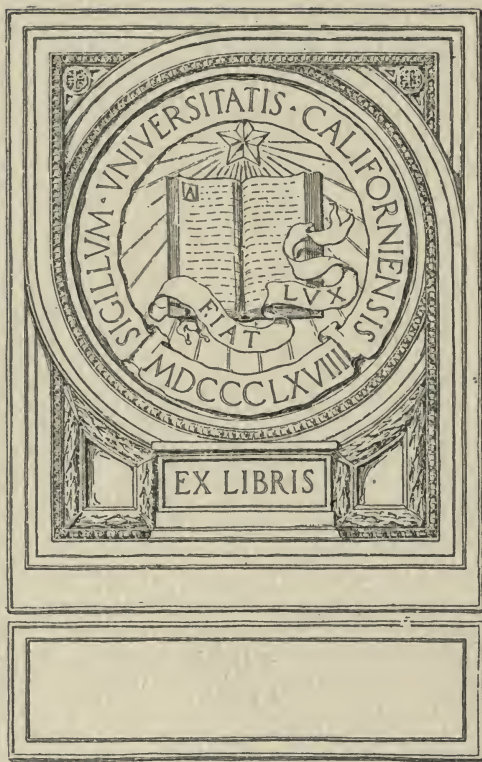


# WITH OLD GLORY *in* BERLIN

*The Story of an American Girl's Life  
and Trials in Germany and her Escape  
from the Huns*



Josephine Therese



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IN BERLIN**



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“OLD GLORY”

PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ACTUAL FLAG CARRIED BY MISS THERESE  
IN GERMANY

# WITH OLD GLORY IN BERLIN

The Story of a Young American Girl who went to Germany  
as a music student in the fall of nineteen sixteen,  
lived in Berlin for thirteen months, and  
made her escape eight months  
after America had entered  
the conflict

BY

JOSEPHINE THERESE

WITH A FOREWORD BY

ELIOT HARLOW ROBINSON

ILLUSTRATED



BOSTON

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FIRST IMPRESSION, OCTOBER, 1918

TO THE  
ASSOCIATION

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To  
My Mother

392197



## NOTE

*For obvious reasons the author has preferred that, until the war is won, her true name shall be withheld.*

THE EDITOR.

## FOREWORD

THIS is the story of a young American girl to whom Fate vouchsafed a most unusual experience. Is there in this country another girl who has, before attaining to twenty years of age, gone, almost alone, into that land where the World War was conceived and born to bring black desolation to the earth; dwelt within the grimly desperate city, which is at once the heart and brain of that land, for thirteen long months, during the passage of which her own country took up arms against it; lived its life; suffered its deprivations and the harder things which were reserved for alien enemies; learned, in the bitter school of experience, its very thoughts and feelings; and then succeeded in escaping — one of the last Americans to leave, as she had been to enter, that evil Empire which now stands like a wolf run amuck, with bared fangs facing the pack?

I think not. Yet that is what Miss Josephine Therese, a young Boston student of opera, did in nineteen seventeen, and it is her actual experiences in Berlin, during that dark year, which are here recounted.

To her was given a unique opportunity to learn, by close contact and personal observation, many

facts which are of vital importance to all Americans. A pugilist does not watch his opponent's gloved hands, while fighting. He rather focuses his attention on the other's eyes, and endeavors to read the *mind* which directs the blows.

Should it not be the same in the case of battling nations? Anything which will help us to attain a knowledge of what Germany is *thinking* will help us win the war against her, and what she represents. Anything that throws a direct light upon this all-important subject, which is in the larger sense our greatest problem, cannot but be of inestimable value. Before we can hope to cope with, and to conquer, Prussia, it is necessary for us to know the magnitude of our task, face the naked truth with open eyes, and prepare ourselves materially *and especially mentally*.

The experiences which Miss Therese relates throw such a light upon the subject. She did not go to Germany as an observer. Perhaps it was better so, for, since her mind was open and unhampered by pre-existing ideas, it was more ready to register unclouded impressions. Nor are her conclusions dogmatic. In the main her story is rather the simple, but highly interesting narrative of the actual life and adventures of a *real* girl in the enemy's country. It is for the reader to draw his own conclusions therefrom.

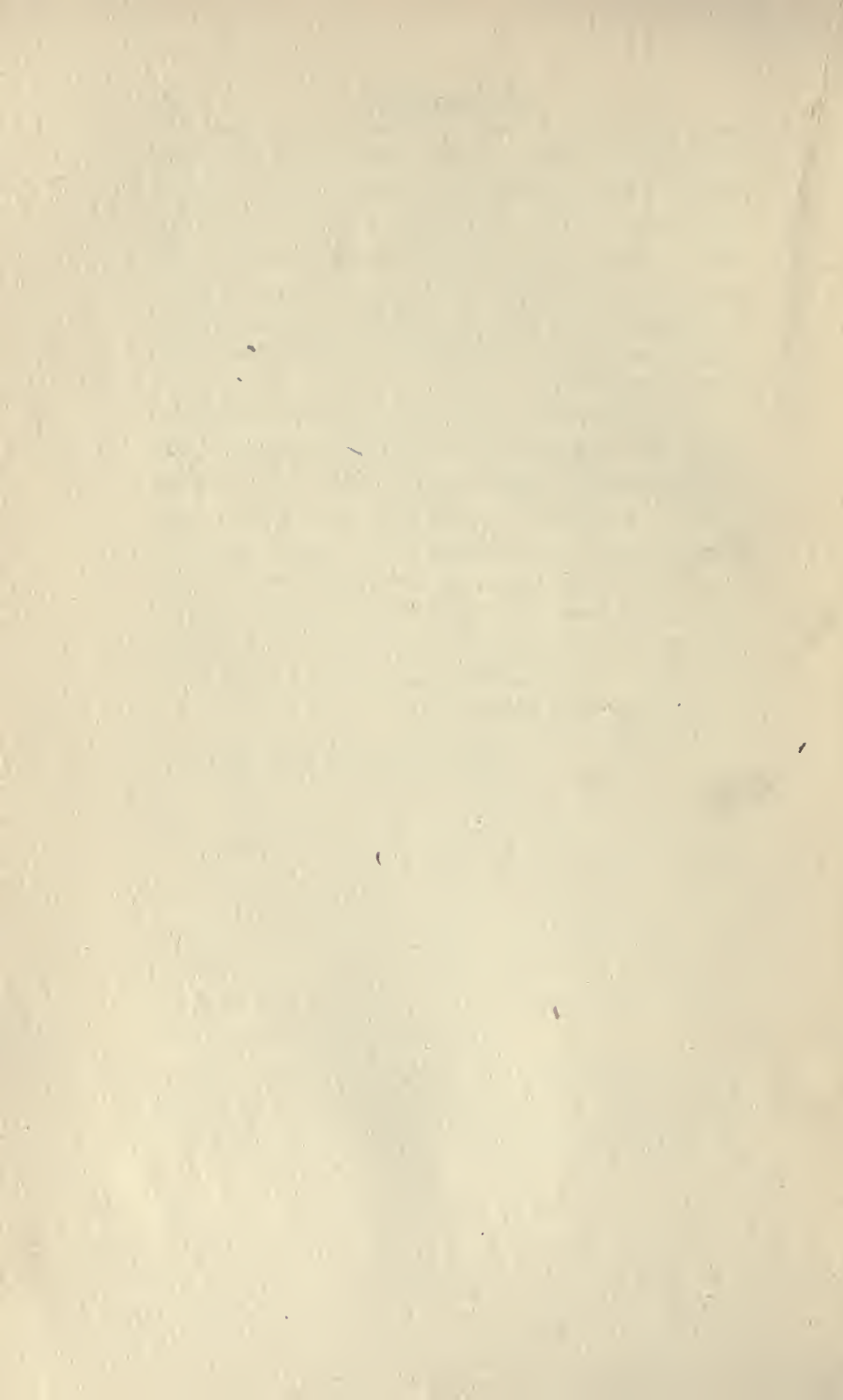
This much may be said. Miss Therese possesses a mind of unusual keenness for a woman so young, and her personality is an extremely interesting one.

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The passport which allowed her to enter Germany describes her as nineteen years old, five feet six and one-half inches in height, with an oval face, chestnut hair, blue eyes, a straight nose, small mouth and rounded chin; but no such meagre description can convey an idea of her natural charm, exceptional quickness of wit, innate poise and womanliness.

It was, no doubt, largely due to those characteristics that she succeeded in going through what she did, without meeting disaster. Few men or women, of whatever age, could have drawn more of real value from a similar set of experiences, and it is safe to say that her statements as to conditions in Germany, her characterization of the Hun, her own conclusions as to his true attitude of mind, and what the world has to expect from him, are trustworthy and valuable.

ELIOT HARLOW ROBINSON.



## PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

MISS JOSEPHINE THERESE, a young American girl who went as a student of Grand Opera to Berlin in the fall of nineteen sixteen, and resided in Germany for thirteen months.

MR. JOHN BERGER, her cousin, an American in business in Amsterdam, Holland; but brought up in Germany.

MR. RICHARD BERGER, his younger brother.

Mlle. RENÉE, a Roumanian girl of rank.

MR. JOSEPH MILLER, an old family friend and her host in Berlin.

Mr. Miller is a naturalized American citizen of German birth, who has been engaged in business in Germany for many years.

FRAU MILLER, his German wife.

EVELYN GROSSMAN, their married daughter, who had been born in America.

HERR WILHELM GROSSMAN, her husband, a German soldier.

ANNA, a maid in the Miller household.

GRETA, another.

HERR KOMMERZIENRAT BACHMANN, a wealthy Berlin merchant, and neighbor of the Millers.

FRAU KOMMERZIENRAT BACHMANN, his wife.

HAUPTMANN BACHMANN, their son, a captain in the German army.

LIEUTENANT VON LUBEN, a Prussian officer attached to headquarters in Berlin.

LIEUTENANT HEINRICH HILLER, of Breslau, another Prussian officer.

HERR AND FRAU HOLZMAN, her host and hostess in Breslau.

FRAULEIN OLGA DUYSSEN, a German girl of Russian extraction on her father's side.

HERR DIREKTOR ROBERT ROBITSCHKE, head of the Konservatorium der Musik.

FRAU JULIE TREBICZ, a vocal teacher, and Austrian opera singer.

FRAULEIN ZARA SHENSKI, a Russian music student.



FRAULEIN PAULINA HERMANN, a German music student.

FRAULEIN CHARLOTTA VON STRAUSS, another.

HERR DIREKTOR SALTER, a Berlin critic.

HERR OTTO FELD, an Austrian opera star at Bad Elster.

HERR BLUTHNER, another, of German birth.

HERR ROMANOW, a Russian gentleman at Bad Elster.

HERR JOHANN SCHMOLZ, a German merchant.

MR. JOHN WEIL, an American engaged in business in Berlin.

MRS. WEIL, John Weil's mother.

DR. RÖDDIGER, a German diplomat in the Foreign Office in Berlin.

HERR WOLGAST, a member of the German Consulate in Christiania.

MR. IFT, the American Consul in the same city.

MR. LANE, one of his assistants.

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS, of the American Red Cross.



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# WITH OLD GLORY IN BERLIN

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## CHAPTER I

### I ENTER THE HEART OF PRUSSIA

"Look, Josephine! *There is Berlin!*"

The voice of my cousin and traveling companion aroused me from my conflicting thoughts. It was evening, a chilly winter's evening, and the darkness through which the train was moving seemed to hold a threat of something unseen, but real. If I could have looked into the future I might have understood; but, lacking the power of clairvoyancy, I *felt* it, and would have been glad to turn back had it been possible. It was not. I had definitely committed myself a month before, when Opportunity knocked unexpectedly. Now, on the very threshold of my adventure, I faced it uncertainly.

I had already had a taste of what Germany held in store for strangers, and the taste was bitter. Two hours before, I had crawled off the little boat which had borne us to the German frontier at Warnemünde, weak from seasickness, and with little enthusiasm for the "Fatherland." As soon as we had stepped foot on the wharf which had represented German soil, we had been herded, with the rest of the passengers — Germans all, I guessed them to be — through a narrow door in a barnlike building, roughly constructed, and in aspect something like an early American frontier fort. We had been packed into an undersized waiting-room, through the inner door of which I could see soldiers everywhere, German soldiers in their *Feldgrau* uniforms, which, even to my youthful eyes, held the threat of storm clouds. As we waited, growing consternation had been added to my bodily misery. What lay behind that rudely sheathed wall, for me?

There had been very little of the heroine about the slender, lonely girl — myself — who had tried to put on a bold exterior to conceal her trembling, when we were ushered into a larger, but no more inviting room, at one side of which, behind a much elevated desk, sat an imposing German officer, who, to me, appeared very stern. Nor had I been reassured when I glanced toward the other side of the room, for there stood perhaps a score of soldiers with bayoneted guns. To be sure, they were men of middle age, or obviously unfitted for



service at the front, but the sight of them had filled me with consternation.

My cousin, John Berger, was to blame for that. On the voyage from America he had lost no opportunity to impress upon my susceptible mind that, when we reached Warnemünde, I would have to be examined and searched by a *German officer*, although I might choose the one to do it.

Of course, I had not *really* believed him; but the sight of those twenty soldiers, each one a personification of Prussian militarism, had brought his words vividly before my mind, and, instead of trying to determine which one of them I should least object to as an examiner, I had been quite ready to turn and flee.

Truth compels me to say that, as I sat in the train which was bearing me rapidly into the heart of Prussia, and thought back over the events of the past few hours, the ordeal was not really as bad as it had seemed at the time of going through it.

To be sure, the officer at the high desk had been very abrupt in manner, and had constantly sent sharp glances in my direction, which seemed to say, "You *may* be a music student merely, as you have told me; but you *might* be a Yankee spy, and I have my eyes on you."

Still, it had been only my baggage, and not me, which had been examined. First we had been ordered to open our trunks and bags, and, as they were slid along a low platform, three or four dif-



ferent officials had gone through them, the last in line marking them with a cross in chalk.

Cousin Jack had, however, not called wholly upon his imagination, I had found, in forecasting the procedure. After my baggage had been passed, I had been ordered to go into another little room for a personal examination, and, as I went through the door, alone, I must have cast backward at my companion a glance of piteous appeal. However, it had been a woman who greeted me, and her reassuring smile had done much to comfort me. Moreover, her examination had been almost superficial, for, although she did go through my personal belongings most carefully, opening, unfolding and shaking out everything, even down to my handkerchiefs, it must have satisfied her pretty quickly that I was really what I seemed.

When I had been passed out through another exit, between two more armed sentries, and had found Jack, and with him boarded the train for Berlin, he eagerly questioned me as to what had occurred, and told me that I was lucky.

"If the slightest suspicion had fastened upon you," he said, "she would have made you undress completely, take your hair down, and would have forced you to submit to a minute search. Perhaps, too, she would have given you an alcohol sponge bath to remove any writing in invisible ink from your body."

Jack had crossed the border many times, you

see, for, although his business was in Amsterdam, the firm had agencies in Germany.

Getting off that horrid boat which had borne us across the straits from Gjedser Odde, Denmark, and through the much dreaded examination *had* been a relief; but it had brought a natural reaction. Since I had not eaten anything at noon, I was famished and ravenous by six o'clock, and I could hardly get Jack into the dining compartment quickly enough. And there another period of mental and physical discomfort was in store for me.

We had hardly taken our seats before he leaned over and whispered, "Good heavens, Josephine, I forgot all about getting food cards!"

"Food cards?" I echoed, for the moment failing to grasp his meaning, or the tragedy which it portended. Then I remembered. We were at last in *Germany*, where almost everything edible required a card.

"What on earth are we going to do?" he continued in a dramatic whisper.

"I have nothing whatever to suggest; but, unless I eat, and eat soon, you will carry my dead body into Berlin," had been my reply.

Jack was an American! He promptly called the waiter and with perfect assurance ordered dinner. 'Ordered,' did I say? Rather we took what was set before us and ate it in haste, if not with relish.

It is often said that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. I found that the way to my *brain* was through that medium. Before the meal

was consumed the realization of what I had done, in leaving the land of peace and plenty for that of war and tribulations, for the first time swept over and engulfed me, for my eyes were opened to something of what living in Germany was to mean.

We were served a thin soup, scarcely more than hot water, a very small portion of very tough meat, with no condiments of any kind to make it palatable, and an unpleasant-looking potato. There was no butter, and no sugar for our coffee,— I might even say that there was no coffee for the sugar, either. Half of a tiny pellet of saccharine was served for sweetening, and it was plenty! The bread — we had ordered two hundred grams, equal to four slices — was called *Kommissbrot*, and I found it dark, coarse and heavy. It was made of rye, Jack said, and was the kind served in the army.

“How do you like it?” he asked me, airily.

“Oh, it isn’t . . . isn’t so bad,” I responded, as I swallowed hard, and he laughed heartlessly.

“Now, young lady, you see what you have elected to do!” [As though he hadn’t begged me to come!] “Thank goodness, I am going to live in Amsterdam.”

We ate with one eye on the waiter, and, when he came to collect our cards, he came too late.

“Food cards?” Jack said in innocent surprise. “I didn’t know . . . .”

The waiter grumbled loudly; but, since there was nothing to be done about it, he finally took

our sixteen marks (four dollars, on a peace basis), and departed, still grumbling.

I cannot honestly say that I had been satisfied, either in body or mind, and when we returned to our compartment, and my eyes fell upon the printed sign tacked above my head, "ACHTUNG! SPIONEN GEFAHR!" [Attention! Beware of spies!], I became wholly unhappy. Jack must have thought me a most ungrateful girl, for I answered his remarks — made to cheer me up — briefly, and he turned from me to chat with two German officers who occasionally passed through our compartment. He had lived many years in Berlin and spoke German fluently.

But I needed no conversation to furnish food for thought. The dinner had supplied that a-plenty, if not enough of the material kind. Homesick, still frightened, and at last thoroughly awakened to a realization of what sort of an enterprise I had impulsively embarked upon, I was looking forward, with no very eager anticipation, to the imminent meeting with those people, intimate friends of my family, but total strangers to me, who were to be my hosts in Berlin, when Jack's voice aroused me from my reveries.

I started, and looked in the direction to which he was directing my attention. Low down against the black sky was a faint, but ever-increasing glow of light — the kind that always indicates the presence of a great city. We drew momentarily nearer it. Now the skyline became dimly visible,



not one picturesquely broken, like that of New York, but even, unvaried. I turned to Jack with a question and he answered:

“Yes. The uniformity and strictness of German official regulations is evidenced even in the outward aspect of their cities. In Berlin, at least, every house must conform exactly to a building law establishing its height.”

As we approached, and finally entered the outskirts of the great city, he became more and more eager and excited, for my friends-to-be were also his. When the train slowed up and stopped at the *Anhalter Bahnhof* [station], which was several miles out from the center of the Prussian metropolis, he seized his bags and rushed for the platform, apparently oblivious of the fact that he was supposed to be encumbered with excess baggage — namely *me*.

And I? Well, I followed lamblike, and reached the platform in time to see him waving frantically, and then off he rushed toward a group of people some distance away. In a moment they were greeting him delightedly, while I stood where I had alighted, perhaps the loneliest, most miserable girl on earth, and feeling that I was indeed a stranger in a strange land.

It was only for a moment. The next, I was literally surrounded by these friends, whom I had never seen, and who, likewise, had never seen me. There were four people in the welcoming party. One was a gray-haired, short, and somewhat

rotund man of middle years, every lineament of whose countenance bespoke combined efficiency and remarkable good nature. I was soon to find that they spoke truly. I was to learn, too, that his blue eyes generally twinkled; but at that moment they were misty, and I felt instinctively that his sympathies were large and his heart easily touched. Both in looks and dress he appeared as if he might have been picked up from the South Terminal Station in Boston and transported to the one in Berlin, for, despite the twenty-odd years which he had spent in Germany, he was an American. Of course I knew that he must be Mr. Joseph Miller, the dear man who, for an indefinite period, was to be my host and unofficial guardian, and who was, in fact, soon to become more like a father than anything else to me.

By his side stood a woman whose inches equalled his, and whose countenance, beneath a close-fitting bonnet and wavy, dark hair barely threaded with silver, was both purposeful and kindly. Well formed and quite obviously capable and energetic was Mrs. Miller.

There was no need for me to be told who was the younger woman of the group, for she resembled both in a degree which told plainly enough that she was the daughter of the older couple. She had her mother's trim build and dark hair, and her father's blue eyes and expression. Her sunny smile was now turned upon Jack, her childhood chum. She, I knew was Evelyn, the

Miller's married daughter. I surmised that it was her husband who made the fourth member of the party, a stolid, pleasant-looking young man, square of shoulder, blue of eye, and clad in the natty gray uniform of the German army. I looked at him with awe.

Mr. Miller proved to be a little emotional, for, on greeting me, he had to have recourse to his handkerchief, while his wife, more practical, cried, "My, what a big girl! Do you think that the bed will be long enough for her?"

I most sincerely hoped so, as I was very, very tired, and for an instant the absurd vision of a child's crib entered my mind. But the remark brought laughter for tears, and immediately I found myself being introduced to Evelyn and her soldier husband, Herr Wilhelm Grossman.

When I was presented to him I became suddenly so flustered that what little German I knew fled from my mind, and all that I could stammer was, "How do you do?"

He repeated the phrase with a comical accent, for he spoke no English, and again we all laughed.

The men hurried away to secure taxicabs, and actually succeeded in getting one *with rubber tires*, for the women of the party.

"That's luck," laughed Jack. "They're about as extinct as the Dodo bird in Berlin now."

When one is highly keyed up by excitement, it does not take a great deal to cause a breakdown, as I discovered a minute later. We went outside



the station, and the very first thing upon which my eyes fell was a regiment of German infantrymen, about to entrain for the Somme front. In the artificial light of the electric globes their faces looked, oh, so wan and melancholy. All about them were mothers, wives and sweethearts bidding them goodby. Many were crying bitterly, and — well, I suddenly broke down, and cried, too.

At last I knew, beyond peradventure, that I was within a land where war was not fiction, but a grimly present fact.

Perhaps to stop my tears, Jack laughed and said, "Oh, cheer up, Josephine. You're going to see plenty of this sort of thing before you're through." He was right.

We three women were assisted into one taxi, the men took another, and off we rolled through the night to my new home. My impressions during the ride were too vague to be recorded. I only know that I talked and talked, as fast as ever I could, about all manner of inconsequential things. I realized with some surprise, however, that the city was well lighted, fully as much as I found our own cities to be when I got back to America, and more so than those of New England during the fuel-saving campaign last winter.

"They do not darken the streets as I understand they do in London and Paris," I remarked to Mrs. Miller.

"Oh, no. There is no danger here," she replied. Berlin was not being bombed nightly.

At last we drew up before a handsome stucco apartment house in the broad street of a suburb which appeared most attractive, and there disembarked. As we entered the hallway, two maids in dark dresses, white bibbed aprons and little caps, came forward smiling and curtsying.

"These are Anna and Greta," said Mrs. Miller. "They have stayed up to see the new American."

The girls stared at me as though I were an object of curiosity, which did not tend to soothe my feelings; but they were all kindness as they helped me take my hand baggage into the automatic elevator, and all the time talked excitedly in German. As for me, I was still too excited even to attempt to answer them, other than by saying, "*Ja*," and "*Nein*," and I am not quite sure that I used those monosyllables in their proper places.

Soon the family, Jack, and I were assembled in the big, astonishingly high-ceilinged living-room, and for a time I was assailed with questions about relatives and mutual friends back home in America, while every few minutes Mr. Miller would interpolate, "Poor little Josephine! She looks *so* tired," and his wife would answer, "Not at all, she looks splendidly," and continue her eager questioning.

It was close to midnight before our party broke up, and I was shown to my room with its single bed which looked very inviting, and plenty long enough for my tired little body — and so proved.

As I undressed I found, to my dismay, that I had several little red spots on my body. Afraid

lest I might be bringing some sort of contagious disease into the household, I called Mrs. Miller, who speedily alleviated my fears, but added to my distress, by saying, "Oh, you poor child, you have been bitten by a *floh*. You must have gotten it on the train where soldiers had been riding." I need scarcely tell you that a *floh*, or flea, is a polite way of designating what the English tom-mies and now our own boys call a "cootie." War is not pleasant!

She departed, carrying away all my clothing. Before getting into bed I unpacked enough of my things to get out my silken Star Spangled Banner, which I proudly hung over my bed. And there it was to stay, through peace and war, except when I myself went elsewhere and carried it with me, until I once more turned my face toward the land for which it stood. Then I crawled between the clean sheets, but, tired as I was, not to sleep immediately. All that I had gone through, and visions of what the future might bring, passed before my mind, mingled with homesick thoughts of my dear little mother. And it was with America in my mind and heart that at last I went to sleep for the first time in Germany on that night of October thirty-first, nineteen hundred and sixteen.

## CHAPTER II

### LOOKING BACKWARDS

THIS story is in no sense an autobiography; but, since its threads are closely interwoven with those of my earlier life, it seems desirable for me to give you a brief synopsis of "what has gone before," so that you may be able wholly to put yourself in my place in reading what is to follow.

If my father, who was born in Poland and came here to America when a young man, had not lived for several years in his youth in Berlin, and if my mother, who is an American by birth as *he* was by choice, had not had old and intimate friends in Germany — namely, the Millers — I should perhaps never have gone thither, and most certainly not at the time when I did. Yet I had often dreamed of doing so; what girl who cherishes dreams of becoming an opera singer has not, in that past when a musical education in Berlin was a name to conjure with?

Furthermore my parents spoke German together occasionally, and, from hearing it in my home, I gained a fair working knowledge of that tongue which was to aid me greatly in getting close to the



thoughts of the German people, although I spoke it very badly upon arriving in Berlin.

It was on the thirtieth day of December, in eighteen ninety-seven, that I first opened my eyes to the cold light of a winter's morning in that historic part of Boston which bears the name of Meeting House Hill, Dorchester. The date was not from choice; it is too near Christmas!

For fifteen years thereafter my life followed in the beaten path of most city-born children; but, in looking backward upon it, I see that Mother Nature was all that time quietly laying the foundation for the adventure which was to come. When I was a little tot of only four years, so the family says, I began to sing, and quickly learned many of the best-known opera airs from mother at bedtime, and from a neighbor's daughter who was an accomplished musician. Then, as I became a little older, I developed a penchant for juvenile acting and elocution, and, when I was nine, began to study it under a teacher and appear frequently in amateur affairs. Mimicry, too, came naturally, and even this was to be of no mean value later, as it proved, for acting and diplomacy go hand in hand, and I was to have occasion to use the latter in full measure.

At eleven I began to take piano lessons; but I loathed the routine of practice that they entailed, for I was always impulsive and wanted to play immediately. When I was fifteen I received, in competition, a vocal scholarship in the New

England Conservatory of Music; but I did not take advantage of it. Instead, I began private lessons with a teacher who very nearly ruined my childish voice by attempting to change it from a natural mezzo to a lyric soprano. From time to time, during the two years which followed, I sang in local concerts, and my efforts received commendatory criticism. These helped, but were not necessary, to make me feel certain in my heart of hearts that I had an ability worthy of serious training. Hence my dreams of Berlin, some day.

Then came my first great grief and attendant trouble which seemed to spell an end to all dreams, but which, in the strange ways of Fate, really brought them to fulfilment. My dear father died. He left us in moderate circumstances; but, as there were four of us children, the other three all younger than myself, economy became essential, and the chance of my ever studying abroad, and also gratifying a growing desire to see strange places, seemed visionary in the extreme.

That summer mother decided to turn our summer home at the shore into a boarding house; but the venture was doomed to failure, as is bound to be the case when one spends more on the table than comes in, so the season ended with our little exchequer still further depleted. A serious breakdown on my own part followed hard upon this disaster, and, when I became well enough, I felt that necessity demanded that I leave the High School, and seek occupation. I tried several, still

keeping up my vocal culture as best I could, but the fall of nineteen sixteen found me a very unhappy girl, with all my rosy hopes put far away, at work in an office, badly out of tune, both physically and with the world. I was eighteen; slender — I weighed only one hundred and fifteen pounds — pale, spiritless, and, except for a smoldering ambition, no different from thousands of other girls whom Fate has burdened with the necessity of earning a living.

Enter the fairy godmother, no, godfather — “Cousin Jack.”

Although he had known me as a baby, I remembered him not at all, for his residence had been in Berlin for many years, and thereafter in Amsterdam, where he was engaged in the paper industry. He was, however, American born, had lived here until he was seven and visited us once thereafter. Now he had come home with his younger brother, Dick, who had also been born here, but had been taken to Germany when he was only a few months old, and lived there until he was nearly twenty-one. Upon the advice of a German friend, Jack had brought him to America at that time, so that the Huns might not claim him as a citizen, and force him into their hideous military system.

John Berger, my “Cousin Jack,” was a big, wholesome and handsome young man of twenty-eight, with dark hair, so wavy that close clipping could not disguise its natural bent, frank, merry gray eyes, and features almost classic, except that

his mouth and chin were typically American in their breadth and firmness. Talented, as well as a keen man of business, I found him to be; a clever amateur artist and musician.

This Cousin Jack, it appeared, was fortune's agent. He was an intimate of the Miller family in Berlin, who were also close friends of mother's, and had brought a proposal from them which was to change the whole course of my life. By reading between the lines of mother's letters, they had come to an understanding of our circumstances, following father's death, and had commissioned Jack to bring me back to live with them, and there complete my musical education, if so doing would help the family, and if mother were willing.

The fact did not come out until about a fortnight before Cousin Jack was to return to Europe, when he said laughingly, one day, "How would you like to go to Germany when I go back, Josephine?"

At first I had thought that he was merely jesting, and answered in that vein, but when, on the next day, he repeated his suggestion more seriously, my answer, unconsidered and only half in earnest, was, "Just wouldn't I like to, though." Then the whole story came out, the seeds of desire were planted in my heart and I immediately began to discover innumerable reasons why I *should* go, and none why I should not.

I made my decision without a thought of what the morrow might bring forth of a nature differing



from my dreams, and the hurried preparations were begun. Needless to say, my mother could not at once be reconciled to the thought of my leaving her, but neither did she forbid it, telling me that the decision must be of my own making.

Until the time came for getting my passport I lived in the clouds. Then I ran up against my first snag. By the fall of nineteen sixteen official rules governing the granting of permission to go abroad had become very strict, and no one, least of all a young girl, was given a passport unless there was an exceptionally good reason for it. So my first application was abruptly refused. "To study music," the explanation which I gave for my desire to cross the Atlantic, was not enough, it appeared.

