eggs are brought from their year's sojourn in the Hoboken cold-storage plants and put on sale at \$1.20 a dozen we in America emit a few wild shrieks of agony in the privacy of our homes, after which we calm down and talk about the servant problem or presidential candidates. In Paris, however, when eggs work up to 8 francs a dozen there is a *crise des œufs*. The newspapers put it on the front page and great numbers of women have hysterics. Men walk round clutching their heads with their hands and ejaculating that frightful French oath, "Name of a man of a name of a name" in hoarse gutturals. The *crise* passes, as all *crises* do, until eggs hit 8 francs and 10 centimes a dozen. Then the *crise des œufs* takes place all over again.

Early in 1920 the French *œuf* for eating purposes stood at 9 francs 60 centimes a dozen. There had been a *crise* with every 10-centime advance. Considering the enormous number of things which are capable of having a *crise*, one would expect the

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Parisians to be exhausted from the violence of their emotions. But they are a tireless people—simple and tireless—and they bear up under the strain remarkably well.

The *crise* of money is probably the *crise* which causes the most excitement in Paris, though each and every *crise* as it appears seems to give rise to the absolute apex of excitement. The *crise* of money strikes at the very vitals of the nation, and every Parisian wants every American to know all about it so that he will go home and use his influence with the Treasury Department to have credits extended to France in order that French money may soon be as good as it ever was, and so that when the one and a half million Americans arrive on the Continent in the spring and summer, as rumor says that they will, they will have to pay a dollar for five francs' worth of French goods instead of fifty cents, as they sometimes do to-day.

There are some sections of Paris where an American won't be able to get anything at half price unless the shopkeepers are both deaf and blind, and I have noted no overwhelming number of blind Parisian shopkeepers, or of deaf ones, either. Many of those who sell luxuries—and luxuries are the things which a large part of the visiting Americans will buy—can raise prices on an American in about nothing and two fifths seconds. But such things as food and clothing look cheap to an American, though at the same time they appear so high to a Parisian that he gets dizzy looking up at them.

One gets an idea of Paris prices from listening to the conversation of one of the many American

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expatriates who live in Paris. These people, most of whom have small incomes, moved to France because they could live there very cheaply. They could have a commodious furnished apartment for \$15 a month, procure a marvelous cook for \$6 or \$8 a month and live most comfortably on \$1,000 a year. These people are suffering keenly under present conditions and are actually thinking of going back to the United States. At least they are talking about it. Probably they will never go so far as to take the actual step, but they have contracted the habit of saying that with French prices where they are they might as well live in the United States. They are very bitter over it and act as though the United States were wholly to blame for daring to allow high prices to exist. It is evident that they expect a great deal of pity, these expatriated Americans, but as to whether they deserve it or not I shall not attempt to say.

When I arrived in Paris early in the winter 10 francs could be purchased with one American dollar, whereas in pre-war days a dollar was equivalent to only 5 francs. A few days later a dollar would purchase almost 11½ francs. Still a few days later the rate was again 10 francs for a dollar.

I take this opportunity of repeating that large financial affairs are as much of an enigma to me as the internal mechanism of a reciprocating engine would be to an unclothed black man from the shores of Lake Albert Nyanza, yet I have a persistent feeling that when a commodity, whether it be money or garbage pails or hair nets or hop poles, sells for \$5 on one day and \$7 on the second day and \$4.50

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on the third day there is something about the proceeding that gives rise to a strong odor of fish—and no mean fish, either. It also seems to me that there is no particular reason why on a given day in the city of Paris reputable banking institutions should differ so widely in the rates at which they exchange American money into French francs. As things stand, Americans must shop from place to place with their American dollars, hunting for a bank which will give the best rate.

The low value of the franc is having an unfortunate effect on American business. American business men can buy whatever they want in Paris, and they are buying in large quantities. But for a French business man to buy in America, when he has to pay 10 francs for an American dollar with which to do his buying, is almost as agonizing as it would be to jab a knife into him and twist it round a couple of times. So he isn't doing it. The result, argue the French, is inevitable. French business men will buy from America only those things which they absolutely must have. Other things they will buy from Germany and Czechoslovakia and Poland and Austria, where the currency is even more depreciated than the French currency. Eventually, America will wake up to find herself, as bankers say, holding the sack, and in the sack there will be no foreign trade or anything else.

The argument is thoroughly sound, and the only answer to it is for American financiers and business men to see that France gets enough credits so that she can supply herself with sufficient raw materials to produce a maximum of goods for export. As soon

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as she is exporting to America as much as she is importing, that mysterious thing known as the balance of trade will be stabilized, as the business men like to remark in their piquant jargon—or do they say that it is equalized? Maybe they say that the balance of trade will be balanced—or adjusted. At any rate, there will be as much going out as there is coming in, and consequently the demand for French money and for American money with which to pay for the goods will be equal, and therefore neither one will be worth more than the other. The French franc will be as valuable as it was in the glad free days before the war, and trade relations between France and America will be all that could be desired.

As in most of the civilized countries of the world, the laboring classes in France are about as well off as anybody. Parisian laborers are making very large sums of money in many cases. It is not unusual for a taxicab driver to make from 100 to 120 francs a day. Knife grinders, who are organized in a syndicate, or superunion, and who have certain streets allotted to them, drag down from 60 to 80 francs a day. The average laborer is paid from 150 to 200 francs a week.

The more refined clerk and white-collar man, however, are not so fortunate. A salesman in a department store will only get 50 francs a week, plus 1 per cent on his sales; and salesgirls receive 37 francs 50 centimes a week, plus 1 per cent on their sales. A stenographer earns 75 francs a week, and if she knows one foreign language she will be paid 125 francs a week. Bookkeepers average 120

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francs a week and cashiers average 150 francs a week. Generally speaking, the earnings of the middle class have a little more than doubled, while the laborers' wages have tripled, quadrupled, and quintupled.

Prices in many cases have outstripped the leaps which laborers' wages have taken. Back in 1914 a dozen eggs could be bought for a little more than 1 franc. Last winter they were nearly 10. Butter in 1914 stood at $1\frac{1}{2}$ francs a pound, and last winter it went to 8 francs. A liter of wine used to cost $\frac{1}{2}$ franc; last winter it cost 2. Beer used to cost 30 centimes a liter; last year it cost a franc a liter. A chicken cost 5 francs before the war and is now flapping along at 25 francs. Men's clothes have tripled in price, as have women's garments.

The standard of living has risen, however, and France's reputation for thrift is being severely jolted by her workmen. As a matter of fact, the French laborer has usually been about as thrifty as a Russian sailor who has just had seven drinks of Japanese-Scotch whisky in the American bar on the Nagasaki water front. That is what the economists would call the negation of thrift.

The two curses of the French workman have always been alcohol and improvidence. He is not a habitual souse, but he takes a small snifter every hour or so, and sometimes there comes a day when he beats his wife fiercely, attacks the furniture with an ax, and has to be led away to a psychopathic ward. As for his thriftlessness, that is usually ingrained in him from the generations of workmen from whom he is descended. He has the idea that since he was born a workman he must remain one; that

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it is as useless for him to save as it would be for him to try to play a piano. Frequently the laborer has been a peasant who broke away from his village because he wanted to get to the intoxicating whirl of city life; so when he gets within speaking distance of the intoxicating whirl he jumps in with both feet and participates in the whirling with great vigor and *élan*.

A young Frenchman of my acquaintance asked me if I wanted to see something rather snappy in the line of amusements. I said that if it was really there with the old punch and would give me a thrill he could lead on. He replied that the Parisian workmen were crazy about it and that it was packed to the doors every night. It sounded all right, so we started off for an evening of riotous enjoyment. He led me up to Montmartre, and, after casting round for about ten minutes, he located this place that the Parisian workmen were crazy about. It had a soiled and stodgy entrance with a couple of ghostly green lights burning outside, and there were large numbers of workmen gladly parting with 5 francs apiece in order to enter. We joined them.

The interior of the amusement palace was walled with canvas painted to represent the inside of a burial vault. Coffins were ranged up and down the room, and on each side of each coffin was a wooden bench. When the benches were filled with a gay throng of some two hundred amusement seekers, two men dressed as undertakers' assistants came round and stuck lighted wax tapers into holes in the coffins. Another undertaker's assistant pointed out various *objets d'art* on the walls—objects such as

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imitation skulls and shin bones—and assured everybody in a sepulchral voice that it was an awful place. Still another undertaker came round with thimble-sized glasses of beer and demanded a franc in payment for each one, while a head undertaker delivered a lecture stating that everyone who drank the beer would die instantly. It was terribly thrilling and exciting.

After remaining in this tomb for ten minutes the occupants were requested to pass, without crowding, into a second tomb, where a lady would be kind enough to die for them. So we rose and passed blithely into the second tomb. Here a woman was placed in a coffin and by an artful arrangement of mirrors was made to look as though she changed into a skeleton. She was then changed back again. After that the audience was passed out into the open air, greatly edified by the twenty minutes of breezy entertainment. The main entrance was thronged with more workmen, each one panting to separate himself from 5 francs in order to be spiritually elevated by this absorbing spectacle.

A former captain in the French army, who is to-day occupying a well-paid professional position, was making moan about comparative salaries.

“Last Sunday evening,” said he, “I went to the theater. The play was a good one and I was dressed in le smoking. In the seats in front of me was a workman with his wife. His hands were black and his hair was dirty, but he had paid forty francs for his two seats. Before the war such a sight would never have been seen. To-day it is common. The workingmen are earning as much as, if not more

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than, the well-paid professional man. And they are spending it as fast as they make it."

The standard of living has risen enormously for the Parisian workers during the past two or three years. Before the war department-store girls usually wore the cheapest of footgear—cotton stockings, felt shoes, frequently wooden sabots. To-day the bulk of them wear silk stockings which cost 25 francs a pair at the minimum. In the public markets one can see workmen's wives, hatless but wearing silk stockings, buying chickens at 25 and 30 francs apiece without a thought of bargaining. Alongside them will be the wives of middle-class workers wearing hats and cotton stockings and carrying that eloquent badge of respectability, a net bag. They will bargain and barter for chickens, and will usually turn to something else, because they are unable to pay the price.

The thrifty people of France have been the middle-class folk, and to-day their luck has deserted them. They are forced to clutch each franc so tightly that the figure of Liberty groans aloud. In the old days the middle-class folk usually shot for a mark of 50,000 francs. This they invested in real estate and bonds so that they would have an income of 2,500 francs a year; and on the 2,500 francs they lived comfortably. To-day the 2,500 francs doesn't get them very far. And incomes that used to be 2,500 francs dwindled pitifully during the years of the war, for there was a moratorium, and the thrifty middle-class folk who had sunk their hard-earned francs in real estate received no rents at all until the end of last October.

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The thrifty French people who are trying to exist on the interest which their once-sufficient capital is bringing in are perilously close to starving.

I referred a short way back to the Frenchman who went to the theater garbed in le smoking. Le smoking is the Parisian way of saying smoking jacket, or dinner coat. One of the things that Paris can't forget is its habit of taking an English noun, attaching an "ing" to the end of it, and thinking that the result is eminently correct. When a Parisian wishes to refer in a distinctly American manner to a long walk, he calls it "a footing." A place where a dance is held is known as "un dancing." A brisk ten-round bout is graced with the title of "le boxing." When he sets out for a bit of ground-and-lofty tumbling on roller skates he leaves word that he is off for "le skating." "Le skating" is where he goes, and "le skating" is also what he indulges in, just as he goes to "un dancing" to have "le dancing."

This method of expression seems to have become a mania with the Parisians. Unless they are restrained by some strong hand they will soon begin to speak of a kitchen as "le cooking," of a bath as "le washing," of a suit of pajamas as "le sleeping," of a chair as "un sitting," and so on. The ultimate result might be an effective pidgin French in which a Frenchman and an Englishman, with the assistance of a number of Delsartean gestures, might be able to carry on a conversation without any real knowledge of one another's language, but when foreigners attempted to master the hybrid expressions it would probably necessitate frequent enlargements of leading madhouses.

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The Parisians have become passionate devotees of "le boxing." Every time "un boxing" is staged in Paris a large and enthusiastic crowd turns out. There is a belief in certain circles that the Parisian has an odd habit of fighting with his feet and of biting in clinches. After viewing a few examples of "le boxing" in Paris, however, I am in a position to state that the average French boxer is more generous in the use of his fists than the average American boxer, and that his sole aim in life, while indulging in "le boxing," is to hit his opponent as frequently as possible in a given period of time. And French fighters, I don't mind saying, are pretty good sports. Not infrequently a couple of boxers who have been mauling each other's features for a matter of ten rounds will, when the gong rings, embrace affectionately and exchange kisses. Of course this is not the conventional manner of finishing a fight from an American standpoint. It is even possible that if somebody had raised Mr. Willard from the floor at the close of his recent set-to with Mr. Dempsey and had held him up while Mr. Dempsey kissed him, there might have been boorish persons in the vicinity who would have jeered at the proceeding and even given vent to catcalls and other low sounds. But in Paris such an ending to a fight is regarded as nothing out of the ordinary, and anyone who ventured to make sport of it would be viciously hissed.

Among the things which Paris hasn't forgotten is the knack of making feminine garb in such manner that every male eye which encounters it is arrested, not to say put out. Some of the feminine apparel which was produced in Paris last winter was the most

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arresting thing that I had ever happened to witness. Paris, I know, is not New York, nor does anybody want it to be, and comparisons are odious and all that sort of thing. Yet I cannot refrain from remarking that some of the Parisian gowns which I saw in leading dressmaking establishments were so arresting in their nature that if they had appeared on any stage in New York the whole show would have been pinched at once. And I have never heard the New York stage accused of being either prudish or puritanical.

I was led to several of these establishments by an accommodating young woman who was known to all of them and who assured the respective creation creators that I was there in the interests of science and not for the purpose of stealing their styles. Otherwise I would have been made to feel like a soiled and insignificant member of Coal Passers' Local No. 17 who had by mistake stumbled into the Union League Club and called hoarsely for an onion sandwich. The Paris dress-makers are greatly troubled by the fiends in human shape who enter their establishments, gaze for a moment at a 2,000-franc creation, and then go back to little shops on side streets and reproduce the same creation for a matter of 500 francs. They are also somewhat irked by the persons who come there and hang round for the sole purpose of seeing a good show for nothing. Consequently every strange face is viewed with suspicion and alarm.

Having been vouched for, I was allowed to sit magnificently at one end of a large, opulent room walled with mirrors and permeated with such a

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strong odor of perfumery that a hatful of air from it would have entirely changed the odor of the average small-town movie theater. As is well known, drastic measures are needed to change the atmosphere of such a place, but a little of the air from that dressmaking establishment would have done it.

One by one the manikins pranced out, stepping high and holding the hands just the way the fashion artists draw them. I couldn't get over the feeling that instead of flexing the wrists gracefully and allowing their fingers to trail loosely in the air the manikins should have held their dresses on with both hands. In many cases the dresses had no backs and were cut down below the waistline.

Though this matter is a rather delicate one, I feel called on, in the interests of truth, to point out that when a dress has no back and also has a deep incision cut down from the waistline there can be no garments of any sort worn beneath the dress without being exposed to the naked eye, due to the fact—so far as my imperfect technical knowledge permits me to speak—that undergarments must be fastened round the waist in order to remain in the position in which they were designed to remain. I mention this because last winter was a cold winter in Paris and coal was scarce. The fact that frail and beautiful women traveled round with nothing under their dresses, and with scarcely any dresses to boot, is a comprehensive commentary on the amount of punishment that a woman will endure in order to be in style. I would greatly admire to see a man's tailor attempt to introduce some sort of style in dress

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suits that would make it necessary for the men who use them to throw away their coats, waistcoats, shirts, and undergarments and roam round wearing nothing else but what that left them. That tailor's chances of preserving his soundness of body would, I believe, be slim.

In one of the best-known dressmaking establishments in Paris—which is to say one of the best known in the world—a manikin was brought out in a dress which had nothing above the waist, front or back, but eight strands of rhinestones. The rhinestones—four strands on each side—ran from the waist in back over each shoulder and down to the waist in front. They were slender strands—and that's all there was above the waist. I told several friends about it.

"Of course," they all said, "there was a little chiffon or something in addition."

But there wasn't. There was nothing but those strings of rhinestones. And the dress ended about two inches below the knee. The thing was both ludicrous and disgusting. It reminded one of that old, old story which is ascribed to Sam Jones, the revivalist. He came home from a dinner party one night. His wife, who was ill, hadn't accompanied him. "Well," said she, prepared to get an entertaining earful, "what did the women wear?"

Jones gazed contemplatively at the ceiling and scratched his chin.

"My dear," said he, "I don't know. I didn't look under the table."

The chief salesladies in these establishments were pressed to give an honest opinion concerning the

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beauty of such garments. All of them at first insisted vehemently that they were *très-chic*—oh, *très, très-chic!* Close questioning, however, forced them to admit that no lady would wear many of them as they were exhibited. In all their unconcealed chicness they were sometimes worn by persons whose judgment was somewhat impaired by their desire to create a sensation, or by individuals who felt that an unrestricted exposure of their charms was a distinct business asset. But the true lady felt obliged to fill in a few of the widest expanses of nothingness with several yards of chiffon and even to let down the skirts a few feet.

For the benefit of womenfolk in America who follow the rise and fall in the heights of dress backs with the same keen interest with which menfolk follow the rise and fall of United States Steel, I may say that the Parisian dress weevils predict a marked decrease in the amount of flesh that will be exposed in the future. Not many weeks ago, as I understand it, a dress that had anything above the waist in back was considered a bit dowdy, though some of the leaders in dress creation permitted a small butterfly or bluebird or Parmachene Belle fly to be painted on the flesh just under the left shoulder or on the right of a dimple in the small of the back.

To-day, however, a wisp of tulle or an unobtrusive string of beads may be passed over the shoulder without rousing adverse comment, and it is believed on the Rue de la Paix that this wisp or string may in time grow greatly in size, until evening gowns have again developed a near or rudimentary back. This change will be due in part to the loud and ear-

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splitting protests which are voiced by the men who attend "le dancing" with young women who wear the gowns which have nothing above the waist but powder. After dancing with them the young men find that their smokings look very much as though they have been left overnight in a flour barrel, and after every dance they are forced to retire to the coat room and be brushed off by several attendants. It will also be due to the fact that, tough and hardy as the feminine constitution is known to be, it is not sufficiently tough and hardy to endure sitting through a long dinner in a draughty room if the upper part of the body is entirely exposed, without developing severe and unlovely cases of goose flesh.

The million and a half Americans who are expected in Paris during the summer months will find that Paris hasn't forgotten her entrancing and unique methods of doing business. They will, I predict, be ravished by the methods which obtain in the perfumery stores. The amount of the old jazz which a Parisian uses in selling one small bottle of perfumery is sufficient to sell an entire perfumery factory to an unwilling Vermonter. Some of them adopt the hushed or adoring method of selling, while others prefer the blatant or squirt-gun method, in which the prospective purchaser receives a charge of perfumery in the face as soon as he steps over the threshold.

When one enters an establishment which uses the first method he finds himself in a chastely simple room with nothing in it to distract the eye. Two severely plain chairs flank a rich but unobtrusive table, while the carpet and the hangings melt into

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the soft coloring of the woodwork. All is harmony and restfulness. One enters and sits. There is nothing, as one might say, stirring. There is no perfumery in sight. One becomes wrapped in profound contemplation. He forgets all about perfumes and has hot flushes over the thought that he may have made a mistake in exchanging his dollars at the rate of 10 francs 20 centimes for each dollar. Possibly if he had hunted farther he might have got 10 francs 40, or even 10 francs 60. Ye gods! Would it be better to exchange all his dollars tomorrow or to wait a week? Or would it be better— Suddenly the hangings are pushed aside. A mysterious personage with a magnificent black beard reminiscent of a luxuriant juniper bush enters the room dramatically. Ha! Monsieur! Would monsieur perhaps then care to examine a perfume?

Monsieur is tempted to reply that he is there for the purpose of buying a load of top dressing for his Maine hop garden, but he refrains. Yes, he would care to examine a perfume. Bring it on then, but yes.

The mysterious personage withdraws. In a moment he returns with a small box. He holds it in the air and gazes at it as though it held the ashes of a lost love. He opens it tenderly and extracts a small bottle. The small bottle he places in the exact center of the large table. Then he backs off a few steps and gazes proudly at monsieur—as proudly as though he had done something wonderful. One expected him to crow, as though he had laid it. One is impressed. The bottle must be worth at least a million dollars. What is it, then?

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Ah! It is the latest novelty—it is the most recent creation! Marvelous! Exquisite! And the name! *Ah oui!* The name! “Let Him Not Forget This Moment.” This is its name—“Let Him Not Forget This Moment.” The personage kisses his hand at the bottle. He rolls up his eyes. He is choked with emotion. *Ah oui!* Well, what does this “Let Him Not Forget This Moment” smell like, then? Crack it open or something. Give us a smell of the stuff, no?

The personage bows his head, elevating his shoulders and hands in token of surrender. He pushes back a panel in the wall and extracts a small pad of suède leather. Standing before monsieur, he flaps it back and forth so that it misses monsieur’s nose by an inch at each flap. The air is permeated with sweetness. The personage’s eyes roll up again. He flaps with one hand, and with the other hand he throws a kiss at the ceiling. Ah! Delicious! Ravishing! A perfume of all perfumes most rare, most entrancing, most unequalled, most—

Yes, yes, yes, yes, then! But let’s have a look at some others! Is that the only perfume there is on the premises? And how much is it? How much, yes?

Ah yes! Eh, well, it is four dollars and eighty cents.

Four dollars and eighty cents! From the arduous toil which the personage has put into his selling talk it seemed impossible that he could afford to let it go for a cent under three hundred. Four dollars and eighty cents! *Eh, bien!* Well, bring on some others.

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So the personage brings them out one by one. He works himself into a frenzy over each bottle. His beard trembles and his eyes roll up and he kisses his hand constantly. One gets a whiff of "The Love of a Thousand Years" and of "Give Me Your Lips" and of "You Must Come Back to Me," as well as of several others. And after the personage has worn himself to a frazzle one buys one bottle of "Let Him Not Forget This Moment" at four dollars and eighty cents and is ushered out with much ceremony.

The other variety of perfumery shop is not so ceremonious and there is more action. One smells them for yards when approaching. Beautiful salesladies are observed flitting about among glittering bottles of pleasing shape. One enters, murmuring disjointedly of perfumes. One of the beautiful salesladies rushes up, bearing a quart bottle with an atomizer attachment. She shoots from the hip, catching the prospective purchaser full in the chest. As he backs away she seizes another bottle from a table and lets him have another charge in the face. As he mops it from his eyes she picks up another bottle and sprays him all over. Unless forcibly restrained, she keeps on with this program indefinitely.

I entered one of these shops after a long study of the bottles in the window. Evidently I had been spotted as a good prospect before I entered, for when I opened the door a saleslady was awaiting me with an atomizer loaded with "Kisses From the Heart." As she shot I ducked my head and the load hit the top of my hat.

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I have dragged that hat into Germany, and down the Rhine, and through Berlin, and across the Polish frontier. It has rolled round in freight cars and second-class coaches loaded with odorous Poles. German and Polish and Austrian hat boys have dropped it on the floor. It has passed through Czechoslovakia customs officials and weathered several snowstorms and rainstorms; and it still retains a seductive scent which is sometimes embarrassing. From this it may be seen that if one permits the salesladies of the squirt-gun school of perfumery shops to follow their natural bent and bring all their atomizers into action, one will be months in getting over it. Skilled Parisian statisticians have figured that for every five-dollar sale the squirt-gun school of shops squirt away enough perfumery to scent three regiments of infantry and a machine-gun company.

The department stores of Paris, too, have customs which catch the fancy. One enters a department store, for example, to purchase six inches of ribbon. Others, too, are at the ribbon counter, all determined to buy. There is a great deal of pushing and an occasional scream as the emotions of a purchaser become too much for her. The ribbon salesman, too, is suffering. His counter is open on all sides, so that the purchasers must assemble round it. Every person who passes the ribbon counter steps on a purchaser and bumps into the ribbon clerk, who races tirelessly round and round his small domain. At intervals he spies some one who has decided on a purchase. Pouncing on her, he leads her away and stands her up against a wall with instructions to

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remain until he returns. Soon he returns with another purchaser and stands her against the wall beside the first one. A third is added to the line, and a fourth, and sometimes even a fifth. Then he takes from each one the bit of ribbon that she has purchased and leads the line to the cash window.

Paris cash windows are usually located on the most populous aisles in the stores. All purchasers must go to them in order to pay their money, so that as they stand waiting and waiting and waiting—and waiting—to finish their business they are bumped and pushed and shoved and stepped on with the utmost freedom. Hundreds of people attempt to walk up their backs. It is nerve-racking to a degree. Nay, it is nerve-wrecking to several degrees. In the scale of nerve rack I should say that paying a Parisian department-store cashier was about the tenth degree. Trying to see an important business man or government official is in the neighborhood of the twentieth degree, while calling somebody on a Parisian telephone is about the thirty-second degree. The thirty-third, or master's degree, should, I believe, be unqualifiedly bestowed on the task of procuring from the police of Paris a police permit to leave France. This last proceeding can be depended on to rack every nerve to the limit, with enough rack left over to keep the nerves on edge for the next few days. These matters, however, I will touch on at greater length in another place.

After a Parisian department-store salesman has kept his little flock standing in front of the cashier's desk until almost everyone in the store has had a chance to kick them or push them, he gets back the

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packages which he had handed over to the cashier to be wrapped up. Though the contents of the packages are naturally concealed by the wrappings, some peculiar gift of second sight, which has evidently been abnormally developed by years of practice, enables the salesman to give each purchaser the proper package. This, to me, is one of the darkest mysteries of the French nation. I am thoroughly familiar with that edifying book by the late Eugène Sue entitled *The Mysteries of Paris*, but I am free to state that Mr. Sue overlooked a highly baffling mystery when he failed to touch on the wonderful success of the French salesman at projecting his mental vision through three thicknesses of wrapping paper.

Another thing that the Parisian cannot forget is his aversion to the checking system. He regards a check on the greatest banks in the world with as much loathing and horror as he would display if he were confronted by the deadly cobra. If he has known a man for years and known that he has enough money to buy the Eiffel Tower and a private Alp, he might consent with great reluctance to accept a check, provided it were for less than twenty-seven dollars. But even then he will rush it to the bank and get the money with all possible speed. He cannot regard a check as money.

An American friend of mine had been trading with a Parisian tailor for years. One morning last winter he dropped into the tailoring establishment to pay his bill. In his pocket he had insufficient funds, so he wrote out a check on a large Paris bank. The head of the firm picked it up gingerly and

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viewed it with deep disapprobation. Heaven then, what is it that it is, that there? The American was disgusted.

"Look here, George," said he, "you've been getting my money for years. You know that I've got enough to buy your whole shop a dozen times over. You know that I shall be here for months. You know this check is on a good bank. What's wrong with you, anyhow? That's money I've given you. It isn't just a piece of paper—it's money. Can't you get that into the old bean?"

The head of the firm elevated his eyebrows despairingly, shrugged his shoulders, and thanked his American customer, who stalked off down the street in a somewhat fretful state. He walked straight from the tailor's to his bank, stopping only to look in one shop window. He went to the paying teller's window to draw some money. In the line ahead of him was a small boy with a check. The American got a look at it over the boy's shoulder. It was his own check which he had just given to the tailor. The tailor had been filled with so much distrust of it that he couldn't wait a minute before getting his money on it. And though he had an account at a near-by bank, the thought of depositing the check to his own account never occurred to him. The American went right back and read the tailor the riot act, but it's certain that the tailor distrusts a check as much to-day as he ever did.

There is another unfathomable matter that Mr. Sue failed to include in his *Mysteries of Paris*, and that is the reason for the manner in which Parisian theaters sell their theater tickets. One doesn't buy

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a ticket and walk in. Heaven, but no! In my crude American way I rushed into a theater late one night, slapped down sixteen francs and received a pink slip of tissue paper entitling me to a seat in next to the last row. Holding it prominently in my left hand, I made for the door leading to the orchestra.

Sacred! Sacred name of a name, in fact! What is it that I go to do, truly! A strong doorkeeper leaped at me with cries and pushed me away. Attendants within cried out in alarm and sprang to face me. There were distant shouts, and one attendant ran down from the balcony. The entire lobby was in a turmoil. At length, seeing that I meant no harm, the doorkeeper relaxed and took me by the arm and led me where I should have gone.

In the center of the lobby was a high, desklike arrangement very similar to a judge's bench. Behind the desk sat three grave men in uniform. I stood before the tribunal and was regarded severely. I handed my pink slip to the judge in the center. He scrutinized it closely and went into a private conference over it with the judge at his right. Then the judge at his left was called into the conference. They took notes in ledgers and conferred again. There seemed to be some doubts in their minds as to whether I should be acquitted or sentenced to thirty days in jail. At length I was acquitted, whereat I presented the pink slip to the doorkeeper and was allowed to enter the theater.

I sought the reason for this formality. Why did the three judges sit on all tickets? What did they do to them? Nobody knew. The consensus of

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opinion was that they merely looked at the tickets. But why was it necessary? Why employ three judges; why not allow the ticket seller and the door-keeper to do the looking? Why use five men when two would answer the purpose? The answer was not forthcoming. It is one of the mysteries of Paris.

There are minor mysteries. Why, for example, does the water never boil in Parisian restaurants before half past four in the afternoon? And why does every Parisian always assure you that any part of Paris to which you may wish to go is a ten-minute walk? And what leads so many venerable Parisians to think that they can catch fish from the banks of the Seine? You can, as the saying goes, search me. I have tried in many a Parisian restaurant to get a bit of tea at four or at a quarter of four or at twenty minutes after four. My efforts have been fruitless. One is assured that the water boils at half past four and at no time prior to that. Call the head waiter, call the manager, call the proprietor. They know the habits of that water, and far be it from them to make any alterations in a fixed habit. It boils at half past four. Then one can have tea, but not before then.

Why should this be? Ask the water. It does no good to ask anyone else. Nor is it of any use to try to discover why all distances in Paris are ten-minute walks in Parisian minds. It is my belief that if one were to stop a Parisian on the street and ask him how long it would take to walk to London he would automatically reply, "Ten minutes." In order to cover in ten minutes most of the footings which Parisians say can be footed in ten minutes

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one would need legs at least twenty feet long and would have to run more than three quarters of the way.

Those drab and morose figures that fish eternally up and down the banks of the Seine are the leading exemplars of the facts that hope springs eternal within the human breast and that Paris may smile but that she doesn't forget. Probably all of these fishermen have heard a report that somebody once caught a fish in the Seine. In fact, I myself know a newspaper man who knows a newspaper man who is said to have seen a fisherman walking proudly home along the quays of Paris with a fish seven inches long which he had taken from the Seine after years of patient endeavor. He was followed by a cheering crowd, and ever and anon a brother fisherman came up from the river bank to kiss the successful hero and to fondle his prize. According to the rumor, all the fins and most of the tail of the fish were worn off by the repeated handling. This may or may not be true. The fisherman may have bought the fish, or he may have stolen somebody's pet goldfish in order to create a sensation. I have watched hundreds of these Seine fishermen and questioned many of them, but I never ran across one who had a fish on his person.

There is little doubt that one of the reasons why the Emperor Julian was so riotously enthusiastic about Paris back in the fourth century was the tasty manner in which his Parisian cook served up the meals. If Julian should come back to earth to-day I rather fancy he would hunt up the nearest policeman and ask him whether that little restaurant that

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specialized in fillets of sole Marguery was still doing business. And the policeman would curl his mustache and flirt his little white baton in the air and reply that it was a ten-minute walk by way of the Pont Neuf. Then Julian, I like to think, would ask about the place that used to specialize in snails with chopped onions; and the one that invented *bœuf à la mode*; and the one that made the chiffonade dressing that would put your eye out; and the little place that made pressed duck famous; and the hole in the wall where they used to build a Mocha cake with a frosting two inches thick. When he paused to swallow hard, because of the moisture with which the mere mention of these delicacies filled his mouth, the policeman would also swallow hard and point north, south, east, and west with his little white baton and assure Julian that every one of them was still doing business and that it was only a ten-minute walk to whichever one he cared to visit.

Whether her cooks try with horse meat, frogs' legs, snails, or the more conventional foods, such as *œufs* and *bifteck*, they perform great feats with the aid of sauces. The cooks of Merrie England are masters of the art of making anything taste like nothing, but the cooks of that dear Paris are adepts at making nothing taste like something. Given a piece of ancient carpet or the remnants of a McClellan saddle, they can lard it with fat and soak it in oil and season it and garnish it and explode its tissues and rub it with garlic and cook it with several mysterious matters for hours and then serve it with a dark-brown sauce that makes one burst into low but ecstatic moans, and one will be as

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contented with it as though he were eating the choicest products of a game preserve.

And the snails! *Ah oui!* The snails! The Parisians have been known to consume as many as seventy tons of snails in one day. There must be at least thirty snails to a pound, and it is a generally accepted fact that there are two thousand pounds to a ton. Yet the simple and tireless Parisians do away with seventy of those tons in one day. My faith! Not to say *Mon Dieu!*

I asked French friends about the snail. What does it taste like, then? And is it not a repellent viand—yes, no? Exasperated cries rent the air at these questions. Sacred and a couple of sacred blues! Had I never tasted the snail? *Zut*, then! It would be necessary that I partake immediately. So we went forth upon the boulevards and strolled past the bead-bag shops, and the near-jewelry shops with the rhinestone buckles, and the almost-tortoise-shell in the windows, and the lingerie shops, and the shops that sell suggestive books. We worked over into the better districts, where the perfumery palaces exude odors which make those of Araby the Blest smell like a bunch of dried grass, and where the jewelry shops blaze with diamonds large enough to place beneath hens for the purpose of stimulating them to produce something similar in size, and where the dressmaking establishments bear names as familiar as those of any of humanity's benefactors, not excluding Madame Curie, John Stuart Mill, or Phillips Brooks. Such, as the more profound thinkers are wont to remark, is life.

And at length we came to our restaurant, fronting

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on the stream of traffic which threatened momentarily to inundate the careless gendarme with his little imperial who stood waving his little white baton at the *retroussé* hoods of the Marne taxicabs. Outside the restaurant all Paris was laughing, but inside everyone was giving his undivided attention to the highly important question of ordering his meal and eating it.

This is a very serious matter with the Parisian. He thinks nothing of devoting half an hour to the mere consideration of what to eat. He goes into repeated conferences with the waiter, and frequently the head waiter and manager are summoned in order to pass on some delicate point, such as whether an omelet with Périgord truffles should be prepared in olive oil, according to the Provence school of cooking, or in goose fat, according to the Bordeaux school. This, it may well be believed, is a situation which calls for the most profound thought and the rarest judgment. *Ah oui!* For if anything happens so that the omelet goes wrong, everyone's entire day will be ruined.