A Boston attorney, to whom I was related, volunteered to see if anything further could be done on my behalf; but my hopes, which had most unexpectedly been raised so high, dropped to dismal depths again. They rebounded when we learned that permission *might* be given if Cousin Jack should supply a supporting affidavit that my host-to-be had agreed with mother to educate me in Germany. He was prompt to follow the hint, and, just three days before he was to leave for New York on his return voyage, I received the cheering news that a passport had actually been granted me.

When that fateful piece of paper was really in my hands I began to realize just a little what I

had done. I was going away, away from my family, which I had never left before, and the country of my birth, to dwell in a strange and war-ridden land, and now Cousin Jack abandoned his encouraging tone and began to warn me seriously about the discomforts, and possible hardships, which I might have to endure there. Still his words carried little weight in my mind, and discouraged me not at all. What girl of that age would consider warnings of such a nature?

Besides, even *he* had no idea of the pass to which things were going in Berlin, for he was, at that time, fed full with German propaganda, as are all dwellers in Holland. And of course there existed in his mind no thought of the possibility that America would soon be numbered among the enemies of the country whither I was going. Nor did such a thought ever enter *my* head. In a girlish sort of way I knew, to be sure, that the sentiment of my land was growing and solidifying against Prussia; but the unrestricted submarine warfare was not so much as dreamed of then, our President had told us repeatedly that the sinking of the "Lusitania" and "Sussex" were not overt acts of war against America, and that there was no occasion for our entering the struggle, three thousand miles away.

I had been stirred by the war; but not deeply, for it seemed only an awful unreality, and I had no reason to think that I might one day become an atom in the very vortex of the whirlwind itself.

Even the tears, pleas and verbal forebodings of many of my friends and acquaintances, brought me no realization of the truth. Not that they foresaw the actuality, but, better than I, they sensed the conditions which I might have to face, and the dangers attending those who go down to the sea in ships impressed them as far more real than they did me. I knew that passenger steamers had been torpedoed, although at that time none of the line upon which we were to sail, Jack told us; and I knew, too, that there was an ever present danger from floating mines which recognize neither friend nor foe; and it was disquieting, and discomforting, to have those friends of mine tell me, tearfully, that they expected never to see me alive again. But all these things had no effect upon my determination.

To tell the truth, I was swayed by something more than the prospect of having my golden dream realized, as in a fairy tale. Since my father's death I had not been really well; I was nervous, greatly depressed, and it seemed to me that I simply *must* get away from my surroundings and into a new atmosphere.

In such a frame of mind I embarked on my argosy, tearfully parting from my mother, younger sister and little brothers on the morning of October third, and found myself on board the metropolis-bound train, alone with Cousin Jack.

## CHAPTER III

### GOING OVER

THIS is not a story of travel, and, although my trip across held many things of high personal interest to me, I shall not describe them at length. Yet I cannot refrain from briefly touching upon a few of the incidents which stand out most clearly in my recollection of that voyage, to me so full of new sights and entertaining incidents — especially as they have to do with the great war.

The rest I will leave to your imagination, simply reminding you that, in putting yourself in my place, you should not forget that I was traveling alone, save for the presence of a handsome and youthful male cousin whom I hardly knew. Indeed, the complications in which this fact resulted started soon, for, when I was about to leave the train in New York, the maid who was assisting me said with a meaning smile, "I hope that you will have a very happy honeymoon, missus." The sentence startled me, but when I rejoined Cousin Jack I was laughing. He was, too, and, some time later, when I confided in him the cause of my merriment, he laughed harder still as he replied, "The porter wished me the same thing."



We had gone to New York three days before the scheduled sailing of our steamer, the "Kristianiafjord," of the Norwegian-American Line, partly that I might add a few final purchases to my modest equipment, which had been gathered together so hurriedly; but more especially because Jack knew that still further difficulties might beset my path before I could actually get away. He visited the German Consulate alone, first, and then took me. I went with no forebodings, and was somewhat astonished at the way the Consul looked and acted when I told him that I wanted to go to Berlin.

"You, an American girl, want to go to *Berlin* at this time?" he said, and then proceeded to question me at length as to the whys and wherefores of the trip. Finally, after my wonder had grown to large proportions and I had unfolded the story of my life, he viséed my passport with obvious reluctance.

Then came the seventh of October, and, accompanied by Cousin Dick, who was to remain behind, and several other friends, we went to the pier. There more good advice and parting words of warning were given me, more tears shed, and, at the last moment, one of the girls of the group which had come to bid us "God-speed," told me, quite seriously, that, if I would watch the Goddess of Liberty until she had vanished from my sight, I would not be seasick! To which advice I responded that I had no need of such preventive. I was fully

confident that I would not be ill. Ignorance is bliss.

As the final farewells were being said, the same girl handed me a silken American flag, saying, "I hope that you will carry Old Glory with you, as a remembrance of me and of America, Josephine." I accepted it gratefully, and how many times thereafter was I to bless her for that dear gift!

Of the many interesting and entertaining people with whom I became acquainted on shipboard I shall mention only one, and her, not because she appears again in this narrative, but because she impressed herself so strongly upon my imagination. I had anticipated loneliness and asked Jack to obtain for me a stateroom with a roommate if possible. He had done so, after satisfying himself of the desirability of Mlle. Renée — for such was the name of my *compagnon de voyage*. As soon as we were on board he took me to the cabin on the promenade deck which Mlle. Renée and I were jointly to occupy, and, when the door was opened, I began to have doubts as to possessing any part of it, so filled was every inch with bags and boxes, flowers and baskets of fruit. Scarcely had I set down my own simple belongings before the door opened again and an attractive woman of about thirty, and obviously of foreign birth, entered.

Her face was oval and creamy olive under abundant hair of midnight blackness, and she had remarkable eyes of the same hue, eyes which would change from deeply luminous to merrily twinkling,

or flashing in anger, all in an instant. Although I found that Mlle. Renée spoke French fluently, she was not of that nationality, but a Roumanian girl of high birth and position, who, as we came to know each other better, often spoke of the royal family and court personages in terms which indicated intimacy. She had been traveling around the world and was then in anticipation of an invasion of her homeland by the Hun — a thing which happened while we were on the ocean — hastening back to engage in Red Cross work, and taking with her many barrels of food and a great number of hot water bags.

When I first saw her, standing there in the doorway, she and the burly steward who stood behind her were both laden down with more paraphernalia and more flowers. For a moment we stood thus, looking quizzically at one another. Then she smiled with a flash of white teeth, dropped all her bundles, and, spreading forth her hands in a gesture of helplessness, said, "Oh, look at thees luggage. What effer am I going to do wis eet?"

"What am I going to do with *mine*?" I demanded, and, as we laughed together, a bond of friendship was established between us.

"It ees going to be a ver' long trip," she went on, mournfully. "I shall be zo seek." Mlle. Renée proved to be a better prophet than I.

As the days passed I became very fond of my new friend. She both shocked and amused me, and, for my part, I am afraid that I teased her shame-



fully. She not only insisted upon reading in bed nightly until I would have recourse to a hatpin, but opened my unsophisticated eyes to many continental customs, for she smoked cigarettes and drank vermouth whenever she was actually — I might almost say *actively* — seasick. Momentary impulses, without a thought to the possible consequences, swayed her altogether, and she was as likely as not to crawl down to dinner, apparently half dead from *mal de mer* and eat bacon and charlotte russe. Think of it! When I sometimes expostulated she would answer, "Well, you know I get seek anyway, so I might as well eat."

Mlle. Renée was an artist, or rather a sculptress, and, perhaps because of that, her salient characteristics were disorder and extreme carelessness. I scarcely ever entered our room without finding expensive and beautiful clothing, wonderful jewelry, and even money of hers strewn about it in the wildest confusion. She told me, airily, that, when the war had broken forth, she had lost fifteen thousand dollars worth of property in her haste to get out of Paris. I could well believe it!

And what a bitter subject was the war, with her! The very mention of Germany fired her to wrathful outbursts against the Hun, whom she hated with deadly hatred.

"Oh, if you only *knew* what it means to live close to that menace!" she would cry, her hands clenched and black eyes flashing.

Mlle. Renée had the passionate vindictiveness

of a tigress at such times; but she had her lighter moods, too. She proved to be susceptible, and was greatly smitten with Cousin Jack, despite her oft-expressed doubts as to our relationship, which frequently ended with the words, "But *cousins* can't be zo nice to one another, you know." In fact almost every one insisted that we were elopers, and, after my first embarrassment wore off, I enjoyed the joke immensely.

How young I was, so much more than a year and a half younger than when I turned my face *away* from Germany thirteen months later!

I remember how immensely one foolish little incident, associated with Mlle. Renée, amused me. Her English vocabulary contained no terms of endearment of the kind so freely used on the continent, and one night she begged me to teach her some, to use on Cousin Jack, Quite seriously I told her that "sissy" was a particularly nice one, and I very nearly collapsed the next morning when she, with a languishing look in her dark eyes, tried it on him.

There were comparatively few other women among the first cabin passengers. Men a-plenty there were, however, most of them business men, Norwegians naturally predominating. Among the passengers was a Norwegian Consul and his party, and it was with a distinct shock that I first saw his wife smoking and playing cards with the rest.

Many pleasant acquaintances, of the various types always found on shipboard, I made. Among

them the "seven boys" — splendidly educated and enthusiastic American youths who were going over to do educational and recreative work in prison camps of France, Russia and Germany. I saw much of them and, on the way home, again was to meet one of their number, from whom I learned that all had performed splendid service and three had married French girls.

Aside from the ordinary incidents of a long voyage, the trip across was uneventful. The "Kristianiafjord" was of only ten or twelve thousand tons, but she was fast; our course was a safe one; we were sailing under two neutral flags, for the Stars and Stripes floated at the masthead; there were no soldiers aboard; and, since war talk was carefully refrained from, the cataclysm seemed remote and unreal to me. Certainly I feared nothing, nor were any special precautions taken to safeguard the vessel, other than the electric lighting of her name, painted large on the bows and stern. Homesick, I was, and seasick after the third day, yet this did not prevent me from dancing on the canvas-covered promenade deck aft, for the strains of the ship's band, playing American ragtime, always had a strangely curative effect.

So the days passed until the sixth dawned; but, when I went on deck that morning, I found excitement rampant. Several of the early risers, among them Cousin Jack, had sighted the menacing gray form of a U-boat, and the low-lying wreck of a steamer, perhaps its hapless victim.

The night before we were due to arrive in Kirkwall, our first stop, we ran into a severe storm. We all realized that, if we should have the misfortune to strike a mine or other floating menace, we would not have the proverbial one chance in a thousand, for by no possibility could the life boats have been launched. Many of the passengers stayed up all night, but not I. If we were to be doomed, I would at least die as comfortably as possible, so I undressed and went to bed, and eventually to sleep, only to be awakened in the middle of the night by a gunlike report. The iron fastening of our porthole had been snapped in half, the port flew open, letting in frequent showers of spray, and everything loose in the cabin began to dash madly back and forth across the floor. Even this could not keep me awake long, and the next thing that I remember was Jack's whistle from the deck outside, and his call, "Get up, Josephine, we've reached land."

I obeyed, and, looking through the porthole, beheld a soul-satisfying sight. The sun was shining gloriously down upon the little shore village, the moors beyond, and a beautiful old Scottish castle in the distance. The sparkling waters of the bay were filled with many ships; British men-of-war, neutral merchantmen, especially Dutch, and other cargo vessels. Some, we learned, had been detained there as long as five weeks. How many of them have since fallen prey to Prussia's terrible and ruthless submarine warfare! As the ship



swung leisurely at her moorings I had a splendid panoramic view of the whole harbor and bay, its entrance protected by a chain of mines through which we had recently been piloted.

A little later Jack called again, bidding us get up and dress, for the inspection officials were coming out in their motor boat. I did so, with growing trepidation, for I knew that I was to have my first taste of war, and he had warned me that I might expect trouble when my destination was disclosed.

At eight o'clock all of the first cabin passengers were told to assemble in the music room, and seven or eight officers in English uniforms at once began to examine us and visé our passports. I got along nicely until my interrogator asked, "Where are you going?"

"To Berlin," I answered, inwardly trembling. He looked up with a quick start.

"To *Berlin*? What for?"

"To study music, sir."

"To *Berlin*?" he reiterated. "Why don't you go to London?"

Strange to say, I could not think of any particular reason at the moment, and therefore answered, "I . . . I don't know, sir." He regarded me peculiarly, but when I added, "Please don't worry. I'm an American and am going to live with Americans," he laughed, and seemed satisfied. I apparently appeared harmless, and he let me off with a few more questions. We were next sent to our

cabins, and soon a pleasant young officer came to mine. Before he had a chance to say a word, I burst out with, "I don't want my trunk examined. There isn't a thing in it to harm any one."

He laughed, as he replied, "Good Lord, I haven't asked to examine it, yet. However, it's got to be done, — necessary formality, don'tcher-know. Will it be convenient for you to have me do it now?"

It was not, just why I cannot say, and he courteously agreed to return in the afternoon. Although I was very nervous, it was without occasion, as it happened, for, when he did make the examination, it was brief and casual. He merely opened and closed the lid of my trunk, and spent the remainder of his time telling me how lonely it was in Kirkwall. He had been there for four years, he said, with *no girls, no society and no dances*.

Perhaps the appearance of my Stars and Stripes which hung above my berth helped.

In several cases all did not go as smoothly, however. There was on board an American businessman, returning to Germany with his German wife and three small babies, the oldest not more than four years old and the youngest the dearest little thing of a month. This family was subjected to a most exhaustive examination. Every inch of their stateroom was gone over with a flashlight, and the official even had the mother completely undress the tiny baby, to make sure that nothing was concealed about it. Yet, with all the precautions that



they took, the examiners failed to find the one thing which might have given rise to comment.

The man had been commissioned by a friend, in the jewelry business, to bring back with him a sample of the silver mesh (*German silver*, at that) which was then so popular in America for ladies' purse bags. He had hidden it in the baby's carriage which was on deck, and there it wholly escaped detection.

Another business man found himself in extremely hot water at this time, and, thanks to him, we were forced to remain in Kirkwall harbor four days, before being permitted to proceed toward our destination. It seemed that he was carrying a number of trade invoices which, for some reason or other, he was afraid might be confiscated, so he tried to bribe a stewardess to keep them for him. She promptly told the captain, and the captain told the British officers.

When, during their searching examination of the ship, a *code* message was brought to light, from behind one of the pipes in the gentlemen's lavatory, where it had been tucked away out of sight, he was at once suspected of being a spy, and having placed it there. The officials made him change his room twice and took him on shore for a further gruelling examination; but, as he was finally allowed to go on with us, they must have failed to fasten the charge on him. Still, we all felt certain that there was a spy on board, and the thought gave me a romantic thrill.

These four days were ones of delight to me, for I danced on deck morning, noon and night — generally with Cousin Jack, who pretended to bewail the fact that he was tied down to something so uninteresting as a young cousin, when there were so many fascinating girls on board. That was hardly the exact truth, as it happened.

The enforced delay did not please some of the others so well, however, and one of the men who, on the way across, had been the loudest in his denunciations of the Huns, now began to heap virulent abuse on the British and went around calling it an outrage, and demanding why the United States stood for such highhandedness.

When I awoke on the morning of the fifth day I had inside information that we were at sea again. All day long I was fearfully ill and received no sympathy from Jack, who spent his time in packing. I could not lift a finger to help him, and went to bed early, to awake in Bergen.

Once more my early morning glance from the porthole disclosed a picturebook scene which I shall never forget. The light, low-hanging fog was just being dissipated by the rising sun and before me lay a picturesque village, backed by a sharply rising and rocky elevation, everywhere dotted with quaint little cottages. The steamer was to go on to Christiania by sea, but Jack preferred to disembark and make the trip across the mountains by train, nor did I regret his decision. We made it on a typical continental train, which at

first greatly amused me with its cubbyhole compartments off the narrow side aisle. All day we traveled through most enchanting scenery, first pleasant valleys, dotted with silver lakes upon whose surface we could see men dressed in peasant costumes fishing, thence climbing gradually into the snow-capped mountains culminating at Finse, some four thousand feet above the sea, where polar bears abounded, Jack said, and where men and women were skating and skiing, and then downward again through no less lovely scenes with the Norwegian fjords appearing at intervals.

We reached the capital city at midnight, after a fourteen-hour trip, and hastened to the Grand Hotel, to which Jack had telegraphed ahead for rooms. None were reserved for us, however, for that hotel and the entire city, indeed, was crowded with tourists; but we finally with difficulty succeeded in getting meagre accommodations in the Nobel, where I shared my room with Mlle. Renée, who had accompanied us.

The next morning we sped the parting guest on toward Stockholm, whence she was going home via Petrograd, and I have never seen her since, nor received word of what her fate has been in her unhappy little nation.

The city was truly filled to overflowing. Many of the men whom we saw on the streets were obviously Americans, and they, and business men from other European countries, including Germany, mingled freely. Yet we heard little talk of

the war, less than I had heard at home, and the little was strictly neutral and noncommittal. I spoke of this to Jack, who said, dryly, "When one is walking on the edge of a volcano he is pretty apt to proceed with care and circumspection, my child. And nations are like individuals. Besides, the newspapers get the news from the German angle."

So, despite the fact that Norway was almost surrounded by the conflict, it seemed to me farther away than ever.

Three days we spent here, breaking the journey with amusements which I should like to describe, but know that they have no real place in this story, and then, after our bags and baggage had been inspected, we started for Copenhagen. When we reached the Swedish frontier, our much abused passports came in for still another examination, and Jack had to go into the baggage car and unlock our trunks, so that they, too, might be inspected. We were not delayed, however, and moved on to Helsingborg, where we crossed the sound to Denmark, the whole train being ferried across on a flatboat, and again we sped on. When close to midnight we reached Copenhagen, and I arose to leave, it was with Old Glory carried in my hand, and although Jack said, "I advise you not to display that flag so conspicuously here. We're pretty close to Germany, and you know that discretion is valor's better part." I, for once, refused to follow his advice.



I was rewarded by seeing all the customs officials, who surrounded the roped-off portion of the depot, invariably touch their caps to it. Moreover, they passed us with no examination of our luggage, and one even found us a taxicab, and escorted me to it.

Here again we found no vacant rooms in the hotel to which Jack had telegraphed. It was late at night when we reached another where we were met in the lobby by a decidedly German-looking proprietor.

"We want two rooms for the night," said Jack, in German.

"Two rooms?" answered the other in obvious surprise, "Why, have you quarreled?"

We were doomed to spend six long days here in Copenhagen, but they were passed very pleasantly in the main. We lunched at an attractive restaurant built over the water's edge, and at the famous "Wivel" cafe; we went to the movies, where American films were shown, bringing renewed homesickness to me, and to the theatres, in one of which we saw a bright *scala* — a sort of musical review; we even attended Shumann's Berlin Circus. Even here the spectators had to eat continually, not peanuts, popcorn and pink lemonade; but inevitable beer and *smörbröd* sandwiches. Instead of there being little tables, as in the theatres, there were shelves with electric lights on the backs of the seats in front. There is no question about the capacity of the Scandinavian races for food, and,

at that time, there seemed to be an abundance and excellent variety of it, although the prices, Jack said, were already climbing rapidly. I rather enjoyed the *smörbröd*, a one-piece sandwich, if there can be such a thing; but in general the meals were too greasy to be pleasant to my American palate. I was amused by the manner of ordering in the cafes, which was by checking the desired article on a little menu, and writing down the number desired.

Then one afternoon Jack ran into a Danish gentleman, whose acquaintance he had made in a business way in Holland, and he invited us to dine with his family. He had an attractive home and two small daughters who were studying English in school and with whom I conversed while Jack carried on the main conversation in German with their parents. Our host was eager to hear about conditions in America, and was the first of many whom I heard voice the sentiment that we were not a neutral country. German propoganda was busily at work in Denmark. The evening was a delightful one; but I was once more shocked to see not only the mother but both children smoke cigarettes after dinner.

Our real business in Copenhagen was, however, by no means that of the ordinary tourist. Before we could enter Germany our passports had to be viséed once more, by the German Consulate, this time, and here my first real troubles commenced. For two solid hours we had to stand in line before



our numbers were called. Then, within a small inner office, I was subjected to an half-hour's sharp cross examination *conducted wholly* in German. My knowledge of the tongue was only rudimentary and, although Jack assisted me with my answers, you may imagine how uncomfortable those thirty minutes were for me. The official began by probing minutely into the history of my life and everything connected with it, asked seemingly innumerable questions about my parents, grandparents and great grandparents, and finally demanded to know my reason for wanting to enter Germany. I told him.

"But why? Why do you want to go to Berlin to study, when the country is at war?" he persisted, and I patiently explained all over again that I had seized upon the only opportunity that I might ever have, to go there.

Then he asked me how long I intended to stay. The question sounded innocent; but Jack had previously warned me to be careful in answering it, for it seemed that permission was often refused even to German subjects who were desirous of going home for a brief stay only.

"I don't know. Perhaps forever," I replied.

Permission to depart on a given train three days later was finally granted us. Just why the interim was prescribed I do not know. Possibly the official wanted to telegraph ahead and arrange for my reception at the frontier, perhaps to cable to America and find out if I had given my maternal

grandfather's middle name correctly! To be sure, the official was courteous enough; but I left exhausted, and wondering how much more of that sort of thing, or worse, might be in store for me in the days to come.

We passed the time as before and, just before leaving the city, Cousin Jack, after obtaining an official permit, not without considerable difficulty, purchased five pounds of *pflanzen-fette*, a preparation made from vegetables and akin to our Crisco, as a gift for the Millers, for he knew how scarce fat was in Berlin. Foodstuffs, he told me, save in such small quantities as that, could not be taken from the country without official permission even then. Nevertheless, I was later to learn that large amounts were reaching Germany through *unofficial* channels, beyond the shadow of a doubt. For several months after I arrived we were able to purchase *Ausland* flour in the public markets, which, as its name implies, came openly from outlying countries — Holland and Norway principally. Sardines, too, frequently made their appearance in the fish stores, coming, of course, from the Scandinavian countries, and Mr. Miller once told the family that a friend had given him the name of a firm in Norway from which he could order them direct. But this is anticipating.

At ten o'clock on the day when our probationary period in Copenhagen ended, we boarded the train for the final lap of our long journey, and for three hours rode without incident, except for

the occasional appearance of men dressed as civilians, but whose official position in the secret service was evidenced by the manner in which they ordered us to produce our passports and made copious notes concerning them in memoranda books. Needless to say, we offered no objection to displaying them or to doing it promptly. Jack took pains to impress upon me that in this last stage of our trip the slightest slip might bring disaster in its train, and, in line with his other warnings, he utterly put his foot down upon my expressed desire to enter Germany with my flag flying.

"It isn't considered good form to wave a red cloth in a bull pasture," he said dryly. "Of course America is still Germany's friend, *officially*; but I'm afraid that you are going to find that they don't love us any too much. Our sale of munitions to the allies has been strictly in conformity to international law; but it has hit them hard and . . . well, I wouldn't, that's all."

So, although Old Glory entered Germany with me, it was, not fearfully but discreetly, wrapped in some clothing and tucked in my trunk. From the train we transferred at Gjedser Odde to the boat which took us across to Warnemünde, Germany, and what followed there you have already been told.

## CHAPTER IV

### FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF MY NEW HOME

It was very late before I fell asleep that first night in Germany. It was very late when I awoke the next morning; but it made no difference, for Mrs. Miller, like most women of means in Berlin, as usual did not arise until ten o'clock, although her husband had long since gone to his office, and taken Jack with him.

My room looked exceedingly odd to my American eyes, as they drowsily opened upon their new surroundings. The chamber had one large French window and, when I hopped out of my cosy bed and looked through it, I found that it gave a view of a pleasant courtyard, enclosed by the rear walls of four buildings. At one side stood a baby's playhouse, and the dry brown stalks, shivering in the raw November wind, told the story of pretty gardens which had been there in the summertime.

I turned and surveyed my quarters with curious eyes. At one side was a lounge for afternoon napping, a custom indulged in by all well-to-do Berliners; a washstand with running water, which I later found to be an adjunct to every bedroom or boudoir; a desk; and a big wardrobe. In vain I



looked for a closet. There was none there, nor in any of the German bedrooms which I was to see! Think of *that*, you American women who regard them as absolute necessities in every home! The wardrobe took its place, and, when I opened the door, in which was set a long mirror, and pulled back the inner curtains, I discovered another compartment, with mirrored door, for hats, and shelves, like those of a big bookcase, for my clothes.

Finding my way into the bathroom, I paused with delight. It was surprisingly large, walled and floored with marble, and its tub was set below the level of the floor and entered by three steps, like a miniature swimming-pool.

I dressed hastily, with my mind filled with the eager curiosity of a child, and set forth upon a longer voyage of discovery, pending the call to breakfast. There were several other attractive bedrooms in the apartment, the one occupied by my hostess having a boudoir adjoining it; a large, comfortable living room; a den, furnished in massive leather-covered furniture, the masculine appearance of which instantly proclaimed it to be Mr. Miller's sanctum; a reception and writing room, almost dainty in its furnishings; and a dining room, containing an array of wonderfully hand-carved and heavy pieces.

I stepped into the hall, and rode down to the street floor in the automatic elevator. This floor, I discovered later, was called the *parterre*, which



is rather odd, for French names have been generally discarded in Germany. A little room off the main hallway invited my attention, and I peeked into it. There sat a gray-haired, bent little woman, who greeted me with a smile and a "*Guten morgen, Fraulein.*" She was the *portier*, or janitress, Mrs. Miller told me. From the glass door I looked curiously out to see by daylight in what sort of a spot my lot had been cast. Decorative statues stood in niches on either side of the entrance, a narrow grass plot and an ornamental fence separated the building from the broad street, and across it, and to right and left, stretched rows of balconied, four-storied buildings, all of stucco, and all most attractive to the sight.

This, then was to be my home, except for a few short weeks, until I gladly shook the dust of Berlin from my feet, thirteen months later. And the prospect pleased that morning, for the sun was shining, I was in the midst of people whom I instinctively knew to be friends, and my troubles seemed to be things of the dead past.

I returned to our apartment and found Mrs. Miller seeking me to go to breakfast, which we ate alone, save for the somewhat disquieting presence of Anna, the second maid, who stared at me with ingenuous curiosity whenever she was in the room.

And having here introduced Anna by name I will digress a little from my chronological narrative to tell you something about her, and the other

maid, Greta, since I was very soon to obtain from them an insight into the workings of one type of German mind. They were, I learned, fairly typical of the general run of servants.

Greta, the cook, was rather exceptionally intelligent; a tall, strikingly handsome blond, whose birthplace was a Polish village close to Germany, and in the section invaded by the Russian troops shortly after the outbreak of the war. Since she was a most comely lass, her father, a man of some education and the organist in the village church, had feared for her safety, and dispatched her to the city, where she had found employment — nearly three years before — with Mrs. Miller. Yet even she, quite well educated though she was, thought that everybody in the United States was rich, and that money *actually* fell from the clouds. I had heard that statement as a jest, but could scarcely believe my ears when she repeated it seriously one day. It was almost impossible for me to convince her that this fairy tale was not true, and that there was poverty as well as riches in my country; and I am quite sure that I never fully convinced Anna, the second maid.

Anna was a real peasant type, thick set and stolid, a girl whose broad mouth smiled at the slightest provocation, and one whose greatest delight was to get shoes and stockings off, for she had never worn either until she came to the city. To Anna Mrs. Miller was almost like a mother, and had nearly, but not quite, succeeded in incul-

cating table manners into her. She was, however, a great glutton, and almost invariably ate the "leavings."

They were both good girls, rather surprisingly so, considering what was going on in Germany among their class, although Anna liked to engage in harmless little escapades, of which she often told me. But, of course, they would both steal at every opportunity.

I say "of course" advisedly, it was the usual and accepted thing. Food, of a nature which could be sent to their soldier relatives and sweethearts by the *Feldpost*, disappeared from our larders with regularity, nor were Anna and Greta the only offenders, by any means. I remember that, only a few days after my arrival, Mr. Miller triumphantly brought home a whole dozen of eggs,—*not* from a grocery store under governmental supervision, let it be understood, — and there was general rejoicing in the household. Perhaps later, when I tell you about the food situation, you will understand why Mrs. Miller went into ecstasies over the treasure, which was more precious than gold, and why, all day long, at intervals, she would lay aside her work, and, clasping her hands, exclaim, "Oh, Josephine my dear. Delicious scrambled eggs, and mashed potato for supper tonight!"

The precious eggs had been placed in the ice box, and, soon after the ice "lady" made her daily call, it was discovered that a grim tragedy had

taken place. Somebody else had scrambled eggs that night!

The frequent discussions over this ever growing habit among servants ended nowhere, and, although Evelyn used to rave at times, Mrs. Miller would answer calmly, "My dear, what can you expect? Why, Anna is a good girl, and I don't want to discharge her simply because she took a jar of preserve yesterday."

"Well, I should think that you might number them and keep a record so that . . ."

"What would be the use?" her mother would break in, with a helpless gesture, "She had just as leave take them with, as without numbers."

Nor is it so easy, by the way, to discharge a Berlin servant nowadays, as a little story that Mrs. Miller told me with quiet enjoyment one day illustrates. We had a near neighbor whom I was shortly to meet — the very night of my first whole day in Germany in fact — the wife of a very wealthy merchant, Herr Bachmann. I came to detest her cordially, and although Mrs. Miller was polite to her, as to every one else, she told the story of her discomfiture with a merry twinkle in her snapping gray eyes, somewhat like this:

"Your friend, Frau Bachmann, suffered a serious defeat today, Josephine, so Anna tells me. She started to rebuke her cook for a piece of impertinence and threatened to discharge her. 'So, you would discharge me?' replied Rose — you've seen her and can imagine the way she said



it — ‘*Ach*, then I go straight to the police and tell them that you are hoarding more marmalade than is allowed.’ There was a hasty apology, Anna says.”

But to return to our own maids. As we became better acquainted, both talked freely to me, much more so than to their mistress, in fact, for we had the common bond of youth, and, although they laughed heartily over my early difficulties with their language, they were kindness itself, and could not do enough for me, their “little American.” They never tired of asking me questions about my country. and more than once I found Anna standing silently before the Star Spangled Banner on the wall of my bedroom.