If a Frenchman is giving a lunch and one of the dishes isn't good the host's first thought is of suicide. Life is no longer worth living. You think I jest? Look you: There was a person named Vatel, who was steward to the Prince of Condé. The king was coming to dinner with the prince and Vatel had ordered the food. Everything came except the fish. Dinner time drew on and still the fish came not. The king arrived. No fish! *Mon Dieu! Sacré nom d'un chien!* Name of a name of a name of a name of a name! The dinner started. There

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was no fish. Vatel, responsible for this awful thing, went out in the garden and fell on his sword. Death before dishonor! *Ah oui!*

My French friends had a perfectly terrible time over the wine. The waiter was warned not to bring it too cold. He was told explicitly and about eight different times that it must not be too cold. When it came on, resting on its side in its little basket, my host seized it and felt it all over. *Ciel!* Name of a name! How about that temperature, Jean? Cold, what? Has that imbecile, that descendant of a race of imbeciles, brought it too cold? But yes! Oh, *Dieu!* Clouds gathered over the party. The waiter was summoned. The storm burst. What had he done, then? Why must he ruin the lives of persons who had not harmed him? That wine there! Oh, oh, oh, oh! Sacred name of a green pig! What horror! Away with it, creature! Repair the damage if it is possible!

Yes, if anything goes wrong at a French repast there's liable to be a scene.

When the snails were brought on my every move was watched with intense eagerness. If I had found the snails not good, all would have been lost. One of my hosts would have beaten the proprietor to death and set fire to the restaurant, while the other would have gone out and insulted the chef most foully and set him to stew in one of his own stew-pans. But I found them good and all was well.

The French snail is a trifle larger than an English walnut. There are farms for them in France. About half a million first-quality snails are raised on an acre. They are fed once a day on cabbages and on

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bran soaked in wine. They are cooked in various ways, but the school which advocates filling the shell with a sauce made of chopped onions, pepper, a very mild vinegar, and olive oil is probably in the lead. One clutches each shell with a pair of small tongs, plunges a long two-tined fork into it, and hauls the snail gently from his lodging. It's a good dish—somewhat leathery, but good. Those who shudder at eating snails, but who devour such foods as raw oysters and ripe Roquefort cheese without a quiver, are beyond the comprehension of the Parisian.

The restaurants of Paris seem very inexpensive to Americans just now. At Duval's—the cheap chain restaurants—one can have an excellent lunch of, say, a soup, an omelet, two vegetables, bread and butter, a bottle of white wine, a salad, a pat of delicious cream cheese, a large saucer of jam, and coffee for 8 or 9 francs, which is between 75 and 90 cents. Or one can roll over to one of the more expensive restaurants and have a dinner for two people with a bottle of fine wine for \$5.

It is an affecting spectacle to see an American fresh from America receive his first bottle of wine in a Parisian café. He does everything but kiss the bottle. And by the time he has finished with it he is usually shedding bitter tears over the piteous condition of the people in America, where prohibition is in force, so that everyone has to drink very bad liquor, which is more than apt to poison him severely or drive him to some insane excess. These things seem cheap to Americans, I repeat, but they don't seem so cheap to the French, for the 9 francs which look like 90 cents to an American look like \$1.80 to

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a Frenchman, for he figures a franc still to be worth 20 cents. It is an odd situation.

Since the Frenchman figures the value of the franc at 20 cents instead of at 10 cents or less, some very choice parcels of real estate may be picked up at half price—from our standpoint. I mention this fact because our Embassy and our Consulate in Paris bear about the same relation to the Embassies and Consulates of other nations that a dog house bears to the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts. That simile may be a trifle stretched, but not much. The United States to-day has the respect and the sometimes unwilling admiration of every nation in the world. It is the world's greatest financial power. Yet our diplomats and our consular agents are wretchedly underpaid and our Embassies and our Consulates are located in rented buildings on frowzy and undesirable streets. We financed the Allies in the war, but our legislators for some dark and abstruse reason refuse to finance our own representatives in the proper manner.

Paris has never been able to forget her telephone system. I am very fond of Paris and I like the Parisians. I would not for the world hurt their feelings. I hope that they will realize that I am casting no aspersions on the French nation or the French people when I say that the French telephone is a very awful thing. One shouts "allo" into it by the hour without getting any results at all. All Americans in Paris assured me that every foreigner used the same methods when he was particularly anxious to speak with a man. He first spent half an hour trying to telephone, working him-

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self into a terrible rage which threw his digestive apparatus into disorder and probably deducted a few years from his life. Then he put on his hat and coat, flung himself downstairs, hunted up a taxicab, went to see the man in person, and found that he had gone out. Some people are urging a law which will make it compulsory to do away with all telephones and rely entirely on messengers and telegrams. As I have remarked elsewhere, however, the French are a simple and a tireless people, and I am sure that they will demonstrate their tirelessness by continuing to telephone.

The Parisians have one jest, or wheeze, round which all their comic papers, their farces, and their musical comedies live and move and have their being. They never forget it for a moment and they are tireless in their use of it. I don't know whether there were any comic papers in Paris when the Emperor Julian was in control, but if there were they were founded solely on this one jest. Every time it appears in a French farce the audience shrieks with laughter. Men, women, and children of the tenderest years all find it deliciously amusing. Eliminate that one jape and an enormous number of French plays and magazines would be forced out of business.

And beards! The Parisians have never forgotten their penchant for raising magnificent beards. Though the Russians have built up a great reputation for beard production, they are the veriest tyros beside the Parisians. The Parisian beard is not just something which is permitted to grow on the chin. It is a work of art; a carefully cultivated,

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nobly planned, artistically developed, richly nourished thicket. It is pruned, of course, in various shapes, but the favorite shape is the chatelaine-bag, or haystack, variety. It spreads out in a gorgeous black mass, concealing the collar, the cravat, and the opening at the top of the vest. In many ways it is reminiscent of the Imperial Valley of California, where the farmers are reputed to raise nine crops a year. The amount of care expended on these beards daily is enormous, and as a rule no Parisian permits himself to have one unless he is in a position to spend at least an hour every morning currycombing it, trimming the edges with a pair of pruning shears, and going over and over it with an oily rag to make it shine.

Readers of the works of Robert Louis Stevenson will recall that in certain of the South Sea Islands one of the most valuable forms of currency was old men's beards. If a few glossy-black Parisian beards could have been exported to the South Seas the bottom would have fallen out of the South Sea rate of exchange with a deafening crash, and an old man's beard which would once have purchased an entire farm would have been insufficient to buy a pack of carrots. The Parisian beard makes every other beard look like thirty hellers in Austrian money, which is about the low-water mark of worthlessness, unless one wishes to quibble, in which case it could be said that twenty-five hellers in Austrian money is even lower.

Paris has always had a reputation for nocturnal gayety. Supposedly she has always been the wildest of the European cities. As a matter of fact, I

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think there is scarcely a European city which isn't wilder. This is particularly so at present, for Paris is observing the regulations and closing up like a clam at half past eleven. Berlin, on the contrary, pretends to live up to the regulations which the coal shortage requires, but doesn't do it. Paris behaves herself and Berlin runs wild.

It is a pleasant thing for the world at large that Paris isn't forgetful. The things which she remembers are usually pleasant when the memory lingers on them, but there is one notable exception. If she could forget her system—or at least nine tenths of her system—of making every visitor in Paris appear at the Préfecture of Police in order to get a police permit to leave the country she would make the world a less profane place in which to live. As things were arranged last winter, a person could get a card of identity and a passport *visé* entitling him to leave the country by spending an entire day at the Préfecture of Police in person. One had to have an identity card in order to stay in Paris. And one had to have a *visé* to get out. A brilliant idea occurred to me. I would refuse to take out an identity card, and when I was ready to leave the country I would hunt up a policeman and tell him that my identity card was not. Then they would eject me from the country. Fortunately I learned just in time that my failure to have a card would have cost me a little matter of four or five hundred francs and that I would then have to stay in France until I got one.

The Préfecture of Police is a ten-minute walk, of course. Most of the places in it, moreover, are ten-

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minute walks from one another. The chief desire of the officials in the Préfecture of Police when issuing a card of identity seems to be to discover where the suspected foreigner was born. They lay great stress on it. The spade-bearded person who cross-examined me was greatly intrigued by learning that I was born in Kennebunk, Maine. He wrote it down Kehnebonque, Mainz. I assume that this information in this particular form will be of extreme value to the French authorities. He put it all down in a large ledger, and he seemed so eager for all possible information that I persuaded him to write down also that I was born in a house whose barn has an elm tree growing out of it. He had to get an interpreter in order to get it all straight and we all got very excited trying to catch one another's drift. I think that the vital information about the tree now appears correctly on the French records.

The real tribulations, however, arrive when one sets out to get a *visé*. Visitors to this particular part of the Préfecture of Police are received from nine until twelve o'clock and from fourteen to sixteen o'clock. If one gets caught in a jam between nine and twelve he has to stick right there until the employees come back at fourteen, or even until quarter past fourteen, unless he wants the job to spoil two days instead of one. All of the passport officials are excitable. One goes to Staircase D, where three underlings smell of one's passport and look at it upside down, and then with wild shouts and hand wavings instruct one to proceed to another underling at the end of the corridor.

After waiting one hour for this underling one finds

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that his only job is to clutch his head with his hand despairingly and tell one to go over to Porte B. At Porte B one waits patiently and finally gets the ear of an official. *Ah oui! Le passeport!* Well, it is not exactly his job. Rest *ici*, then, and soon some one will appear.

So one waits, and at the end of another hour some one with a spreading black beard indeed appears. He enters notes on Kehnebonque, Mainz, in various ledgers, shouting excited orders to a corps of assistants while doing so. Then after mislaying a couple of priceless documents and almost going mad with perturbation, he gets out a battery of rubber stamps and begins firing at will, in addition to starting an intelligence section hunting through the files in order to find out whether a person living in a house whose barn has a tree growing out of it is of any immediate menace to the French Republic. And at about five minutes before sixteen, when one is on the verge of assaulting some one with extreme ferocity and violence, one gets his *visé*.

The Parisians moan with horror over the *visé* situation. They claim that the recent decrease in the death rate is due entirely to the difficulties of getting passports to the Great Beyond.

At the Préfecture of Police one encounters all the emigrants from Poland and other Central European countries who are heading for America. Poland is furnishing the bulk of those who pass through Paris, and more than 90 per cent of them are Hebrews. All of them have suffered incredible hardships in coming as far as Paris, due to the frightful travel conditions in Central Europe. I talked with a

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number of them and, though they showed no inclination to turn back themselves, they were strongly of the opinion that anyone who tried to travel anywhere at the present time was in for the most harrowing experience of his life. Their appearance tended to bear out their statements, for their clothes were in such shape as to be of slight economic interest except to a rag collector, while the odor which clung to them was of the sort which is usually described as strong enough to knock you over. It really wasn't strong enough to do that, but it was sufficiently powerful to make almost anyone a bit ill.

The French themselves are not emigrating to America this year, or next year, or in any of the next few years, so far as it is possible to learn. There is plenty of work for them to do in France, and they seem to want to stay there and do it. In every other country in the world, apparently, the rank and file of the people have but one all-powerful desire. They want to emigrate. They want to emigrate to America if they can, but almost any place will do. France is the single exception. People in Paris who have studied the matter deeply declare that if all war-time restrictions were removed to-morrow so that emigrants could enter the United States as freely as in 1914, France would send us not more than half the small number which she sent us yearly before the war.

Paris smiles, as I have remarked before, but she doesn't forget. Just at present she seems to be doing her best to forget that she ever loved the American army, but she won't forget it, any more than she has forgotten all the other things. And she

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won't forget that Germany wanted to take her in a Prussian grip and squeeze her to the point of death, and was on the verge of doing it. She will also bear in mind that Germany will try it again in only a few years, as years go. If she seems a trifle hard on some of her neighbors at this writing it's because she remembers what her neighbors planned to do—and what they will once more attempt to do when the time is ripe.

Heigh-ho! Those snub-nosed taxicabs, and the Eiffel Tower rising out of the gray mists of early morning! Those bead bags and that glittering imitation jewelry! Those boulevards, golden in the afternoon sunlight! Those exciting odors of strange and wonderful perfumes! Those neat and Gallic maidens with the snapping black eyes which roam and roam! Those beards! Those cooking! Those wine! That dear Paris! *Ah oui!*

VII

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THE tall, fair-haired Englishman, who was always the hero of the paper-backed novels which existed in such profusion during the hair-cloth-furniture era, had certain unmistakable symbols which stamped him as a representative Englishman. Just as Mercury can always be identified by his winged derby and his snake-twined shillalah, and just as the combination of a portly man, side whiskers, a silk hat, a white vest, gray spats, and a cane, represents a banker to people who should know better, even so could the hero of the old novel be unerringly spotted by a half-witted infant because of certain things. Firstly, he was fair-haired, as I remember it, and his hair had an inclination to be curly. When the author of the book wanted to be excessively licentious and daring a passage would be introduced in which the heroine longed to stroke the hero's curly head and even run her fingers through his hair. At one time that was thought to be about as raw as a row of asterisks subsequently came to be considered. Secondly, in addition to being fair-haired he waltzed divinely. I am unfamiliar with the sort of dancing which obtains in

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divine circles, but I have always taken it for granted that when the authors of the paper-backed novels referred to divine waltzing they had private information which made it possible for them to speak with authority as to what did and did not constitute divineness. Thirdly, his name was Charles. Not always, but usually. And fourthly, he took a cold tub in the morning. The last never failed. He may have been named Edward and had fair hair and waltzed divinely; but he took a cold bath in the morning. His hair may have been dark as a raven's wing, and his name may have been Charles, and his waltzing may have been divine, but he never dodged his cold tub. The author always came up to scratch on that point. As soon as you ran across a man who admitted having taken a cold tub in one of those paper-backed novels you could be sure that he was the hero and an Englishman, and that he would propose to the girl while waltzing divinely to the strains of "The Beautiful Blue Danube."

No mention was ever made in those books of an Englishman who took a hot tub. That wasn't done. Evidently the taking of a hot tub was such a disgraceful affair that it couldn't be mentioned in any decent book. No matter how low and vile the villain may have been, he was never accused of taking a hot tub. Nothing whatever was said about the villain's baths, so that the readers were at liberty to think that he didn't wash at all. Evidently no bath was thought to be better than a hot one.

At any rate, the impression which these books conveyed concerning desirable Englishmen was that they took cold baths every morning. The books

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never went into details as to why desirable Englishmen took cold baths. This, it would seem, was a great mistake if the books really aimed at giving their readers an insight into the English people. A moment's thought will prove to anyone that this is so. One's inclination may be to deny it hotly. One may declare that the people who take cold baths every morning are a tough, hardy race, capable of enduring great punishment without weakening, that this characterizes the English people completely, and that we need not go more deeply into the subject. The matter, however, is more profound than this.

For example, not all Englishmen take cold baths, any more than all Englishmen wear monocles and spats, and ejaculate, "Haw! Haw!" every three minutes with unfailing regularity. Yet behind all Englishmen there is some force which impels them to take cold baths in the morning. It is not the cold bath which makes the Englishman tough and hardy, but the impelling force which he does not always obey.

The Englishman, I am sure, will attempt to say me nay in this. He will attempt to pass it off with a light laugh and an embarrassed shrug. He will doubtless declare that I am spoofing. All his nays and all his light laughs, none the less, cannot change me. I am not a spoofer by nature or by adoption. I would not recognize a spoof if it came up to me on the street and looked deep into my eyes. No, I am not spoofing. I have spent many long hours in England, and I have thought over the matter seriously, and I have found out what it is that impels

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Englishmen to take cold baths, and why it is that they are tough and hardy. It is something that was never mentioned in the old paper-backed novels that spoke so lightly of the fair-haired hero Charles who waltzed so divinely to the strains of "The Beautiful Blue Danube."

To get down to facts, it was the cold. It was the cold, I repeat, and it is the cold. I have sat and thought about this thing in many a hotel room in Merrie England during the winter season, wearing a thick overcoat and heavy woolen gloves and a hat with flaps that came down over my ears. Thoughts have always flitted rapidly through my head at such times, probably due to the fact that no thought was willing to stay in such a chilly place for any length of time. Chief among them was the thought that one could be far more comfortable in Siberia in the winter than in England. Then there was the thought about where that Merrie-England stuff came from. It certainly never came from anyone who had to spend more than a couple of hours in an English hotel in the winter; for it's about as merry as the average storage warehouse. Pursuing this thought closely was the thought about cold baths. Water can never fall below a certain temperature without freezing; whereas nothing will happen to the air in a room, even though its temperature falls too low for words. Too low for words is a description of the air in an English room during the winter months, and especially the months of last winter. Even the coldest water was warmer than a moderately chilly English room. A cold bath felt deliciously warm to an Englishman who had

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just emerged from his bed into the numbing air of his chamber. There, I think, is the secret of the Englishman's cold tub. He takes it to get warm. It is not the cold tub which makes him tough and hardy and a glutton for endurance, but the bitter, intense cold which surrounds him during the winter. Thousands and thousands of Englishmen have come home from the war with their strength quite sapped by the warm, comfortable life which they led in the cozy dugouts and funk holes of the front-line trenches. In all their lives they had never been so comfortable. They cannot accustom themselves to the rigors of an English winter, and they constantly write letters to the newspapers about it.

English homes and hotels are not built for warmth even under the best winter conditions. A large regal chamber containing vast quantities of marble-topped tables and morose-looking black-walnut furniture will boast a fireplace fourteen inches wide and eighteen inches high. Sometimes coal is burned, and sometimes wood. When coal is used a matter of four pieces are brought out tenderly and regretfully and laid with gentle hands upon the shivering flames. From the manner in which a piece of coal is sacrificed on an English fire an onlooker has the uncomfortable feeling that the person who put it on is going to burst into tears because it is burning. He seems to regard each piece of coal as a near, dear, and innocent friend who is being burned at the stake, though guiltless of all wrongdoing. So, at least, it has always appeared to me. And the same thing applies to firewood. An Englishman has always seemed to me to be as gen-

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erous with his firewood as though each stick were a valuable heirloom, and as though he had promised his dying father not to part with it unless driven to it by necessity's spur. As a result of all this the average English fire has about the same heating effect on a large room as the luminous dial of a wrist watch would have.

In several parts of London the streets were being repaired and the old wooden paving blocks were being replaced with new ones. The old blocks were piled up along the curb, and every night during the still small hours shadowy and furtive figures would sneak up to the block piles and gather up a load. I found one American who had sent out his office boy at midnight every night for a couple of weeks to gather up paving blocks. He had venerable paving blocks under his bed, in his bureau drawers, and in his closets. There were also a few in his trunks. He was managing to keep fairly warm.

The naturally chilly situation was rendered even more acute, and the conventional cheer and merriness of an English winter were greatly enhanced by the coal shortage, which caused only one lump of coal to linger where two might formerly have been observed. When an English fire is cut down by one half it becomes an uproarious burlesque on the accepted idea of a fire. In many cases, however, the English have not been content with cutting their fires in half. They have gone so far as to eliminate them entirely.

The hotels in order to save coal refused to permit fires or electric heaters in any room unless the guest could produce a doctor's certificate stating that he

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was ill and must have a fire. The hotel doctors plied a thriving trade in certificates of illness. The price of being ill enough to have a fire was standard at one pound, though a number of overanxious physicians cut the price to fifteen shillings, and even to ten shillings. This was not considered just the thing to do in medical circles, however, and the most reliable physicians refused to find traces of illness for less than one pound. In one of the London hotels was a rather venerable American woman with a much younger companion nurse. When the order against having fires in rooms went into effect she summoned the doctor immediately and demanded a certificate of illness in a querulous and indignant voice. The doctor obediently started in on the certificate, but when he came to naming the illness which made a fire necessary he hesitated.

"What," he asked, "shall I give as your particular form of ill health?"

The old lady didn't care.

"Write down anything you want to," she said. "I want that fire and I don't care how I get it. I'm cold, I tell you!"

So the doctor wrote down old age as the reason. When the old lady saw it she was highly incensed.

"Old age!" she screamed. "Old age! What's that got to do with it?" She pointed her lean and quivering forefinger at her youthful companion. "Do you see her?" she asked. The doctor admitted that he did. "Well," said the old lady, "she isn't a third as old as I am. She isn't suffering from old age, and she's cold, too. You can put that down on your old prescription!"

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As a result of the constant chill which permeated every building, life for 90 per cent of the English during the past winter consisted of just one cold after another. One's first impression on entering any public place was a constant fusillade of sneezes, wheezes, and coughs which at times attained the proportion of drum fire.

There was only one topic of conversation which could compete with the incessant talk about chilliness, and that was the subject of housing. England is as full of people as a parlor Bolshevik is full of half-baked theories. She is shy of apartments, hotels, and houses, and this is true of every part of Great Britain, and Ireland as well. A rumor in southern England to the effect that a Red Cross hut was to be sold by the Americans brought half a dozen women pedaling over muddy roads on bicycles on the chance of getting a place to live. There have been no repairs during the years of the war, and no building to speak of. England lacks 500,000 houses, which is a fine, commodious number of houses to lack in these piping times of overwhelming building costs. During the next four years she will have to build 154,000 houses every year in order to make up the shortage and take care of all the people who need homes.

The arduous and nerve-racking labor which one must endure in order to get a temporary or a permanent habitation in England at the present day is worthy to rank with any of the labors of the late John D. Hercules, the original solver of labor troubles.

I would greatly admire to see Mr. Hercules going from one London hotel to another attempting to

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find a place to rest his weary head without resorting to the obvious expedient of clubbing some one to death and seizing his room before somebody else had a chance to get it. I rather think that Mr. Hercules would wind up by sleeping on a billiard table or on the floor of a smoking room, as so many others have done.

Every time a boat train comes up to London a little group of earnest American business men get together and exchange the agonizing tales of their adventures in locating a place to sleep. Not long ago a boat train disgorged its travelers in Euston Station, London, and an optimistic crowd of Americans scattered in every direction in search of rooms, after checking their heavy luggage at a hotel near the station. Later on that night one of them wandered wearily back to the hotel where he had left his luggage, told the porter a harrowing story of going into thirty-two hotels and being refused accommodations in each one, and slipped him a one-pound note for a bed on the billiard table. He retired to his couch and was just composing himself for slumber when the billiard-room door opened and the porter ushered in another of the Americans who had started to hunt for rooms at the same time. The two were discussing the situation in venomous tones when the door opened again and a third visiting American was admitted. Before midnight eleven Americans who had failed to obtain accommodations were sitting in the billiard room. The entire night was spent in conversation on English hotels and kindred gloomy subjects.

The average English hotel room was probably

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designed primarily as a place in which one or more persons could sleep; but a casual observation might easily lead a person to believe that the hotel architects had been working in collusion with the Business Men's Association, and that the rooms had consequently been designed to be as uncomfortable as possible, so that the occupants would keep out of them and, consequently, spend money. English hotel architects seem to have a positive genius for avoiding things that might tend to make hotel guests comfortable. The electric light, for example, is usually as far as possible from the bed. Consequently, one cannot read in bed; and when one has snapped off the light in the evening one has a long walk past the washstand, which is usually made of black walnut and placed in such a position that anybody walking from the electric-light switch to the bed must run foul of one of its corners. Occasionally one finds a hotel which boasts of two lights—one over the bed and one over the bureau. In such cases there is usually a masterful and cunning arrangement of switches which prevents the one over the bed being lighted unless the one over the bureau is not lighted, and *vice versa*. None the less, the poorest hotel room looks like the royal suite to a man who has spent the night in an attempt to locate the soft spots in a billiard-table top with an angular and protuberant hip bone.

So crowded are the London hotels that newly arrived foreigners, after completely exhausting themselves by dashing from hostelry to hostelry, only to be informed superciliously at each caravansary that there will be no vacancies for three months, fre-

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quently pile their luggage into a train and go off to some place like Brighton, where there are a number of large summer hotels. There they remain, taking two hours to go up to London each morning and two hours to go back at night, until somebody who knows somebody who has a friend that is vacating a hotel room whispers a hint in their ears and gives them a chance to move up to the big city.

The reason for all the crowding of hotels and the shortage in houses is due, of course, to the cessation of normal building during the war, to the taking over of many of the largest hotels by various departments of the government for war activities, to the large number of people who came into the cities to do war work, to the young people who have grown up and wish to start housekeeping for themselves, and to the elevated standard of living which has come about in many countries because of the war, and which, among other things, makes people loath to crowd themselves into as small a space as formerly answered their purposes. Many young people, lacking houses, have started their married lives in hotels. Enormous numbers, moreover, seem to be traveling. Late in November every berth on trains running to the winter resorts of southern France was booked through March. As one English business man remarked, "The world's left home."

At this point I wish to rise for the purpose of remarking in strident tones that the person who leaves home for the purpose of traveling in Europe at this particular period of the world's development or underdevelopment when he doesn't have to is

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upward of fifty-seven different varieties of idiot. At a later period I propose to go into this matter at greater length, but I feel that I must mention the horrors of foreign travel in passing, even though I cannot at the moment do more than refer to them in the sketchiest manner. I know that nobody will heed my words, but I have the satisfaction of knowing that in the not distant future there will be many a person who, when sitting up all night in a European train with eight or ten strangers standing heavily on his feet and four or five others waiting for him to go to sleep so that they can steal his baggage, will hark back to these words of mine and realize with a dull throb of despair that the words were sincere and conservative.

If the hotel situation in England is bad now, what will it be when the gay and care-free American tourists begin to pour in in ever-increasing numbers? I could tell you what it will be if I wanted to, but I do not care to be accused of contaminating the minds of the younger generation with low language.

England is making a valiant effort to solve the housing problem. The Ministry of Health has a well-organized Housing Department which is digging into the subject as busily as it can, while the British public stands on the side lines and curses the Housing Department as ferociously as possible. Some of the cursers shriek and tear their hair because they claim that the Housing Department intends to let the newly built houses at less than their so-called economic rent, and that the taxpayer will thus be robbed. Other cursers gnash their teeth because they hold that the Housing Department intends to

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let the houses at their economic rent, and that by so doing the poor, who cannot afford to pay, will be robbed. Again some howl and roar because they claim that the Housing Department is doing nothing to get bricks and building material; others wail and bellow because they claim that the Housing Department has cornered bricks and building material and thus sent prices soaring. That is one very sure sign that the English people are not consumed by the post-war lethargy that has laid some nations by the heels. The English people are always kicking. They always have something to beat their breasts about. Nobody can ever put much of anything over on the English people, for, no matter what it is, at least half of the people will be against it on general principles, and they will rave so frantically against it that the rest of the country will take a good look at it to see what it's all about.

None the less, the Housing Department of the Ministry of Health has worked out some good schemes to protect the people in the house shortage. It has selected sites for the needed half million houses; it has put a ban on the building of structures that are not essential for the housing needs of the people; it has granted a certain amount of money to each individual who will build a house; it has succeeded in having plans for 60,000 houses submitted, and the plans have been approved; it has all the bricks, slates, drain pipes, doors, windows, sinks, and baths for them. Contractors have made bids on the houses, which range from tiny cottages with a living room, a kitchen, and a bedroom, to comparatively imposing mansions of a parlor, a

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living room, a kitchen, and four bedrooms, and, though bids have not been made on all of them, the average cost of those on which bids were made was approximately £700, or the equivalent—to an American—of \$2,800.

The question of what a pound is worth in dollars is a rather difficult matter to deal with because of the constant fluctuation in the rate of exchange, and also because it is unfair to translate it into dollars when applying it to transactions made between Englishmen. A pound is always worth a pound to an Englishman. He is paid in pounds, and their value is always the same to him except when he is buying something from an American, in which case they aren't worth so much, or when he is buying something from Germany or France, in which case they are worth more than they ever were.

When I was in England the pound was worth a trifle under four dollars to an American, instead of being worth almost five dollars as in the old days. To say that the English were fretful over this state of affairs is to be ultraconservative. It would be more accurate to say that the clatter which resulted from their gnashing of teeth could be heard for miles. The subject of exchange is dragged into every conversation and bandied about by all the most energetic bandiers in the vicinity; in fact, I should go so far as to say that, for every cent which each English pound has depreciated in value, there has been at least two and a quarter hours of bandying by the English people.

I assume that the reasons for the depreciation in the currency of foreign nations is as clear as the

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finest and most expensive crystal to the average person. Noted financiers have explained it to me in nicely chosen and well-modulated language, and I have written down their remarks in my notebook with considerable enthusiasm, but after I have retired to the privacy of my chamber and studied my notes the explanations seem about as clear as a chocolate-soufflé pudding. That is to say, the language in which the explanations are phrased is sufficiently clear, but they do not explain to my travel-muddled brain why the English pound should one day be worth \$4.16 and the next day \$3.92 and the next day \$4.12.

The Morgan interests and the large banking houses of the world have nothing to fear from me as a financier. I have no intention of competing with them, and I am not trying to make anybody think that I know anything about finance. None the less, after I study the explanations of prominent bankers as to why the rate of exchange is lurching hither and yon like a Swampscott dory in a Pacific typhoon, I have a vague feeling that when the financiers explain they forget to include one of the important reasons for the peculiarly drunken movements of foreign money. I think that they forget to say that the important financial interests in every country in the world are speculating merrily in foreign money, buying it when it's low and selling it to their own people when it's high. I am probably wrong, because when I spoke about the matter to several bankers they merely regarded me pityingly and gave me another ultralucid explanation which explained nothing at all.

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Americans who intend to go abroad should make up their minds, before starting, to watch the rate of exchange with extreme care and to be careful where they have their money changed. There is one tourist agency—not an American agency, I am glad to say—which helps itself to several cents out of every American dollar which it changes. When banks and American agencies are selling an English pound for four dollars flat, for example, this particular agency will frequently charge from twelve to twenty-five cents more for it.

Every American business man in England had practically the same viewpoint on the depreciation of the English pound, and this is about the way he looked at it:

America is selling more goods to England than England is selling to America. In one month recently the amount of goods which America sold to England was valued at £66,000,000 more than the goods which England sold to us. Therefore England needs to purchase a great deal of American money with which to pay for American goods; whereas America doesn't need to purchase nearly so much English money to pay for the English goods. If America and England both needed an equal amount of each other's money the value of both moneys would be normal. But since there is more demand for one than for the other, the one for which there is more demand immediately goes up in price. It is our venerable friend, the law of supply and demand. If there is a great demand for china pug dogs and there are only seven of them in the world, they are

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going to be worth about a million dollars apiece. Really, it's too simple!

Very well, then; as English pounds slide down in value the Englishman has to hand out more and more of them to buy American dollars with which to buy American goods. This gives the Englishman a slow shooting pain; for, like the rest of us, he hates to pay out more than he used to have to pay out in the old days. Eventually he will balk and will emphatically refuse to buy from America anything that he doesn't absolutely have to buy there. Whenever possible he will buy from other countries where the English pound has greater purchasing power, and one can scarcely take him to task for so doing.

This applies to other countries as well. All of them are sending less goods to us than we are sending to them. Consequently they need American money more than we need their money, and the old reliable law of supply and demand causes the value of their money to remain low. They, too, are refusing to buy more from America than they absolutely need. In time England and the other countries will be dealing with us so little that our business men will have no more European trade to speak of, and no European markets for their goods.

The answer to all this is for American business men to buy all sorts of foreign goods. Yet when I was in London Americans couldn't buy much of anything from the English, in spite of the extreme cheapness of everything from an American viewpoint, because English factories weren't turning out so much material as they ought, due to a coal short-

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age, and the output of the factories was bought up for months ahead.

The general manager of a London firm which employs twenty-one thousand persons spent the better part of an hour emitting heartrending moans to me because of the underproduction of English factories. Skilled labor, he declared, was far lazier than it used to be in the old days. The workers, according to him, were working 30 per cent less hours and producing 20 per cent less goods than in pre-war days. He laid part of the trouble to the coal shortage and the lack of raw material; but he also laid the chief blame with a vicious thump at the door of general restlessness and unwillingness to settle down.

"Our firm finds it almost impossible," he said, "to get glass, china, furniture, and carpets. We need large quantities of these things; but they can't be had in the needed amounts at any price. When we want china from the people that made our china before the war, we don't dare to tell them the total amount that we need, for they would be frightened off and wouldn't touch any of our order. We disclose only about a quarter of our actual needs; and we feel highly elated if they consent to supply us with any amount at any price."

All Americans in England agree that there is only one thing that will bring the value of foreign money back where it belongs and keep it there, and that is a large production of goods in foreign countries, and the purchase of them by America until the values of imports and exports are equal again. The granting of credits is necessary, so that the war-

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crippled industries of different countries can get back to a normal production; but until the trade balance between countries is restored there can be no permanent relief from the present messiness of the rates of exchange. Everything comes down to the question of production. Unless the manufacturers and workmen of the different countries produce at top speed, and keep on producing, the world will continue to throw the same fit that it has been throwing for so many months.

When an American strikes England he is greatly intrigued by the relatively low rates which obtain. The best tailors in the most expensive sections of London are charging £12 for a suit of clothes; and £12 means \$48 to an American. The same cloth made into a suit by a good American tailor would have cost \$110 to \$150. Good suits of excellent materials can be had from less fashionable tailors at £8 and £9. All things are correspondingly low from an American viewpoint. From the English viewpoint, however, most things are as high as things in America seem to Americans, and the same ferocious howls of protest are heard in England that are heard in America.

Generally speaking, the great mass of people in England are spending their money more freely than the people in America are spending, though there are many Englishmen who deny this indignantly. I went to a number of large employers of labor, and for each one who said that the people were not kicking their money away there were three who said that they were. The poor man to-day is paying for his food and clothes what the wealthy

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man used to pay before the war. The prices of the things which he buys are double and frequently treble what he used to pay. The prices of the things which the rich man needs, on the other hand, have risen about 80 per cent. Before the war the poor man paid £3 for a suit; now he pays £8. The rich man used to pay £8, and now pays £12. Cheap articles are the ones that have gone up the most in England. Expensive fish, like turbot and salmon, have not quite doubled in price. But cheap fish, like cod, plaice, eels, and whiting, have soared. Plaice used to be 4 shillings for 14 pounds. Last winter it was 14 shillings for 14 pounds.

The rich are spending money heavily because if they didn't spend it they would have to pay out half of it in excess-profits taxes, and because they fear a tax on capital. The manager of a feverishly fashionable jewelry establishment on Bond Street told me that the month of November, 1919, was the biggest month for sales that his firm had ever had in its history. The wealthy English people were coming to him and investing their money in diamonds because they figured that their value increased at least 6 per cent a year, and because if the government should happen to attach a large melancholy tax on capital their diamonds would be free of the foul proceeding.

The people in moderate circumstances are spending their money freely because they have received high wages and saved money during the war, because the war has left them in a state of restlessness and excitement, and because they have become accustomed to a better standard of living than they knew

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during pre-war days. The mass of people are living in less crowded quarters, eating better food and wearing better clothes than ever before. Since people wisely insist on maintaining a high standard of living, once they have attained it the English people will probably continue to spend more freely than they ever did before. Working girls who never dreamed of wearing anything but cotton stockings in the old days are now wearing silk. The head of a business which employs a large number of living-in people—people who are provided with their food and sleeping quarters—casually mentioned a girl employee who received £3 a week wages in addition to her food and lodging, and who had reported to him the loss of a coat which cost £9.

The average city wage of a workman is about £5 a week, but in some sections of England the earnings are much larger. In the Welsh coal mines, for example, there are men who can earn from £1,000 to £1,200 a year if they wish to hustle—which they don't often care to do nowadays. At that rate the miners would earn more money than the officials and managers. The average earnings at one Welsh colliery at a place with a peculiarly Welsh combination of letters in its name—Ebbw Vale—amounts to £800 a year; and £800 a year means nearly \$4,000 a year to an Englishman. Singularly enough, that particular colliery turns out the cheapest coal in the district, in spite of the high wages which it pays.