“After the war is over, I will go there,” she would say. “Will it be over soon, do you think, Fraulein Josephine? I had a letter from my brother, Franz, today and he says that Germany will soon win. But what will *we* get out of it? It is the poor men who have to die. My brother may get killed, but the Kaiser’s sons? . . . *ach, nein!*”

From which you may draw the correct conclusion that Anna was at heart a socialist, and Greta was, too. I don’t mean that they belonged to any sect or society; they often expressed themselves most freely about the war which had been forced on the poor by those in high places, for whom they had neither love nor reverence, although they had a very wholesome fear.

But I am getting far afield from the breakfast



table, on the morning of that first day of November. The quality and variety of the food surprised me, and went far toward lightening my forebodings, which were, however, to be justified soon enough. We had fruit, an egg each, coffee, rolls, and, to my great astonishment, *butter!*

"Butter, Mrs. Miller?" I cried, "Why, I didn't suppose that in Berlin . . ."

"Oh, Mr. Miller generally manages to get it . . . somehow! It costs him twenty marks a pound," she answered complacently. I gasped. Twenty marks is five dollars.

"Now, my dear," she said, changing the subject, "I want to have a serious little talk with you about the future. I want you to do whatever *you* want; but I suggest that you select something to occupy your time, for, unless you do, you will be very lonely. Most of the young men of the neighborhood are away, and all the girls are busy. Do you think that you would like to go to school, into the American Embassy, where Mr. Miller could probably get you a place, for he is intimately acquainted with Ambassador Gerard; or study music?"

I had not then disclosed my plans, and when I did, saying that my coming to Berlin to study opera was the fulfilment of an old, old dream, she was greatly pleased.

"Mr. Miller will make all the arrangements for a teacher as soon as possible, and I think that it would be an excellent plan for you to take a full

conservatory course," she suggested, and I eagerly agreed.

We sat a long time over our coffee cups and, before we arose from the table, my heart was comforted by the feeling that in this bright, lovable woman, whom I had met less than twelve hours before, I was to have a true and unshakable friend.

Of course I had learned something about the family from my mother, and Mrs. Miller told me more during that morning's conversation, and almost daily, thereafter, new light was to be thrown upon it; but, lest the position which it occupied in the community appear odd and anomalous to you as you read this narrative, I will pause briefly to sketch its history at this time.

I had always understood that Mr. Miller was an American, and so he was; but by naturalization and sympathies, rather than birth, for he had been born in Berlin. He had lived in America for many years, and Evelyn had been born there, but her mother was a German whom he had courted and wed during a trip to the land of his nativity. She had lived long enough in the United States to have become inoculated with the germ of freedom, so that she was at heart as truly American as he. They had taken up their domicile in Berlin more than twenty years previous, and, as Mr. Miller had soon become very prosperous, and a man of affairs in the business world, he had long since come to be regarded as truly a part of the community as any real German. It was, indeed,

doubtful if more than a small percentage of his multitude of acquaintances and friends knew that he was not really one of them. Not that he ever pretended to be other than an American citizen; but he was a natural diplomat, and his unflinching bigheartedness and geniality, throughout his long-continued residence in the city, had brought him very close to the heart of many classes, from high officials down to the humblest with whom he came in contact, and he was trusted implicitly by them all. His friends were legion. His name, too, was of advantage, and more often than not he was addressed by its teutonic form, "Herr Müller."

Mr. Miller had sold the big business which he had built up, at the beginning of the war, and reinvested his money through friends, and it was safe so long as he remained there and in the good graces of officialdom. From this you can see how fortunate it was to be for me, later, that I was a member of such a household; fortunate in two ways, it was to make my own path, bad enough at the best, smoother, and enable me to get closer to the real German mind.

After breakfast was over I went, alone, to call on Evelyn and her baby son, who lived some five minutes' walk distant, although my solicitous hostess made me promise to telephone her immediately of my safe arrival. She, herself, joined us a little later and, when we three took little Rupert out in his carriage, expressed great surprise over the "clever" manner in which I managed the



FRAULEIN OLGA DUYSEN





vehicle. You see she could not at once become used to the idea that I was not the *little* girl whom she had somehow expected. We walked to the farther end of the avenue, which gave upon an open field, now brown, but in the summer the site of many war gardens planted by the wives and daughters of the neighborhood in plots hired or purchased by husbands and fathers. Here and there was a baby's playhouse, and I could imagine that it had been very pretty a few months previous.

As we were strolling leisurely back I saw a tall, slender girl approaching. She was clad in the uniform of a Red Cross nurse, under the snowy cap of which her sadly beautiful and very pale face, with its large dark eyes and heavy brown hair, looked almost like that of a Madonna.

"Isn't she sweet?" I whispered to Mrs. Miller.

"She is, and you must meet her for she lives near us and I am sure that you will become very good friends. Olga," she called, lifting her voice. "Come here, dear, and meet my 'little American' of whom I have told you. This, Josephine, is Fraulein Olga Duysen."

Her greeting was warm and friendly and again intuition told me that I had found a friend. She was to become my dearest confidante and intimate. Before we parted Fraulein Olga had invited me to assist her in the work at a near-by Settlement House School for children whose fathers were in the army, and I had gladly accepted.

Since my labors there were merely incidental, and I had to give them up after a few weeks, I will describe them at this point. The children came to the schoolhouse every morning, poor, thin, half-starved little things, and the first thing that they did was to receive a hot drink, which they most certainly needed. They were kept at lessons and recreations until late in the afternoon and, before they left, between the hours of four and six, were served hot soup. It was generally pretty thin, and lacking in nutritious value, although Frau Bachmann and other rich women of the vicinity donated the best materials obtainable, and for the little time that *I* acted as cook each Tuesday afternoon, the soup contained rice, already a great rarity.

Fraulein Duysen, or Olga as I shall call her hereafter, appealed to my interest and affections instantly, and Mrs. Miller confirmed me in my intuitive estimate of her after she had left us, and I had commented upon the sad sweetness of her face, by saying, "Yes, she is a lovely and self-sacrificing girl. The war weighs heavily upon her heart. Both her father and the man to whom she is betrothed are in the army."

At last I was getting close to the conflict, and the apparent silent tragedy on Olga's face was the first thing to make me feel that I was coming into personal contact with that thing of evil.

"She doesn't look exactly *German*," I remarked.

"No, her mother is Austrian; but her father is a

Russian, by birth, and she has rather the latter type of countenance. Her sympathies are necessarily divided, too."

We returned for dinner at the customary hour of two o'clock, and Mr. Miller joined us, as he usually did for that meal. Once more the variety of the food surprised me. We had soup, lamb, potatoes — which were already becoming scarce, said Mrs. Miller — bread with butter, and simple dessert and lemonade. This drink struck me as an oddity, but they always had it at noon, — when lemons were obtainable, that is.

Thus far I had experienced little of a material nature to drive home to my mind the fact that the country to which I had come was engaged in mortal combat, yet during this meal, simple and homelike as it was, I began to *feel* it. The feeling can hardly be described; but I sensed a subdued tension in the very atmosphere; to which I was to respond and understand more and more as time went on. In Mrs. Miller it was particularly noticeable. Her husband was out among men and his thoughts somewhat taken up by business; but she had much time to think, and to brood, and I soon learned that she fairly hungered for peace. It was her constant prayer — peace, peace! Politics, the right or wrong of the struggle, these had no place in her mind, that one idea possessed it solely.

I was soon to find it almost impossible to sit down to a meal, no matter how meagre it might be, without my thoughts, like hers, dwelling upon

the thousands and thousands who, I knew, had far less to eat than we.

That afternoon I was too weary from the reaction which followed the reaching of my goal to want to see or do anything, and, after finishing my unpacking, I napped until four, thus quickly slipping into the Berlin custom, for even Mr. Miller remained home until after the tea hour. In time, however, I used this quiet period for my practicing.

At eight in the evening we had the usual delicatessen supper, with beer, Jack being with us, and afterwards Evelyn and her soldier husband came in, with two other neighbors, Herr and Frau Kommerzienrat Bachmann, whom I have already mentioned. The former, who, prior to the war, had been engaged in a big exporting business, spoke English beautifully (German efficiency!); but I was soon wishing that he did not, for almost immediately he drew a chair close to mine, and began to address himself to me with abuse for America, and her "unneutral" attitude.

"Why do you Americans pretend to be neutral, and yet sell ammunition to Germany's enemies, Fraulein?" he demanded loudly. "If it hadn't been for that we would have crushed France and England long ago, and the war would be over now. Your country, and it alone, is to blame for the conflict's continuance. *Neutral!* Bah, your president is in England's pay! It's a fact, we *know* it!"

There was I, a young girl, a stranger, and a



guest in a German city, made timid by my new surroundings, but burning with indignation, and torn between a desire to tell him what I thought of him, and to cry. I indignantly denied this outrageous accusation against our great leader.

"How dare you! Every true American knows that our country's honor is safe in the hands of our great President, who is the soul of honor, and a man among men."

I did not know much about international law, naturally; but I had read the papers at home, and, as well as I could, repeated the argument that the sale of munitions to the Allies was *not* a breach of neutrality. "We have never refused to sell to Germany, Herr Bachmann, and it isn't our fault that ships cannot reach you, and can reach the Allies!"

Jack came to my assistance bravely; but it was no use. The visitor — a pig-headed Prussian, with many of the facial characteristics of the animal — always came back to the same starting point, "But you *are* supplying them, and you *don't* supply us; therefore, your neutrality is a sham, a farce, yes, a farce!"

It was my first experience with a characteristic which I was later to recognize as typical of German men, — an absolutely unshakable conviction that they were not only right in their opinions, but *could not be wrong*. The weight of the evidence had nothing to do with it, and apparently not one of the many who talked to me in the same strain



— and I was to hear almost his identical words over and over again, since the German mind was fairly saturated with the fallacy — remembered, or would have changed had he been reminded, that Germany furnished Spain with munitions during the war of 1898, while professing strict neutrality.

Truly it makes a difference whose withers are being wrung.

The women were fully as bitter as the men, and a few days later I was to hear Frau Bachmann repeat her husband's words, almost verbatim, at a meeting of the *Säuglingsfürsorge* (a club of local society women of whom Mrs. Miller was one, and which met every Monday afternoon to make layettes for expectant poor mothers whose husbands were at the front.) I left in tears and would not go again until nearly Christmas, when they were dressing dolls for the poor little ones.

But I am digressing again.

My hostess must have guessed my feelings, for my cheeks were burning and tears of anger were close to the surface, and she finally succeeded in changing the subject to the safer one of wearing apparel. This eliminated Herr Bachmann for a while. All the women thought that my suit was very *chic* and becoming, but I could not honestly return the compliment. To be sure, they were all gowned in the latest style, but it was according to the German, and not American standards, and to my eyes looked several years back. All of their

dresses were of good quality, however, and this caused me to say, "I had an idea that dress goods were becoming scarce here."

"Jerseys, and cotton goods are *very* scarce," answered Mrs. Miller; "but other things have held out well, although the prices are way up. Your suit, for example, would probably cost four times as much here as you paid for it in Boston."

"She couldn't get it here at all," broke in Frau Bachmann. "And I would like to be in America just long enough to stock up."

She looked very youthful, and dressed richly, with many jewels, a fact which I commented upon to Mrs. Miller after our guests had departed.

"Yes," she replied, "jewels, in fact all sorts of luxuries of that nature, are very reasonable. You wouldn't think that she had a grown-up son in the army, would you? Of course you noticed that she dyes her hair, to keep looking as young as possible."

It was midnight before I went to my room, for I hated to leave Cousin Jack, who was to depart for Amsterdam on the following morning, at which time his permission to remain in the city expired. When I did crawl sleepily into bed, after blowing a goodnight kiss to Old Glory, hanging on the wall above me, it was with more contentment than on the previous night. For, despite the late unpleasantness with Herr Bachmann, I liked my surroundings, and knew that I was going to love the people who stood *in loco parentis* to me.

## CHAPTER V

### GOING SHOPPING

ALTHOUGH it was nearly a week before I saw anything of the heart of the city where, beneath a beautiful exterior, war and hate were bred, my horizon was somewhat broadened the next day.

The part of the city where we resided was several miles out from the main business section, the trip downtown taking twenty-five minutes by a tunnel train. It would compare, perhaps, with Washington Heights, in New York, or Brookline, in Boston, if that town were a part of the greater city. It had its stores, of course, and after tea, that afternoon, Cousin Jack and Evelyn took me to inspect one of them, the *Kaufhaus des Westerns* (generally spoken of by the initials "K. D. W."), on *Wittenberg Platz*. Early evening was a customary shopping hour for Berliners, I soon discovered, and all the stores kept open until eight o'clock, although, later, they were to be obliged to close an hour earlier, because of the fuel shortage.

We walked to the *Kurfürstendam*, where we were to take a surface car, and, while waiting for one not already overcrowded to come along, Jack

was approached by an old woman flower-vender, and bought me a bunch of bachelors' buttons, the "Kaiser's flower."

"You'll meet these women on almost every street corner," he said. "They have to be licensed."

Several cars went by us without stopping, while the crowd of waiters grew and grew, some standing patiently and some muttering loudly.

"You may as well get used to this sort of thing at the start," laughed Evelyn, half apologetically. "On account of the shortage of operators and coal our transportation system isn't what it used to be."

Finally a car *did* stop, and there was a mad scramble for it, in which we did not join, and I watched the scene with amused curiosity.

The conductor was a woman, dressed in an old black skirt, and regulation jacket and numbered cap of a very dark gray cloth. Part of the crowd managed to push past her, and a very determined-looking woman succeeded in getting onto the steps, when the following colloquy ensued between them.

The conductress, "*Besetzt!*"

The woman clung to her precarious position.

The conductress, raising her voice angrily, "*Besetzt*, I say. You can't get on here."

The woman, "I've been waiting for two hours, and here I'm going to stay."

The conductress, shrieking, "Get off. I won't ring the bell, we won't move a foot unless you get off."



The woman, shrieking in turn, "You piece of nothing, who do you think you are, anyway? Let me on this car."

The passengers within, anxious to be on their way, took up the clamor, and finally the woman let go, to shake her fist at the tormentor, and the car started.

I looked at Jack and saw him laughing. "You'll be doing the same yourself in a few days," he said, and I may as well admit that I was often tempted to do so.

At length we did succeed in getting seats in a nearly empty car, and there another surprise awaited me, for Jack tipped the conductress five *pfennig* in addition to the fare of ten. Soon I was to learn that this was a general custom, and even elevator girls and *portiers* in apartment houses, when they took us up in an elevator, expected a gratuity.

On paying our fares, each of us was handed a little ticket which served as a receipt. "Keep it in sight, or she'll be demanding another fare," whispered Evelyn.

Our destination was only a five-minute ride distant; but it gave me time to remark two things, one without and one within.

The *Kurfürstendam*, like most Berlin thoroughfares, was pleasingly broad, and lined on both sides with fine trees. The car tracks ran through a central grass plot, and all the houses were uniform in height and type and built of cement.



Then, as I looked around at my fellow passengers, I realized that almost every eye in the car was fastened wonderingly on my feet. The feeling which it gave me, as I hastily drew them under me, was decidedly uncomfortable until I realized the reason for the stares. I was wearing trim and pointed American boots of a somewhat distinctive style, and, as I now observed, the others had on the most clumsy square footwear imaginable. An American girl in Berlin is immediately discovered by her shoes, and I must confess that I pushed mine out again a little tauntingly. We left the car at *Wittenberg Platz*, and the very first thing that I noticed was the presence on the street of plenty of apparently young and well dressed men.

"Why, this doesn't look like war," I said in surprise to Jack.

"Wait until you have been here awhile, and you may think differently," was his enigmatical reply. Nevertheless I could not help remembering what Anna had said that morning about the poor being forced to fight and the rich escaping.

Among the crowd were a number of Prussian officers, and they seemed to me very handsome and distinguished-looking, but a bit "stagey," in their close-fitting *Feldgrau* uniforms.

"Oh, look at that one with a monocle," I whispered to Evelyn, with an amused laugh.

"Hush," she replied, and, at that very moment, he caught sight of us, and came quickly toward us, while I felt myself blush furiously.

"May I present my American friend, Fraulein Therese, Lieutenant von Lüben?" she said.

While I stammered my acknowledgment of the introduction, the lieutenant came stiffly to attention, clapped his hands smartly against his trousers, and then bowed low over my hand, *and kissed it*, an act which did not tend to lessen my flush, although I was soon to get quite used to it.

I was tongue-tied during the few moments that he remained chatting with Evelyn and Jack; but managed to stammer my permission when he asked if he might call upon me some day.

When he departed, Evelyn said teasingly, "He is quite rich and eligible, beside being an officer, and he is Frau Kommerzienrat Bachmann's nephew, so you're likely to see a good deal of him, Josephine."

"What, that fop?" I answered, indignantly.

"He's a splendid Prussian officer," she answered, as though a little shocked, "and he's been wounded at the front."

It seemed incredible to me; but I was already finding that I had lots to learn—about Herr Lieutenant Gustav von Lüben, as well as other things!

I looked with pleasure at the beautiful stores around the *Platz*, for they were most attractive, and, although the "K.D.W." would have been dwarfed by the towering buildings of Fifth Avenue, in other respects it almost held its own. It was in a suburb, but an excellent type of the best department store, nevertheless. Building regulations in

Berlin are very strict, as I have stated, and this, like all its neighbors, was limited in height to five stories, and was open through the center to a glass roof which made it almost daylit throughout. Aside from this difference in architecture, the "K.D.W." resembled our best stores, in the main, and, although the variety of goods displayed was now somewhat limited, of course, by the war, there were some features that I could not but exclaim over delightedly. One was an elaborate "luxury" department on the main floor, and the way it was being patronized brought back to my mind Mrs. Miller's words about there being plenty of money for such things in Germany. Jack and Evelyn had hard work pulling me away from its counters to the Turkish tearoom on the third floor, where we had little cakes, such as they were, and very bad tea, served without food cards. The room brought more expressions of pleasure from me, for it was beautifully decorated with oriental rugs and hangings, and an excellent orchestra was furnishing music. As we went down again Jack pointed out a lunchroom where one might get beer and sandwiches, although the latter necessitated cards.

I was startled, and at first greatly pleased, by the extreme politeness of the clerks, for it was "*Gnadiges fraulein*," to me, and "*Gnadige frau*" to Evelyn; but, when I mentioned it to Jack, he scoffed, "'Respected,' pshaw! A mere form. They don't mean it any more than Hashimuro Togo means 'Honorable.' "

To my further astonishment, men clerks seemed to be plentiful and I said to Jack, "I don't see how Germany keeps up her immense army with so many men at home."

"Oh, as often as possible, the storekeepers reclaim their male employees, when they are called to the colors, certifying to the necessity of their employment. Of course they can't get away with it indefinitely, and I imagine that most of these clerks have 'done time' in the army, and been discharged because of injuries."

Thereupon I looked at them with still more curiosity. Could these peaceful-looking men really have been the devils of whose atrocities in the field I had read almost unbelievably? Without doubt some of them were, and later on I was to understand something of how it is that an apparently mild German may become the victim of blood madness and war lust.

It was only a brief trip that we took that afternoon; but it opened my wondering eyes to the fact that I had to readjust my mind in every respect to utterly new conditions. Berlin is not Boston; Germans are as different from Americans in their manner of life and habits of thought as can possibly be conceived; and it is because of that fact that we have for so long failed to understand them and credit their aims.

After an early supper that evening we all accompanied Cousin Jack to the *Charlottenberg Bahnhof*,



the station from which he was to leave for Holland, and, as the moment for parting from him approached, I suddenly realized that the last link between me and my old life was being severed. For his part, he looked extremely happy. Perhaps it was because of the thought that he was getting rid of the care of me! Perhaps merely because he knew that in Holland he would have plenty to eat! I know that I clung to him like a baby and, when his train had pulled out, bearing him away, I sobbed bitterly, Mrs. Miller and Evelyn walking on either side of me in silent, understanding sympathy.

On reaching home I went at once to my little room. For many minutes I stood there, gazing at my silken flag, so homesick that I wanted to die. And now, for the first time, I realized that I did not even have with me any pictures of my dear mother, sister and little brothers at home, for our family was never one that cared to have photographs.

Only you, who have been alone in a foreign country, can possibly understand how I felt that night, as I realized my situation, and looked up at Old Glory. To me it stood for everything that had been my life, and dear to me, and until the day that I departed, I never saw its "bright stars and broad stripes," hanging in the home of an American acquaintance or — up to April, nineteen seventeen — floating from the flagpole of the American Embassy building, without wanting to cry.



## CHAPTER VI

### A WARTIME BERLIN

IF I were to continue in this fashion to tell you all my experiences, this story would run into many volumes. So it is my purpose here to digress from my chronological account for a little while, and give you a résumé of my life's setting, physical and mental.

You cannot fully put yourselves in my place unless you have the setting of my existence during the year and more which I spent in a city which covets a dominion that would make that of ancient Rome seem slight. And, in anticipation, let me say that, if I here fail to please those who think that *no* good thing can come out of Prussia, it will be because only by being honest can I hope to be convincing. I am honestly setting forth things as I saw them, and I think that in many respects Germany is magnificent, glorious. More's the pity that she has deliberately turned her face from the truly noble ideals which alone can crown a civilization, and make it worthy the name. *Kultur* is not culture.

I do not mean to write a "Baedeker on Berlin." Enough to say that I believe those of you who





have visited that city, under happier conditions, will find no fault with me when I say that, in my youthful eyes, it was, externally, truly a city beautiful. I have never gotten over that feeling. It is a "show" city, impressive and magnificent in its broad streets and avenues; its parks; its gardens; public buildings and palaces.

A few days after my arrival, Mr. Miller took me on a general sight-seeing expedition in a taxicab, which — by the way — was against the law, for taxies were forbidden as pleasure vehicles. Through broad avenues, over perfect pavements, we rolled on tireless wheels, and it seemed to me that each new section was finer than the one just left. When we reached the *Tiergarten*, or zoölogical park, and passed through the massive columns of the *Brandenburger Torr*, my "ohs" and "ahs" began; but when we entered the beautiful *Seigsalle*, leading from it, and passed along the far-reaching row of statues set among the trees, until we came to the tall, golden shaft, surmounted with its winged victory, beyond which loomed the gray dome of the stately *Reichstagegebäude*, even my Yankee delight turned to silent wonder.

I had never seen anything like the architectural perfection and the wonderful landscape gardening, not that we do not have even finer buildings here and there, but it seemed to me that every one was perfect.

Then, through *Unter den Linden*, that enchanting avenue, we went, and across the highly orna-

mental bridge, which leads to the group of imperial buildings spread about the Kaiser's palace — impressively severe as befits the home of a war lord.

When we reached this, the official home of that strange creature, mentally and physically misshapen, who has thought to make the world his footstool, and whom we regard as the personification of all that is warped, evil and frightful in the Prussian nature, the royal emblem was not flying from its staff.

"That means that the Kaiser is not at home, Josephine," explained Mr. Miller. "I haven't heard of his going to the front, so he is probably at his other winter palace at Potsdam."

This, by the way, is a smaller, but no less imposing city, an hour's train ride distant from Berlin.

My host secured an official guide to take us through those parts of the palace to which visitors are admitted — I was rather surprised to find that they were admitted at all; but I had the feeling that we were closely watched all the time.

"Here," said the guide at last, pointing to a small balcony, "is where His Majesty addressed the people on the afternoon that war was declared."

"Yes," supplemented Mr. Miller, "he told them that the impending conflict had been forced upon him, and that he had, under 'Gott,' done all that man or prince could do to avert it."

I thought of Belgium, and wondered.





THE IRON HINDENBURG



It was, of course, many months before I had learned the city and its ways sufficiently to form a general impression of its wartime aspects, and before I sum up what I saw I want to mention one unique and new feature.

One afternoon, a little later, Evelyn took me for a more extended visit to the *Tiergarten*, and, while we were there, Lieutenant von Lüben joined us by chance.

"You must see our Iron Hindenburg, Fraulein," he said, and led me to that grotesque, yet awe-inspiring colossal figure, the picture of which, taken from a postcard which he bought for me, appears herewith.

As we approached it, he saluted, and said, "Our idol, an iron man in fact, as in effigy. We erected it early in the war as a way to stir the people's patriotism — and gathering their coin," he added with a smile. "The form is completely filled with little holes, and the zealous contributor to our cause buys a nail in that booth at its base, and drives it into one of the holes. See, there is a man adding one of gold to that button now. Of course the gold and silver ones cost more than the steel ones."

Somehow this mighty iron figure, with its stern, merciless face, which dominated the beautiful garden, always seemed to me to typify the spirit of Prussian militarism and ruthlessness.

And now for a few moments on the unusual appearance of the city, which was not only wag-

ing, but *living*, war. There was much that was noticeable, yet to my never-ending astonishment, things were not as bad as I might reasonably have suspected, and you have perhaps been led to believe. This, I think, was due to two things. Berlin has so far been free from attack by her enemies, and the much vaunted, and, indeed, very real, "efficiency" of her officials is unflagging. (Of course I am now speaking merely of exterior things. It will be quite another story when I come to tell about the physical and mental side.)

I have been misquoted in the press as having said that the streets, once the pride and boast of Berlin, were filthy and the houses black. That was far from true, and all the time that I was there they were kept clean, not as immaculate as in former days, Mrs. Miller said, yet surprisingly so, considering the fact that all the work on them was done by *women*, and not enough of them.

Yes, women are everywhere, performing all kinds of menial occupations, from which the men of the lower classes have been taken to swell the ranks of the army. They collect the garbage; they deliver ice and merchandise from the stores, often assisted by old men; they work in the stores, of course; run elevators; and act as conductresses and subway guards — the latter wearing most unbecoming bloomers, reaching to the knees, and thick stockings. Finally, they wield pick and shovel on the streets.

It is hardly possible to compare Germany with

America in this respect, however, for, there, the lower classes of women have always performed hard manual labor; they have to, in order to keep their families going, for wages are so low.

The boast that there are no poor in Berlin is utterly false, yet I saw how plausible it could be made when Olga took me with her on a Red Cross "slumming" expedition, one morning in mid-winter. All the tenements were neat and attractive on the outside, and I exclaimed over this fact. But, oh, what a difference when we got inside! In one room were six people, three of them poor little tots! Conditions were indescribably horrible, and how they lived at all I did not know, yet Olga said they were well, though poorly nourished.

The women were doing almost everything that the men had done; but, even with most of them at work, there was a serious shortage of labor everywhere. Because of this, very necessary work could not be done as expeditiously or thoroughly as necessary and the results were sometimes disastrous. The collection of garbage, and disposal of sewerage early became a troublesome problem within the city, and, in the spring of nineteen seventeen, we were to be afflicted with a pestilence of flies. They were everywhere in swarms, even our apartment being everlastingly filled with them, despite Mrs. Miller's constant battle. Close on their heels, if flies *have* heels, came a smallpox scare. The threatened epidemic was checked; but there was compulsory vaccination for every one.



I have a certificate to show that I did not escape.

This shortage of labor affected all the pursuits of life, and, if a window was broken, the plumbing got out of order, or anything else requiring special skill had to be done, it was often weeks before we could get workmen to make the repairs. And, when they did, the bill therefor was appalling.

Because of the same thing traffic conditions were horrible, the number of surface and tunnel cars had been greatly curtailed, and, as a natural result, they were fearfully overcrowded, and men and women alike were forced to stand in the aisles and on both platforms, if they were to ride at all. The experience which I have already described was an everyday one, and I have seen prosperous-looking men rave even more violently than did the woman in that story, when they could not get aboard. There was another no less unpleasant feature connected with riding in the street cars. We never knew when we were to make the acquaintance of a cootie, for the soldiers, returning from the front, brought them home in great numbers.

Taxicabs could not be used for pleasure, legally; but they were, nevertheless. If we wanted to go to the opera in one we would do it, *but* we would also be careful to disembark a block distant from our true destination, so as to avoid embarrassing questions by the ever present police. Of course, there were no private automobiles. All had long since been commandeered for government work,

I

# Impfchein.

(Wiederimpfung.)

Impfliste 12

Impfbezirk \_\_\_\_\_

*Th. Josephine*

geboren den 31. 12. ~~1874~~, wurde am 2. 3. ~~1874~~ 1912

zum \_\_\_\_\_ Male mit Erfolg wiedergeimpft.

Durch die Impfung ist der gesetzlichen Pflicht genügt.

Berlin, am 12. May 1912

*Leitender Dr. Guttmann*

Bemerkung: Die Formulare sind bei der Ausfertigung von dem betreffenden Arzt mit seiner  
Kameralunterschrift und seiner Eigenschaft als „Arzt“ bezw. „Impfarzt“ zu versehen.

Verdr. Nr. 17. S. K.

FACSIMILE OF MISS THERESE'S VACCINATION CERTIFICATE  
(The author's real name has been purposely obliterated.)



and were now painted the prevailing *Feldgrau*, and marked with the crown of the Hohenzollern.

If I had had any idea that I was to find a deserted or a silent city, it was quickly dissipated. There were generally crowds everywhere; men were abundant, some civilians of the upper classes, more of them soldiers who had been invalided home or were there on furlough. Lieutenant von Lüben once said to me, when I showed surprise that a man in civilian's clothes saluted him, "Oh, it's force of habit. He's a soldier." And he then confided to me that the government often ordered them to dress like that so that their numbers in Berlin, or the identity and location of their regiments, might not be made known to possible spies.

The subconscious fear of spies, both hostile and employed by the government itself, kept always before the people's minds by the warning cards displayed in all public places and conveyances, caused them to guard their tongues when abroad. One never knew whether or not his own next door neighbor was in the secret service, and, since every now and then some one quietly disappeared from his accustomed haunts, they took no chances. I myself saw one incident which opened my eyes to the efficiency of that organization. It happened in a café one evening. At a table near ours a woman began to speak English, and in a manner derogatory to the government. People turned and scowled at her and, within a minute, in came

a police officer, laid his hand upon her shoulder and marched her off, to jail, doubtless, or to an internment camp. It taught me a very salutary lesson.

"Men never congregate on the streets to discuss the War," said Mr. Miller, when I spoke about this matter one day. "It isn't actually forbidden; but they know better than to do it as a practice. If a few friends meet and want to converse on such a subject, they adjourn to a nearby rathskeller."