The reports of large earnings come from all parts of England. One small town in Wales boasts of fifteen millionaires. The city of Northampton puts in a modest scream to the effect that it is the boot

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capital of the world and that its boot manufacturers have rolled up fortunes overnight; in fact, some of them seem to have devoted only a part of the night to rolling up their fortunes. The rest of the night has been devoted to blowing in the roll. The city of Norwich also makes boots, but it hasn't made quite so many as Northampton, so that its manufacturers aren't quite so rich. Therefore they are jealous; and in Norwich they sneer cruelly and remark venomously, "Touch a Northamptonshire boot manufacturer and he will jingle because he has so much money." In Northampton they declare that two thirds of the Allied armies marched in Northamptonshire boots. Without their boots, they say, "America could not have won the war." And with that remark they burst into howls of merriment, significant of their opinion of the amount that America had to do with winning the war.

Lancashire, Yorkshire, the Midlands—all industrial Britain is overlaid with money. Fine cigars and expensive champagnes are being sold with tremendous fluency in those regions. All over England people are playing the stock market to an extent never before known. They aren't investing; they're gambling. Some wealthy manufacturers were telling me about oil stocks which they considered good. I asked them what they were capitalized at, what their earnings were, how much they yielded on their purchase price. Not one of them knew or cared. They were merely gambling in them.

No matter how prosperous an English business man may be, however, he is always able to obtain great mental relief and relaxation from engaging an

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American in conversation and telling him what he conceives to be a few plain facts. I may say that the most popular indoor sport in England during the winter months is baiting an American. Government officials don't do it, of course, or people of tact. But the average Englishman that an American meets can't be happy until he rids himself of several remarks about America and Americans, delivered hot off the waffle iron, so to speak. Every American in England gets the same sort of talk wherever he turns. In England they are still dwelling on the fact that America entered the war about two years too late. They love to harp on that. I have a persistent feeling that years and years from now, when the members of that large body which gets under the wire in the so-called younger-generation class goes doddering over to England with long, silky, white beards waving gently in the breeze, the English will still be referring caustically to our slowness in entering the war.

The English are great people with whom to for-gather. They speak our language and they fight well and cleanly. They are wonderful people to do business with, because their word is as good as their bond and they are steadfast in their associations. But they are given to overmuch harping, I think. They are the world's greatest harpers. It is my belief that if an Englishman and a representative from any other nation entered a harping contest the Englishman would finish at least nine and a half harps ahead of his opponent. In addition to harping on our dilatory entry into the recent conflict, they are greatly given to harping on the large

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amount of money which America made during the war. The common expression of opinion from an Englishman to an American is that America during the war made all the money in the world. To hear an Englishman talk you might imagine that greedy America had left about eleven cents to be divided among the nations of the world, and that she had appropriated everything else for herself. This matter is never allowed to rest. I would even go so far as to say that it is never allowed to sit down. It has been sentenced to hard labor for life by the English, and whenever an American goes to England it is brought out and made to perform all sorts of arduous stunts.

Even the people from the Belfast linen factories and the Northamptonshire boot factories and the industrial Midlands, who have emerged from the war with their wallets bursting at every seam—even they contribute to the harpers' chorus. I have seen them stop right in the middle of an abstruse argument with a waiter regarding the respective merits of 1894 and 1907 champagne and plunge headlong into a full-toned harp relative to America's cornering of the world's money. There is nothing violent about their harping, but it is clearly intended to be a rebuke and a marked evidence of disapproval. They seem to regard every American as being personally responsible for these two serious defects in conduct.

They also appear to labor under the impression that every American wool buyer, newspaper man, machinery salesman, shoe manufacturer, and banker who comes to England was one of President Wilson's

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personal advisers during the ante-bellum, the bellum, and the post-bellum days. During the past year they have acquired the piquant and novel idea that President Wilson alone was responsible for the cessation of hostilities before the Germans were really whipped, and that if it hadn't been for President Wilson the fighting would have continued for some weeks, when the Germans would have been beaten to a light, creamy froth. They are trying this on their harpers, and it seems to sound pretty well to them. They are passing it on to the Americans with great frequency, and the earnestness with which they advance it implies clearly that every American ought to feel abashed for having advised President Wilson to do such a thing, and that he ought to go right back to America and do something about it.

And then they harp on the America-won-the-war stuff. They haul it into the conversation and slam it up against the wall and mop up the floor with it. I cannot help thinking that if I lived to be 190 years old and went over to England and dropped into a restaurant for a dash of soft fodder for my ancient gums, the man beside me would say something derogatory about the weather and then leer at me and make a sly remark about America winning the war. He would get that off about the time I was struggling with my suet pudding, and by the time I had finished he would have harped on all the other subjects to which I have referred above, and I would be weeping senilely into my dish of Cheddar cheese. Americans usually don't mind such remarks when they are made only eight or ten

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times, but when they are made with unfailing regularity by every chance acquaintance they begin to affect the nervous system in a most pronounced manner.

Much of this probably is due to the Englishman's passion for doing things in the ordinary way. Anything which isn't done in the ordinary way is no end loathsome to an Englishman, as one might say. For example, the Englishman is greatly given to saying that something is extraordinary when it isn't at all extraordinary. But to say, "Extraordinary!" as a sign of some surprise is the ordinary way, so the Englishman does it. An American friend of mine in England was addicted to the habit of wearing a collar whose size was the same as the size of his shirt. He had some shirts made by an English shirtmaker, and then tried to persuade him to make some collars whose size would be the same as the size of the shirts' neckbands. But the shirtmaker wouldn't. Collars were always made larger than the shirt. It wasn't the ordinary way to make them both the same size. If made that way the collar would be too tight. Extrawdnry! He'd never heard of such a thing! It simply wasn't done! It wasn't the ordinary way! The American couldn't carry his point. He had to give it up. To speak slightly to Americans about making all the money in the world and winning the war and such things has come to be the ordinary way to talk to Americans. That, I believe, is the reason for a lot of it. Another reason is the natural annoyance which a staid conservative feels when he looks at a very young, very lusty, very successful young person.

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These things mean nothing, however. The Englishman is one of the best sportsmen in the world, and he is playing the trying reconstruction game for all he's worth. Some countries are cheating and dodging and lying and evading at every point of the game, but England isn't. When there's a coal shortage everybody in England shivers and cuts down on his lights; when there's a food shortage everybody cuts down on his food; when a man profiteers he is fined with celerity, enthusiasm, and vigor.

A profiteer doesn't have to be a very extensive profiteer to get it in the neck. At Dudley, in Worcestershire, a liquor dealer overcharged one penny on a glass of rum. The judge promptly soaked him £5. At Willesden a milkman was found watering his milk. It cost him £5 also. A Willesden provision dealer overcharged a customer sixpence for a rabbit, and his adventure in profiteering depleted his savings by the little matter of £10 and costs. One of the large London department stores sold a hook and chain for fastening a fur collar for one shilling elevenpence ha'penny. The customer, on thinking it over, decided that she had been stung, so she went before the Westminster Profiteering Tribunal and made a loud, penetrating roar, declaring that she could have got said hook and chain for one shilling and three quarters of a penny if she had hunted a bit farther. The learned tribunal heard evidence as to the cost of the metals and various other matters, and after due deliberation decided that it sounded suspiciously like a case of profiteering. A prosecution was therefore directed,

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and the department store appeared to be out of luck.

Food in England is plentiful and reasonable in price, even for the English, in spite of rumors to the contrary. I was told before arriving in England that I would be unable to get meat without a meat card, but I found as few evidences of meat cards as I did of great auks, which have been extinct for a number of years. Sugar and butter were not to be had except in small, sickly portions, and I doubt whether Mr. Sherlock Holmes himself could have located any cream. It all goes for the making of butter. There was milk in limited amounts, but all that I encountered tasted suspiciously as though it had been cleverly manufactured from portions of the Dover chalk cliffs and large quantities of water.

The butter looked like butter and tasted like butter, but usually wasn't butter at all. It was margarine. Even margarine was not overplentiful. The English have become skilled in the difficult art of disguising a very small piece of margarine as a fairly large piece of butter. Sometimes they bring it on in a round pat which curves up fatly in the middle. When pressed, however, it collapses and becomes a disk about as thick as a poker chip. If one of these butter pats could be petrified and silvered it would pass almost anywhere as a half dollar. At other times they shave off a piece and curl it up so that it looks like a diminutive yellow football. This also collapses when touched, and makes a poor showing when applied to a slice of bread. I demanded butter in a London restaurant

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one noon, and was informed by the waitress that there wasn't any, but that the manager sometimes hid away a bit of butter in a drawer for the steady customers. She went away to see whether she could persuade the manager to part with a piece. When she returned she claimed that he had neglected to hide away any on that particular day. The financial director of the American Red Cross in London was trying to show me how to make a small piece of margarine stretch over an entire roll one evening when a head waiter approached and regaled us with a long and thrilling tale of how a friend of his in another hotel had helped a man from Devonshire to get a room in a hotel, and of how grateful the man had been, and of how he had shown his gratitude by going back to Devonshire and sending his benefactor a whole pound of real butter. Real butter, mind you! And a whole pound of it! Butter, like most things in England, is controlled by the government and distributed over the country, so that one rarely gets a good look at a whole pound all together.

I asked the head waiter how long it had been since he had seen any cream. He hadn't seen any for seven months. Sugar is also scarce. When it appears on the table at all it appears in small, mangy-looking lumps with worn-off corners. The average lump of English sugar presents the appearance of having been carried loose in a haversack during the four years of the war. The conventional English porridge, better known to Americans as oatmeal, is no longer sweetened with sugar in England, but with honey. This seems to have no

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effect on the consumption of this dish, and each Englishman continues to eat his weight in porridge every seventeen days.

But outside of sugar, butter, and cream there is plenty to eat in England; and if one cares to go over to Ireland, where England doesn't enforce food restrictions, he will find great bowls of sugar and golden slabs of butter on the tables. One of the largest and newest hotels in London serves an excellent dinner for less than a dollar. Little things like eggs and bacon aren't quite up to standard. The English eggs are strangely debilitated and can be cooked for long periods of time without being greatly affected. Some of those English eggs should be tremendously popular in China, where venerable eggs are highly esteemed. Yet there have been times when I suspected strongly that some of the eggs which I got in England had been ejected from China by the Chinese authorities. The bacon also had a singularly tired taste, as if it had struggled for years against its fate and had finally given up the fight and died and been embalmed by a careless embalmer who used bad chemicals. It occurs to me in passing that most of the eggs to be found in England fall under the head of political eggs, or eggs which should be used only for throwing purposes. In London they tell a tale of a woman who had purchased a dozen eggs and didn't care much about them when she looked into them in the seclusion of her home. She picked up one of the most evil specimens, marched back to the shop where she had purchased it, and placed it on the counter with many signs of repugnance. "'Ave a whiff of

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'er!" she commanded. "It's a thing as I wouldn't presume to throw at Lloyd George's 'ead!"

According to prominent English business men, anybody who really wants a job in England can get it. One of them fairly tore his hair out over his inability to get workmen at any price. He said that he found it almost impossible, for example, to get carpenters, electricians, and painters and that when he did succeed in getting them they were so independent that they charged threepence an hour over and above the trades-union rates.

Most of the large employers of labor with whom I talked agreed that the unrest was subsiding. Employees, they said, were becoming far more amenable to discipline than they were during and immediately after the war. Where it was formerly impossible to rebuke an employee without having him walk off in high dudgeon, employers are now able to protest against errors and slackness without being left flat on their backs by the insulted workers.

"For the most part," said the head of a large London firm, "employers realize that they must do more for their employees than they have done in the past. That realization is helping the situation immensely. We have got it firmly into our heads at last that we must look after our staffs if we want to avoid trouble and general chaos."

When the government last winter stopped giving the so-called dole, which was the sum of money granted weekly to all ex-war workers who were out of work, there was an agonized wail from all labor organizations, and the number of people out of work was represented as being very high. The figures,

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however, tended to show that there was no more unemployment than existed during pre-war days. Many British laborers had an interesting habit of refusing to work while they could collect an out-of-work dole.

England's fighting men were well looked after. In November, 1919, more than 3,750,000 men had been demobilized, and 90 per cent of that number had been absorbed into industry.

Many ex-officers had hard times getting positions. There were 12,000 of them without work in London at the beginning of last winter. For the most part they had gone into the army while they were very young and before they had learned anything about business, and had frequently risen to high positions. When they left the army they found it difficult to get anything but clerkships, which paid very small wages. Many Englishmen claimed that the ex-officers couldn't get positions because they were too proud to take anything but the best. But the ex-officers said they couldn't get anything at all. One former lieutenant-colonel started a livery stable and frequently took his seat on the box. Daily a crop of them set forth their pitiable condition through that well-known British institution, the Agony Column of the *Times*. Do you know the Agony Column? This is how it runs:

C—E is anxiously waiting to hear from you. Broken-hearted.

—NICK Y. "PUDDING."

DISCHARGED OFFICER, 22, no money, no prospects. Do anything for a living wage.—Box V 65, *The Times*.

RHODA.—Only for you, dear love, do I suffer this ignominy.

I know you will be true and trust me to the end.—HAL.

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IN DESPERATION I APPEAL by this advertisement to anyone for a JOB at a living wage; age 35; single; enlisted August, 1914 (Kitchener's First 100,000); commission, 1915; demobilized April, 1919; over four years' active foreign service; speak French, have good commercial knowledge and am very adaptable. Will do anything or go anywhere—in fact the farther away the better from this heartbreaking country. Agencies need not reply, but I sha'n't be able to say "Yes" quick enough to the first genuine offer.—S. O. S., Box V 35, *The Times*.

There is a highly efficient and capable American Chamber of Commerce in London which maintains large offices near the heart of the city and is always able to steer an American toward the person who can give him the most help. American business men who had come over to London to buy goods and had been unable to locate any because of the reduced production coupled with the large amount of orders on hand, and who were consequently standing round cold hotel lobbies and making themselves general nuisances by sobbing out their woes to anyone who would drink a whisky-and-soda with them—these depressed individuals, after a single trip to the American Chamber of Commerce, would be in a constant state of elation because of being put in touch with some one who could sell them leather egg cups or knitted nose warmers or buffed mouse skins or whatever it was that they wanted to buy. That's the specialty of the American Chamber of Commerce in London—putting people in touch with somebody. They hold the running-high and the standing-broad putting-in-touch record. They can at a moment's notice write a letter which puts an American in touch with H. G. Wells or the

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manager of the Ross-on-Wye whiffletree factory or the auctioneer who has charge of the sale of two folding tricycles, fifty spittoons, and ninety-eight Windsor chairs at the Airship Station, Mullion, Cary Cross Lanes, Cornwall. It's a great institution and I'm glad to say a good word for it.

Among other things they put me in touch with the Ministry of Munitions, which seems to have more things to sell than anyone else in England; in fact, I didn't know that England contained as many things to buy as the Ministry of Munitions has to sell. Some of their parcels are fairly sizable, such as a floating dock which will receive vessels up to 350 feet in length, a cluster of obsolete warships, and a neat bunch of steam trawlers, but there are other handier lots, such as half a dozen huckaback towels, 60 hair mattresses, 1,530 coat hangers, a portable section grain-handling plant, 2,000 drinking mugs, an 80-ton road bridge, 2 small kitchen tables, and as many other articles as there are marks in Germany's war debt. I think there is nothing in the world that the Ministry of Munitions hasn't for sale. I haven't had the opportunity to read the extremely absorbing book of 176 pages which the Ministry issues every little while. It gives a rather hazy and incomplete idea of what one can purchase from the government. I have peeped into its pages, and it has intrigued me greatly, especially the part which has reference to ammunition boxes. These can be bought very cheaply, and the book tells exactly how to make tool sheds, summerhouses, allotment shelters—though it neglects to state what an allotment shelter is—

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meat safes, feeding troughs, cycle stands, coops, garden seats, and fencing out of them. As I say, I haven't read the book, but I feel sure that if I wanted to buy enough clothes for an army or a million hop poles or a gross of fountain-pen fillers or a cocktail mixer or a couple of elephants, I could find an address in the book which would tell me just where to get them.

The Ministry of Munitions reminded me how American business men were frequently going home empty-handed when they had come to England with the intention of buying. The stock of goods which they have for sale, they think, will, if offered to American buyers, help to re-establish the trade balance between the two countries, and will also give American buyers goods on which they can obtain immediate delivery. If I were an American buyer in London I think that I'd make a bee line for the Disposal Board of the Ministry of Munitions at the Hotel Metropole before I went anywhere else.

Production may have slowed up in England so far as a great many things are concerned, but I can state authoritatively that there is at least one thing which is produced with as much generosity as in the palmiest days. That is suet pudding. Those who have never been in England are probably unfamiliar with suet pudding. It is a dessert, or at least that is what it is called in England. It is gray and soggy and it would take only a very few portions to make a ton. One portion tossed lightly against a wall would stick tenaciously to it, but several portions tossed against the wall would make the wall fall over. The production of suet pudding

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has not fallen off at all. It is very difficult to get any other sort of dessert in England. Somebody advanced the theory that a great number of munition workers have gone into the manufacture of suet pudding, and that that was the reason why there is so much of it and why it keeps up its high standard of deadliness. The theory seems reasonable.

The English have always been a very frank people, but four years of war seems to have made them franker than ever. This post-war frankness has cropped out particularly in the divorce cases which are keeping the English courts working overtime. People shake their heads sadly when they think of the enormous amount of work that the stenographers and clerks and judges and bailiffs and lawyers are obliged to perform from the beginning to the end of the divorce season. The situation is somewhat similar to a long series of million-share days on the New York Stock Exchange. It's just a case of work, work, work for everyone connected with it.