Among the crowds were also many Austrians and evil-appearing Turks, and everywhere were the two extremes, conceited officers and miserable beggars. The latter class was a fast-growing one. Sometimes they stood alone on the street corners, with cups or caps outstretched; often they were blind, or maimed, and had little children with them to importune the passersby for *pfennig*, although I was told that the government took care that too many of them should not appear, and so cast a shadow of horror over the populace; and again I would hear a wandering minstrel singing for alms beneath my window.

And the crowds so composed — how different they looked to me from those at home in America!

I have already mentioned the footwear and clothing of the better class of women. The boots were always ugly, I thought, and, although there were plenty of well-dressed women in evidence, and costly furs and jewels everywhere, the clothing appeared out of date, according to American



styles, and it was worn with little of the effect to which I had become accustomed at home. The absurd costumes of the men often amused, and disgusted me, too. Glaring neckties, bright yellow waistcoats, and bottle-green suits, with spats, seemed to be a highly popular combination.

One thing, which I had been led to expect from seeing American pictures and caricatures of Germans, was noticeably missing. There were few fat and waddling men or women. If they had ever been, which they denied, their improvement in shape was not the result of choice, but rather from lack of nutrition, which was steadily increasing. Their faces were generally pasty, too, from the same cause.

On the surface, these crowds appeared bustling; gay, even. Hauptmann Bachmann, the son of Herr Kommerzienrat Bachmann, who returned home on a brief leave at Christmas time, once said to me as we were walking together, chaperoned by his mother, of course, "Look at them! Look at their jewels and furs! You wouldn't think that they knew we were at war, or that there was such a thing as the misery of the front."

They *did* know it. Their bearing was a pose; a mask to conceal, even from themselves, the haunting, black spectre within their hearts.

No wonder they wanted to get out onto the streets, and away from the homes where brooding memories and hunger dwelt. The strain of it all! The War, with its attendant train of shocking

losses in the field and discomfort and lack of food at home, was changing that stolid, purposeful race into a people with every nerve on edge and keyed to the highest tension. I saw the change progress during the thirteen months that I was in their midst, and I changed, myself.

Some brooded silently; but many found relief — or tried to find it — in gaiety; yet their voices, pitched high, and their loud laughter told of the strain. And the most trivial things would result in sudden harsh altercations, as those on the electric cars.

With the whole people under the influence of a mental *hasheesh*, was it to be wondered at that they continually sought relaxation and temporary forgetfulness in sports, horse racing and the theatres, or that these things were actively encouraged by the government? Yet the line had to be drawn somewhere, and they chose dancing, which was forbidden in public. We *did* dance, to be sure, and so did plenty of others; but it was either in private homes with the blinds closed, or in halls known only to a few. And I may as well say here that as a dancer the average German is far from a success. They dance the one and the two-step, and even the Maxixe, as well as the old-fashioned waltz; but they hop around too much. To my astonishment, considering the rather ponderous style of German music, I found that they secretly adored American ragtime, and that even "Alexander's Ragtime Band" was still a prime

favorite. Accordingly, perhaps, I will not be misunderstood when I say that I was always popular at parties, for I could play it. Nevertheless they make no attempt to imitate our syncopated melodies, although many of their popular songs are quick and lively, and have humorous words not unlike some of our war songs.

Track games and other kinds of athletics at the Sports Clubs were very popular, the men told me, and I can vouch for the almost insane excitement which attended the horse races at the famous Grunewald track, and the *Hoppegarten* in Berlin, for Lieutenant von Lüben and others took me several times. I was told that the former was the largest in the world, yet I have seen the huge grandstands packed full with wildly yelling spectators, as the horses sped around the curving track.

"Millions of marks have changed hands here this afternoon," the lieutenant said as we were leaving it one day.

As for the theatres — from grand opera down to the inevitable "movies" — they ran as usual and always played to capacity audiences. The government encouraged these forms of amusement to keep the minds of the people engaged; but, nevertheless, companies were continually changing, and I was told by friends who were well acquainted with stage conditions that most of the men actors had either "done their bit" and been relieved from further military duty, or been exempted for physical reasons.

And, speaking of the ever present "movies," it was in Berlin that I first made the acquaintance of the De Luxe Motion Picture Houses, gorgeous theatres with admission prices ranging from one to six marks, and with booklet programs for which a charge of ten *pfennig* was made. The films, on the other hand, were far inferior to ours in every respect, although like them in types. A weekly screen magazine, or "review" — I *think* it was a branch of the Pathé — was generally included in the program. Of course it showed German scenes primarily, and the war from the *German* angle; but although the military pictures (of *victories*, always, you may be sure), and the flag at the close of the film evoked applause, it was not of the spontaneous and wholeheartedly patriotic kind which I was to hear on returning to America.

This brings to my mind another noticeable thing about Berlin crowds. Perhaps it was because the war had become an old and oft-told story to them, and the spirit of glowing patriotism had changed from a thing that stirs and thrills to one of dogged persistency, of which I shall tell you much more hereafter, but, whatever may have been the reason, I never saw any wild enthusiasm shown over the sight of the flag or the sound of the *Wacht am Rhein*; indeed, in all the time that I was in Berlin, I never heard the German national anthem played in a theatre or at a concert.

Nor did I, except on notably rare occasions, see regiments of soldiers marching through the streets



of the city. There were never any parades, and I gained the impression, strengthened by remarks made by Mr. Miller and others, that the government tried to keep from the people's sight anything which would remind them of the horrors of the front. I did see bodies of troops occasionally; but there was little of the pomp and glory of war in their appearance or behavior. Wonderfully trained, and drilled to machinelike precision they were; but I thought that the average man of the ranks looked little like *our* boys — well built, sturdy and, above all, intelligent and animated with the spirit of freedom and justice.

Even in the winter of nineteen sixteen the soldiers appeared, oh, so young, wan and haggard. At that time new troops were leaving to face the British advance on the Somme, and their friends and relatives appeared to part with them with little hope of ever seeing them again.

"They have been ordered to the front. Their death warrant has been signed," said Greta to me one cold, gray morning when I had gone to market with her, and we saw a company pass.

How much more pitiful was the sight a year later; pitiful even to me, although they were then *my* country's enemies, when I saw a regiment of the *seventeen-year-old class* starting away.

Think of it! Mere boys, who could have little conception of what lay before them, and they were marching away to death, singing. Singing? Yes; but I knew that their song was not the spon-



taneous melody into which our soldiers cannot help breaking, but done in obedience to a military command, for Lieutenant von Lüben had told me that the use of specially written war songs, intended to stir and strengthen their hearts, was obligatory.

With sad young faces they marched away in the rhythmic "goose-step," a song on their lips, but none in their hearts, I'm sure. The refrain of that song I well remember. "*In der heimat, in der heimat, es gibt ein weidersehn.*" [In the homeland, in the homeland, we shall see each other again.] In how many minds was the thought: "Not I"?

And from the royal palace above them floated the imperial flag, with its dishonored crown and the words: "GOTT MIT UNS" — the emblem and sacrilegious motto of the man who was sending them forth, — to die. Travesty and sacrilege, and oh, the pity of it! After this war is ended may it never be allowed to happen again!

## CHAPTER VII

### A MUSIC STUDENT IN A MARTIAL LAND

So much for the setting of my life as far as externals go. Now for a few of the threads which ran through it, for I think that you will get a more intelligible picture if I follow certain of them from their beginning until the time when Fate clipt them short, than if I went on to tell a strictly chronological story. *That* would result in a patch-work, as is life itself.

First, the golden thread which ran among the dark ones, and almost compensated for them; almost, but not quite, for even the pleasure which I drew from my brief career as a music student would not tempt me to earn it again at the cost of so much anxiety and unhappiness.

I had been in Berlin nearly a month, and was becoming fairly well accustomed to my new surroundings, before I actually began the work for which I had come so far. I was on the point of saying, "and braved so much"; but that would not be true. I had not fore-realization of what was going to happen.

Mr. Miller was as good as his wife's word, and made the preliminary arrangements for me to

become a student at the *Klindworth-Scharwenka Konservatorium der Musik*, at *Genthiner Strasse 11*. It was not the largest school of its kind in the city, by any means; but its standard in vocal instruction was high.

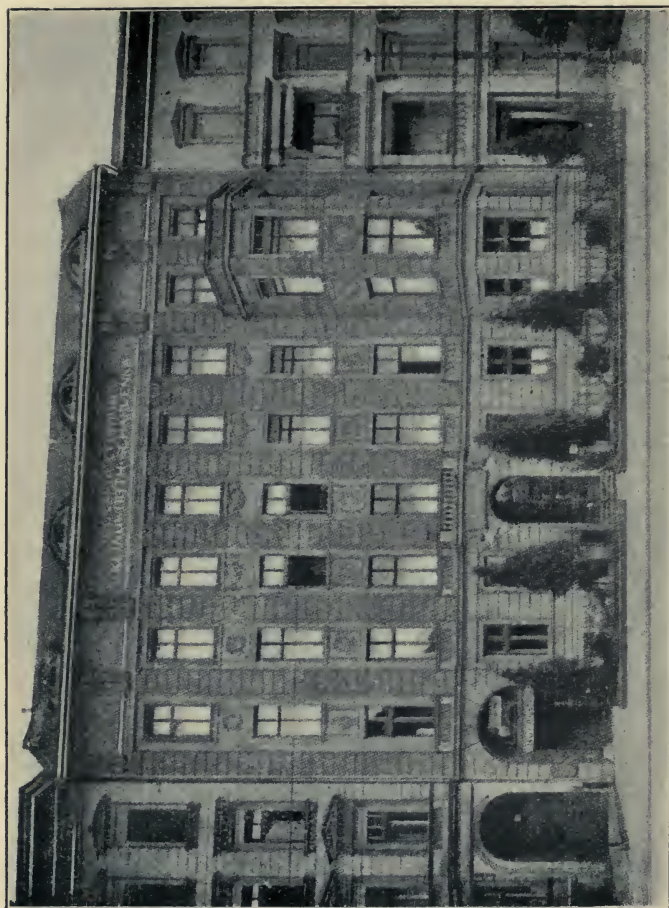
Mrs. Miller accompanied me thither one raw November morning, and my first view of the building, as I mentally compared it with the New England Conservatory, was distinctly disappointing, for without — and within, too, as I discovered — it was plain almost to austerity; a five-story structure of brick, which contained some forty class and lesson rooms, all furnished with extreme simplicity. Connected with it was a *saal* with a stage for school concerts, and a larger hall, having full grand opera settings, for the more advanced pupils.

We were ushered into the office of the director, Herr Robert Robitschek, — and I felt very grateful for the moral support supplied by the presence of my hostess, for I suddenly found myself horribly nervous, as I had not sung at all since leaving home, and already the Berlin climate had begun to affect me disastrously, for I had contracted a troublesome throat irritation and cough.

The Herr Direktor greeted me pleasantly in German, which I now understood reasonably well when it was spoken not too fast. He was a suave and pompous man of middle height, with graying hair and an upturned gray mustache.

“You will please sing for me, Fraulein,” he said, after the greetings.

THE  
CLINDWORTH-SCHARWENKA  
CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC



THE KLINDWORTH-SCHARWENKA CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

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I complied, singing a simple number *in English*, and when I had finished I felt that I had sung reasonably well.

Herr Robitschek's comments were brief.

"You have a nice voice, Fraulein, but you sing too 'American.' We will have to do away with that. However, if you study hard I think — no I am sure — that you will make a success."

So, during our short interview, it was settled that I should begin lessons there as soon as the business formalities were attended to, and within the week Mr. Miller had signed a contract for a year's tuition for me. I was to have lessons in the theory of harmony, history of music, and Italian — which was still taught, but never sung. These were to take many hours daily and, in addition, I was to have vocal instruction three or four times a week. That was the regular *unterclass* schedule, and the whole course took three years.

On the third Wednesday in November I went, with the uneasy anticipations of all beginners, for my first day at the school. There was a big lump in my throat, and I was thoroughly lonesome and homesick as I walked alone to my destination, and, indeed, that walk was almost always given over to such brooding thoughts, for letters came rarely and I felt entirely cut off from my home.

On reaching the *Konservatorium* I was directed to a small room, bare and cold, and furnished only with two baby grand pianos, a bench and a chair

or two. There I met my new teacher, Frau Julie Trebicz, and studied her with interest and a little awe, for I had been told that she was an Austrian Grand Opera singer who had been most popular in her younger day. Incidentally, I was soon to find that she still possessed her once glorious voice in a remarkable measure for a woman of fifty, and that she had the true "artistic temperament," which caused her to become highly excited if lessons went either very well or very ill. She was rather short and heavily built, but not fat, her abundant dark hair was liberally sprinkled with gray, and there were many tiny lines on her dark, mobile countenance.

In the little room were several other girls, who regarded me with frank curiosity. Their presence was soon accounted for, as I learned that it was our teacher's custom to have three or four pupils in the room together during singing periods. It might be embarrassing at first for the one under immediate instruction; but she considered it good experience for her students, and said that we could profit by each others' mistakes as well as our own, and from the resulting criticisms. Because of this custom I was soon to become well acquainted with many of my fellow pupils, most of whom were, of course, German girls; but one was a Russian, and one a Brazilian.

The Russian and two of the Germans were present, and Frau Trebicz introduced them as Fraulein Zara Shenski — she was a tall, wonder-

fully proportioned girl with a strong, large-featured face, big dark eyes and a crown of dusky hair — and Frauleinen Paulina Hermann and Charlotta von Strauss. The German girls were in appearance almost as alike as two peas, for they were heavily built and had rather expressionless faces; but, as I came to know them better, I found that they were by nature as opposite as the poles. Paulina was of the real, self-centered Prussian type, set in her views on all subjects, but especially about the "Fatherland," and quite as ready as any man to argue the superiority of *Deutschland uber alles*; Charlotta had lived in Paris, and was both more liberal and more volatile. I liked her the better!

As the days passed, these three, and some others, seemed never to tire of besieging me with questions about America; but, whereas Paulina wanted to talk politics — which I knew little enough about — Zara and Charlotta preferred dress and men as the topics for their conversations, and often, in the minutes before and after lessons, they would beg me to tell them just how we dressed at home, how much things cost and especially how the men looked and behaved. In all their eyes—except Paulina's, all men were paragons, apparently.

"It must be wonderful to know men who place women on thrones and worship them," sighed Charlotta, one day, and you may be quite sure that I said nothing to lessen her belief. She, in particular, usually ended such conversations, of

which there were many, by announcing that she meant to visit the United States some day and try to capture one of these paragons.

Then, too, it amused me the way they used to watch my little mannerisms and try to copy them, and my clothes.

"Oh, how lucky you are, to be able to travel like this; but I don't see how you *dared* come to Berlin at this time." How many times I have heard one or another of them say this. But I am rambling from my path again.

During my second lesson period I was called upon to sing, and Frau Trebicz's comment was almost identical with that of the Herr Direktor. "Your voice is good, but you are too prone to *portamento*, and other Americanisms."

Frau Julie was a stickler for voice placement and technique, and kept us on exercises the greater part of the time. And since her own voice was big and full, she demanded that our voices be, too! yet she laid fully as much stress on the perfect *pianissimo*. But even more than these she insisted upon expression and "temperament" in our singing and what a struggle she had to get it! It was all that I could do to keep a serious face when she would turn to me, as she did times innumerable, and cry in desperation, "*Ach*, they are hopeless. They have no temperament. *I* am an Austrian, and *you* an American, so we understand; but these stupid Germans . . . *ach!*" Nor could I but agree with her in my heart. The best concert



singers had, of course, acquired a commanding stage presence, and the opera stars were often wonderful actors; but it certainly is not born in them as a race, and the average pupil stood and looked like a stick, with the facial expression of a wooden Indian.

This fact forcibly impressed itself upon me during the first *schüler* concert that I attended, sometime in December. Mrs. Miller was with me, and I turned to her and whispered in real distress, "Why *don't* they use some expression? They all look as though they were singing funeral dirges." And they did.

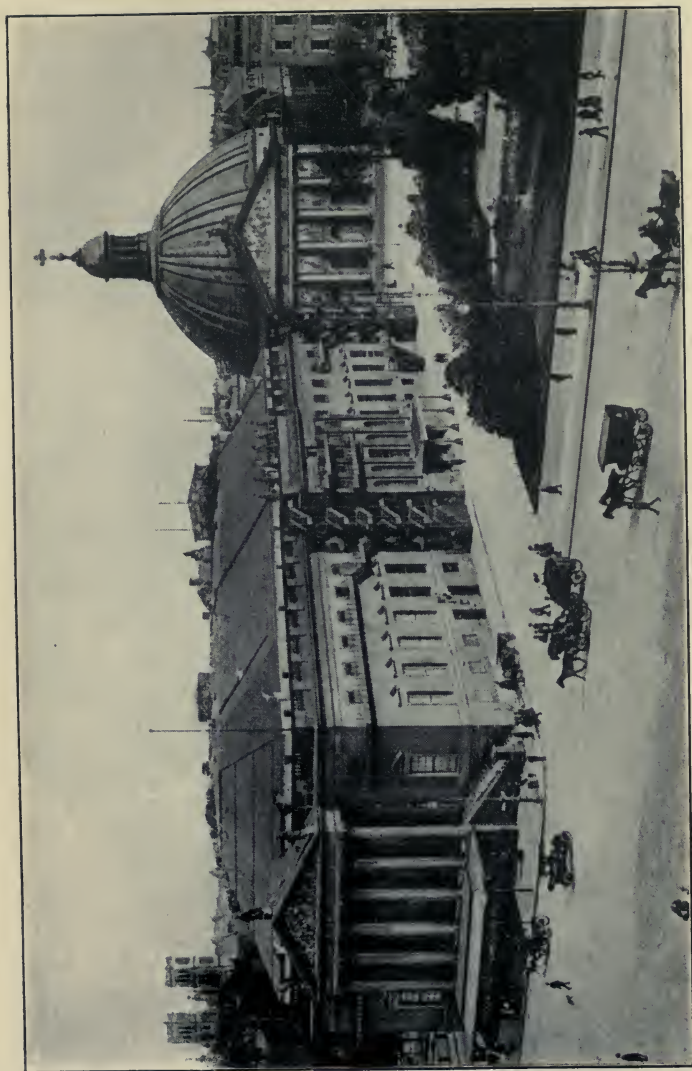
Once again I had to fret over the necessity of continued practice exercises; but my real joy began when Frau Trebicz gave me my first songs — at first simple compositions by Franz and Mendelssohn, particularly, and later opera numbers, especially from Carmen and Mignon. Of course I had to sing everything in German. Even in grand opera and concerts, French, and English were taboo — not however, that they refrained from singing the famous Italian operas — and many a time Paulina, and others with whom I discussed music, assaulted me with such sneering comments as, "I see that you Americans have forbidden the singing of our German operas, and that our stars have been discharged and maltreated. *Ach*, you are so narrow, you have no regard for art!" This, of course was after our declaration of war.



The first concert in which I had a part — in a minor position, since I was only a beginner, — took place some four months after I began to study. My small offering was the mezzo-soprano part in a trio of female voices; but I was as excited and happy over the event as though it had been my *début* in opera, and of course Mrs. Miller pretended that she could hear me, and that my voice was “lovely.” Then, on the sixth of June, nineteen seventeen, Frau Trebicz gave a big concert of her past and present pupils, and this time I was relegated to a “first row in the chorus” position in that beautiful “*Kennst du das land wo die Zitronen bluh’n*” from the *Romanze de Mignon*. Nevertheless, I felt that I was making rare progress, for I was actually singing with stars from the opera houses in Berlin, Frankfurt, Essen, Hamburg and Breslau, all of whom had learned their art from *my* teacher. The accompanist, Egon Putz, had an American wife, by the way.

I had not been able to attend grand opera at home, although it was the goal of my desires, and how I thrilled as I sat and listened to the big, glorious voices.

I sang in other school concerts from time to time, and frequently, throughout the winter, groups of us pupils, both vocal and instrumental, visited the hospitals to carry the cheer of music to the wounded men. My heart ached for them not only because they were sick and in pain, but because they seemed like prisoners, indeed, in the



THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE



broad striped pajamas, all alike. They were bearded, sad and weary-looking men, who found it hard to smile, and who often cried. I suppose that I was giving "aid and comfort to the enemy," but I am not ashamed. *We* do not make war upon the sick and wounded.

My musical education was by no means confined wholly to the routine of school work, and how I loved the other part, in which I was merely the listener! There were many fine concerts for me to attend, and I almost bankrupted myself going to the opera, both at the Royal Opera House, and the *Deutsche* one at Charlottenburg, where popular prices prevailed.

I fairly worshipped those opera singers, yet it was with one of their class that I had one of my most unpleasantly enlightening experiences while in Germany. The story doesn't come strictly under the head of "music" so I will reserve it until later.

The stars were principally Germans and Austrians, with a few Russians. Few of them have sung in America, I suppose; but they were among the world's best, and to hear them was not only a treat for me, but a musical education in itself. Even in the early days of the war the government had forbidden them to leave Germany, and seek the more lucrative fields of America, under penalty of being refused permission to return home for years, if ever they could. Full well the ruling powers recognized the necessity of keeping up the

spirits of the people within the great cities, and that nothing soothes and cheers like good music.

So, despite the war, I was able to hear the best in those magnificent and sonorous German operas which will never die whatever is to be the fate of other things "Made in Germany," for they represent the fine old culture and not the warped modern *Kultur*.

A catalogue of names of those stars whom I heard with wonder and delight would mean little, but I will briefly mention just a few, some of whom *are* known in America, and others may be some day. Edith Walker was very popular in Berlin, and I heard her in a wonderful concert one evening. Lilli Lehman is still singing remarkably, although she is over seventy years old and almost white haired, and, of course, all musicians know of Dr. Richard Strauss, the composer, whom I frequently saw directing. Then there were Clare Dux, a general favorite as a soprano with every one and the idol of the men because of her looks and personality; Artot di Pardilla, another popular soprano, whose special forte was Marguerite in "Faust"; Joseph Swartz, a great baritone; and Hermann Jadowka, a Russian, who has sung with the Metropolitan, and Herr Huth, both of them glorious tenors.

Then, too, I frequently went to concerts by the Philharmonic Orchestra — still notable for its concerted skill; but not measuring up to its pre-war standards, my friend regretfully told me. Many



of the musicians were substitutes. One day I chanced to ask Herr Robitschek if he had ever heard of our own Boston Symphony.

“Heard of it? Who has not? It is the best in the world, Fraulein; but why should it not be, with the best leader *a German?* I understand that he has left already, though, and been attacked by those Americans.”

This happened in the early winter of nineteen seventeen.

The crowning events of my brief musical career in Germany came at its conclusion; but, since they were more closely connected with other things than with music, I shall save the story until later.

My musical hours in Berlin were golden ones and they shone more brightly because of their dark setting.

## CHAPTER VIII

### RATIONS

AN unpleasant task is best done quickly. One dark thread which ran through the entire fabric of my life in Germany I mean to show you now, from end to end, so that I may then forget it — if I can!

And, although there is little humor in the subject, as I look back upon it, — and I found none at all at the time — I mean to approach it with a jest. The joke isn't one of my own making, for I heard it from Evelyn's lips one afternoon when several women of the neighborhood were gathered at our house sewing for the babies, it is rather a tragic jest, too, but it *is* to the point.

“Have you had carrots this week? Weren't they delicious?”

Where is the joke, you ask? Well, it was one which we all understood very well, and which caused us to laugh, ruefully. What she meant was that she had had carrots approximately seven days, that week, and probably twice a day as well.

During the months that are past the people of the capital city of Germany have not lived, they have *existed*. Under an artificial exterior, which is

a hollow sham, have been the pangs of hunger, of grief, of bitterness, of almost everything of that nature *except remorse*. All Germany has been suffering in such manner; but Berlin most of all. In the smaller cities conditions were a little better, especially as to food, because they were closer to the source of supply, the rural districts.

Fortunately for them, the Germans have been a hardy race, bred to a fare which we Americans would consider plain and coarse; but, if the shoe has pinched less in one place, it has pinched more in another, for they were formerly big eaters. Most of them have four, and sometimes five, meals a day, and quantity long since accompanied quality and variety in the rapidly descending scale.

If a German were to write a personal narrative of his life during the last two years, and write candidly and honestly, I suppose that "food" would be the closely followed text. And even I, who felt the pinch far less than the majority of dwellers in the city, might do the same if the subject were not one that I dislike to reopen, even in memory. As it *is*, I will merely tell you a few pungent facts, and leave the rest to your imagination, asking you to *think* food throughout the rest of the story.

I say that I, as a member of the Miller household, fared better than the large majority. The reason is threefold. My host was very well-to-do; by reason of his long residence in Berlin and his geniality — he was what we would call a great

“jollier”— he had built up a wide circle of business friends who stood him in good stead in the time of need and supplied the “open sesame” to many a secret door behind which was stored something far more precious than gold (you can’t eat gold); and Mrs. Miller was noted for her ability to concoct Yankee dishes, an art which she had learned during her residence in America, and which made her the envy of her acquaintances.

Even with all these things in our favor, conditions were bad enough; but I heard enough of the wails of acquaintances who represented the ordinary run of families to realize how much worse off they were than were we. And the possession of money alone helped very little, unless one could gain access to some of the underground food routes, or “speak-easies,” and if one had to rely upon the regular markets which were, of course, run under governmental supervision. Many’s the time I have heard even the wealthy Frau Kommerzienrat Bachmann bewail the fact that her husband couldn’t seem to get extra food the way Mr. Miller did, and say that they lived no better than day laborers.

Let’s pretend, as the children say, that you and I are two members of an average Berlin family of five; that we have changed our good American dollars for marked-down German marks, worth, in peace times, a little less than twenty-four cents, and that we have to provide for our family through the regular stores. So that you



may see things just as I did, during my not infrequent trips to market with Evelyn, Mrs. Miller or Greta, we will start back in the comparatively halcyon days of early winter in nineteen sixteen. Then we will examine the conditions a year later, although goodness knows that conditions seemed sufficiently bad to me even at the earlier date, coming, as I did, direct from the Land of Peace and Plenty.

Monday is market morning. Our larder is empty, and we have to lay in practically the whole week's supply of food. Last Saturday, you remember, we went to the office of the *Brotkommission* for our district, and got our food cards, which we are going to use this morning. We tried to get a few extra grams, but failed, for, of course, the officials had on file a complete list of the members and ages of our household, and assigned the cards accordingly. Those "higher up" had previously inventoried the amount of all kinds of foodstuffs available for the coming week, counted noses, and reached the numerical resultant with true Prussian efficiency.

Precious things, these cards which we carry, for they spell "life" as much as any printed pardon to a condemned prisoner. Today we have two different kinds, the rectangular pieces of paste-board lined off into little squares, each square with a stated number of grams printed on it, for the staple articles like meat, bread and potatoes; and two different colored slips for the weekly "specials."



With our cards and our baskets we start out early, for, although the certificates call for a fixed ration, we know that there are other things in the market for which no cards are *yet* needed, and we want to get our full share of them — and a little bit more, if possible. Green vegetables such as the omnipresent carrots and parsnips, may be plentiful this week; but then they *may* be scarce. Moreover, the morning paper said that holders of pink card No. 40 might obtain a limited supply of oatmeal while it lasted, and Frau Schmidt, next door, has told us that her grocer, with whom she is on friendly terms just telephoned her that he had a little of that luxury, marmalade, for those holding blue card No. T, and that we might get some by taking our own jars for it.

There is another reason for our wanting to be on hand early. We know that even the staple articles may be exhausted, and our cards made valueless, unless we use them in time, for the paper also told that there are many cleverly counterfeited certificates afloat. This is nothing new, the counterfeiter generally gets caught and severely punished; but there is always some one else willing to take the same chance, for cards mean food!

Accordingly we join the already long line before the baker's shop, and patiently await our turn to enter it. There is no use in complaining, and, anyway, we have long since made up our minds to grin and bear, for the soldiers must be fed first, of course, and we know, by the way, that they are

getting much better rations than are coming to us.

This week is a bad one as far as bread is concerned. Our card calls for only one hundred grams apiece for our family of five, and five hundred grams means only one medium-sized loaf — to last us a whole week! We fared twice as well last Monday. Our turn comes, and, with a more or less thankful heart, we pay our mark and receive that dark, coarse and heavy loaf which is, after all, the staff of life. Frau Schmidt, who has come with us, takes her allotment in flour, but gets only four hundred grams for her family of five, and we don't envy her, for, from bitter experience, we know that, when she gets it home, she will have to sift it thoroughly to get rid of the worms which infest it. She has a special card, too, one calling for a very small amount of "Ausland" flour, made from Scandinavian wheat, and we envy her the possession of this.

Then we move on to the line in front of the grocery store. We do not have to bother about what we shall order here; the kindly paternal government has settled that question for us in advance, so we might as well forget our temporary craving for beans, rice or barley, since there is none to be had, and take the allotted amount of carrots and parsnips.

"Potatoes?" the storekeeper says, in response to our question. "Yes, you can get some this week, but only four pounds, *gnadiges Fraulein.*"

Probably, though, he forgets the "*gnadiges,*"

for, with the very existence of the people in his hands, he has become unbearably independent and surly, that is, unless we happen to have brought him a present lately.

And a "present" has but one significance in Berlin, now, and that is "something to eat." Frau Schmidt has a package under her arm, and passes it over to him surreptitiously, with an ingratiating smile. We notice that she received a much more generous allowance than we did, and we determine to follow her example next Monday.

Bribery? Don't look shocked. We are in Berlin, and it is the common and accepted thing here now especially at the illicit "speak-easies" so much sought after by the police and hungry populace alike, and which Mr. Miller has told us about. There, by means of a well-filled purse, the favored few can still get food smuggled in from the country, through underground channels, for there are plenty of farmers and food dealers who, lured by gold, are willing to take their chance of incurring a heavy punishment, and who have already amassed fortunes, for they charge every bit that the traffic will bear. Even many of the public storekeepers dare official wrath, sometimes most brazenly, to supply their old or particularly favored customers, going so far as to tip them off by telephone, as did Frau Schmidt's grocer this morning, when a lot of something new has come in unexpectedly. Nor in that manner only. We have just had a demonstration of another, for, when the

grocer quoted us a price of five marks for the last lot of parsnip, and Frau Schmidt said, "I'll give you ten for it," he sold it to her. The government may close his shop some day for such outrageous practices, but most of his fellows do the same.

Next we "cash in" our egg cards, receiving one apiece for our family this week, but even this is cause for rejoicing; there have been none on the market for nearly a month.

Coffee and tea are next on our list, although precious few coffee beans or tea leaves entered into the manufacture of either, judging from the taste of the brew. Of course we know better than to ask for sugar, for Uncle Sam isn't going without one of his lumps to supply *Germany*; and as for chocolate, it is merely a name in the grocery stores, although Cousin Jack does occasionally smuggle us a pound cake through from Holland, where it costs him twenty marks.

To our delight we now discover that we can actually get some butter this week; *a whole quarter of a pound*, but we surmise that, when we get it home, our enthusiasm will wane somewhat, for it is sure to be a white, greasy, evil-smelling mass that is certainly not more than half real butter. We are frugal, and will probably still further mix it with a much-advertised preparation, guaranteed to make two pounds where only one was before. More German efficiency!

On our way to the butcher's we pass the fish store, where no cards are as yet required, and lay in



a stock of "Ausland" smoked fish at one mark fifteen pfennig a pound. Now to the meat market; but do we order the third cut of the rump and a tender, thick slice of veal? Well, hardly. We take what is given us and are again thankful. Today it is hamburger steak, a half a pound of it, and this will make us one fairly good meal — if we mix it with dry bread crumbs.

The prices have not been very high, for the government regulates them and keeps them down; but what of that when we know that our baskets contain barely enough to keep body and soul together during the week which is to come?

As we return home with our bundles, the carrying of which is now a mark of honor and distinction, and draws the gaze of many envious, hungry eyes in the street car, we find that the maid has obtained the daily supply of milk for the baby, getting it in our own can from the girl who drives the milk wagon. Our supposed baby is two years old, and his allowance is a quarter of a litre (half a pint). Of course the rest of the family get none, and *his*, poor child, is very watery and blue.

This is a sketchy, but true picture of the food supply of the average Berlin family nearly two years ago. No humanitarianism entered into it. The young and healthy, especially the children, followed the army in the order of precedence; the sick and old came last, and, since there were almost no delicacies or foods with concentrated nutriment to be had, the latter died in great numbers.



It was a case of the old, old law of self-preservation. If any one *could* get more to eat for himself and his family, he did it. I wish that I could take you on a similar trip to some of the underground markets which Mr. Miller patronized for our benefit; but I can't, for I do not know how he succeeded in buying "extras" the way he did, except for a few rather simple methods. For instance, I do know that he practically clothed the milk girl on our route, and in consequence she smuggled in a little nearly every day. There were times when she became as independent as the storekeepers and Greta would come up to report, "She says she can't spare you any milk this morning."

"Which, being interpreted means that it is time for another present," Mr. Miller would laugh, goodnaturedly. Once she pointedly told our maid, "This time I need stockings."

Anna's father had a small farm not very far from the city, and through her we managed to smuggle in *eggs by the dozen* almost every week. They cost fifteen cents apiece, and this price was made as a special favor to us. Then, through a friend, Mr. Miller got a pound of cream cheese several times a month, and this was a luxury, indeed, for it was unknown in the general market. Once, too, about Christmas time, he got a small, but actually fat, goose. We feasted sumptuously upon it, and you may be sure that its bones were picked clean, for it cost one hundred and fifty marks.

It is surprising how one's total inability to get a certain thing breeds an insatiable longing for it. There came a time when fat, which had been obtainable only in very limited quantities, and at a cost of thirty marks a pound, entirely disappeared from the market. Then how we longed for something fried! I would think of the doughnuts that mother used to make, and it seemed as though nothing else would satisfy me. The haunting thought finally crept into one of my frequent letters to Cousin Jack in Amsterdam. Ten days later I received a newspaper from him, rolled up and enclosed in an ordinary wrapper, which left it open at both ends. It was a perfectly innocent looking bundle, but if the postman had guessed that it contained a thin slice of fat, in length and breadth coinciding with that of the folded daily, and protected by sheets of waxed paper, I am quite certain that it would never have been delivered . . . to us!

One day Mrs. Miller told me of a poor Roumanian woman of her acquaintance whose husband was in the army and had written her, actually begging for bread. Her cards were exhausted and she had almost no money; yet she succeeded in scraping enough together somehow to purchase him a loaf through a "speak-easy," which was probably the back door of a bakery. It cost her eight marks — nearly two dollars.

Of course, we had fruit and berries in season, and as the summer of nineteen seventeen was

exceptionally warm in Germany, the crop was large. Yet, even so, the amount to be had in the city was very limited, because the government, as usual, stepped in and established a maximum price above which the farmers could not sell, and many refused to ship for that amount. As a result, the city people used to go or send to the farms, and then the food authorities established a rule that no one could buy more than a pound of any one kind, and placed policemen on the farms to see that the regulation was obeyed.

We had an example brought home to us of how the rule worked out. Mrs. Miller was very desirous of getting some plums, cherries and gooseberries to preserve, and sent the two maids to Anna's father's place to purchase them. I can picture them now, starting out one pleasant spring morning in their dark dresses, white caps and aprons, and smiling happily over the prospect of a day in the country — with the thought of getting some food, as an added incentive. The day passed and evening came without their returning, and as darkness fell, we began to grow quite worried over their continued absence and had unpleasant thoughts for their safety, why, you can guess.

At length they arrived, weary and with their faces the picture of woe. The reason was soon explained, as both poured forth the story of their adventure, talking at once. They had arrived all right, they said, and obtained a basketful of each

kind of fruit; but, on coming out, they had had the dire misfortune to meet with a policeman. The contents of their baskets interested him very much, so much so, indeed, that they were detained for several hours and were finally allowed to depart after receiving a stinging lecture, with one pound of fruit each. There was no preserving!

These are merely isolated incidents, to be sure; but they may add highlights — no, heavy shadows — to the sketchy picture of conditions in Berlin during the first six months of my stay, and before America's effective embargo against the neutral countries of the Scandinavian peninsula and Holland.

The card system was very generally in use for all kinds of edibles, with a very few exceptions, and its operation was not limited to the purchase of raw material. If we wished to dine at a hotel, restaurant or rathskeller, we had to take cards, as well as money, and the prescribed number of grams would be torn therefrom for almost everything except *cake* — that being the name under which wafers of two thin pasty crusts filled with a sort of marmalade masqueraded — and beer. The beer was generally an insipid substitute, although Mr. Miller knew of a few places where real Pilsner might still be bought, he said with a twinkle in his eyes. People who lived in small family boarding-houses generally turned their weekly cards in to the mistress, to be used in purchasing materials, for in this way they would go further. And when



we travelled, we advised the *magistrat* of the length of our stay away from the city, which was carefully noted, and we were given *Reisebrotkarten* (traveling bread cards) which were in the form of little booklets with paper slips like coupons, marked in grams. The red tape connected with getting anything to eat in Germany was enough to take one's appetite away, but it never did. The people were always too hungry for that!

Needless to say, food substitutes were extensively sold, from chicory and beechnut coffee to saccharine. One in particular comes with unpleasant distinctness to my mind; flakes for making mashed potatoes. Mrs. Miller saw them advertised, thought that they sounded good, and determined to try them once — anything which went under the name of food every one tried at least once. Greta cooked them according to directions, and Anna brought them in at dinner.

"Now," said my hostess, as she lifted the cover of the dish, "let us see . . . ."

The look that came over her face was so ludicrous that we had to laugh; but, when she passed the dish around for inspection, the laughter was stilled. Within was something which can only be characterized as a "mess"; black, dirty and generally horrid, and it was perfectly apparent that the flakes had been manufactured from parings only. After dinner Mr. Miller took dish and all straight to the police station, where the officials promised to "look into it." What came of their

*investigation*, if they made one, I never heard.

I have just been looking through a few "souvenirs" of my stay, and, in a copy of the *Berliner Volks-Zeitung*, dated June 7, 1917, in which appeared a brief notice of one of "my" concerts, I found a typical editorial which throws some light on this subject. A free translation of part of it reads:

**" ONLY SMOKED MEAT AND BOLOGNA, COM-  
PLAIN TWO FARMERS' WIVES**

"Two country women complain that here a man has to live forty or fifty weeks on smoked meat and bologna without having a change, such as an egg, even. He has to work in the heat day after day with only salt meat for nourishment. Every one should be allowed to keep at least two hens, they say.

"The people would probably be very thankful to these women if they could make it possible to have even smoked meat and bologna every day during forty or fifty weeks. They would be willing to pay a pretty good price for it, too, though not as much as they would have to now at the "speak-easies" (*hintenherum*) or to the hoarders.

"There would be many, many people who have to work in the factories, in the heat, dust and bad air, who would be only too thankful to exchange their present rations for this, and to pay the highest price charged by the government for fresh vegetables, for a piece of smoked meat."

In the same paper was a brief item saying that a grocer, who had been caught charging more than the fixed price, had been sentenced to pay a fine of one hundred thousand marks, or spend two years in jail.

Of course there were exceptions to the rules

about food. The army was well supplied, Lieutenant von Lüben told me, and the soldiers got much better bread (*kommissbrot*) than did we. And Olga told me that the same was true of the hospitals. The wounded had milk and eggs, which they often tried to smuggle home to their children, she said, with tears in her soft eyes. A comparatively few favored ones, among which were numbered the members of our own household, lived fairly well. So, Mr. Miller told us, did the Turkish embassy, which was supplied from home, and the Foreign Office, members of which managed to get food from Holland. But, in the main, the people were even then in dire want, although not actually starving.

I have been told, since returning home, that food riots in Germany were frequently reported here. I heard of one occurring in Stettin, and there *may* have been others, the story of which did not get into German print; but it certainly wasn't true about Berlin.

Still, do you wonder that, even when I arrived, the people were talking, thinking and dreaming food? It was the main subject of conversation at all times, and in all places. I have been to concerts and there aroused from my transport of delight by hearing handsomely dressed women turn to one another, as soon as a number was finished and, almost before the applause had died away, ask each other if they had any new receipts for cooking this or that.

Or do you wonder that all the people were poorly nourished and grew thin, drawn and pasty looking? Some doctors prescribed the "arsenic" treatment in order to make them at least *appear* healthy, and once Olga submitted to it, and the result in her case was truly astonishing. After having seventeen injections in her arm, she came out from the treatment looking comparatively plump and blooming. Nevertheless I refused to submit to it, when I, too, became anæmic and Mrs. Duysen, Olga's mother, urged me to take it.

Or do you wonder that a pathetic widowed neighbor of ours, Frau Wettner, whose husband had been killed in battle, and who had five small children to support, would weekly call us up in despair to say that her food cards were all exhausted and the children crying for something to eat? At such times I would steal away to my little room, look at Old Glory and think of the plenty I had left in America.

Finally, do you wonder that Mrs. Miller, whose heart was tender, and sympathies quickly touched, gave food away until we sometimes had to skimp ourselves?

All that I have written applies only to the first half of my stay. Now for a still briefer and blacker sketch of conditions in the fall of nineteen seventeen. The change for the worse was impressed the more forcibly upon my heart and mind, because I had been away from Berlin for several weeks in the



country, where conditions, although bad enough, were a little better.

The flour shortage had become acute, Mrs. Miller said with a sad shake of her head. *None* of the better quality was coming in from "Ausland" countries, for they had none to spare, and what little there was to be had was made mostly of dried and ground vegetables and was dark, soggy and bitter. Besides, nutritious qualities were almost wholly lacking in it, and its use had brought on a widespread epidemic of *ruhe* — a form of dysentery. Poor Mr. Miller was one of the victims, and I could hardly recognize him so drawn and white was his face, for in two weeks he had lost fifteen pounds. Shortly after my return, my own weight, which was normally one hundred and fifteen, fell to one hundred and two pounds.

Meat, too, was very scarce, and the dearth applied equally to venison and other game, which had formerly been used extensively. The same was true of poultry. Only a few fowl were on the market, although these still cost but six marks, and geese could not be obtained at any price. The price of fish had risen greatly, and cards were now required for its purchase, as well as that of poultry.

I am glad to turn my thoughts from this dark chapter in my stay, and in the history of Germany; but, before I pass on to others scarcely more pleasant, I must tell you a little anecdote and end, as I began, with a joke. The *hero* of it was an

American neighbor of ours with whom, and his dear mother, I early became very pleasantly acquainted. Mr. John Weil had come to Berlin quite a number of years previous as the representative of an American mercantile firm, and had established a German branch which was self-supporting. Because his personal money was tied up in it, and he had become something like Mr. Miller in his relations with the people, he stayed on until the last possible moment, and left only a short time before I did. Mr. Weil, who loved meat, and needed it to keep up his boundless supply of Yankee energy, was inordinately fond of sausage, and his mother told me the story of what that fondness led to, as a great joke on her son. He had come home one day, and told her with high elation that he had discovered a delicatessen store where plump, attractive ones were for sale, without *fleishkarten* (meat cards) and for a time he reveled in them. Then, one morning the papers had carried the news of a new governmental regulation which ordered stores where horsemeat was being sold to display a notice to that effect. In much trepidation he had hastened to his popular delicatessen store and there his premonition was quickly realized. There hung the new sign — and he bought no more bolognas.

Horsemeat was pretty generally used, of course, and, after all, aside from sentiment, and the likelihood of its being tough, there is no reason, I suppose, why it should not be eaten.

## CHAPTER IX

### RAIMENT

Food is, however, but one of life's necessities, and I shiver, in recollection, when I think of the winter of nineteen hundred seventeen, for first fuel and then clothes joined in the procession of dark days.

The climate of Berlin may be compared with that of Boston, and you, who were affected by the coal shortage here at home last year, know by experience something of what we suffered there, for fuel had become even scarcer, thanks to the difficulty in getting labor to work the mines. Everybody suffered, the poor bitterly, and even our comfortable apartment was often so cold that I had to wear a cloak indoors, despite the fact that, with us, as all over the city, the shutting off of every room not absolutely necessary to family use was obligatory.

Foresighted householders, like the Bachmanns, had laid in a fair supply of coal; but they did not profit by their foresightedness. How Frau Bachmann wailed when she told us, one morning, that the officials had been investigating their bins and had promptly confiscated all in excess of the small

allotted amount! Thereafter I saw the odd sight of small coal stoves heating their large and luxuriously furnished rooms. There was no other way for them or any of us getting warm, for oil was scarcer still, and the supply of gas strictly limited.

We had to curtail the use of both this and electricity in lighting, too, and one month our meter showed that we had overrun the allowed amount. This brought a sharp warning that we could have just so much less the next, and it would be shut off entirely if we offended again. You may be sure that thereafter we were most careful and generally a single burner or bulb furnished a "dim religious light" to the big rooms.

That was not the worst of it either, at least from my standpoint. The order went forth early that hotels and apartment houses could furnish hot water only between noon on Fridays and midnight Sundays, and the Saturday night bath — at least *hot* bath — ceased to be a joke, and became a stern reality. Soap followed fats from the market and the laundry problem became a desperate one. We managed to keep our clothes reasonably clean by washing them in cold water; but, since ironing meant the further use of coal, it was dispensed with. Most people went without tablecloths, used paper napkins and both men and women were frequently to be seen on the street wearing shirts or shirtwaists rough dried.

Again we were more fortunate than most, for Mrs. Miller had a very fair supply of toilet soap on hand.



Without, things were no better; the street car service went from worse to worst, street lighting was greatly reduced, and the side avenues left in complete darkness, and factories were closed three days in each week.

I have told you enough about the clothing to indicate that when I reached Berlin *that* problem had not become critical; but it was, before I left, and already the use of paper in all kinds of new cloth was general. The ratio was about two parts of the substitute to one of the original material, Mr. Miller said; but, to my surprise, I found that the resulting cloth looked almost like the real thing, was soft to the touch and would stand wetting, at first. This was not the case for long, however, and it soon became pretty flimsy stuff.

By fall only silk could be purchased without clothing cards, and its price was very high. Woolen, linen and cotton goods required them, and linen was very scarce.

Here, too, strict governmental rules came into play. Not only our larders, but our wardrobes were subject to inspection, and we had to prove conclusively the need of a new dress, or suit, new boots and even underwear, before cards would be issued for them. Of course a minute record was kept on file and it was hopeless to attempt to get new apparel oftener than the law allowed. One new suit or dress a year, one new pair of clumsy shoes every six months, and *then only in case we actually needed them*, were the rule.

Nor were the owners of clothing and department stores any better off, as one of them, Herr Johann Schmolz, who became quite a devoted admirer of mine, told me one day when I suggested that *he* didn't have to worry about his clothing. "Not worry? *Ach*, what do you suppose would happen to me if I should take an extra suit from my own stock without a card to show for it? The government inventories my stock every few weeks and makes me turn in a card for every one that is missing."

Prices were kept as low as possible, as was the case with food; but Mr. Miller said that an ordinary business suit cost him three hundred marks. Then the shoes! Those "made in Germany" are ugly enough at the best, and in nineteen seventeen the quality of leather used in them became very poor, and they often had wooden soles and heels. I was well supplied, fortunately, but Mrs. Miller bought a fairly good pair at the cost of seventy-nine marks (\$19) and some cost much more. In the small places wooden sandals with leather straps replaced them, and, even in some of the cities, as I found when I went to Breslau in the fall, it was regarded as a display of patriotism for girls to wear these, and go without stockings. Of course there were no such things as rubbers.

The housekeeper had to have cards for bed and table linen, and every one had to have them for underwear and accessories, even down to handkerchiefs. Charlotta von Strauss, my conserva-

tory friend, became a bride in the autumn and I helped her get her modest trousseau at the "K.D. W." — via the card system. I cannot remember all the prices, but one impressed itself on my mind . . . a dainty, but very simple chemise which cost her *ninety marks*.

We had to pay five or six marks a pair for poor quality cotton and lisle stockings, and thirty marks upwards for woolen ones, when we could get them, which was not often. There was no longer any knitting of socks for soldiers, for there was no woolen yarn to be obtained.

Hats, furs and luxuries were exempt from the card rule, however, and the people bought them lavishly in consequence. I have heard Mrs. Miller come home from visiting neighbors and tell how in peace times they had skimped and saved to accumulate a little money, and had now suddenly blossomed out with expensive jewelry and new furniture. "Ah, but *money* incurs a tax, you know," her husband would reply, dryly.

One afternoon Frau Kommerzienrat Bachmann came in, ostentatiously wearing a wonderful broadtail Persian lamb coat.

"Why," said Mrs. Miller, "you didn't need that, your sealskin is wonderful."

"Oh yes, it *is* pretty, and will do for every day," was her response. "But I saw this one for *only thirteen thousand marks*, and couldn't resist buying it."

I thought of the thousands of poor who were

suffering from lack of clothing, and almost became a socialist on the spot.

So I might go on and on; but, necessary as all this is in order that you may have the setting of my life, I can only touch on a few other things such as the shortage of metals, string, cork; the steadily deteriorating quality of the paper in magazines and dailies; and the vilely smelling ink with which the latter were printed. Here, I cannot help stating the fact that, because of the scarcity of metal, the bronze, even from the churches, was stripped off to be melted down for *bullets* and *decorations*.

There was practically no money of gold and silver in circulation; everything was paper, as in our Civil War, save for a few tiny five *pfennig* pieces of aluminum. Cooking utensils and dishes of this metal had long since been confiscated by the government, although they were paid for.

Combine all these things, and you will have a picture of life in nineteen seventeen in one of the greatest cities of the world; one which boasts of being the very centre of learning, *Kultur*, intellect and all that is splendid.

It isn't a pleasant picture, nor was existence pleasant there, even for me who was living with a most delightful family amid unusual comforts, for, although, under ordinary conditions, I would have been very happy, up to the time when my own country entered the war, I could not be, because of the ever-present psychological depression which



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always made itself felt even at *our* fireside — when we had a fire.

Yes, it was not pleasant; it was pitiful, and must be infinitely worse today, yet it is not to arouse your pity or sympathy for the people of Berlin that I have told you of those conditions. A child who plays with fire can only be cured by getting burnt; for generations the people of Germany have been playing with fire, like children. Now they are learning their lesson, but slowly, oh so slowly!

## CHAPTER X

### PRUSSIAN OFFICIALDOM — AND OFFICIOUSNESS

I THOUGHT that I was through describing, and might hasten on with my story, but I find that I am not. The picture is not complete. If I were writing a story about America you would have the setting through personal experience; but I am not, and conditions — material, personal and mental — within that land lying beneath the deepening shadows of autocracy are all so different that I must stick to description a little while longer, before I set forth a few conclusions as to its spirit and attitude toward the war and return to strict narrative.

I had not been long in Berlin before my eyes were opened to the fact that Germany was not only war mad, but official mad. To my disgust I found that the making of obeisance to titles and insignia was an obsession, and that the possession of a uniform — from that of Prince to policeman — and of a title — from that of Kaiser to Kommerzienrat — invariably placed the possessor on a plane apart from those who had them not. The strangest part of the whole thing, in my American eyes, was that everybody fell down and worshipped as soon as one of themselves attained to

either. It was the occasion for a party of celebration, and countless messages of congratulation.

I did not go to Germany to study politics and institutions, nor did I make any active effort to do so; but from observation and listening to general conversation I *did* obtain certain impressions. One is that the people accept the Kaiser and his crew as *really* divine institutions. Yet it is the authority, rather than the individual, that they worship — at least, more times than once, I heard people say that William II was walking a ticklish path, and would lose his crown unless he complied with the will of the *Junkers* — it was never that of the *people*, be assured. Moreover, the immoral escapades of the Crown Prince were common talk, and I think that neither father nor son are *genuinely* popular, yet the German loyalty to them as representatives of royalty is unquestioned.

But the royal family are only the top and beginning. There are great numbers of ancestral titles, like *Graf* and *Furst*, and more “vons”—the gentry — than you can shake a stick at, not to mention many other handles that are granted as reward for special services. There are thousands of *Doktors* of everything, titles mentally merited, no doubt; but carrying with them undeserved class distinction, as well as deserved honor; and, finally, there are any number of purely honorary titles, which are frequently bought, in effect, if not openly. Such a one I have already mentioned,

*Kommerzienrat* (commerce counsellor), which is granted to men of large affairs who have given generously to charity.

It shocked my democratic spirit and made me boil for a long time, to find that men like Mr. Miller, who had made a real place among their fellows by their ability and well-earned wealth, were not treated as on a par with the poorest and most insignificant holder of an ornamental title. It was sickening, and so were the airs of superiority which the latter invariably gave themselves. And I think that the women were worse than the men, if possible — at least they disgusted me more. The wife of *Herr Doktor* Schmidt is not *Frau* Schmidt; no, indeed! She is *Frau Doktor* Schmidt, and would be highly offended if you addressed her by the shorter form. And so the whole family of a title-holder, down to his “sisters and his cousins and his aunts,” shone with reflected glory.

Common courtesy forced me to write occasionally to *Frau* Bachmann, for, in her way, she was very kind to me and showed me much attention, and when I forgot to add the word “*Kommerzienrat*,” and Mrs. Miller would chide me, I answered, “I won’t be bothered with such foolishness.”

Hand in hand with the worship of titles, went that of the uniform, I found.

Even Olga, sweet, gentle, and at heart democratic as she was, was not exempt, and I remember how I laughed at her, half vexed and half



amused one morning when we were walking together and she bowed with great respect to a very haughty lady, and whispered as we passed, "She is the wife of a *Hauptmann* [captain]." With her was a small boy not more than eight or nine years old, arrayed in a complete uniform, not a play soldier suit such as my own little brother used to wear, but the real thing, and, small as he was, his face wore a look of childish arrogance which also both amused and angered me. Another lad, similarly clad, passed, and the two saluted each other punctiliously.

"Look at them. Aren't they funny," I said to Olga.

"Funny? Why? They are going to be officers when they grow up, just as their fathers are now," she answered.

I had been in Berlin long enough to realize that under the surface of this childish pantomime was a very real and very sinister power; the spirit which ruled Germany. Its name is Militarism; it is not something superimposed upon that nation; but fairly bred into it. Its fairest flower, according to the German way of thinking, but its rankest weed, according to ours, the Prussian officer, begins to learn the lesson, not of Life but Death, in the very cradle.

By the time I had been in Berlin for six months, I had become very well acquainted both with Herr Lieutenant von Lüben, and his intimate friend, Lieutenant Bachmann, one of Frau *Kommerzi-*

*enrat's* sons, who was home on leave a few weeks. From them I had learned quite a lot about the German officer, and I knew well enough what the career of those two little boys would be, if the ideal is not altered before they grow up. It is fully expected that the man-child of a Prussian officer will follow in his father's footsteps, and to that end he is trained from babyhood. When he reaches the military academy or university age, if he is not quick to resent even a fancied insult with the dueling sword, he will be instantly ostracized.

"A scar or two like *this*," remarked Lieutenant Bachmann to me one day, pointing with unfeigned pride to a dark red mark across his cheek, "assures us a warm place in the hearts of the ladies, *Fraulein*."

"It doesn't in *mine*," I answered shortly.

From them, too, I also learned that, prior to the war, which changed the situation materially because of necessity, the military class had been a very close corporation, and young men who sought to enter it, lacking the birthright thereto, would go to almost any extreme. They even changed their religion.

There have been grumblings and actual outbreaks against this militarism, the mailed fist of which has the nation by the throat, and socialists, like Anna and Greta, hate and abhor it; but I came to see that the big majority still regard the Prussian officer just as he certainly regards himself — as a superior being, a demigod. It is in

the blood and training of them all, *and it will not easily be wiped out from either class.*

And now what is this much talked of Prussian officer really like? I wonder if I can picture and analyze him for you, as he impressed me.

He never turned toward me the worst side, which others have seen and described; yet I do not doubt its existence. We speak of reading a man like a book, and it is possible to read between the lines of each. I never saw a German officer in the field, where his Satanic qualities have full scope, and I never saw him going around the streets of the city with drawn sword, pushing civilians out of the way or actually cutting them down — except with glances. There was no occasion; they got out of his way. On the contrary, the few whom I knew, and the many whom I saw, all struck me as alike — a mixture of vain arrogance and supercilious absurdity.

I have already mentioned my first brief meeting with one of the class, Lieutenant von Lüben, and I will describe him more fully now, partly because he played a material part in my own drama, partly because in many respects he was typical of them all, as I found them.

Our second meeting occurred soon after the first. In company with Mrs. Miller I had been invited to have tea with Frau *Kommerzienrat* Bachmann and, as she greeted me, she whispered, archly and with a meaning smile, "I have invited a friend of my son's to call this afternoon, Lieutenant von

Lüben, attached to Headquarters. He is very rich and eligible. What? You have already met him?" she added with disappointment when I started and told her of our meeting.

The *Herr Lieutenant* arrived shortly, and this time it was all that I could do to keep a straight face as he greeted me as before, first coming very stiffly to attention with heels clicked together and hands at his side before taking my hand and bending to kiss it. During this rigmarole I looked at him curiously. He was tall, slender, and very well built, and in his handsome gray uniform appeared quite distinguished. There was something of the bird of prey about his smooth-shaven face, for it was narrow, with an aquiline nose, and small mouth whose thin lips carried a sneering expression when he was not talking. Carefully pompadoured blond hair crowned it, and his head was carried very stiffly. But the impression of strength was dissipated by a monocle and he wore a silver bracelet which made him look foppish in the extreme.

"Can *this* man be one of the ferocious German fighters?" thought I, and something in my manner must have told him what was in my mind, for it was not many minutes before he was seated on a couch beside me and proudly showing me the bullet-dented watch which had once saved his life in battle, and the scar of a wound through his right hand. As I took his hand to examine it — as he meant that I should — I noticed that his nails were perfectly manicured and highly polished.



It was a little thing but somehow it incensed and disgusted me, for only that morning Anna had been telling me about the dog's life which her brother led at the front, and the very different sort of a life led by his officers, whose dugout shelter had all the comforts of home.

Even at that first conversation, he was not at all loathe to tell me of his exploits on the firing line, and, despite his vanity, I could not but feel that he was brave. They *are* brave, those Prussian officers; war is their life work and they are trained for it, and have proven their courage — such as it is, for I know that it isn't the highest moral quality, but rather mental and physical — so do not let my description lead you to believe that winning from them will be any easy matter. The impression was always left in my mind, after talking with one of them, that he honestly and firmly believed himself the equal of any two soldiers of other nationality!

When tea was over he asked permission to accompany me home, chaperoned by Mrs. Miller, of course, for, like all Germans, he was wonderfully careful about superficial conventions. Obeying an irresistible impulse I told him that I certainly wouldn't allow him to do so, unless he took off that bracelet, and removed that silly piece of glass from his eye. With a condescending laugh he actually obeyed, and, as we walked together, I had the honor, if honor it was, to be the recipient of many deferential bows.

I asked Mr. Miller a good deal about these officers at one time or another, and he commented forcefully upon their capacity for drink and with reluctance upon their looseness of moral standards; but I learned something of this from other sources, as I will tell you hereafter.

Then there was another official class, the acquaintance of which I was later to make personally and most intimately — the abominable police, overbearing creatures with their stiff, upturned mustaches so outwardly descriptive of their mental attitude, and their arrogant air of authority.

They well represent the strong arm of the government over the civil population; their power is absolute, and their exercise of it despotic and abusive; that is to say, unless you happen to stand in their good graces, in which case their consideration is almost servile. Mr. Miller had learned that lesson years before, he said, and his friendship with the local officials was to prove a material help for me in the dark days that were to come.

## CHAPTER XI

### PROPAGANDA AND PSYCHOLOGY

So much for the "warp and woof" of my life during those thirteen months; but, in certain kinds of fabric, there is another element which fills up the tissue, and it is called "shoddy." It may look very nice until it begins to wear off, then its true quality becomes apparent. There is, it seems to me, in looking backward, something of that nature in the German life, and it is so material a part of it that I cannot go on without speaking of it.

If, by a great stretch of your imagination, you can conceive of such a set of conditions — internal, external and official, — as I have written about, being suddenly thrust on the people of any big American city, how long would it be, do you think, before they would bestir themselves to throw them off? We can endure all that the Germans have been enduring, and more, if it is necessary in order to protect our freedom and extend its blessings, but can you imagine our doing it for the benefit of a comparatively small class of autocratic *Junkers*? I can't.

Yet that is what the people of Germany have really been doing.

War-weary enough, frequently the prey to bitterness against their masters, I found them to be; but, nevertheless, united in a grim determination to "carry on" for years longer, if need be. Why? Because impossible, as it seems, they *do* believe in their government, and the justice of their cause. At least, I *know* that that was so in nineteen seventeen, and, from what I learned of their habits of mind during my stay with them, I firmly believe that it is with a no less united and desperately determined people that we are at war now.