The frankness of these divorce cases is astounding. In the old days a lawyer usually had to drag unpleasant facts out of the principals by main force. Nowadays everybody jumps blithely to the witness stand and takes his inmost soul out of hiding and puts it through its paces for the admiring throng. Nothing is held back. Usually, too, in the old days the principals waited for their sins to find them out. Now they appear to take the greatest delight in frankly confessing their sins in long letters to one another. These letters are produced in court and read loudly to the world. On the following day all

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the newspapers carry long, unexpurgated accounts of the proceedings. The English newspapers have always made a point of objecting to the yellowness of American newspapers, but there are very few American newspapers, I think, which would print such unpleasant divorce cases with the complete attention to detail that the English papers display.

England may be spending money, but she is doing it in a very decorous way. The theaters are jammed every night, but the people aren't tossing their money to speculators in order to get the seats. Long lines of people form outside the theaters every night. Sometimes for an eight-o'clock performance the line starts to form as early as half past five o'clock in the afternoon. The restaurants are crowded to the doors every night; but for every person who drinks champagne there are a great many who don't. There is a great deal of enthusiasm in England over the one-step and the fox-trot, which the American army popularized, and American capital has started several dancing places in London in the past two years. All of them have coined money. The largest of them all was opened during the past few months, and the middle-class English flock to it in droves. But no alcoholic drinks are served in it, and the dancing is the most austere proceeding that can be imagined. The two American managers watch the dancers like a pair of sharp-shinned hawks, and the second a couple shows an inclination to shimmy a bit, or even to semishimmy, one of them dashes out on the floor and breaks the news that it isn't done; it isn't the ordinary way. And austerity reigns once more.

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England is spending money, but she's making money as well. No one can accuse her of joy-riding to destruction.

One of London's biggest business men—an American, by the way—was perfectly contented with the outlook.

“Of course they're spending,” he said, “and they'll keep right on. They're saving as well. My pay roll, for example, is twice what it was in nineteen fifteen. We subscribed to seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of war-saving certificates and offered them to our employees, with a small bonus to the lucky number. They were taken in two days. We took another seventy-five thousand dollars' worth, and they were gone in three days. Now we're going to take another seventy-five thousand dollars' worth, and they'll be gone in a few days as well. Some people think that because fifty pianos are sold in a short time the country is going to the devil. It isn't. England is less off an even keel than any country in the world. We have unrest here, but it produces less high waves of discontent than it does anywhere else. The common sense of the British people is emphasizing itself and will continue to emphasize itself during these difficult after-war days.”

VIII

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CERTAIN conditions are too frequently regarded as being typical of the land which produces them. There are many parts of Europe where country life in America is thought to consist of the pursuit of malevolent red Indians by tough, hardy men in hairy pants and unbuttoned vests. Large numbers of people still think of Brazil as being chiefly made up of a large, tropical river edged with Brazil nut trees from whose branches the amusing monkey swings idly by his tail and throws nuts in a wanton manner at passing voyagers, amid the vociferous applause of vast flocks of parrots and parrakeets. Borneo is supposed by some to be populated entirely by wild men, just like the one that had the cage between the bearded lady and the Circassian beauty.

Similarly, when a newspaper report from Luskalooloo, Ohio, announces that during a heavy rain-storm the raindrops were mixed up with small turtles, pollywogs, and kippered herring, visitors to Luskalooloo expect to turn their ankles on a few turtles whenever they round a corner. They are usually somewhat surprised when they fail to encounter any.

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Many travelers who entered Germany from Scandinavian countries, from Belgium, and from Holland last winter came in with their arm sockets creaking and their knee joints buckling because of the large amount of food that they carried. They had heard reports that Germany was starving. Food, they had been told, was as rare in Berlin as humming birds at the South Pole, and they were prepared to defend their provisions with their lives and seek nourishment from their boots when they had finished the food.

Just before Christmas of last winter, while talking with a government official in the Foreign Office on Wilhelmstrasse, a pile of magazines caught my eye. They were printed in English. Being far from home, the English type thrilled me. I picked up one of the magazines and found that it was a very celebrated publication printed in America for German-Americans. It had made fairly good time to Berlin, for it was the November issue. And there were twenty or thirty copies of this same issue in the pile. There is no reason, of course, why copies of any magazine shouldn't be lying around the German Foreign Office in the greatest profusion, now that the war is over and all that sort of thing. This particular magazine makes a good deal of noise about being published for America above all others, and for America alone, and it makes frequent mention of the fact that it is not "playing the game" of any nation other than America. But there it was in Wilhelmstrasse, and in its pages there were frequent allusions to starving Germany. There was a harrowing picture of "a little victim of the

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hunger blockade," reproduced from an original photograph.

I might add that tales of starving Germany and little victims of the hunger blockade are dinned into the traveler's ears from all sides while he is in German territory. Traveling Americans seem to hear a trifle more of that sort of talk than any other people.

The true state of affairs, I believe, is this: in the industrial centers of Germany there are many children, and grown people as well, who are very badly nourished, indeed. They are in bad physical shape because of a lack of fats and milk over a long period of time. They are not so badly off as they were immediately after the armistice in November, 1918. This state of affairs could be greatly improved if Germany would adapt herself to conditions in the same way that England and France and America do. But she won't. She cheats. And she makes political capital out of her undernourished children. She uses them to gain sympathy and leniency in the outside world. Above all, she cheats.

The Germans have, since the war, applied a new name to an ancient type of person. Broadly speaking, he is the man who makes money out of the misfortunes of his fellow men. He is called a Schieber. Literally, a Schieber is one who shoves, the idea being that he gets something at a low price and shoves it along to some one else at a high price. Actually, he is a man who cheats by dealing in goods in which he is not legitimately entitled to deal, such as flour and bread and sugar and meat. These goods are supposed to be under government control, so

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that everybody can have an equal amount. But the Schieber sells them at a high price to those who are unwilling to subsist on a government ration. The word has come to be applied to anyone who is making large and sudden profits. There is no other word in the German language which is heard quite so frequently nowadays, except "*Ja*," "*Nein*," and "*Bitte*." "*Kultur*" is heavily outclassed by "Schieber," as is "Kolossal."

If the Schieber cheats by selling at a profit the foodstuffs which he is not supposed to sell, then there are hundreds of thousands of people in Germany cheating by purchasing from the Schieber the food which they are not supposed to eat. If the children of Germany are starving, as the Germans claim so loudly, then the people who buy the food which the children ought to have are as bad as the Schiebers. Therefore I say that Germany is a land of Schiebers, who refuse to live up to the rules.

In England, when there is a shortage of certain sorts of food, the food is rationed. That is so in France and also in America.

Everybody suffers during a shortage, unless he happens to have on hand a large stock of the food in which the shortage occurs.

In Germany there is no shortage so acute that all of the people suffer. The poor suffer, but the rich continue to have everything. And they continue to howl and shriek about the little victims of the hunger blockade. They tell you, over their thick soups and their golden butter and their white bread and their rich wines, how the little ones are starving to death. They get terribly excited over it. "There

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you sit," cried one Prussian woman to an American diplomat in Berlin—"there you sit with a hundred billion dollars in gold in your pockets and won't buy our babies a can of milk!"

I do not claim that there is not suffering in Berlin and in all the industrial regions of Germany where large numbers of people are crowded together. There is. Large masses of the city children of Germany are most wretchedly nourished because of the lack of milk and fats. But I repeat, and I insist, that if Germany would live up to the rules there would be far less suffering than there now is. I repeat that Germany is using her poorly nourished children as political propaganda to create sympathy in the outside world. There is no such suffering or hunger or starvation in Germany as there is in Poland, the world's only barrier against the Bolshevik armies. I have heard Germans moaning about the pitiable conditions in Austria, conditions which are unquestionably true, but I have never heard a single German emitting the slightest semblance of a moan over the ghastly conditions in Poland, devastated by the passage of armies and stripped of her cattle and her wealth and her means of industrial livelihood by the Germans themselves. The Germans are making a most heartrending outcry against the peace terms to every American that comes along, but I was unable to detect any signs of sympathy on the part of any German for any suffering which other countries—with the exception of Austria—endured during the war and are now enduring.

After I had seen the magazine which is supposed to be printed for America above all others and for

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America alone, but which was of sufficient interest to Germans to be lying around the German Foreign Office, I expressed a desire to see some Berlin children in large numbers. The children that I had seen on the street seemed no different to me, for the most part, than the children that one might see on the streets of Sanford (Maine), Sandusky (Ohio), or San Francisco, except that their clothing was neater and they made less noise. That, of course, was no test.

So I was taken to a Christmas party given by a Berlin film company for eight hundred school children from one of the poor districts of the city. The amiable American-German woman who received me assured me that the eight hundred children came from eight different schools and that from each school only the poorest children had been selected.

I looked them over and they didn't look particularly well. They ranged in age from eight to twelve years old, and the boys were so universally sallow and thin and their hair was cropped so short that they looked as though they had all been hacked out of the same piece of wood by the same machine. There were queer yellowish-pinkish circles under their eyes and they seemed to have little or no energy. The girls looked better, but not much better. It was two days before Christmas, mind you, and every one of these eight hundred children was to receive a fat Christmas package and some money with which to buy himself something more. Yet they sat in that hall without a sound except when they started to sing some song like "Tannenbaum" or "Heilige Nacht," and sang it through from beginning to end

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without missing a word. In America any eight hundred children under similar circumstances would have been making such an uproar that even the loudest and most persistent thinker, such as the late Thomas Carlyle or the even later John L. Epictetus, would have been quite unable to hear himself evolve a thought.

My guide, however, was not satisfied with the appearance of the eight hundred children. She thought that they looked too healthy, and she was afraid that I would get the idea that the German children were too well off. She felt quite sure that the woman was wrong when she said that the eight hundred were the poorest children from eight schools. In fact, she hinted broadly that they were probably the eight hundred richest children. I pointed out that the woman who was running the show probably knew what she was talking about, but my guide was still skeptical. She would like to show me the children in some hospitals. I assured her that I didn't care to pick my examples from hospitals, any more than I would want to judge the children of Boston from the inmates of the Children's Hospital on Huntington Avenue. So my guide suggested going to a school where she knew that the children were really poor children.

We went there. A class had been assembled at my guide's request, for the Christmas holidays were in force. We saw a matter of thirty children about seven years of age. They were sallow and they had circles under their eyes and they were thin. They were dressed just about as well as average American school children of the same age. They looked very

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badly nourished and I was very deeply touched by them.

Some years ago I worked on a Boston newspaper which annually played Santa Claus to the poor children of the city, collecting money from its readers and distributing gifts to every child who wrote to the paper expressing a wish for one. The paper's reporters worked day and night overseeing the distribution of the gifts. It was soon found that the reporters were so affected by the poverty and suffering which they encountered that they would not only give away all their money to the sufferers, but also obtain advances on their salaries and give much more than they could afford. I speak of this to show that unpleasant conditions exist in every country in the world, even in the land whose people sit with one hundred billion dollars in gold in their pockets and won't buy German babies a can of milk.

I questioned the children who seemed to be the thinnest and sallowest. One was the child of a railroad engineer; one a policeman's son; one a cab driver's child. For breakfast they had eaten bread and jam. Only five of them had had milk recently, and they had had it because they were ill and the doctor had sold them a prescription for it. Their families lived on the rations which government bread and meat and potato and cereal cards permitted them to buy at a cheap price. They didn't cheat. Therefore the children were not getting enough of the proper sort of food.

But remember this: the children that I saw were admittedly the poorest children from the poorest sections of Berlin. There are many others not

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nearly so badly off. And in the country the children have whatever they want to eat. At any rate, all the Germans say that they do and all the Germans agree that conditions during the past winter were far better than they were in the winter following the armistice.

Now on the same day that I saw the eight hundred poor school children, with their sallow faces and their thin bodies and their hollow eyes, I started out with an American who is in Berlin on official business to see whether all the Berliners are suffering alike.

I will say at this juncture that they are not all suffering alike. I will furthermore remark that the energy and even violence with which they are not suffering alike is probably unequaled to-day in any part of the world. In Berlin there is more wanton spending and more license and more debauchery and more vice than I have encountered in any of the many cities I have visited since that summer day in 1914 when the German army started the world on its wild career of blood and devastation and misery.

We started in the largest restaurant in the city. It is an awe-inspiring mass of red plush and gold, and in the exact center there is a large fountain with tiny streams spraying inward from the outer edge, so that it looks like a large needle bath and is very imposing. We got there at eight o'clock, which is a trifle early for dinner in Berlin. The proper hour is half past eight. Anybody who enters a large restaurant before that hour usually has to sit all alone, surrounded by nothing but vast distances and

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slightly offended German waiters. A German waiter is a very superior person and is easily offended by any infringement on the conventions. When he is offended he shows it by not being there when you want him and by always being there when you don't want him. It is no uncommon thing for an offended German waiter to take two hours to serve a frugal repast. Some time ago the German waiters struck to have 10 per cent added to all bills, so that their self-respect would no longer be damaged by taking tips. The extra 10 per cent is divided proportionally among the waiters. But in spite of this extra charge the waiters frequently become quite offended if an additional tip is not given.

We sat alone for a time, offending the waiters by our presence. We ordered a thick soup and goose breast and vegetables and butter and champagne and dessert and coffee and milk. We would have preferred beer rather than champagne, but none of the good Berlin restaurants allow beer to be served. They don't allow it because if they did undesirables would come in and hang around and spend hours sucking up a single glass of beer. We had goose breast because neither of us had at that time learned the proper manner in which to wink at a waiter in order to get a beefsteak instead of a goose breast. The regulation foods in Berlin restaurants are goose breast, goose liver, hare, and venison, all of which food can be had without meat cards. They get very tiresome after a while, and when they become tiresome one learns how to wink at a waiter. After one has learned, one says to a waiter, "Bring some of that goose breast, Gus." Then one winks preg-

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nantly. The waiter bows and goes away, and in half an hour or so he returns with a tender piece of beefsteak. By half past eight the restaurant was filled with well-fed-looking individuals and handsomely gowned women, all of whom knew how to wink at the waiter. We seemed to be the only people who weren't eating meat—meat which the poor can only get on meat cards if they are unable to pay more than the government-regulated price. Everyone in the restaurant was drinking some sort of wine—usually champagne; and there were probably two hundred and fifty people there. I should say that nobody consumed less than one hundred marks' worth of food and drink, especially drink. Champagne cost 60 marks per quart, and though 60 marks represented only \$1.20 to an American during my visit to Berlin, they represented a considerable slice of the week's wages to the average German. Everybody in the restaurant sopped up champagne like a sponge, but nobody got "likkered up," as the saying goes. I don't know whether it was the fault of the champagne or of the depressing Berlin weather or of the German temperament or of the general atmosphere of gloom which pervaded Germany, but the more the Germans drank the more morose they became over their good times. A crowd of Germans having a jolly session in a restaurant or a cabaret was about as jovial and spontaneous as a coroner's inquest.

After dinner we moved over to Berlin's largest dance hall, though to call it a dance hall is rather an injustice. It is a huge and gorgeous place, with enough tables to accommodate upward of six

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hundred people. The dancing floor, which is not overlarge, is circled with tables, and at one end is a large hall, raised a few steps from the dancing floor, in which the bulk of the people sit and thrust their noses into their champagne. Nothing but wine is permitted in this super dance hall. Anybody who insisted on having beer would, I suspect, be severely hated by all the waiters. The place was crammed. Whenever the band struck up the inevitable American dance—and the Berlin bands play nothing but American tunes—the dancing floor became a solid mass of people, jamming their elbows into one another, pushing their hands into other people's faces, and treading solidly on one another's feet. It was a gay, abandoned performance, and the Germans went at it very seriously. There was a look of grim determination on the face of every dancer. He was going to have a good time if it killed him. He never applauded a dance, and the band never played an encore. He saw his duty and he did it. Whenever the band played he danced, and when the band stopped playing he went back to his table and took another shot of champagne.

Promptly at half past eleven the lights began to go out and the people began to file into the street. The coal shortage, you see, required early closing. And did the people go home? Not so that it could be noticed by the casual passer-by. They went rolling off down the street to various all-night cafés. All that one needed to do was to follow a crowd. He would come to a dark doorway with a glum-looking bandit in front of it. As he approached, the bandit would open the door with a mysterious

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air and he would find himself in a regulation restaurant with all lights blazing, an orchestra going at top speed, and everybody drinking the same old saccharine-sweetened champagne. Here he could sit and eat and drink until two or three or four o'clock in the morning if he desired, and watch the Germans devote all their energies to enjoying themselves. Occasionally, as the night wore on, he would see a pair of them rise and one-step heavily up and down the narrow space between the tables, bumping into several of the revelers, knocking over a chair or two, and upsetting a vase of flowers or a dish of near, or *Ersatz*, caviare from one of the tables. I don't know where the Germans get their *Ersatz* caviare, but I suspect that they make it out of sand which has been dipped in fish glue. At any rate, that's how it tastes.

In Berlin alone there are approximately two hundred of these all-night restaurants, gayly using countless electric lights during coal shortages. Night after night they are filled with revelers reveling in their own stolid fashion and eating vast quantities of forbidden food while the rest of the nation converses glibly of starving children.

In the cafés of the good Berlin hotels during the winter, candles were brought to every table at half past nine and all the electric lights were switched off because of the coal shortage. The effect was excellent until one went around the corner to the all-night joints and found all the lights burning with unabated brilliancy.