I mean to tell a story, rather than draw conclusions; but, if I were to recount every little incident that I saw, and repeated every little sentence which I heard bearing on the German psychology, it would fill volumes, so I must summarize, and I ask you to regard this chapter merely as my own conception of what the German mind is, and *why* it is so.

I am quite sure that the people there are learning the lesson of democracy in the hard school of experience; but they are learning it, oh, so slowly, because there is so much to be unlearned first.

Some have already graduated, and joined the beautiful fellowship of freedom, and, even though they may be poor and ignorant, like Anna and Greta, they are wiser, I think, than the most *kultured* doctors, whose minds are unquestionably trained as are few others in all the world. With some of them, too, the pendulum has swung



to the other extreme; there are bitter socialists in Berlin, who long to overthrow the power which lies like a blight over their land. And I am quite sure that they have secret organizations, for Anna and Greta hinted at them; but their power is at the most merely potential now. Moreover, they are kept under control by a queer combination of force and diplomacy. Mr. Miller often spoke of this. He told me that, whenever one of their number displayed symptoms of becoming too strong as a leader, he was very quietly and effectively removed from his sphere of influence, and that, when the masses began to clamor for bread, and to talk of revolution, the government made haste to release a sufficient quantity of food from its reserve store to produce temporary satisfaction. "It is cheaper and more certain than machine guns," he said.

But this class, and the laboring one, are at present in a hopeless and helpless minority, the socialists feared and closely watched, and the others bullied or cajoled as it best suits the powers-that-be. So their influence is, as yet, like a very small amount of leaven in a huge mass of dough, undoubtedly working — but slowly.

And it is with the dough, the great middle class, now easily moulded by the *Junker* and military cliques, that we are chiefly concerned, for if help is to come from within, it must be found there. And of that class certain things were unquestionably true in the spring of nineteen seventeen.

They were equally true when I left in November, after we had been in the war for eight months, and I cannot help believing that they will remain so — conditions outside being unchanged — for a long, long time to come. I hope that I am wrong.

Drawing my conclusions from what I actually saw and heard, I feel that they believe implicitly in their government, their *Kultur*, their cause and the superiority of their nation over all the other nations of the earth; believe it foolishly, to be sure, but honestly. The belief is bred into their blood and bone. It is the outgrowth of racial traditions, education and perpetual propaganda; it is inculcated into them through every stage of their lives, from the cradle to the grave. They read it in their nursery rhymes — I wish that I had one of those children's books of blood and thunder tales to quote from — their school books, novels, magazines and daily papers; they talk it, act it, live it.

To me, it seems as useless to think that the people of Germany will voluntarily give up a state of mind which is an integral part of themselves as it would be to think that we Americans would abandon our free democracy and accept the yoke of absolute autocracy. Appealing messages, addressed to them and dropped from airplanes, *may* help, but I doubt it. Besides, such things are two-edged swords and, as I saw myself and will describe to you, may be made to cut both ways.

I do not mean that a revolution against those



UNTER DEN LINDEN, BERLIN'S FAMOUS AVENUE





who have placed the burden of war upon the people will not come. I believe that it will, as surely as tomorrow's sun, but *only after the war is ended*. More than once I have heard the servants, yes, and others, say that the millions of returning soldiers will see to it that the government which has forced them to endure what they have endured, can never do it again. But even that would not make the world "SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY," unless, hand in hand with the political revolution goes a still greater *moral* revolution, which will completely alter the point of view of the whole German people. And this must necessarily be a long time coming unless something occurs to shock them suddenly from their self-complacency, produces a change in their very natures, and opens their eyes to the fact, so obvious to us, that they have been following gods as false as Baal.

What, then, can do this, and rid them at the same time of their false rulers and their deep-seated obsession? Nothing else, I believe, than a crushing and complete defeat of the Prussian military power.

Now the people are fed full on the statement that Germany is the nation chosen by *Gott* to rule the world, and that its arms are invincible. But, once we can show them that their leaders have lied; that their military idols have clay feet; that what they believed supreme and unconquerable can be shattered to dust; the scales will fall

from their eyes. Then they will arise, and build anew on the ashes of their old selves. But I am sure that, unless something of that sort happens, the change will be desperately slow, and that, so long as the central powers are victorious, or their rulers can make them appear to be so by hiding the truth, we will have to face a united, desperate nation, that will continue to fight as it has fought, and think as it has thought.

That is the feeling that I have, after living for more than a year almost as one of them; now let me see if I can give the reasons for my feeling.

□ Try to put yourself mentally in the place of that people. It is not easy, I know, for we have been bred to an attitude so utterly different, yet I must admit that, for my own part, there was a time — before America broke off diplomatic relations and brought my thoughts up with a jolt — when I was drifting into the same state of mind. Was it so strange? I left home with an almost open mind as to the international situation, for I had given almost no thought to it, and in Berlin I got but one side of the story and that highly colored, just, in fact, as it was served to the German people. Now, in looking back, I can see how insidious a poison I was swallowing, for Prussian propaganda is nothing else. You know something of its workings even in this country, and there the people breathe it in with the very air, day after day, year after year. There never was anything like it on earth, and the practice

has been made such a science, and has worked such apparent miracles, that it is not strange that the powers which spread it broadcast believe it infallible.

Every one knows that the living generations of Germans have seen themselves grow amazingly from a small, second-class country to one, in education, commerce and military power, in the forefront of nations. And you may be sure that the people are never for an instant allowed to forget this, or that it has occurred under the rule of the Hohenzollerns and the *Junkers*. It is therefore not difficult for the latter to convince the people that their form of government and philosophy *must* be the true and acceptable one. And they *are* convincing them all the time, in books, magazines and daily papers. How hard it is to combat this argument I found out for myself, one evening, when Lieutenant von Lüben used it in telling me of the glories of his country and ended by saying, triumphantly, "How can you doubt it? Is it not to Germany that every one comes who wants to obtain the finest possible education in any line? *You* came here to study music, didn't you?" I had.

If we take this as a premise it is not so hard to understand why they are so willing to accept and believe implicitly the statements of those in authority whom they have been taught to regard as supermen.

If their Kaiser said, as he did from the balcony

of his palace — Mr. Miller heard him — that the war was forced on Germany, who only entered the conflict to protect herself from invasion, first by Russia and later by her jealous rival, France, the people naturally accepted the statement as true. While I was there they still believed it, and repeated the statement to me many times and in many forms, and, when doubts began to creep into their minds because the rulers said, “We will keep what we have won,” they were silenced by the glowing statement that Germany would emerge victorious, with its borders vastly widened; the supreme nation of the world. Such statements were in the press continually, yet, at the same time, the authorities managed to keep alive the thought that the Fatherland was fighting for its very existence and would be wiped out if it did not keep on.

If the people were told, as they were repeatedly through the same medium, that the occasional reports which crept in, through foreign papers, concerning atrocities committed against the enemy were all foul lies and merely propaganda spread by France and England to arouse the world against them, they believed this, too.

If they read about the use of poison gas and liquid fire, the bombing of cities with the killing of helpless women and children, and the sinking of neutral ships with neutral passengers aboard, they would shrug their shoulders and say, “War is war, and all these things were forced on us by



other nations." Such things are not so horrible in their eyes as in ours, anyway, for their hands have been bred to war, and their fingers to fight; it is the national ideal.

There is a liberal newspaper, or two, and they sometimes went so far in attacking the government that Mr. Miller would whistle his surprise over the articles; but their accusations were not believed or regarded by the blind masses who had their doctrines all prepared and handed out daily in generous doses through the *Junker*-controlled press. And, speaking of the press, I was one night astonished to have Herr Kommerzienrat Bachmann assail me with:

"You Americans talk about having a free press. What a joke! I have been reading some quotations from one of your newspaper today and it is all lying propaganda sent over by England. Besides, I see that the papers themselves are complaining because the news is all censored. Of course it is — to suit those in authority. *We* print the truth."

Can you imagine it? Yet he believed it absolutely, and I didn't know how to answer him — then.

So much for generalizations. Now for a few specific instances of "the truth," as it reaches the German people through their "free press," and other mediums of spreading propaganda. Every one of them was faithfully recounted to me, just why I did not guess until I was about to

leave the country, when many people, from a high diplomat down to girl friends, told me that they hoped I would tell America *the truth* about them.

Of course war was forced upon Germany, they said. They declared that it is a matter of history that the government mobilized only *after* Russia had invaded their territory with fire and sword, killing and torturing defenceless women and children. The first part *may* be historical; but it is the latter which counts, and how cleverly the rulers inflamed the people by spreading the report of atrocities by the Russians, was shown me by the story told me by a young girl whom I met through my Russian friend at the Conservatory, Zara Shenski.

Her name was Bertha Gottlieb, and her grandfather was a Russian, although her mother was born in Berlin and had married a German. Both women looked typically Russian, being stately and dark, with flashing black eyes.

"We were walking through one of the main streets one day, after war had broken out, and the report of the invasion and massacre had been spread," she told me, "when a number of *little children* came running up, screaming, 'There go two of the murderers, now.' It wasn't a minute before a big mob had gathered about us, who mauled and insulted us, pulled our hair and tore our clothing. We were frightened to death, and did our best to tell them that we were Germans, and that father was in the German army.

“ At last some policemen came up and rescued us, or I believe that we would have been killed. They hurried us into the station house, where we sobbed out our story to the official in charge, and what do you suppose he did? He thundered out, ‘ You say you are Germans? You *lie!*’ And again he said, ‘ You lie!’ when I insisted that it was so, and that father was a soldier. I didn’t know what was going to happen; but luckily father was in the city and they summoned him. Then they let us go, secretly hustling us through a back way, and home in a police wagon. And they ordered us not to go on the streets again without our papers.”

And she showed me her *Ausweis*.

That is a sample of how firmly every one in Berlin believed what was told them.

I wish now that I had tried to learn more; but I was only a young girl and a stranger, and my friends constantly told me never to talk war. Even so, it was impossible for me not to argue with them sometimes, they were so horribly opinionated, and my soldier acquaintances were only too glad to tell me about Germany’s side of the conflict. I remember once saying to Hauptmann Bachmann that, of course, Germany got ahead at the start, for she was prepared.

“ Prepared? Of course we were; our very existence demanded it,” he answered. “ Don’t you realize that Germany is a nation almost wholly surrounded by hostile countries, which have seen our power and our commerce grow,

with ever increasing bitter jealousy, and have for years been waiting like wolves, for an excuse to spring and devour us? ”

Others used the same argument to me, and most of them with an execration of England, the land where jealousy of Germany was the keenest, they said. “*Gott strafe England*” I found to be as much a part of their creed as “*Deutschland uber Alles.*”

Strangely enough, I found the general feeling towards France to be rather that of contempt and supercilious pity than hatred. Apparently they thought only of their easy triumph in 1870, for I once heard Evelyn's husband, who had imbibed something of the spirit of his American wife and was broader minded than most, say that Germany would never have molested France, and would have been glad to have helped her, if the French government had not for years been instilling hatred of Germany into its people. The crime of 1870 is not a crime, but a glorious achievement, in the eyes of the German people. It seemed strange to me, too, that even the transcendent bravery of the French at the Marne and Verdun had not altered that opinion; but, from what I saw of the way other German reverses were minimized, I suppose the truth was not allowed to reach the people. They certainly still insisted that France would have been an easy victim, again, if it had not been for England's treachery, and *America's unneutral aid.*



At first, the everlasting reiteration of this charge distressed me greatly; but, later I was to glory in it, and I know that, whatever may have been our motives in supplying our present allies with food, munitions and money at the start, we can have the satisfaction of realizing, when the war is over, that Germany will always regard *us* as the nation which defeated her!

They all said the same, Lieutenant von Lüben, Herr and Hauptmann Bachmann, Evelyn's husband, my student friend, Paulina, and a host of others, some of whom I shall have occasion to introduce specifically.

"But for the aid and comfort which you Americans supplied to the allies, Germany would have won within a year."

They all had the same reply to the charges made by all the *civilized* world against Prussia, and I can hope merely to summarize their answers here.

"Belgium? It was a military necessity to strike at France through her, for France was mobilizing, and necessity excuses anything. Moreover, we offered her a liberal guarantee of safety and indemnity. If she failed to accept it, the more fool she was. The idea of an insignificant little country opposing her will against *ours!*"

"The atrocities reported to have been committed against her people? Nonsense! Nothing of the kind happened, and, on the contrary"—as Lieutenant von Lüben once told me, when he saw that I was still skeptical "the Belgian women

poisoned the wells, and even the young boys shot at our troops from the houses. Of course we had to put a stop to *that* with an iron hand, and our superior officers were wholly right in executing the offenders. It taught them a salutary lesson. The stories that you in America hear of German cruelties are foul lies, all of them, Fraulein."

"The 'Lusitania'? She was armed and carried ammunition: we have proof of it," they would cry. "Don't you see that we had a perfect right to sink her? Besides, we did *more* than the law required. We warned Americans to keep off her."

So of all sinkings. Fair and timely warning was always given, they insisted, unless the victim attacked the U-boat, when it became a naval battle.

Early in my stay, in December, I think, I myself witnessed a typical propaganda motion picture, which showed me one way in which the people were taught to believe the truth of such statements. It was the sinking of seven sailing vessels by a submarine, and was taken on board the U-boat herself. In looking back at it I see clearly why it was taken and displayed.

First was shown the captain, in all his glory, examining a sailing list, and then a "close up" of the book, with a finger pointing at the names of the seven ships, their tonnage, cargoes, and place and time of sailing — German efficiency! Then we came to the surface, and there were the victims, all ready for the slaughter. A signal was

raised, and a warning gun fired *into the air*, but they turned to flee, and the U-boat pursued. At last they were overhauled, whereupon we saw the captain go over the side and get their ships' papers, saw the crews embark in their small boats, and, after plenty of time had been given, the submarine's gun sent the ships to the bottom with shell fire. It was all very proper, and aroused great enthusiasm!

"The sinking of hospital ships? More nonsense! Germans are not barbarians, and if any have been sunk, it was only after we had learned that they really carried troops and the Red Cross was merely an ignoble camouflage."

"Liquid fire and poisonous gas? Yes, they are horrible; but 'war is war,' and the most ingenious side should profit by its ingenuity. Besides, we did not use them until forced to as a last resort at the Marne. Why, our Kaiser had them months before, and refrained from employing them."

Think of it, they actually praised themselves for their self-restraint in not earlier resorting to these horrors!

"The unrestricted U-boat warfare? We had to win or be destroyed, and it is our all-powerful weapon against England's illegal blockade, with which she would starve us."

So it went on and on. There was a logical answer to, or explanation of, everything; logical to them, that is, although I could not always see the point.

Propaganda did not stop with explaining their acts of aggression. Their failures were never allowed to appear as such to the people, and you may be quite sure that they are not allowed so to appear now. We wonder how the Germans can stand a disaster like that which seems to be facing them in the Rheims sector as I write this; but I can assure you that they are not allowed to realize that it *is* a disaster. Every victory, while I was there, and there were many, was magnified and brought thousands of red, white and black flags floating from the staffs of the city; and every reversal was minimized.

“The initial drive on Paris failed? Yes,” they would say; “but it would not have failed except for a tactical error by the Crown Prince, who did not follow the original plan and changed his route. It was not a defeat for German arms.”

“Verdun? Merely a check, and we accomplished our minimum objective there.”

All that I have told you has necessarily been brief and sketchy, for, as I have said, I was not a deep student of psychology, and am here merely recording actual statements and my impressions, but perhaps it will give you a clearer idea than before of what the German mind is, and why. From our angle it seems almost incredible that they should have accepted all such statements with blind confidence; from their's, no other point of view is conceivable.

I found them and left them, suffering; but their



thoughts were one, and that one their rulers'. They were determined to prove to the jealous world that they were right, no matter how long, or how much, it took.

They were then suffering so much that I do not see how it can be much worse now; the loss of life had already become so appalling that they had come to accept it as ordained and inevitable. Mere boys and middle-aged men were daily being called into service, yet they repeatedly expressed their belief that their man-power was, if not inexhaustible, at least good for many years to come.

Not that there are not thousands and thousands in Germany who are longing for peace and beginning to say, "What *are* we fighting for? Peace is further off than ever; the end is nowhere in sight"; but, with a few exceptions, such as Anna and Greta, I found none who did not declare that they would fight on, for the sake of the Fatherland. For the Fatherland? They are fighting because they are told that they must. Their rulers do not dare to stop, short of the promised victorious peace, for, if they do, and thereby fail in that promise, they will be discredited and undone. They know it.

That was the spirit of the people, among whom my lot was cast, and with whom the threads of my life were interwoven, during the year of nineteen seventeen — the spirit of the people with whom we are now at war. Whether or not I have succeeded in making you understand how it is

possible that the autocracy, and self-deluded people, believe, think and act as they do, I do not know; but I have done my best to give you the whole setting, so that you might read what is to follow with the fullest possible understanding of my life. It was within the heart of that country, and among that people, both so different from my own, that my home was established in the winter of nineteen sixteen, and, by the beginning of the fateful year which followed I had drifted into the city's life and become somewhat accustomed to it.

## CHAPTER XII

### RUMORS AND RUMBLINGS

BEFORE I pick up the thread of my personal narrative again, I want to remind you once more that, because of the influences which I have described in the last few pages, and which were at work on me from the moment that I reached Berlin, I was to see the events of the vital days that were to come through glasses "Made in Germany." By this I do not mean that I ever became pro-German; but put yourself in my place, and perhaps you will understand a little of my situation, and my bewilderment as to the cause of what was brewing in my own country. I had not the slightest inkling of what you were daily learning and thinking here. I had left America when relations between my country and Germany were — officially at least — merely a little strained, and thereafter I heard only one side of the story, and that was hers. I know now how false it was.

December and January passed quietly and would have passed pleasantly, because I enjoyed my work, and my circle of acquaintances was rapidly spreading, if I had not been so homesick much of the time, and so constantly wrought up by the bitter statements about America, state-

ments which I dared not refute, for I realized that I was practically a stranger in the heart of Prussia, and that the people were in no mood to brook opposition.

My heartaches were increased by the fact that I was almost wholly cut off from my dear ones at home. Letters from them arrived only at long intervals, and, although they brought me the keenest happiness, they were almost wholly devoted to family matters, and gave me no hint of how affairs of an international matter were going here. Still more rarely I received a Boston paper but, when the post brought one, I would sit down and read almost every line, advertisements and all, only to arise from my perusal wondering what really underlay the front page stories of gathering war clouds, for they came so seldom that I could not follow the developments whose daily chronicling was opening *your* eyes to the truth about Germany's methods and aims.

Nor did the journals which Cousin Jack frequently sent us from Holland help any, for they merely reflected the German point of view.

During the weeks which followed my first unpleasant discovery that my country was hated for supplying munitions to the Allies, I learned that *I* was not blamed for it, nor my compatriots in general. The hatred was then directed only against the Government which they said permitted it, and the wealthy Wall Streeters who were profiting by it at the expense of a friendly people.



“ Don't you see? ” said Paulina one afternoon, after she had been trying, with little success, I'm afraid, to make me understand her feeling. “ We haven't any quarrel with the *people* of America, and they haven't any with us.”

And that night, when Herr Bachmann ran in to spend an hour with Mr. Miller, as he frequently did, he voiced the same thought in the words, “ Wilson may bluster about the ‘ freedom of the seas ’ and ‘ international law ’ as much as he likes; but we can trust America to realize that what we have done, we have done because it was forced upon us by the sternest necessity.”

Almost they did persuade me, in the end, and, despite the cold from which I shivered constantly, and the lack of proper food which caused me to begin to become anæmic, I would have been quite contented, except for my periodic spells of homesickness, for the Millers early became very, very dear to me, and our home life was perfect.

It was during the second week in January I think, that there occurred an event which marked the summit and turning point of my contentment, not that it brought contentment to me, itself, but it cast a rosy glow over the international situation which meant so much to me. One evening Mr. Miller came home with the news that he had received an invitation to attend the big state banquet which was to be given, at the Hotel Adlon, to Ambassador Gerard in honor of his return from America. On his account I was very happy and

excited; but there was a dash of envy in my feelings, for I knew that he would meet many American men, and my heart ached to do the same. When the great evening came I almost cried to see him getting ready to go without me, and as I fussed around him, like a real American girl, seeing that every item of his apparel was adjusted properly, I made him promise to tell me every single thing that happened, on his return.

Mrs. Miller went to bed as midnight drew near, but I could not. Nor did I allow her husband to, when he arrived, until he had sat down and described the whole splendid affair, named over all the Americans and most of the German diplomats present, told me about the beautiful decorations, the intertwined German and American flags, the lights and music, bubbling wine and bubbling laughter, and finally the felicitous speeches.

"Why," he ended, tired but as enthusiastic as I, "Ambassador Gerard said that relations between the two countries had never been more cordial than they are now — and they took a flashlight picture, and I was standing almost exactly behind him."

As I undressed that night I smiled sleepily, but happily, at my own Old Glory, for the clouds seemed truly to be lifting. And my happiness was increased the next day when I saw the story of the banquet — and the picture — printed large in the papers.

The rosy light which this event spread over my

horizon soon faded, however, for it was not many days after that Mr. Miller came in with the disquieting news that there was an untraceable rumor abroad, said to have originated at our own embassy, that Americans had better get out of Germany at once, or they might not have a chance to do so.

Mr. Weil came in that evening, for it had reached his ears, too, and we talked it over; but, although both men dismissed the rumor as preposterous, my troubled uncertainty was built anew upon it. It was not that I feared, or had any idea of what was actually so imminent, but I did not like to think that my country and the one where I was living were at odds, and the darkening clouds on the far western horizon depressed me.

I do not want to give you the idea that my days, at this time or thereafter, were spent in thinking about international politics, or war, and that I went about weighed down with fears. Such was far from the case. There was the shadow of something, perhaps presentiment, perhaps merely a reflection of the general tension, always on my heart; but, aside from that, and the ever present physical discomforts, I was really happy in my work; my friends — for I was with Olga and others of the girls constantly, and the recipient of increasing attention and favors from Lieutenant von Lüben, who was then proving himself to be a highly entertaining gentleman — and especially in my new family. My host and hostess had long

since become "Uncle Joe" and "Aunt Marguerite," by adoption; they did everything in the world to make and keep me happy; and I loved them dearly.

So the days ran on, with no untoward incident, until the morning of the first of February. I glanced at the paper, the *Berliner Tageblatt*, and read in heavy display type that Admiral von Tirpitz had announced an unrestricted submarine campaign. Its true significance did not strike me until I saw that Mr. Miller's face was very grave, and he was shaking his head over *his* paper.

"Tch, tch, this is bad," he said, as though speaking to himself, and, when I asked him what he meant, he added, "Our President has warned Germany that America won't stand for this sort of thing. I'm afraid that they're pushing him too far, and that there is trouble ahead."

Then I remembered what had been in the papers at home at the time that the "Sussex" was sunk, and my thoughts grew grave, too. I went to my lessons, and was shocked to find that the city was wild with delight over the news which depressed me so. On the streets all the flags were out, and in the electric cars I saw smiling faces everywhere, and heard the news tossed from lip to lip with eager comments. They were all summed up in the greeting which Paulina, the patriotic, gave me when we met at the *Konservatorium*, "Oh, I'm so happy. Isn't it wonderful?"

"Wonderful?" I asked.



“ Yes, the end is in sight. The government promises us that the war will be all over by April. Our last, our greatest weapon will not fail. England ”— she spoke the name like a curse — “ will be starved out, as she has tried to starve *us*. She will be beaten to her knees, for, of course, no neutral country will risk its ships to help her now. And, with England beaten, the Allies will fall like a house of cards.”

“ Do you really think that America will quit sending ships? ” I asked in surprise, for I had not thought of that possibility, and, in a way, it cheered me, for I did not realize the significance of what was happening.

“ Of course, ” she replied, confidently. And she spoke the thought of nearly the whole nation. I heard it again and again. It was the same old German story. The prospect of the use of a new, ruthless weapon would frighten everybody to death! Has there ever been anything stranger in the history of thinking man than this Prussian belief that other nations will back down before a growl, and a showing of teeth?

For days the word “ U-boat ” was on every one’s lips, and its deadly power extolled to the skies. Over and over, as I met my various friends and acquaintances, I was besieged with questions as to what America had thought of the “ Deutschland’s ” feat, and of course I had to tell them that we had regarded it as a marvelous achievement. Thereupon they would laugh, and cry triumph-

antly, " Yes, yes, and we have hundreds, far more powerful than she was, ready to send England's commerce to the bottom without mercy. Why should we show it to them? Have they shown us any? No, they have tried to starve us for three years, but they couldn't. It is tit for tat, and we have waited long and patiently before using this greatest weapon which we possess."

There were many gatherings at our house, for the Millers loved to have company, and I often heard the men discuss the prospect, and its possible effect on America; but, although " Uncle Joe " in his diplomatic way tried to persuade them that there might be breakers ahead, the others nearly always laughed at him and dismissed the subject with some such words as these:

" The United States? Oh, the President will probably write us some more lovely notes; but that is all there'll be to it. The American people don't want war, and he won't fight anyway. He thinks that he is the original Peace God. Why, didn't he get re-elected by keeping the country out of war? Of course, he did."

I would sit quietly by; but inside I was often torn by feelings in which a desire to cry with mortification, and to tell our guests angrily just what I thought of them, joined. This idea of Wilson as a " Peace God " was a popular one in Berlin, and Lieutenant von Lüben used to take great delight in bringing me copies of the humorous weeklies, the *Ulk* and *Jugend*, and show me

caricatures of him wearing a beatific smile, wings and a tin halo. I am afraid that I generally gave him the satisfaction of seeing me flare up angrily.

It was a distressing time for me, for, as much as I wanted to see my country remain neutral, I could not bear to hear the implication of cowardice applied to her. At the same time I didn't understand just why we *should* fight, and neither I, nor any of them, had the slightest conception of the fact that the sentiment of the American people had been changing and growing in force like a mighty river which was carrying the President along with it.

Of course, no Germans with their ideals of what constituted a nation, could understand it, and Herr Kommerzienrat Bachmann once voiced the general opinion to me by saying, "Yours a democratic nation? Bah. Wilson has more power this minute than our Kaiser, and he has Congress under his thumb. He won't fight, I tell you, and your country wouldn't, even if she had the power. Why should she? Aren't the people getting fabulously rich, selling munitions to our enemies, and stealing the world's commerce?"

"Keep quiet, Josephine," whispered Mr. Miller as I started to say something, I don't know just what, in answer.

Of course, there were those who did not wholly share this general optimism and Evelyn's husband, who had been sick and was at home, often agreed with his father-in-law that, if the

President stuck to his announced position regarding the U-boat warfare, it would mean a diplomatic breach; but that is as far as he would go, and Mr. Miller was inclined to agree with him.

“Supposing that *does* happen,” I have heard him argue, “our loss will be infinitesimal compared with the certain gain, for America can’t hurt us much more than, I am sorry to say, she has already. She would not be so foolish as to send troops more than three thousand miles to take part in a struggle where nothing more than an ideal is involved.”

“My” lieutenant, as the family had begun laughingly to call von Lüben, to my wrath, was present that evening, and added, smiling cynically, “What if she does? We’re not worrying. America is a nation of peace-worshipping shopkeepers — begging your pardon, Fraulein — with a pitiful little army which couldn’t even whip Mexico. Besides, our U-boats will see to it that the sending of food and ammunition to England is stopped in a hurry, and before the States could act, even assuming that they wanted to, it will be all over.”

Even though he was apparently striving for my favor, he could not help talking like that in my presence; he was a German.

So the possibility of war was discussed enough to keep me stirred up; but, even so, I did not really consider it seriously, the wish being father of the thought with me, and of course what I, a



young girl, heard was not in any way commensurate with what a man would have.

Certainly, I never heard any one mention the fact that Germany had five hundred thousand reservists in America, who would rise overnight if we made a warlike move, as, we are told, was said to Ambassador Gerard, so I did not have this thought to worry over. Indeed I once heard Herr Bachmann say, in another connection, that the German's who emigrated to the States were a poor lot, who couldn't earn a living at home.

Again, my life resumed its normal course, after the first few worried days, and the people, too, got over their initial excitement, which the announcement caused, and, having fed full upon the promise tossed them by the government, tightened their collective belt once more, and cheerfully awaited the promised end.

So passed the first bleak days of February. I was only too glad to accept the general statement that America had no cause for war, and wouldn't enter it. There was nothing to contradict it in my mind, for we heard next to nothing about what was going on at the American Embassy.

Occasionally, to be sure, a remark would be made in my presence to the effect that Ambassador Gerard was not a diplomat at all, he talked too much; or that he was a spy for Wilson; or that he was giving American passports to all sorts of people of other nationalities. Paulina told me of this last rumor, with a show of great indignation,

and it was she who also told me that our "shirt-sleeve" diplomacy was a standing joke in Berlin.

"Why," she said, "you Americans haven't the slightest idea of propriety. When your *Herr* Roosevelt was over here, and the honored guest of the Kaiser himself, what do you suppose he did? He attended a big afternoon reception, given at the palace in his honor, dressed in an *ordinary business suit*. Can you imagine such a thing?"

I could, being one of a democratic nation where ribbons, laces and tinkling decorations *on men* were regarded with scorn, but I knew that there was no use in arguing with her.

There was not any excitement manifested by the people of Berlin except when the bulletins and papers would flare out with the report of a striking U-boat success, and war was not talked much, it had become too much a part of their daily existence for that. Still, I daily heard such reference made to what was going on as, "I see that Bethmann-Hollweg has gone to Amsterdam. What is the government thinking of, to allow the papers to publish so much news of benefit to the enemy. It must be crazy. The press has altogether too much freedom."

Or perhaps the statement that von Hindenburg had made such-and-such a proposal. "Hindenburg," Lieutenant von Lüben would say, with a slight smile. "Oh, he's only a mouthpiece. Take my word for it, Ludendorf is the real power that is carrying on this war. *He* pulls the strings."

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Or this, "I am told that an English prisoner has said that they can't rely upon the shells made in America, they are practically worthless. That shows you how much your country really cares about the Allies winning the war, Fraulein."

Mr. Miller began to grow more and more grave as each successive sinking of a neutral ship was reported, and more than once I heard him say, "This U-boat business is certainly a tactical error by Germany. We can be pushed too far." Still, I did not worry, except spasmodically. You see, I did not know what was going on behind the screen that was set up by the Junker-controlled press, and which made everything appear beautifully rosy.

## CHAPTER XIII

### THE BOLT FALLS

It was on Sunday morning, the third of February, I think, that I came into the dining-room a little late, to find Mr. and Mrs. Miller looking very white and troubled.

"What . . .," I began.

"Great God, it has happened! Look, Josephine," said the former.

He handed me the morning paper and the heavy typed words, "AMERICA SEVERES DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS. GERARD DEMANDS HIS PASSPORTS," seemed to spring up to meet my eyes. I sat down, suddenly very weak about the knees, and I felt that my face was white, too.

"Poor Josephine," murmured Mrs. Miller, her first thought for me so far away from home. The same thought was in my own mind, one of a turmoil of thoughts that would not be quieted. Why? What lay behind it, the meaning of which I could not grasp? Would it mean WAR? Would I — would all of us, perhaps, — be interned as the Englishmen had been? What *would* happen to me? What were my family at home thinking?



The news came as such a shock that we could not bring our minds to credit it. We could not talk about it, and the meal was eaten in sorrowful silence. As soon as it was ended I slipped away to my own room and, for many minutes, stood before my Stars and Stripes,<sup>b</sup> trembling a little. For an instant, but an instant only, I wondered if I had better take it down. Immediately came the strengthening thought that *now* there was more reason than ever for showing my colors proudly.

When I, at last, rejoined the others our tongues were loosened, and all morning we talked of the fateful news and nothing else, for Mr. Miller remained at home, partly, I think, in an endeavor to cheer me up.

"Don't worry, little Josephine," he said, holding my hand. "If war follows, it will, at the most be a diplomatic one. Our country isn't prepared to fight. Why, where would *she* get an army?"

"But why, *why* have they done it?" I would wail; but my question went unanswered.

My misery was not, by any means, wholly on my own account. All too well I had learned what war really meant from Olga and my other friends, who had loved ones in the midst of its horrors, and, not then realizing the necessity of America's entering the bloody conflict, I could not reconcile myself to the thought of *our* men and women enduring the same horrors. I pictured my own friends at home being sent across to France, per-

haps to their death, and my heart rang out in protest, "No, no. It must not be."

That morning was the bluest in my life up to that time.

Mr. Weil had, the night before, invited me to attend a pianoforte recital at the home of another mutual acquaintance that afternoon; but, as the time for it approached, I found that all my pleasurable anticipation had dwindled to nothing and, when I spoke of the engagement to Mrs. Miller, she protested:

"Don't think of going out of the house today, on any conditions, Josephine. I don't know *what* would happen."

Downhearted from the realization that I was in the midst of enemies who had been my friends, miserable and utterly homesick, I was only too ready to follow her advice, and, after a dismal dinner, changed my street costume for a house dress and sat down to read. It was a hopeless undertaking. All that I could see across the printed pages were the words, "AMERICA BREAKS DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS," and pictures of our boys, my personal friends, enduring at the front. There was no thrill in those mind pictures that day.

I was "jumpy," too, and was startled by the ringing of the door bell which announced the arrival of Mr. Weil. He had a goodly fund of Yankee cheerfulness, and the ability to jest under all circumstances, and, when he came in, he called

out, heartily, "Well, it looks as though we were in for it now," but quickly added, on catching sight of me, "For heaven's sake, what is the matter with you, Miss Josephine? You look like a ghost!"

"I feel like one," was my reply. "I've had an awful day, and of course I'm not going to the concert."

"Nonsense, come along; it will do you good. There's nothing to be frightened about. We've still got an American Embassy here."

Somehow the thought that we were still under its nominal protection did not comfort me much, for I remembered the German theory of "expediency making right"; but, at that instant, Mr. Miller came into the room, and added his word of encouragement.

"Yes, go along, dear. Nothing will happen, if you are careful; but don't talk English. It is a critical day for us, and we will all do well to act circumspectly."

After many more arguments, and much pleading, I allowed myself to be persuaded, got dressed again and went out with Mr. Weil. We boarded a street car, and, somehow, it seemed to me that every eye was fastened on me alone, with a baleful, accusing glare. Moreover, to make matters worse, Mr. Weil breezily insisted upon talking in our native tongue until a darkly scowling German leaned over, and said in an angry whisper, "You fool, this is no day to talk English." For a few moments my escort was more cautious, but, when

we changed to the tunnel, he must have lapsed into our mother tongue again, unconsciously, for suddenly I heard a voice behind me saying in a ludicrously guttural accent, "I only vish dot I vas in der goot old Choonided Stades myself, today."

Coming, as it did, with such utter unexpectedness, it made me scream with laughter, and I very nearly had hysterics.

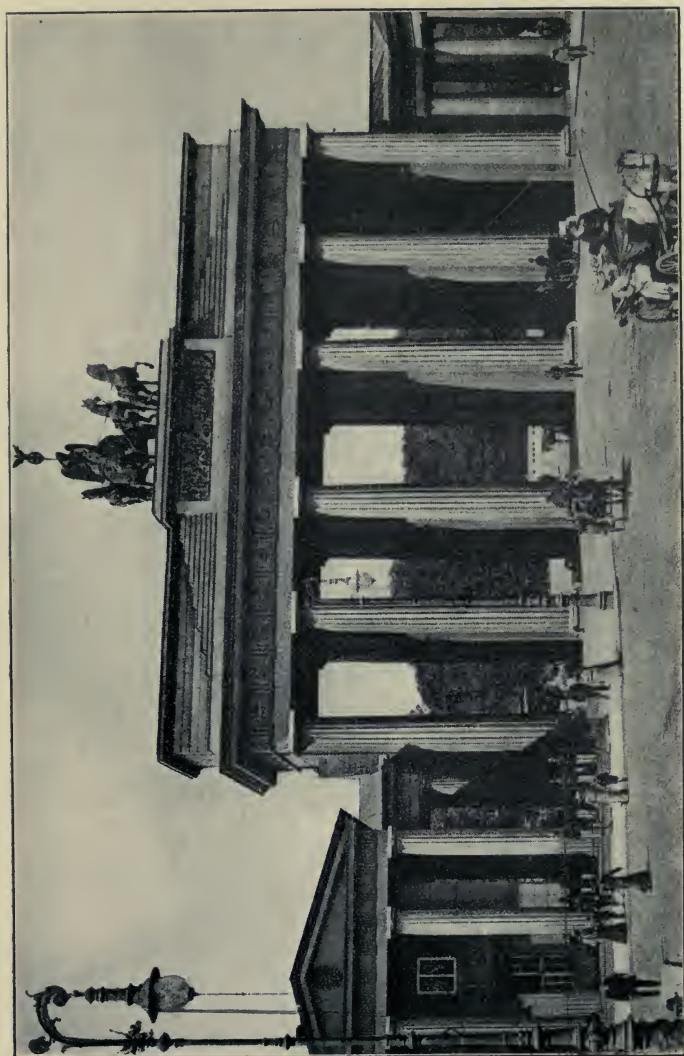
Both on the cars and in the streets I heard the crowds humming with comments on the news, with such expressions as, "Well, what do you think of *this*? That devil in angel's clothes, Wilson, has certainly played us a dirty trick. *Ach*, I expected nothing else. Didn't I say that Gerard was nothing but a spy?" And more than once my burning ears caught the words, "Oh, if that Wilson were only in the *Tiergarten* today. He wouldn't get from *Friedrich Strasse* to *Potsdamer Platz*," which is as much as to say from Thirty-Second to Thirty-Third Street in New York.

Excellent as it undoubtedly was, the afternoon's concert was not a thing of pure delight to me, especially as the usher insisted upon taking us to seats in the very front row. Every minute I could feel a hundred eyes burning into my back.

The coming home was no better, for again my escort kept lapsing into English, and, although we went unmolested, the people who heard him glared and growled ominously.

Days followed, yet, as they passed, my mental





THE BRANDENBURGER TORR, AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE TIERGARTEN



tension lessened and I began to cheer myself by believing the oft-repeated statement that, if war were actually to succeed the break, it would be merely a diplomatic one on America's part. The subject was constantly discussed, and, as much as I hoped that our boys would not have to be sacrificed, it frequently made my blood boil to hear them belittle the effect of America's possible participation in the conflict.

One evening, about a week after the break, there was an informal gathering at our apartment, the visitors including Evelyn and her husband, the Bachmanns, Herr Schmolz and Lieutenant von Lüben, whose visits were constantly becoming more frequent, despite all I could do and say — and, at times, I forgot that my rôle was diplomacy — to discourage him. We had music, for, although I would not sing, I took delight in setting their feet to tapping in unison with American ragtime, and later beer and sandwiches were served. During most of the evening all of us, with mutual unspoken assent, kept away from the subject of the strained relations between their country and mine. We stuck to the seemingly safe one of "food." But the thought uppermost in every mind had to find expression at length, and "food" paved the way.

It began mildly, with Herr Bachmann saying, "If it had not been for America the war would have been over, and you would not be apologizing for the sandwiches — which are very good, Frau

Miller. It's a shame the way that country has been misled, for, of course, it was forced into the present break by Wilson, acting under England's orders. We all know that he dances to the tune she plays. America doesn't want to fight."

"No," agreed Herr Schmolz, seriously nodding his head. "Still, if the United States does declare war, she will only be showing her true colors. America has injured us as much as she can already, by supplying our enemies."

"Well, two can play at that game," was the reply. "Just wait until this war is over, and see how quickly Japan turns around and attacks America, and *we* will furnish her the ammunition with which to do it. Then the States will wish that they had played fair with us, I guess."

Even in the American home where he was a guest he could not help speaking with a vindictiveness that made me writhe, yet I could say nothing.

"You needn't worry about there being any real war between us, *liebes Fraulein*," whispered the Herr Lieutenant in an aside, as he joined me on the couch. "Even if war should be declared — which I doubt — there won't be any fighting. How could there be? What could your pitifully small army of one hundred thousand men do in this conflict? Why, it is absurd to think of them pitted against our millions of veteran soldiers, admitted to be the finest troops in the world."

I did not admit it, and asked him with some heat if he had ever read of our Civil War, and the



desperate bravery of our men, both North and South.

"Oh, yes. Of course I know all about that," he responded. "But they were of another generation. The *men*" — he accented it meaningly — "of your country have since become soft and degenerate, through long-continued peace and easy living. No, dear Fraulein, we are not going to be really enemies. America won't fight, and, even if she wanted to, the war will be all over, and we shall have won it long before she could get together an army worthy of the name."

I half believed him, yet, at the same time, I felt like telling him that he was both ignorant and insolent. Perhaps he thinks differently now.

"I wish that I could be as sure of that as you seem to be," interrupted Evelyn's husband, who was in the difficult position of being married to an American — and an ardent one — and yet being himself a soldier of Prussia. "There is no getting away from the fact that most Americans are splendid athletes, and have a habit of going into things all over. I don't think that the two countries will ever come to blows, and I certainly hope not," he added with a wry smile. "But, if they do send an army across, it will mean——"

"It will mean that the U-boats will sink every single transport," broke in Bachmann, pounding his heavy fist on his knee. "England and France are about ready to give up now, anyway."

"But, if our submarines shouldn't stop them,"

said his wife with sudden pessimism, "this awful war will *never* end." "Will never end!" My brain repeated the words and I knew that Frau Kommerzienrat Bachmann was speaking the mind of German womanhood. They had become resigned to fighting on, and on, and on, but there was never in their hearts the feeling, "we shall be beaten."

Of course, during this time, I began to think of going home, and to think of it most seriously, when the papers printed the news that, within a few days, Ambassador Gerard would leave Germany for Switzerland with a large party of Americans. I was in a quandary and so torn between two desires that I scarcely slept from wondering what I ought to do. Some of my friends said, "Go, by all means." Others, among them the lieutenant and Olga, persuaded me that I would be perfectly safe if I stayed, each promising to take care of me, and saying that no harm would be meted out to Americans, anyway.

Mr. Miller took the same view, and, although, when I appealed to him for help in making my decision, as I did frequently, he told me that he would not *advise* me to stay; but that he felt no fear for his own safety, or for that of his family.

His optimistic attitude soothed my troubled forebodings; but it was stubbornness, I think, which cast the deciding vote in favor of remaining. I had come a long, long way for a set purpose, and I remembered, furthermore, that my year's

tuition at the school had been paid in advance, and that I had had only a few months of study. I determined to stay and get my money's worth, at least, from the enemy, if enemies they were to be.

Feeling quite like a heroine I told my friends of my determination, and had the pleasure of seeing that they were unfeignedly pleased. All that day I was very brave and cheerful. But the next the old homesickness and misery descended over my spirits again, like a dark cloud.

An errand carried me into the city and, as I was passing the central station, I saw a sullen, silent crowd gathered before it. From a line of automobiles and taxis were disembarking a considerable number of men, women and children, and my heart stopped suddenly and then seemed to leap painfully up in my throat. They were Americans all, the Ambassador's party, and they were leaving Berlin and leaving me there, all alone, it seemed to me. Friends were saying goodbye, and I stood and watched them with eyes that could scarcely see for unshed tears, until the last one had entered the station. My homesick heart went with them as I turned blindly away. Feeling like that, I could not go home, and, for a long time, I walked aimlessly through the broad and beautiful avenues, once coming to a shocked pause in front of what had been the American Embassy building. No familiar flag greeted my eyes, floating proudly from the staff, that morning, although the eagle carved into the

stone decoration above the door still looked defiantly down. The sight of him cheered me somewhat.

There were weeks of weary waiting to follow, and during them I slowly adjusted my mind to the inevitable, for Mr. Miller made no pretense of hoping that war could be averted, and I took my cue from him. After the bombastic report of each new sinking by the U-boats he would say, "They are forcing America to carry out her threat. War is surely coming, Josephine."

So it was that April sixth, and the news of the declaration that a state of war existed between my country and the one where I was living, did not bring the same kind of a shock that the break of diplomatic relations had brought, either to me or the people in general. The papers made little of it, except to comment sarcastically upon it. Still, it was another black day for me; and I felt as a person does when death has come to a loved one who has been fatally ill for weeks. All hope that my land might keep out of the awful struggle had been swept away, and I went about my round of daily duties like one numbed by a blow.

I started for school with some timidity, not knowing what might be happening on the streets, or what might happen to me, if my nationality were recognized; but, if I expected to see any wildly surging mobs, who would treat me as they had Zara, I was disappointed. People were talking of the news, of course; but, "What, another?"



uttered with a sigh of resignation or a curse, was the typical comment on it. It was becoming an old story for a new nation to take up arms against them!

At the conservatory most of the girls did their best to act toward me as though nothing had happened, only Paulina looking her antagonism, and it seemed to me that Frau Trebicz was especially kind that day.

So, too, was Olga, who stole a few minutes from a busy afternoon to run in with some roses and tell me comfortingly that it made no difference to her; but that night my pillow, beneath Old Glory, was moist with tears before I went to sleep.

I guess that it must be true that youth reacts quickly, for, as several more days sped by, and nothing happened to disturb my life, I began to cheer up materially, and laugh a little at my own former misgivings. Then came the day when I was first to feel the iron grip of Prussianism.

It was "unlucky Friday," the twenty-seventh of April. In the morning Mr. Miller started for a brief business trip to a near-by city, for the changed conditions had apparently not affected him at all, as far as his business was concerned. Left alone, Mrs. Miller and I went to spend the afternoon and evening with Evelyn, and we stayed there quite late.

At this time, as I have said, the city's lighting had been much reduced, so that our street was almost pitch black when we returned home, and

we hurried through it, holding hands and pretending to be frightened children in a dark wood. It was only half pretense.

When we reached our apartment, breathing a little more quickly than normal, we were astonished to find both the maids up. They looked troubled and frightened. Instantly Anna handed me a paper, and burst forth:

“Oh, Fraulein Josephine, a policeman came to see you, and left this.”

I think that I suddenly sat down, and I know that my legs felt weak and that first a hot and then a cold wave rushed over me.

I looked at the document with its official seal, handed it tremblingly to Mrs. Miller and said, “You read it.”

“You are commanded to report at your local police station at eight o’clock tomorrow morning. Bring your passport, and other papers of identification with you,” she read.

“Oh,” I cried, “what does it mean, Aunt Marguerite? What are they going to do with me? Do you suppose that I’m going to be arrested and interned?”

She could not answer any of my questions and, although she tried to comfort and encourage me in a motherly way, I could not help but see that she was as disturbed as I, for she kept saying, “I wish Joseph were here.”

As for the girls, they stood near by, wide-eyed and frightened, and Anna was crying.

I suppose that I slept some that night, but it did not seem to me as though I had when I got wearily out of bed at daybreak and tried to steel myself for the ordeal which loomed black ahead, for, since I had not the slightest idea what impended, I conjured up all sorts of terrors, and I knew that Old Glory could not help me now.

I set forth early, taking Greta for moral support, for Mrs. Miller was still asleep, and I determined not to disturb her. Passport in hand I went to the *Prasidium* (police headquarters) with a very empty feeling inside.

"Wrong place. Go to your local police station as you were directed," was the curt order given me by the officer at the entrance, when I showed him my summons.

With the agony of suspense prolonged, I retraced my steps and entered the station for our district, a small, gloomy, barely furnished basement room containing a high desk, and a waiting bench or two, which were already occupied by a number of alien enemies, I guessed, for they were obviously Russians and Italians. The timid looks which they frequently cast up at the officer behind the desk — a grim-visaged, pompous policeman — did not tend to elevate my spirits. Four or five other overbearing officers were standing around, and, as I stood, hesitating, in the doorway, one of them called out sharply, "Sit down and wait your turn."

I obeyed hastily, and, turning to Greta, whis-

pered, "Oh, what *do* you suppose they want of me? I can't do any harm."

Greta merely looked awed and frightened.

At length I was motioned to approach the man behind the desk, who scowled sharply down at me and growled, "Well, what do *you* want?"

"I don't know," I replied. "You sent me this," and I held out my summons.

"Ho, another damned Yankee! Well, give me your passport."

I obeyed, and then recommenced the same old cross-examination, and it *was* cross this time, concerning the detailed history of my life.

Finally he said, "Where do you live?"

"With Mr. Miller."

"Not Herr Joseph Müller?"

I nodded, and, to my amazement, I saw a new expression cross his countenance. It told the story of in how high regard my host was held, even by the police, and I breathed a sigh of relief.

"Herr Joseph Müller? So. Well, if that's the case . . ."

He began scribbling again, and a moment later handed me a printed two-page leaflet upon which he had been writing.

"Read that. You will do well to memorize it," he said, officially brusque once more.

I looked at it and decided that it might either be regarded as a permit to live in Berlin, or a set of prison parole rules, for it partook of both. This is a free translation:



Polizeirevier: 10

Berlin, den 28<sup>o</sup> April 1917

## Ausweis.

für den *amerikanischen* Staatsangehörigen *Japzsin*  
geboren am *30. 12. 97*

wohnhaft

Alle über 15 Jahre alten männlichen und weiblichen Angehörigen feindlicher Staaten müssen

1. diesen Ausweis stets bei sich haben,
2. sich zweimal täglich auf dem zuständigen Polizeirevier persönlich melden und sich
3. von abends 8 Uhr bis früh 7 Uhr in ihrer Wohnung aufhalten; auch dürfen sie
4. den Landespolizeibezirk Berlin nicht verlassen. Freie Bewegung **innerhalb** des Landespolizeibezirks Berlin ist durch Verfügung des Polizei-Präsidenten zu Berlin, Abteilung VII vom 18. März bewilligt.
5. Verstöße gegen diese Vorschriften werden nach der Bekanntmachung des Oberkommandos in den Marken vom 21. Januar 1916 bestraft.



Der Kommandant von Berlin.

v. Boehn.

General der Kavallerie,

FACSIMILE OF THE PASSPORT ISSUED TO MISS THERESE, AUTHORIZING HER TO  
REMAIN IN BERLIN

About two-thirds actual size.

(The author's real name and address have been purposely obliterated.)

Good, "Oh, what a beautiful day!"

Great many things to see and do

Dauernde Befreiung	Einmalige Befreiung	
<p>2. Hf. d. Pkt. Sta  A. 3 20 100 Lager  animalische Natur.  in Hofmühlengasse  am Ende 10. bis 11.  6. Hf.</p>		
<p>Hf. 2. vollständig  2. mal.</p>		
<p>Hf. 3. frei  Rib. Sta. 12. 12. 12.</p>		



THE AUTHOR'S REAL NAME AND ADDRESS HAVE BEEN PRINTED AT THE END OF EACH PAGE AND SHOULD BE KEPT FOR REFERENCE.

Streckenliste

Die nachfolgende Streckenliste enthält die Namen der Strecken

und die Namen der Streckenbesitzer, welche von dem

Streckenbesitzer zu befrachten sind.

Die Strecken sind nach dem Namen des Streckenbesitzers

<p>1. 4. 17. Revier 10.</p>	<p>Kgl. Polizei-Präsidium in Schönberg 14. 5. 17. Revier 10.</p>	<p>Kgl. Polizei-Präsidium in Schönberg 15. 5. 17. Revier 10.</p>	<p>Kgl. Polizei-Präsidium in Schönberg 21. 5. 17. Revier 10.</p>	<p>Kgl. Polizei-Präsidium in Schönberg 29. 5. 17. Revier 10.</p>	<p>Kgl. Polizei-Präsidium in Schönberg 5. 6. 17. Revier 10.</p>
<p>Kgl. Polizei-Präsidium in Schönberg 1. 5. 1917. Revier 10.</p>	<p>Kgl. Polizei-Präsidium in Schönberg 5. 5. 17. Revier 10.</p>	<p>Kgl. Polizei-Präsidium in Schönberg 16. 5. 17. Revier 10.</p>	<p>Kgl. Polizei-Präsidium in Schönberg 23. 5. 17. Revier 10.</p>	<p>Kgl. Polizei-Präsidium in Schönberg 30. 5. 17. Revier 10.</p>	<p>Kgl. Polizei-Präsidium in Schönberg 6. 6. 17. Revier 10.</p>
<p>Kgl. Polizei-Präsidium in Schönberg 2. 5. 17. Revier 10.</p>	<p>Kgl. Polizei-Präsidium in Schönberg 11. 5. 17. Revier 10.</p>	<p>Kgl. Polizei-Präsidium in Schönberg 17. 5. 1917. Revier 10.</p>	<p>Kgl. Polizei-Präsidium in Schönberg 24. 5. 17. Revier 10.</p>	<p>Kgl. Polizei-Präsidium in Schönberg 1. 6. 17. Revier 10.</p>	<p>Kgl. Polizei-Präsidium in Schönberg 7. 6. 17. Revier 10.</p>
<p>Kgl. Polizei-Präsidium in Schönberg Kgl. P. 3. 5. 17. Revier 10.</p>	<p>Kgl. Polizei-Präsidium in Schönberg 11. 5. 17. Revier 10.</p>	<p>Kgl. Polizei-Präsidium in Schönberg 13. 5. 17. Revier 10.</p>	<p>Kgl. Polizei-Präsidium in Schönberg 25. 5. 17. Revier 10.</p>	<p>Kgl. Polizei-Präsidium in Schönberg 2. 6. 17. Revier 10.</p>	<p>Kgl. Polizei-Präsidium in Schönberg 13. 6. 17. Revier 10.</p>
<p>Kgl. Polizei-Präsidium in Schönberg 5. 5. 17. Revier 10.</p>	<p>Kgl. Polizei-Präsidium in Schönberg 12. 5. 17.</p>	<p>Kgl. Polizei-Präsidium in Schönberg 19. 5. 17. Revier 10.</p>	<p>Kgl. Polizei-Präsidium in Schönberg 26. 5. 17.</p>	<p>Kgl. Polizei-Präsidium in Schönberg 3. 6. 17. Revier 10.</p>	<p>Kgl. Polizei-Präsidium in Schönberg 14. 6. 17.</p>
<p>Kgl. Polizei-Präsidium in Schönberg 13. 5. 17.</p>	<p>Kgl. Polizei-Präsidium in Schönberg 20. 5. 17. Revier 10.</p>	<p>Kgl. Polizei-Präsidium in Schönberg 23. 5. 17. Revier 10.</p>	<p>Kgl. Polizei-Präsidium in Schönberg 29. 5. 17. Revier 10.</p>	<p>Kgl. Polizei-Präsidium in Schönberg 4. 6. 17. Revier 10.</p>	<p>Kgl. Polizei-Präsidium in Schönberg 15. 6. 17.</p>

Am 22

Kgl. Polizei-Präsidium  
in Schönberg  
12. 9. 17.  
Revier 10.

Kgl. Polizei-Präsidium  
in Schönberg  
12. 9. 17.  
Revier 10.

Kgl. Polizei-Präsidium  
in Schönberg  
12. 11. 17.  
Revier 10.

Kgl. Polizei-Präsidium  
in Schönberg  
19. 9. 17.  
Revier 10.

Kgl. Polizei-Präsidium  
in Schönberg  
19. 9. 17.  
Revier 10.

Kgl. Polizei-Präsidium  
in Schönberg  
29. 8. 17.  
Revier 10.

Kgl. Polizei-Präsidium  
in Schönberg  
22. 9. 17.  
Revier 10.

Kgl. Polizei-Präsidium  
in Schönberg  
27. 9. 17.  
Revier 10.

19. 10. 17.  
Revier 10.

23. 10. 17.

2. 11.



## Ausweis (passport)

For the American citizen, Josephine Therese. Born on 30-12-1897.

Residence [I will omit that for reasons which you can readily understand]

All persons over fifteen years, male or female, citizens of an enemy's country

## MUST

1. Always carry this pass with them.
2. They must personally report twice daily to this police station, and must
3. From eight P.M. to seven A.M. be in their houses.
4. Under Act VII, passed March 18, they are not allowed to leave this district of Berlin unless permission to go elsewhere in Berlin is obtained from the Supreme Police Court.
5. Any one disobeying these rules will be punished by the Supreme Kommandant according to the regulations of January twenty-first, 1916.

The Chief of Police of Berlin  
v. Boehn  
Cavalry General.

On the back he had written the words: "Must report once daily, and be in the house between ten at night and six in the morning."

I nodded, a lump in my throat. Then, as I was about to turn away, my indignation got the better of me, and I flared, "Why am I being treated in such a manner as this?"

"Why shouldn't you be?" was the cold reply.  
"Your country is doing the same to all our citi-

zens, so why should not we?\*" Just remember this, young lady. We Germans don't do anything unpleasant unless we are forced to by other nations in order to retaliate for acts perpetrated against us. Furthermore, I am letting you off mighty easy; you are required to report here only once a day, and I will make it still more seldom if you behave yourself, and you may stay out evenings until ten o'clock. Don't forget, though, that you have got to obtain a special *erlaubnis* if you want to be out later than that."

With my feelings struggling between rapidly increasing anger and dismay, I departed, and, despite his having made much of the fact that he had shown me peculiar leniency, I felt that I was little less than a prisoner, although the chains which bound me were invisible.

When I got home I found Mr. Miller there, and he listened gravely to my excited story of what had happened.

"Yes," said he, "I have just heard of what is being done, and that I, too, will have to register. You are in no danger of further prosecution, Josephine, I'm quite sure of that. But we *must* all be very careful of what we say in public, for we will be closely watched by the Secret Service."

\*The statement made to Miss Therese by the police officer is, of course, untrue. All alien enemies in America are registered and cannot leave the city or town of their residence without applying for special permission, but, unless they are under suspicion, they do not have to report to the authorities, nor is there any restriction placed upon them as to the time when they shall be in their homes.—*The Editor.*

"I'm only glad that it is no worse," sighed his wife.

It seemed bad enough to me!

As time went on, however, I found that Mrs. Miller was right, and so had been the officer. I *had* been treated with leniency.

This I learned from stories told me by others, like Zara Shenski, for example. When, the next morning at school, I told her what a position I was in, she replied, "You don't call that bad! Why, my grandfather, who is a Russian, you know, still has to report every day, and sometimes he comes home all broken up and almost crying, for they treat him abominably. They roar, 'Stand still, you,' if he moves at all, and he's a weak old man."

My Italian teacher — who was now drawn closer to me by bonds of mutual trouble — had the same story to tell. For more than a year her brother had been obliged to report *twice* daily with his whole family, even down to his little children.

But my eyes were not fully opened to the fact that we were all living on the very edge of a volcano until one evening, late in June, when an American friend came in to call. I was not in the room when he entered, and, when I did go to join the family, I overheard him talking in a low voice to Mr. Miller. The first few words that I heard made me stop and listen instinctively.

"I've been on edge all day and feel dazed still.

What do you suppose I heard from one of my American friends this morning? He went to report at the police station and, ahead of him, was another American, whom he did not know. The officer snapped something out at him — my friend didn't hear the words, but knew from the tone that trouble was brewing. The man let his temper get away from him, and called the officer an appropriate name; but he picked the wrong time to use it, and my friend knew that something was going to happen, but he didn't guess . . . The officer yelled at the man, 'Shut up, you!' and, before any one could make a move, whipped out his revolver and . . ."

"Not shot him?" gasped Mr. Miller.

"Yes, shot him," he answered in a low voice, as he wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. And I saw that his hand was trembling. "The brute told the other officers to clear the room; but, before my friend left, as he was glad enough to do, the policeman snarled, 'You men had better understand that you are in our power. You'd better be careful what you say, or . . .'"

That night I could not sleep.



## CHAPTER XIV

### ENEMIES AND FRIENDS

AFTER the upset which my first visit to the police station caused in my feelings, my existence settled down into its new channel. The shadow now lay deeper over my spirits; but, for nearly a fortnight, nothing actually distressing occurred to me, although it nearly made me ill to have to visit that police station each day, and I had to force myself with all my will power. Being thus in the grip of the law, like any felon, was to my soul as bitter as gall to my tongue. I might be able to come and go within certain prescribed limits of time and space; but, after what Mr. Miller had said, I could not go out without continually having the creepy feeling that I was being followed, watched; that something — I did not know what — might happen any moment.

At home I became unnaturally silent, and, as I was daily becoming more anæmic, because of the lack of proper food, I caused Mrs. Miller much anxiety. Sometimes I would catch her looking at me with a troubled expression on her kindly face, and she would often ask me what had become of my laughter.

Then came an afternoon, early in May, when my feelings were to receive another harrowing. With the family mail came a new official communication addressed to me, which directed me to report at the *Kommandantur* (police headquarters) at noon on the following day.

My former miseries were all revived, and I went about asking the family and friends what I could have done or said to arouse the further interest of the powers.