The Germans themselves protest that it is unfair to make much of the revelry, because the people who

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indulge in it are not, as they put it, Germans. They are all foreigners and Schiebers—Swedes and Danes and Dutchmen and Swiss and Americans. No decent German woman would defile herself by going to such places, they claim. That is unquestionably true. As for all the reveling being done by foreigners, that is true to a very small degree. It does not alter the fact that the Germans aren't playing the game. If there is a coal shortage in Germany, it doesn't matter whether a German wastes the coal or a Swede or a Dutchman. It's wasted, and that's all there is to it. If there is a food shortage and children are starving, nobody has the right to eat more than his share. During a shortage in America or England everybody shares alike. They aren't willing to do that in Germany, and the fact remains that throughout last winter Germany had sufficient food to ration everybody alike, and to deliver the ration. In some other countries—Poland, for one—there wasn't enough food to deliver a minimum ration if everybody had been rationed alike.

On the day I arrived in Berlin, shortly before Christmas, the hotels and restaurants were striking against an honest observance of the food laws. The government had passed a law that people should not buy food except on food cards. It was utterly ignored by everyone who had enough to buy food from the Schiebers; and the government didn't strain itself to enforce the law. None the less, the law existed, and if the government had cared to enforce it almost everybody in Germany could have been incarcerated in the nearest calaboose. The hotels and restaurants always saw to it that their

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guests were plentifully supplied with meat and sugar and eggs and butter and milk, and in order to purchase such things they had to buy illegally. The thought of what might happen to them in case the law were enforced was an extremely poignant one, so they struck to have the law repealed. They claimed that if they lived up to the law they couldn't feed their guests. The strike consisted of closing every restaurant in town for two days. Not a hotel served a particle of food in any dining room or private room during these two days. Not a café was open. It was one of the most enthusiastic strikes that I have ever seen. There was no cheating on it. In my innocent childish way I started out to persuade a restaurant to feed me, but after two hours of fruitless hunting I staggered hungrily back to my hotel and hung around the room of the Associated Press representatives until they felt obliged to share their lunch with me. I also persuaded them to invite me to return for dinner. I could, it is true, have got food in a grocery store, but if I had depended on a hotel or restaurant I wouldn't have eaten. This first strike was only a two-day strike, but the hotels and restaurants planned to follow it with longer and longer strikes until the government finally repealed its law against the illicit buying of food. There were signs, however, that when the next strike took place the striking restaurants would do a little cheating and arrange things so that persons who knew the ropes could get food. This would give rise to the complex situation of people striking for the right to be dishonest and of not even being able to be honest in

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their effort to be dishonest, if you know what I mean.

Not only are the wealthy Berliners spending money on food and champagne while the poor go without, but all the Berliners seem to be getting rid of all the money they can as fast as they can. They are not overparticular how they get rid of it. Almost any way seems to appeal to them. Some of them send it out of the country in large bales. This is known as the Flight of Capital. Others gamble it away. There are lots of gambling houses in Berlin, and it is popularly reported that the croupiers are so busy hauling in money with their little rakes that several of them have developed housemaid's knee in their elbows. This sounds a bit exaggerated, but the information cost me nothing, and I pass it on for what it's worth. There are also three race tracks in Berlin, and the betting that has gone on at these tracks since the war would make the most hardened New Orleans bookmaker cry like a child. The amount of money that changed hands in one day on the three tracks was 4,000,000 marks. Charwomen, laborers, Schiebers—people of all sorts—were begging piteously to have their money taken away from them. Great numbers of the betters never saw the races and merely went out to the tracks to get their money up. Charwomen discussed the merits of the different horses as fluently as stable owners.

Two hundred and fifty thousand people went to the Berlin race tracks in one day. On race days every imaginable conveyance was pressed into service to take the people to the tracks. Fashionable

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folk were glad of the opportunity to go out in the workmen's carts. A taxicab could make almost as much in two trips as a laborer could earn in a month. At the tracks another severe jolt was administered to the popular belief that Germans drink nothing but beer, for beer was almost an unknown quantity. Everybody drank wine—Moselle or Rhine wine or saccharine-sweetened champagne.

The German government sits down rather heavily on the betting figures, because it is evidently none too proud of its share in encouraging the money-scattering orgy. There is a law against gambling, so that gambling houses are illegal. Yet the race-track gambling is permitted, and the government shares in the bets, taking a clean 50 per cent. As I say, the government is averse to giving out information on the subject, so that I am unable to quote exact figures. The government also squats cozily on the state lottery figures. The lotteries are extremely popular with the people, and they throw their money into them with the utmost abandon, but the government hates to admit that it is encouraging gambling to such an extent. The Prussian state lotteries take place every month. The capital prize is 500,000 marks, and there are many other prizes, of course. Almost everybody plays the lottery.

Every cabaret, every dance hall, every theater, and every moving-picture theater in Berlin, as well as all over Germany, is crowded every night. The theaters are presenting plays whose standards of morality are low enough to walk under the door of a safe-deposit vault. In Berlin there are three plays

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in particular which are so obscene and degenerate that it is difficult to conceive of any government permitting them to run. These plays—"Pandora's Box," "Erdgeist," and "Schloss Wetterstein"—are playing nightly to standing room only. "Erdgeist," which was forbidden under the old régime because of its nastiness, has played for a solid year to packed houses. The French stage some plays which are extremely loose, to put it conservatively, but they seldom go in for straight filth, as do the Germans. The Germans are also working a great deal of obscenity into their films. Some German communities, notably Munich, have rebelled against the offensiveness of recent German film productions and installed a censorship. In Berlin there is one moving-picture theater which seats 5,000 people. In nine weeks last winter it made a net profit of 400,000 marks. There are 325 moving-picture theaters in Berlin, and the cost of tickets is from a little over 2 marks to a little over 8 marks per seat. Yet they are crowded afternoon and evening. There are over fifty regular theaters in Berlin, and they, too, don't know what it is not to be doing a capacity business.

The stock market is another place where the Berliners have a delightful time tossing away their money. There is far more stock-market speculation than there was during the war, and it's nothing at all but speculation. That is clearly shown by the prices of American railway shares, in which there is heavy dealing. The day before I left Berlin last winter Baltimore & Ohio shares were quoted at 270 marks per share, which at that time was equivalent to about \$5.50. Yet B. & O. on the New York

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Stock Exchange was selling around \$68. Canadian Pacific on the same day was quoted at 1,000 marks, an equivalent of \$20, but in New York, Canadian Pacific was around \$154. The reason for this strange difference in price is that the German-owned shares in these railroads have drawn no dividends and may not draw any. They are sort of outlaw shares which may and may not be of value some day. All dealing in them is pure speculation. The most active stock on the Berlin stock exchange last winter was Shantung Railway Preferred. On December 29th it leaped up 300 points to a price of 3,600 marks. It slides up and down from 300 to 400 marks a day. That also is pure speculation.

Most of the gay and care-free spending on the part of Germans with money is caused by their disinclination to have the money wrenched from them by the German tax on capital, which is very heavy. A somewhat decayed specimen of German aristocracy, who had made several fruitless attempts to get out of the country with the remains of his fortune, appeared one day in the Adlon Hotel in Berlin dressed up like a Christmas tree. The gorgeousness of his appearance caused some comment in the bar. He assured the commentators that the clothes which he was wearing weren't a circumstance to the ones which he had at home. "The government thinks they're going to get my money," said he, "but they aren't. I've bought twelve suits of clothes at two thousand marks a suit, and eight pairs of shoes at one thousand marks a pair, and more neckties and shirts and other wearing apparel than I've ever had before in all my life. I shall buy

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still more, and I shall buy jewelry and the finest wines and the best food to be obtained, and when the government comes around to collect my money from me I shall show them the receipts for all my purchases and they won't get anything at all." Roaring with laughter over his astuteness, the decayed specimen ordered another quart of champagne and proceeded to guzzle it with keen enjoyment.

When the Germans with money grow weary of spending it for the ordinary run of articles they blow it in on postage stamps, but since there seem to be about as many stamp stores in Berlin as there used to be saloons in Milwaukee, I gather that there are as many German stamp collectors as there were Milwaukee beer drinkers. On most of the business streets every fifth shop seems to deal exclusively in postage stamps, and in every shop there are usually from two to five people engaged in gratifying their mad craving for stamp collecting. The situation is greatly complicated by the enormous number of war stamps which have been issued during the past five years. Whenever the army of any country occupied a slice of another country it got out a special set of stamps. Whenever any section of a country altered its form of government somebody felt called on to evolve some new stamps for the occasion. Places that never got more than a three-line mention in any American newspaper have broken out with postage stamps that are considered very nifty by the German stamp hounds. For example, there is Luboml. I am not familiar with Luboml, though it sounds interesting. If anybody threw Luboml into my face at a moment's notice and wanted to know what it

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was I would make a quick stab and say that it was an Austrian mineral water. Nevertheless, it is a place that has issued postage stamps during the recent unpleasantness, as also are Checiny and Sosnovice and Zarki and Przedborz. Przedborz has some dandy stamps which are keenly gone in for by the Germans. Two very popular Przedborz stamps are the two and four-groszy stamp, which can be had in Berlin for thirty marks. I do not know how much a groszy is, though I suppose that such a lack of knowledge is a very pitiful thing. The Ukraine got out some stamps, as did the West Ukrainian People's Republic, or Volksrepublik. Hungary had her troubles with an issue which is known to the German collectors as the *Kriegswohltatigkeitsausgabe*. Then came the Hungarian Republic, and after that the Hungarian Soviet Republic. Austria adds her bit to the mess by getting out stamps for the Austrian Field-post, the Austrian Field-post in Serbia, the Austrian Field-post in Montenegro, the Austrian Field-post in Rumania, the Austrian Field-post in Italy, and the Republic of German Austria. Then there are the Italian Besetzungen. A Besetzung, as I understand it, is a sitting-down. There were the Italian sittings-down in Austria, Fiume, and Istria, and all of them required stamps. Some day, perchance, Italy will get out some stamps to celebrate her sitting down on D'Annunzio. And then, of course, there were the German sittings-down in Belgium, Lithuania, Dorpat, Russian Poland, Rumania, and various other places. Some of these stamps come high. A set of seventeen of the Italian Besetzung in Austria costs 2,000 marks.

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Forty-three stamps of the Italian Besetzung in Fiume and Istria bring 1,500 marks. A complete set of Yugoslav stamps costs 450 marks. A set of nineteen Polish Corps stamps costs 5,000 marks. A set issued during the Rumanian Besetzung in Siebenbürgen brings 400 marks, while one perfect gem, issued by Turkey and known to German collectors by the endearing diminutive *Kriegswohlthatigkeitsausgabe mit kleinem sechszackigem Stern und Halbmond-Aufdruck*, sets one back 400 marks for the one stamp. But the Germans pay the prices. If they've got it, they'll spend it for anything.

There is another side to the picture, however, and a very much larger side. As in most countries, the bulk of the people have no investments, no income from investments, and no savings. They are getting along on salaries or on what they earn from day to day, and they are making very hard going of it, for the prices which they are forced to pay for the necessities of life, when they buy them in the open market, are enormous. Their problem is a bad one, though not as terrible as it is in Poland and in Austria.

I have heard people—Americans, usually—speak of prices in Germany as being ridiculously low because of the large number of German marks that can be purchased for a dollar. This, of course, is unfair, because the Germans are paid in marks, and the mark, to them, is still equivalent to 24 cents, though it is equivalent only to 2 cents to an American. When I was in Berlin I received 47 German marks for each one of my American dollars. My room in the best hotel in Berlin—one of the best hotels, by

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the way, in Europe—cost less than a dollar a day. At a little restaurant which is frequented by the American newspaper men I could get a satisfying repast of soup, goose liver, potatoes, beer, bread, butter, coffee, and cheese for about 60 cents. I could buy a suit of clothes for \$25 or \$30. But all these things were very different propositions for the average German. Ten thousand marks a year is a pretty fair salary in Berlin. A German who earned that salary would have to pay out two months' earnings if he wanted a good suit of clothes. Let's suppose that \$3,000 a year is a fair average of earnings in America. If a man earning \$3,000 a year in America had to pay \$500 for a suit of clothes he'd be in about the same position that the average German is in to-day. He would also be in a state of turmoil that would make all previous turmoils look like a Dorcas Society meeting. He would be very apt to rush out on the street with ferocious cries, tear up the cobblestones, and throw them through the nearest plate-glass window. Why the Germans don't do it I don't know. Some people say it's because they're a beaten people, and therefore sunk in a sort of despair that numbs them. Others say it's because law and order have been so ingrained in them for such a long time that they are incapable of erupting. Whatever the reason, they show few signs of kicking over the traces. One sees the outward manifestations of fear of an outbreak in the barbed-wire entanglements which are placed at the entrances of public buildings, ready to be strung into place by the armed guards at a moment's notice. But outbursts on the part of the people

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are rare. The Germans are not good rioters. They have occasional demonstrations, but they usually do their demonstrating in an orderly manner. If the demonstration shows signs of cutting into their dinner hour, they cut out the demonstration and go home to eat. They also do not care to demonstrate in the rain. It's "home, James" for any German mob if the weather becomes inclement. A large mob of Germans were rioting about something in Berlin early in the winter. The riot consisted of standing on the broad walks of a park and shouting "*Hoch!*" or "*Raus!*" or something similar, at regular intervals. But they were very careful to keep off the grass. In the middle of the riot a small boy broke away from the mob and ran across the grass. Every head in the mob turned toward him, and a score of angry voices shouted to him to get back on the walk where he belonged. A few days before I left Berlin thirty thousand workers marched through the streets in protest against the meagerness of their salaries. They marched without a sound, except for the scuffling of their heavy feet on the snowy pavements. Not a word, not a shout, merely a dull and silent protest. The Bolshevik menace, though widely press-agented in the vicinity of Berlin, seems to be somewhat exaggerated.

The great Spartacist uprising of a year ago could have been handily squelched by two hundred New York policemen, and if the bullets could be eliminated, a life-size reproduction of the entire uprising could be presented in the Harvard Stadium. There may be and probably will be a few Spartacist or Communist outbreaks during the winter—"Spar-

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tacism" and "Communism" being another way of saying "Bolshevism"—but if there are any, it is a good bet that they won't grow to such proportions that they couldn't be produced on the stage of the New York Hippodrome.

As in all countries at the present time, the man who is having the hardest sledding is the clerk and the small government official. His salary hovers between 5,000 and 7,000 marks a year, unless he is an unmarried man from eighteen to twenty-two years of age, in which case he receives from 3,500 to 4,200 marks a year.

Now, I talked with a great many people in Berlin in an effort to find out on how small an amount of money a man could live. Practically everyone whom I asked said that nobody could live with a semblance of decency on less than 8,000 marks a year. A few put 7,000 marks per year as the absolute minimum. All of them agreed that they couldn't see how it was possible to live on 6,000 marks a year. Yet there are many people in Berlin and other German cities who are doing so. How they do it nobody knows, least of all the people themselves. They live entirely on their government rations, buy the cheapest sort of clothes, and exist somehow. I was talking one day with the Berlin manager of a big steamship office, which sells nothing nowadays except railroad tickets. He began to talk, as everybody in Central Europe always does, of the frightful living costs. "I used to buy my collars for eight marks a dozen," said he, "and now they're ten marks apiece. A pair of shoes used to cost eighteen marks, and now they cost three

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hundred. An apartment that used to cost eighty marks a month now costs three hundred and fifty." He sighed despondently. "The people are living on what they had before the war," he continued. "Otherwise they couldn't live. After they've used up everything, God knows what will happen to them."

I spoke with a government official who occupies a responsible position. His family consists of his wife and four children, one of whom is away at school. His salary is 1,000 marks a month. He has given up his home and lives in two rooms in a boarding house. The two rooms and the meals cost 110 marks a day. Anybody with a comprehensive knowledge of higher mathematics can see from this that his bill for one year at the boarding house would be 40,150 marks, which doesn't leave much out of his 12,000-mark salary to spend on clothes, shoes, street-car fares, amusements, charity, and sundries. He has a private income, however, and so he gets along.

If a woman wanted a single room and board in a fairly good part of Berlin she would find it very difficult to get it at a smaller rate than 20 marks a day. That figures out to 7,300 marks a year for the room and food alone. That is one of the reasons why the streets of Berlin are full of unfortunate women and why the dance halls and cabarets are crowded with them nightly. Here, for example, is a typical case: a young German woman was married to a lieutenant in the German army. He was killed, leaving her with two small children. She draws a government pension of 150 marks a month. She

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has a position as typist, which pays her 300 marks a month. She has sent her children to relatives and she is engaged to be married to one of her husband's brother officers. But she must either go on the street or starve. Our government investigators in Berlin state that there are between 20,000 and 30,000 war widows in Berlin alone who are in the same position.

An American in Berlin went out to Pottsdam to take dinner with a retired German officer who had been wealthy before the war. He lived in a beautiful home, magnificently furnished. "We don't often ask our friends to dinner," said the old officer, "because we don't like to have people see the extremities to which we have been reduced. We have only asked you because you could give us news of our friends." He made no further apologies. When dinner was served it consisted of a plate of hash and a bottle of rare old wine—nothing more.

Two days later the same American went to the home of a Schieber for dinner. The Schieber met him at the train with an expensive automobile. His home was full of servants. The table groaned, as the saying goes, beneath meats, asparagus, fruits, rich desserts, and fine wines. The Schieber was proud of his luxurious surroundings. "I want you to smoke a cigar that cost eighty-six marks," said he to his guest. "You must have some more of this Tokayer; it was laid down in eighteen forty-six and it is the best in Berlin." Food troubles don't exist for the Schiebers, and the government is too weak to enforce its own food laws.

The German laborer is fairly well off. The un-

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skilled laborer earns from 16 to 40 marks daily. An engine driver receives 180 marks a week, so that his year's work nets him slightly over 9,000 marks. Laborers live in the east end of Berlin and are able to get a two or three-room apartment for 500 or 600 marks a year. The clerks, who refuse to live in the east end, have to pay double and even triple that amount.

Everybody in Germany who makes an attempt to live on the government rations guards his food cards as though they were precious jewels. There are cards for meat, cards for potatoes, cards for sugar, cards for coal, cards for butter, and cards for bread. A meat card permits its possessor to buy half a pound of meat a week at the government prices, and half a pound of meat a week is just little more than enough to provide a goldfish with adequate nourishment. The butter which a butter card allows one to buy every week will just about butter one slice of bread. The coal cards and sugar cards are all right in theory, but in practice they frequently fall down with a dull thud because there is no sugar or coal to be had on them. The Schiebers and the war profiteers are getting all of it. With the help of butter cards one can get a pound of butter for 7 marks, but without the cards one must pay 32 marks for the same amount. Theoretically, there is no butter except at the government-regulated price. Actually there is all of it that one wants. On bread cards a person can get a loaf of bread for a trifle over $1\frac{1}{2}$ marks; without cards a loaf of bread costs $5\frac{1}{2}$ marks.

There was so much stealing of bread cards and

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counterfeiting of them that the government issued cards of various colors and placed a password, such as "Steamboat" or "Tomato soup" or "Shakespeare" or "Overcoat," on each one. At the end of each week the government publishes the color and the password of the card for the following week. If any sort of card has been counterfeited or stolen in large numbers, that particular sort can be withdrawn from circulation without difficulty. If a man isn't satisfied with his half pound of meat a week at 2½ marks, he can easily go out and buy more, but it will cost him 15 marks a pound. He cheats when he buys it, and the man who sells it to him cheats, and the government cheats in permitting it to be done. I never carried a food card of any sort with me during my stay in Berlin, but after I had learned how to wink at the waiter I would get whatever I wanted. Yet I was supposed to have cards in order to get nearly all the things I ate.

Food can be distributed to the people in very much larger quantities and at far lower prices than the present unregulated prices, for all the food dealers were making money almost as easily as the government makes it on its printing presses. For example, a Berliner borrowed 50,000 marks on which to start a restaurant. Practically all his food was bought illegally—"under the hand," they say in Berlin. In four months he repaid the man who loaned him the money and had enough left to enlarge his restaurant.

So much money is being printed in Germany that one rarely sees a bill of high denomination that is not brand new. What becomes of all the old money I

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couldn't find out. It is being shipped out of the country in large quantities so that it won't be taken by the government, but not all of the old money can have participated in this flight of capital. At any rate, one doesn't see it. But the nice new fifty-mark bills are everywhere. They are piled up in the banks like cordwood, fresh every day. There isn't a wrinkle or a smudge on them, and they are as sticky and as odorous of printer's ink as though they were less than half an hour off the presses.

Every city in Germany took a hand at printing its own money during the war. All of the leading artists assisted in the money-making orgy, so that some very attractive specimens were produced. All of the cities have legends connected with them, such as the legend of Gilda von Googleburg, who haunts Googleburg Castle, or the Pied Piper of Hamelin, or the Terrible Hans von Stein of Steinfels. These legends were frequently depicted on the war money of the different cities, so that, although the money is no good at all as money, it makes nice pictures to paste up in the nursery for the purpose of amusing as well as instructing the little ones.

One who enters Germany by way of Treves and Coblenz, let us say, gets out at the various stations and buys food or postcards. At Treves the innocent-faced Fräulein behind the counter, observing that he is one of those boobish outlanders, hands him a fistful of money which the helpless outlander tries in vain to count. If he has started with a dollar in American money and has bought enough postcards and stamps to apprise his friends in Philadelphia, Boston, Kennebunkport, Indianapolis, Carmel (California),

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and Glen Ridge (New Jersey) that he is still staggering weakly on his way, he gets back the equivalent of ninety-two cents in American money, or about forty-two marks. About half of the forty-two marks which the innocent-faced Fräulein hands out will be in regular German money and the other half will be in the phony, or near, money which the city of Treves issued just to show that it could make money as well as anyone else. There will be enough of it to fill two pockets, and it will all look alike to the boobish outlander. When he gets to Coblenz, however, and attempts to give a cab driver some of the money which he accumulated in Treves the cab driver at once throws a harrowing and convulsive fit. The Treves money is worth nothing except in Treves. One must, therefore, pay the cabman in good German money, and after one has done so one receives about two quires of money in exchange. Half of this will be good and the other half will be money issued by the city of Coblenz for reasons best known to itself. When one has passed on from Coblenz to Cologne one unsuspectingly attempts to get rid of the Coblenz money, only to find that Coblenz money is about as highly esteemed in Cologne as a nice case of typhus fever would be. As a result of all this the progress of a newcomer in Germany bears a vague resemblance to a hare-and-hound chase, for as he proceeds from city to city he is forced to throw away the phony money which he has unwittingly acquired and which is causing his pockets to bulge like the stuffed owl of song and fable.

In Germany, as in all other parts of Europe, one

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has almost as much trouble in locating a place to sleep as he would have in locating a pair of ear muffs in Borneo. There is the shortage of buildings caused by the lack of construction during the years of war. In the good residential section of Berlin, for example, 5,000 buildings were erected every year. Since there has been no building for five years, the west end of Berlin alone lacks 25,000 buildings. In addition to this, refugees from various places have been pouring into Germany since the armistice. The French have chased the Germans out of Alsace, the Poles have run them out of German Poland, and the Ukrainians have ejected them from south Russia. Then there are the Germans who have been sent back by England and the United States, and who have left former German colonies, to say nothing of the Russians who have fled from the Bolsheviks and find that the favorable rate of exchange in Germany makes it possible for them to settle down there and exist on their capital for three or four years before they finally go broke. Owing to the fact that the government has fixed the prices which may be charged for houses and apartments, the cost of them remains fairly reasonable, if they can be found. Usually, however, they can't be found either for love or for money. Foreigners wishing apartments frequently pay a bonus which amounts to an entire year's rent. The landlords have also learned the war-time Washington dodge of insisting that a tenant buy the furniture in order to get the apartment. They charge nominal prices for rentals, but when it comes to selling the furniture they charge a matter of 40,000 marks for articles which couldn't

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be worth more than 5,000 marks at a liberal estimate. Travelers can usually be squeezed in at a good hotel if they adopt the startlingly original system of allowing the room clerk to catch a fleeting glimpse of 200 or 300 marks artfully disposed in the palm of the hand in such manner that the figures can be plainly seen. In fact, travelers can get almost anything they want in Germany if they are willing to hand out money. There is always a hand stretched out to take it.

In most of the German cities one goes around and bribes at will, but in the occupied area along the Rhine one keeps his money and allows the military authorities to work their will on him. The occupied area is known to the Germans as "the Hole in the West." Through the Hole in the West come contraband goods on which the Germans can collect no duty, and through it go out German money and art treasures and commodities which are needed at home. Consequently, Cologne, for example, which is the vortex of the hole, is crammed with traders of every nationality, as well as with the British army. In order to get sleeping accommodations one must go to the billeting office and take whatever is handed out. I drifted into the billeting office of Cologne around midnight on a cold December evening, and one of the officials took me to his home and soaked me the exorbitant sum of fifteen marks for a night's lodging and breakfast the next morning—fifteen marks representing about thirty cents at the then rate of exchange. Before inserting myself between the two feather mattresses which represent the German idea of the height of comfort,

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I sat with my host and his wife and daughter for about an hour and received a commodious earful regarding the German plans for the total wrecking of France in the not distant future. This was the first I had heard of it, and it intrigued me greatly. It was not the last I heard of it, however. Wherever I went in Germany the Germans assured me that the day was coming when France would be beaten to a creamy consistency and poured out of the kitchen window. Germany may be whipped, and she may realize it to the full, as some people claim, but, taking the German people by and large, they are quite unaware of being in any position which will make it impossible for them to knock the stuffing out of France with one hand tied behind their backs as soon as they consider that the time is opportune. I asked my host in Cologne—as I asked all the other people with whom I discussed the matter—when he thought France would be ripe to knock off the tree, so to speak. He made the same reply that all the others made. “When England and American stand not by France,” said he, “then we will fight again.” And then he leered at me and clenched his fist and went through the motions of delivering a corkscrew punch, significant, I assume, of the mulelike wallop which France is to receive.

I wish that the people who think that the last war has been fought, and who are therefore averse to preparedness and universal military training, could wander through Central Europe for a few weeks. Everybody is spoiling for a fight. Boundaries are vague. All the nations want something that they haven't got. The people are hungry and cold and

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desperate. The situation of constant ferment which formerly existed in the Balkans has, with the creation of new, small states, spread throughout Central Europe. The attitude of each nation seems to be that of a small boy who has been prevented from beating up an enemy by a number of the enemy's friends. "You wait 'til I get you alone," he says. "You just wait 'til I get you alone!" They're waiting, in Central Europe, to get each other alone. Each nation fairly burns to entice another nation up an alley and beat it to a pulp.

France seems to be the only nation against which the Germans bear any ill will. So far as America and England are concerned, she has already forgiven and forgotten practically all things—though both nations, the Germans recall, wronged and harmed her severely. Almost all the German business men and officials with whom I talked found the opportunity to ask me why there still existed in America such a strong dislike for Germans. I told all of them that much of our distrust arose from the discovery on the part of Americans that Germans could neither be trusted nor believed during the war, and that nothing sticks so tenaciously as a reputation for dishonesty. I also made some reference to their methods of making war, as well as to the frequent assurances which came out of Germany from responsible officials that America was to be made to bear the entire cost of the war so far as Germany was concerned. In each case I was assured that all of the stories of German atrocities were due to British propaganda, and that the war was started by Russia. When I ventured to give them the dip-

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lomatic, though unmistakable, raz, I was reminded that the war was over, anyway, and that it was inhuman of America not to let bygones be bygones. My answer to that was that they had asked me why Germany was distrusted in America, that I had answered them as inoffensively as possible, and that any argument concerning the unsoundness of American opinion was not passionately craved by any American at the present juncture.

Once in a while one of the old-line Prussians gets to brooding over the situation and erupts against an American. It happened to a couple of friends of mine while I was in Berlin. One, a former major in the American army, was riding in a street car and conversing with a friend in English, when a Prussian tapped him on the shoulder and growled, "If you have got to talk, talk German." The American was held down by his friend and bloodshed was averted. The other, an American newspaper man, was quietly talking to a friend in the lobby of the Adlon when another Prussian stepped up to him and informed him that he was in Germany and needn't speak English. After the newspaper man had recovered from the shock, he assured the Prussian in sonorous phrases and well-rounded periods, that if it pleased him to speak in Chinese, Hindu, or Arabic he would so speak, and that any Prussian who sought to make him speak otherwise would wake up out on the sidewalk with his nose pushed around into his right ear or thereabouts.

These incidents, however, are freaks. Americans in all parts of Germany receive nothing but the most courteous treatment and the kindest consideration.

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True, the German shopkeepers see them coming miles away and raise all prices for their benefit, but they can scarcely be blamed for so doing, even though a clause in the Peace Treaty stipulates that no nation is to be discriminated against. All shops add 25 per cent to the marked price when selling to foreigners whose currency has not depreciated. Some stores add much more, and do it brazenly. The largest department store in Berlin raises its prices 125 per cent to Americans. The hotels, also, were last winter attempting to agree on a scale of excess charges to be levied on the citizens of the countries which are profiting by the low commercial value of the mark.

There has been a great deal of wild talk recently about the size of the German army. Such figures as 1,500,000 have been tossed about freely, and the intimation has been that Germany has that number of men ready to spring, fully armed and equipped, at the solar plexus of any enemy. This belongs to that class of conversation loosely designated as hot air or bunk. There is a considerable amount of evidence which tends to show that there are organizations of officers in Germany who would act as the nucleus of a very large force of men, but as far as effective fighting forces go, Germany is not, as one might say, there. In fact, she is very far from there. Reliable sources of information indicate that Germany could mobilize an army of 400,000 men, with such arms of the service as infantry and artillery in pretty good shape. All auxiliary arms, however, are in poor shape. The air service and the signal service are out of training. Specialists, such as

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bombers and mine throwers, have had no instruction. The motor transport service is very bad. These points are very important ones, for if there is a lack of instruction for specialists and if the auxiliary arms are weak, an army may be technically referred to, in military parlance, as on the fritz. In addition to all this, the entire German railroad service is bad. It is not only bad; it is superbad. If I had not seen the railways of Poland I would say that the German railroad service was bad enough to be classed as entirely decayed or rotten. At any rate, it is very, very bad. It is bad as to equipment and bad as to personnel. And if a nation wishes to mobilize its army it won't get very far with that sort of railway service. If the railway succeeded in bearing up under the strain of mobilizing the army—which it wouldn't—it would never have enough punch left to put the army's supplies in place. And Germany hasn't a sufficient amount of supplies to create reserves. If by any chance she did succeed in creating reserves, the population of the nation would go back on the government, for to get the reserves she would have to take the supplies from the people, and if she did that the people would have nothing at all in the line of food. If by hook or crook Germany should succeed in achieving a military victory anywhere at the present time it would be the emptiest thing imaginable, for it would leave her economically helpless. The one thing that Germany wants and must have in order to achieve a victory later on is to get on her feet again. She doesn't intend to do any fighting—unless Poland should collapse—for at least fifteen years; and the

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people who rave about the German army of 1,500,000 men are at liberty to put that in their pipes and apply a match to it.

Traveling in Germany is anything but pleasant. The British military authorities run a train from Cologne to Berlin, and if one puts on a uniform and goes around to various military missions with documents to prove that the heart of the world will probably be broken unless he is allowed to ride on that train, he has a fair chance of getting a comfortable berth in a comfortable sleeper. But all other trains are a snare and a delusion. German time-tables during the past winter were based largely on rumors; and trains were due to arrive at their destinations when they got there, and not before. The coaches were not the absolute height of luxury, as many of them lacked windows and a large part of them had leaky roofs, while their heating systems, in frequent instances, seemed to be suffering from an attack of arterio sclerosis and were functioning in a very evil manner. When I traveled from Berlin to the Polish border I was unable to find anyone in Berlin who could tell me anything at all about my train, except concerning the hour at which it started. They could tell me lots about that, the only trouble being that each person told a different story. I finally took the word of the Polish Consulate. In order to be sure of a seat on the train I drove out to Charlottenburg, which is the suburb of Berlin where the train makes up. When the train headed in toward Berlin there was only one other person in the coach with me. He was an Austrian diplomatic courier, and he was carrying four large

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gunny sacks filled with foodstuffs in addition to his regular luggage. When he had succeeded in stuffing the sacks into the luggage racks there was room for no more luggage anywhere except on the floor. At the next station four more people got in with large quantities of luggage and sacks of food. Since there were seven seats in the compartment there was room for only one more person, and scarcely that, because of the manner in which every available inch of the compartment was filled with luggage. At the Berlin station the door was torn open by a seething mob and hoarse voices asked how many seats there were. Everybody in the compartment shouted "*Ein!*" whereat three very large people hurled themselves among us with several traveling bags. The two largest ones stood up or leaned heavily on other people's knees or sprawled on their baggage all the way from Berlin to Bentschen—a journey of seven hours. One of them, I regret to say, was a woman. I felt no particular urge to give her my seat, because she was twice as broad as I am, and if she had tried to squeeze herself into the space I occupied she would have smothered the person beside her. Besides, I was holding two suitcases which didn't belong to me on my lap, and if she had sat in my seat she would have had to hold the suitcases, and since she didn't have any lap to speak of she would have had to hold them on her head, which would have been nothing if not unpleasant. Every little while one of the travelers would get out a bottle of wine and a sandwich and allay his hunger pangs. When time hung heavily on their hands they would take things

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out of their pockets and show them to one another. All of the males in the car had postage stamps secreted on their persons. The fattest man in the compartment, who left the train just before we reached the Polish border, with the evident intention of escaping the customs authorities by walking from Germany into Poland, had a set of Russian stamps with a Polish superscription. He had paid 3,000 marks for them. When he displayed them to the assemblage of stamp ferrets they were greeted with a volley of "Achs!" that almost blew out the windows. Three of the travelers had diplomatic passports about the size of a blanket for a baby's crib, and the examination of them by the other travelers whiled away many a tedious moment. Traveling has its bright spots, even in Germany, after one has been through it and come out safely, but that is also true of an earthquake, a typhoon, or a war. If I had my choice between enduring an earthquake and standing for a day of travel on a German train I'd be inclined to pick the earthquake.

The preliminaries to travel in Germany, as in all other countries, are as painful as the actual traveling. To go to Poland one must go to the Polish Consulate and spend hours in getting a *visé* for his passport, after which German police headquarters must be haunted for the best part of a day in order to get the German permission to leave the country. One must fill out a long pedigree which tells everything except the size of his hat and the way he likes his lamb chops cooked. With this he must march upstairs and downstairs and along interminable corridors, interviewing gruff, pipe-smoking Prussians

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who spend most of their time hunting for misplaced commas and blurred letters in the passport, so that they can declare the whole business illegal. To go through this ordeal without the aid of an interpreter is one of the most nerve-racking experiences in the world. All of the lineal descendants of Oscar D. Bonehead, founder of the great Bonehead family, appear to have been gathered together in the foreign passport offices, and their family traits crop out so frequently that it is with the utmost difficulty that one restrains himself from permitting his loaded walking stick to drop on their heads with a resonant and hollow plunk.

The German people are not having a pleasant time of it, but their condition is improving every minute. They are eager to work, and as soon as they can get raw material in sufficient quantity they will be working day and night. And if they can get credits from America the value of the mark will rise, so that food can be bought more cheaply by the government and consequently sold more cheaply to the people. Thus wages would be stabilized and much of the unrest would disappear.

In the meantime there are a number of things that Germany could do if she cared to. She could stand a few Schiebers up against the wall and shoot them; she could see that waste and cheating are stopped so long as she finds it necessary to talk about starving children; and she could begin to impress on everyone in the nation the mossy, but still valuable, precept that honesty is the best policy.

THE END



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