This time Evelyn volunteered to accompany me, and, strengthened by her moral support, I put on a brave face, and went as directed. At the entrance to the massive stone building a soldier stopped me to inquire my business, and, upon receiving my answer, he gave me a numbered card, pointed to a small room off the main corridor, over the door of which was fixed a sign bearing the word "Americans," and told me to go in there and wait. As we passed the doors to other similar rooms, labeled with the names of different enemy nationalities, I could see others in the same boat with me, and every now and then a number would be called and some one get up, pass down the hall and through a closed door. It began to exercise a strange fascination upon me, like a story from the "Arabian Nights." What lay behind it?

Four long hours dragged by, and still we sat and waited for the expected summons, and at the end of that time I was so nervous that I said,

"I can't stand this a moment longer, Evelyn. I'm going in that door this minute." She started to protest but I was already on my way and she followed.

I walked down the corridor, quickly so as not to have time to lose my courage, threw open the gate to the mysterious beyond and stepped inside.

One man sat there alone at a desk — a tall, imposing looking man with blond hair and stiff yellow mustache. He looked up from his work, smiled pleasantly, and said, "Good day, good day. What may I do for you?"

I told him desperately, and the sunny smile faded from his face to be replaced with a gathering storm cloud. "That spells trouble," I groaned to myself.

"What are you doing here in Berlin?" came the query, when I had told him who I was.

"I am studying music, sir."

"So? Well, it's a mighty funny thing to me that all you American women who come here say that they are music students, and all the men claim to be dentists," he answered. He had not yet noticed Evelyn, who was in the doorway behind me; but I realized that she was momentarily getting more incensed over his insulting tone. So was I; but I had just sense enough to keep back the words which were hot on my tongue. Mr. Miller's warning was always before my mind, and I knew that it was better to be silent and safe, than sorry inside a Prussian prison.

"Why did you come in war times?" he demanded.

I patiently explained.

"Take a chair." His tone was one of polite sarcasm. "Now then. I want to know something about your family."

"Something," appeared to mean "everything," and I repeated the oft-told tale, wondering why it was necessary, for I knew that they must have it on file. Perhaps, I thought, they are trying to catch me in an inconsistency.

"So, you have brothers," he snapped out at length.

"Yes, sir. Two."

"How old are they?"

"Eight and ten."

"Not old enough to fight us, eh?"

"No, they are not . . . yet." I could not help saying it.

Suddenly he leaned over the desk and shook his manicured finger in my face. "Well, you listen to me. If we haven't won this war by ten years from now, those brothers of yours will probably be coming over and bombing Berlin from air-planes, and I hope that the first bomb hits you!"

At this point Evelyn stepped supportingly to my side, he caught sight of her and demanded who she was. She told him her name and residence, and diplomatically added, "My husband has been in the army and was recently appointed . . . ."



“ Yes, yes, I remember.”

The word had done the business. Instantly he became as mild as a May morning. He stood quickly up, bowed low, and said in an ingratiating manner, “ Are you ladies hungry? ”

Without waiting for an answer, he rang for an orderly and bade him serve tea for three; but Evelyn coldly begged to be excused, and, after many polite protestations of friendship, he ushered us into another little room and personally introduced us to another official. The latter asked to see my passport, which, by the way, I had been instructed to bring.

“ Fraulein,” said he sharply after a glance at it, “ *this passport has run out.* ”

“ *Run out!* ” I echoed in astonishment, and with a new sinking sensation inside. It was a fact. The three months had elapsed, and I had never thought of having it renewed.

“ *Ja, ja*, it is worthless,” he went on. “ I could have you interned; but, under the circumstances ” — he glanced at Evelyn and bowed slightly — “ I will overlook it, if you will promise to have it renewed at once.”

“ I will indeed,— this afternoon,” I added quickly, and started for the door, relieved at getting off so easily, and afraid to pause lest he change his mind. We left him bowing, and hurried to the Spanish Embassy which had taken charge of America’s affairs in Germany. There I struck another temporary snag.

"My dear girl," said the pleasant official to whom I was directed to make my application, "you are awfully late in coming to have this renewed; you should have brought it more than a fortnight ago."

"I know it — *now*," I said humbly, and he finally consented to help me out, and introduced me to Miss Snyder, an American who was still employed there, and who was, like myself, a music student in the city.

The renewal was granted at length, and a short time later I got up courage enough to ask at the police station if I might not report less often, and this favor was also grudgingly granted, after a lot of red tape had been unwound, for I had to make application by letter and it had to be approved by the *Kommandantur*, and goodness knows where else.

Such special incidents as these were not needed to keep me in a state of nervous tension for, although I continued to avoid discussing war topics when in public, I could not help but hear and read things which kept me in a constant state of distressed uncertainty.

At this time I received neither letters nor papers from home, a fact which not only caused me many a heartache, but made me entirely dependent upon what was printed in Berlin about the situation in America.

Of course I tried to persuade myself that the news items and editorials were garbled or lies;

but what one sees in print is hard to disbelieve. Naturally, they were highly unsatisfactory from my viewpoint, having been manufactured especially to satisfy my enemies. *They* were both pleased and amused.

Every morning, before I went to the conservatory, I read the *Berliner Tageblatt*, and every evening, the *Vossische Zeitung* & *Uhr Abendblatt*, eager to obtain every possible scrap of information about what was happening on the other side of the Atlantic; but so often it was obvious, even to me, that it was *misinformation*, that I would crumple up the lying sheet and throw it down on the floor. If I had been a man I would have sworn. As it was I more than once wept hot and angry tears.

Mr. Miller would read the articles at night, too, and comment upon them, and we would end up by wondering what was *really* going on at home.

First, I think, came the report of the draft. You may be sure that the papers did not call it "Selective Service," but rather "Conscription," and on the late April morning when it was first reported, Frau Kommerzienrat Bachmann came in, while we were still at breakfast, ostensibly to borrow something, actually to gloat over me, I suppose, for she began at once, in a scornful voice:

"I thought that you called America a 'free' country. What do you think now? I suppose

that you have seen that it has resorted to conscription. Oh, well, it only goes to prove what Herr Kommerzienrat Bachmann has always said, your people would not fight us unless they are driven to it."

It was the same obnoxious and ubiquitous lady who came in another morning, before we had finished breakfast, to say, "Well, what do you think that your Yankee compatriots have done now? I suppose you have read in the *Tageblatt* that they have seized all our beautiful ships, which were interned there; even the wonderful 'Vaterland' that cost us sixteen million marks!"

I remarked that I thought the United States had done just right and that Germany would certainly have done the same.

"Perhaps; but lots of good our ships will do you," she replied, heatedly. "We're too smart for you. I understand that our sailors disabled every one permanently." I heard her with mixed feelings of wrath and discomfiture.

It was the same thing over and over. The papers made fun of the slowness with which enlistments were going on, and they minimized the success of the first Liberty Loan by saying that it was not a patriotic offering, but floated by the big moneyed interests who, with Wilson, had forced the war on an unwilling people.

Later they printed in full President Wilson's message to the German people, with bitterly sarcastic editorial comments, and the bluff worked.



“The idea of your President thinking that we and our government are distinct,” scoffed Charlotte that morning at school. “Of all the ridiculous things! You had better write home and tell the people that Germany isn’t at war with the United States — *only its Government.*”

I did not try to argue with her, for I knew that she — like all Germans — was so completely bound up in her obsession that the Prussian form of government was the *only* one, that she simply could not conceive of a nation where the popular will actually ruled.

Nevertheless, although the papers valiantly minimized America’s coming part in the war, I knew that plenty of the people were troubled by the prospect, and Mr. Miller frequently came home at night and said that friends, whom he had met during the day, had asked him what he thought about the situation.

“I told them,” he would say, “that America would fight, and fight like the devil. They tried to laugh at me and said, ‘Let them come! Our submarines will teach them a lesson or two, and if any of the Yankees ever reach France we’ll do to them what we have been doing to the English. The more foes, the more glory when we have won!’”

After reports of this nature I would seek my room, look up at Old Glory and say to myself, “We’ll show them!”

The brief report that an American general by

the name of Pershing had reached France, which appeared the latter part of June, brought similar editorial comments.

Still, I could see that the people were beginning to get a little worried over the possible coming of a new enemy, and it was lucky — for the “Potsdam gang” — that they had a sop ready to offer the populace, to take its mind from America.

Throughout almost the whole of June the big news in the dailies was the bright prospect of immediate peace with Russia. One evening, when things looked rosier — from their standpoint, but gloomier from mine — Lieutenant von Lüben called to take me to the theatre. I was too tired and exhausted with the heat to want to go out, for that month was reported to be the hottest in Berlin for seventy years, and so he stayed and talked, mostly nonsense, but not altogether, for, being a soldier, he could not help “talking shop” occasionally. I was fully determined not to argue war with him, but the heat had gotten on my nerves and I forgot my resolve when he said, “We will not be ‘enemies’ much longer now, Fraulein.”

“Why not?” I asked.

“You read the papers. Russia is about ready to make peace, and, when we are able to withdraw our armies from the eastern front, and send them to the western, the war will be over in a hurry.”

“You forget America,” I interrupted.

With a laugh that grated on my nerves he answered, "Oh, no, I don't; but your country doesn't count. It would be years — a century — before it would be ready to do anything. And, with the war ended, you and I won't have anything to quarrel about. You don't hate Germany, and we don't hate America — only your Government."

"I may not hate Germany, myself, although I hate some things about her — such as what that uniform of yours represents; but I'm sure that my country didn't enter the war without good reason, and you don't know us, if you think that we quit with a thing half done!"

His was a sample of the general attitude of mind at that time. Prussia had not then begun to feel America's power, and the feeling against us was rather impersonal, and directed principally against the Government. This fact, coupled with the one that I was under the protection of an exceedingly popular household, made my friends and acquaintances tacitly forget that we were really enemies and, although my mind was troubled, my person was not.

I continued to live, to study and to go about socially much as before. Among other things I had fallen into the habit of visiting the Art Museum at least once a week with Fraulein Louisa Tietz, a clever painter of children's portraits, whom I had first met at Frau Kommerzienrat Bachmann's home, and with whom I had quickly struck up a friendship based upon a mutual love

of art. She was a little lady, rather dumpy in build, with gray hair that never stayed put, and gold-rimmed eyeglasses. Although I liked her for her interest in me, I found her as opinionated as all the rest. Once she turned from an impassioned appreciation of a German painting to say, " *Ach*, is it any wonder that all the world is jealous of us? Come, you cannot help but admire us — in war as well as in art; just think of it, we are practically at war with twenty-one nations, and beating them all."

Her reason for pride did not impress me as a logical one, but I naturally did not argue.

I knew that the " we " as she — and every one else in Berlin — used it meant only Germany, for Austria was regarded with open suspicion, as an ally not to be depended upon unless kept continually under the checkrein, and both Lieutenant von Lüben and Hauptmann Bachmann spoke sneeringly of the Turks, calling them a poor lot, and useless unless led by Prussian officers.

It was a long while before I could understand how even the women, who were suffering so frightfully through the war, regarded it. Fraulein Tietz, Charlotta, and almost all the others I knew with the exception of Olga, might and did frequently say, " *Ach*, the fighting will never end; we shall never have peace again "; but almost never did I hear an expression of the belief that Germany could be defeated. Finally, however, I came to the realization that " War " was one of



the very corner stones of *Kultur*. It was, to them, one of the normal and necessary aspects of a nation's life, not only good, in that it bred strength of character, but necessary, to keep the population of the earth within bounds.

It is not merely the Kaiser and his class who are planning for other wars. I have heard many men and women in Berlin say that there will *always* be fighting.

War, and all that attended it, had become a part of everyday existence, and the *Kriegsanleihen* (war loans) were an example of the attitude of the people. One such occurred during my stay. I am not quite sure whether or not it was during this spring of nineteen seventeen, but I will mention it here. The reason that the date did not impress itself upon me was because there was nothing to call it to my particular attention. I accepted it — as did every one else — as a mere incident in the general scheme of things, something that had to be met in the same way that new levies of men for the army did. And it was accomplished in the usual efficient, businesslike way of the Germans, when the thing is a matter of machinery. There were no "fireworks," such as I have seen since returning home, no working up of intense patriotic enthusiasm by "drives," with parades, speeches and the like. There were posters, to be sure, that generally showed a German soldier in the trenches, and carried a demand that the people back him up in his fight

for the Fatherland; and there were advertisements in the newspapers, donated, so Mr. Miller told me, by big business houses; but there was nothing else. Yet they got the amount asked for — and it was, I think, the sixth loan.

“So much money!” I said once to my host. “How are the people willing to give it over and over again?”

“It’s become a matter of habit,” was his reply. “They are as used to demands of this sort as to short rations and the killing and maiming of their men; it’s part of war. Besides,” he added dryly, “they know that, unless they voluntarily raise the amount requested, some way will be found to take their money, anyway.” And that, I think, was the meat of the answer.

I do not remember that I ever heard in Berlin a “catch phrase” like our “business as usual”; but it was going on, just the same. Some industries had been forced to stop altogether, of course, especially those dependent on other countries, either for raw material or their market; but everybody was busy. As I look back, it seems to me that it was more than business being a part of the war, as it is in France and England, and is beginning to be here, in America. “War” was rather a part of the “business.”

When neighbors dropped in for an evening call I usually preferred to talk food and clothes with the women; but occasionally I would sit quiet and listen to Mr. Miller and the other men in

their business discussions, which often waxed warm and strident when Herr Bachmann was present. At such times, the idea always took possession of my mind that, in spite of being in the throes of a colossal conflict to which she was bending every energy, Germany was perpetually planning for the future, and I sometimes looked at Herr Bachmann in wonderment, as he unfolded large schemes for a world commerce after the war. He, you remember, was a wealthy merchant and financier, not to mention a *Kommerzienrat*. "How can you be so egotistical," I would find myself thinking, "with your 'we will's' and 'we are going to's'?" Sometimes Mr. Miller would interpolate in his mild way a suggestion that Germany might be ostracized from the markets of the world after the war, temporarily, at least.

"Pooh, pooh; you know better than that," Bachmann would answer pompously. "This is a war between governments, not peoples; and other nations need our wares as much as we need theirs. Now you know perfectly well that America can't get along without our dyestuffs, for example."

It was with the same sort of surprise that I found that almost every one who was educated could speak, or understand, English a little, and, when I commented on it, I learned to my still greater amazement that, although they were at war to the death with Great Britain, and hated her with all their souls, they were *still* teaching English in the schools in anticipation of the time

when the old commercial rivalry should be revived. In times of peace they prepared for war, and now they are reversing the motto!

Yet, even during these spring months, with war a fact, my life was by no means all surrounded with enemies, or all given over to tribulations.

The Millers treated me like a second daughter, Evelyn was as dear to me as a sister, and my home a bit of Paradise in the midst of the Hades which cast its shadow over us, but could not blot out all the sunshine. I still spent my mornings, with pleasure and profit, at the conservatory, did my practicing during the siesta hour, and there was always some one running in to see me, or I was going out somewhere to concerts, the theatre, or the homes of acquaintances in the late afternoons and evenings.

The Duysens had long since become my most intimate friends, and Olga a bosom companion. If all German women were like her, there would be no war, today. I never have known a more truly unselfish and thoughtful character and, as our countries drew farther apart, we drew closer together in mutual understanding and sympathy, for she appreciated my position and was sorry for me, and I gained a new insight into her own secret sorrows, which laid their mark on her sweet face. *She* knew what war meant.

Olga would almost daily run in for a few moments, at one time or another, despite the fact



that she was very busy with the Red Cross nursing and other work. And she seldom came without bringing me flowers and saying, "Here, you poor, lonesome little American; here is a message for you. Can you read it?"

Indeed, all of my friends added generously to the daily supply of blossoms which our home was never without, nor was ours the exception. That is one custom, at least, in which Americans might do worse than pattern after the hated Hun.

There is another pretty German custom the acquaintance of which I made during this month of brides and roses; first at a wedding, and then at the silver anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Miller's own marriage. The latter was a real gala time, for many friends and neighbors had been invited.

We danced — or rather the others did, for my American music was in great demand and they heartlessly kept me at the piano, — we sang songs, old and new, and played games as we might in a similar gathering here in America. But the thing of especial interest to me occurred after the spread in the dining-room and before we drank the formal toast to the silvering bride and groom of a quarter of a century ago.

Mr. Weil, it appeared, had been in secret conference with Evelyn, and he had turned to account his Yankee ability to do almost everything, by writing a ballad which was nothing less than a complete rhymed story of the lives of our dear host and hostess. At each plate was a printed copy of it,

and we chorused it to the melody of a popular air.

This they told me, was frequently done at such celebrations, and I certainly thought it a most delightful custom.

It would be useless for me to set down in diary form my daily doings, or schedule the number of times that Lieutenant von Lüben called at our apartment, or took me out — enough to say that it was very often. Frequently, too, he was accompanied by Hauptmann Bachmann, whom I enjoyed much more than his parents, although he was a German officer. Does the fact that I allowed them to be my friends seem odd to you? Perhaps it will not when I say that there was a "method in my madness," which may become evident later. A young girl in an enemy's country has only one weapon to fight with — diplomacy.

Captain Bachmann was older than the lieutenant, and was very considerate of my feelings, seldom discussing the war while I was present, but I remember one evening, when he fell to talking about some of his personal experiences, when we were alone and I had "gently but firmly," as they say in story books — indicated that I wanted no love-making. One, in particular, struck me as especially gruesome, although he told it as a commonplace. It had happened, he said, somewhere in northern France after the Allies had started to employ poison gas, in retaliation. [The last two words are mine, not his.] During a frightful attack his mask had failed to work, so

he had taken a perfect one from the face of a soldier who lay, mortally wounded, near by.

“ Oh, how could you?” I cried.

“ But why not, Fraulein? He was certain to die anyway, and why should two German lives have been sacrificed? ”

Hauptmann Bachmann had been wounded several times, indeed, he was then at home recuperating from a wound to his arm, and over his heart he wore the iron cross which had been bestowed upon him for taking part in no less than twenty-nine night reconnoissances in No Man's Land. The Bachmanns had another son in service, whom I never met. He was a surgeon and then in Russia. The captain became so communicative that evening that he finally brought out and read me parts of some very pessimistic letters which he had received from that brother, in which he frankly deplored the war and said that he longed to be back in Berlin — and never expected to be again.

“ He writes mother just the opposite kind of letters,” my caller said simply, but his few words told a story.

I had now been in Berlin for seven months, and had seen no weakening. Just as when I first saw them, the theatres and outdoor places of amusement were crowded, and everybody was doing his or her best to keep as cheerful as possible. It was a hard job, with hope daily postponed, the promised peace through the medium of the sub-

marines as far off as ever, hearts sick from old losses and new, and the inner physical cravings always present and increasing. War, like Banquo's ghost, haunted them even in their feasts — I use the word figuratively merely. The crackling of oiled paper throughout the audiences at the theatres, and even the opera, was a reminder of it, for almost every one took a lunch of sandwiches. We were always hungry.

It walked the streets, maimed and blind, and clad in widow's weeds, for the report that the wearing of mourning by women was forbidden was certainly not true while I was in Germany.

During these many weeks my circle of friends and acquaintances had widened largely, and, although I accepted many of them on their own account, there were others, some of whom you have already met, whom I endured or actively cultivated for reasons which I have hinted at. They had that vague, but very desirable, thing known as "influence," and none of them had it to a higher degree than Lieutenant von Lüben, whose attentions had by this time become rather alarming.

He gave me my cue one day when we were walking alone together, for I refused to be bound by German customs.

"If I'm willing to give you the privilege of walking with me like this," I said rather sharply, as he tried to put his arm about me, "you should be gentleman enough not to abuse it."



“ All’s fair in love,” he quoted, sententiously.

“ And in war,” answered my thoughts.

The lieutenant had at least one rival, not in, but for, my affections. Herr Schmolz had become almost my shadow, and I looked upon him as a joke, as, in fact, did all the family, for he was one of the type that is just naturally the butt of every joke.

Evelyn’s brother-in-law, Robert, who was likewise a frequent visitor at our home, never tired of guying him — and me about him, often to my great embarrassment, for I never quite got used to the freedom of continental conversation. Robert was very happily married, and his wife generally accompanied him to our home; but, despite her presence he would always insist on acting the part of my most devoted admirer, whenever Herr Schmolz was there also.

Looking at me with a ludicrous expression of hopeless passion he would sigh, “ Oh, *Josephine!* ” And, taking the hint, I would match sigh with sigh and murmur, “ Oh, *Robert!* ”

“ What chance have I, *leibes Fraulein?* ” Herr Schmolz pleaded, one evening, when we had been carrying on in a like absurd manner.

“ As much chance as any one, as I am still heartfree,” I answered, and added, “ But I can’t trust any of you German men; you are always having so many affairs with other women. Perhaps *you* are not that kind, though, Herr Schmolz! ”

To my amusement he replied seriously and in unfeigned distress, "Yes, Fraulein, I suppose that I am." Which I thought very probable, for by that time I knew German men pretty well.

On another occasion, about this time — I think that it was at the silver wedding celebration — Schmolz was again one of the guests, and Robert was in a particularly wild mood. He greeted my admirer, who arrived late as he usually did, by calling out in front of all the assembled guests, "What, you come late, this of all nights, when we were planning to discuss the marriage contract between Josephine and you?"

Schmolz did not know whether he was joking or not, and grew as red and flustered as I.

There were plenty of such lighter incidents among the shadows, but I must pass to less trivial things, pausing only long enough to say that Robert was jesting on facts in speaking about marriage contracts, not that I was thinking of being a party to one, but that they were customary things in Berlin. Every German girl still has her dowry. Moreover, it was all as open as day, and many a time I've read, with combined amusement and disgust, advertisements in the standard daily newspapers to the effect that "A girl with a dowry of ten thousand marks would like to communicate with a gentleman having matrimonial intentions."

More German efficiency! — But where is the romance!

## CHAPTER XV

### MY FOURTH OF JULY

ONE sultry July morning, when I joined the Millers in the dining room, "Uncle" Joseph asked, "Josephine, do you know what date this is?" I didn't, and he said, "The Fourth."

Perhaps you can imagine my feelings as the realization struck home; I cannot hope to describe them. There I was, little less than a prisoner in the heart of a hostile land, and at home, on the other side of the world, it was the birthday of my country, and *such* a birthday. I knew that it was certainly going to be celebrated with a patriotic fervor, the like of which I had never seen. I felt a tear drop onto my hand which was clutching my handkerchief in my lap, and during the whole of breakfast, of which I ate little, I could hardly speak. Mr. Miller had not gone to business at his customary early hour, and I was glad to have him home, and hear him describe other, and happier, Fourths in Berlin, when all the members of the American colony had pilgrimaged to one shore spot or another, and celebrated the day in the good old Yankee fashion.

Then my thoughts, and his words, turned

toward home again, and we wondered what *you* were doing and thinking, for, of course, we had no inkling of the news that was thrilling you from the front page of every paper.

"There will be patriotic parades everywhere, with the new soldier boys who are now in training, and I can imagine the wild enthusiasm over them," mused Mr. Miller.

"Do you suppose that they will ever actually get to the front?" asked his wife anxiously. "Everybody says that, if they try to send them, the U-boats will have information in advance and sink every transport."

My heart went down, down, down, for the picture which she painted was not only horrible to contemplate, but seemed quite possible. I knew the devilish ingenuity of the Hun fighting man. Altogether it was another very blue morning; the school term had ended a few days before, so that I had nothing definite to do in order to take my mind away from its unhappy thoughts, and — as always at such times — I stole away to my room and sought the silent companionship of Old Glory, which represented all for which I longed, and yet the sight of which made me more homesick still.

"What," I thought, "*can* my country, whose proudest boast has been its love of peace, do in battle with Germany, a nation bred to war and already practically the conqueror of all the rest of the world?" But the phrase "Independence



Day " seemed to take on a deeper significance — a pledge for the future, and I finally went out, strangely comforted. My country had a way of achieving the seeming impossible.

Nevertheless, the duty which I had to perform that morning was especially hateful that day. I, a " free American," had got to report at a Prussian police station, like a paroled felon.

Through avenues which flung the Red, White and Black of Germany in my face, like a personal affront, I walked, bitter and heartsick, and, when I reached the station and passed over my *Ausweis* to the officer, it seemed to me that he wore a more mockingly ugly look than usual as he banged down the rubber stamp and tossed the paper back to me.

In no mood for anything but thoughts, and those unpleasant ones, I hastened home again, to find that Mr. Miller had preceded me. He wore a white and troubled face.

" What is wrong, Uncle Joe? " I asked, anxiously.

" There is a rumor downtown,—it hasn't appeared on the bulletins yet — that the submarines have sunk the ' Vaterland,' with thousands of American troops en route to France. My God, if its true . . . "

I dined not on salmon and peas, but bitter thoughts, that noon.

Early that afternoon Lieutenant von Lüben called me by telephone, and invited me to go out

and have tea with him. He must have been surprised at the curtness of my refusal, and the haste with which I hung up the receiver. A little while later the telephone bell rang again. This time the speaker received quite a different welcome over the wire, for it was dear Mrs. Weil, and she was calling to invite me to spend the evening with her, her son being away. Although I had learned to "think" as well as to speak German I could do neither on July Fourth, and accordingly found myself answering in English. She, too, dropped into our mother tongue and for some minutes we talked thus, happily. Suddenly a sharp voice broke into our conversation with, "*Kein English!*" There was a click and silence. The connection had been severed, and I sat down and cried.

Nevertheless, I shortly summoned up a smile again, and went to join Mrs. Weil at her attractive apartment, which was only a few moments' walk distant. My smile became an unfeigned one, when I arrived, for she had hung a large American flag from the middle of the living room in an endeavor to make the occasion a gala one, and we opened a bottle of wine and toasted Old Glory and the day, and all that the two stood for.

Then we sat for hours, two lone women in the heart of Germany, and did our best to cheer one another up by talking very fast about home and our loved ones there; but it was rather a vain attempt and each grew more homesick at every

word — at least, I am sure that *I* did. Even the appearance of that ultra-luxury, a box of candy, did not help much, although I could not help laughing heartily when, with an air of great secrecy, she took me to a hidden cache and displayed a whole pile of these rare bonbon boxes.

“My boy has a real American sweet tooth,” she explained, half laughing, half apologetic, “and, when they began to cut off the sale of sweets here, he read the writing on the wall and laid in a goodly stock against the time of famine.”

Evening came and wore on, and still we talked and talked, unheedful of the passage of time, until, suddenly catching sight of the clock, I exclaimed, “Good gracious, it is nearly midnight. I should have gone home hours ago.”

At first Mrs. Weil, greatly troubled, insisted upon accompanying me; but I would not hear of such a thing, and told her that it was only a few minutes' walk and that nothing could happen to me. Finally she permitted me to start out alone.

I was, I remember, wearing a dress of thin white flannel, and, although I was not really afraid, I realized that I could easily be seen, even in the heavy darkness which now pervaded the streets of Berlin at night. Our own avenue was generally so black that women hesitated to go out of the house alone.

I did not run, but materially quickened my pace, I must admit, and at the same time tried to keep a sharp lookout for a policeman, not quite sure

whether I wanted to see one, or not. He was supposed to represent law and order, to be sure, but the "law" said that I should have been in my house two hours previous.

My quickened pace had brought me almost to our street and I was silently congratulating myself, when, suddenly, two big, strong arms came out of the darkness from behind me and closed about my neck, and a drunken, guttural voice said the German equivalent of "Hello, girlie."

I tried to scream, and could not; fright had petrified my vocal powers, and visions, inspired by the stories which Greta and Anna had told me, raced madly through my mind. Somehow, almost without conscious purpose, I managed to twist and tear myself loose from that disgusting embrace, and, turning, I made out the form of a burly, intoxicated man in what I knew to be a soldier's uniform, although I could not, in my brief glance, distinguish the rank. He was right beside me and reaching for me again, so I spent no time in a second glance, but turned and ran as fast as my American legs would carry me.

I was still running when I almost bumped into another form, which seemed to spring out of the darkness, and my heart stopped in terror, but started again with a joyful leap when I recognized the uniform of a police officer, and, forgetting my natural antipathy for his kind, and the possible danger from him, I rushed almost into his arms and panted out my story.



And he? *He merely laughed.*

I think that I could have killed the brute with satisfaction, but my quick flood of anger was succeeded by renewed fright, when he gruffly said, "See here, you're an American, aren't you? What are you doing out at this time of night?" In my excitement I had permitted my foreign accent, which I had pretty well banished, to betray me.

What answer I made I haven't the slightest idea; but I ended by saying, instinctively, that I lived with the Millers. It worked! He let me go, after a harsh warning. Needless to say, I *went*.

Mrs. Miller was waiting up for me, and had become anxious enough concerning my safety when she realized how late it was. At her motherly knees I sobbed out the story of my experiences, for the moment completely unstrung, and, although she was German born, her comments were of a kind to do my American heart good.

And that was my Fourth of July.

It was not until several weeks later, and I was in Breslau, that I read a brief newspaper item to the effect that the ship, which had been the "Vaterland," was reported to have arrived safely back in an American port.

Before that time meagre reports of the presence of Yankee troops in France had also begun to appear in print, although, of course, it was always "a few." Even depreciative as it was, the news came as a delightful surprise in one way to me,

and an unpleasant shock to the people of Germany, as I quickly learned from listening to the comments of my companions. It is anticipating, in point of time; but, since my story is about to take a new turn, I will briefly summarize what they said to me when I, inwardly gloating, called their attention to the reports.

An apology and explanation were required for the failure of the government to substantiate its boasts, and both were promptly forthcoming with the usual egotistical glibness.

“Your troopships are heavily convoyed and it isn’t worth while sacrificing our U-boats in attacking such a small number of men. But as soon as a few have gotten through in safety, vigilance will be relaxed and then — watch out!

“Besides, it won’t do any harm to let a few thousand Americans get onto the firing line. Then we will give them a taste of what *real* war is, and they’ll be writing home in a hurry, begging their Government to get them out of it and urging the people not to send any more.”

How can one answer such blind illogicalness with logical arguments?

## CHAPTER XVI

### NEW SIGHTS AND NEW SENSATIONS

WORRY, the summer's heat, and lack of nourishing food had so pulled me down physically, by the close of the school term, that my friends were becoming seriously alarmed over my condition.

A vacation away from the city seemed advisable, and, since I had had a letter from Jack saying that his firm had sent him on business to Cologne — in which city they still had a branch — the Millers tried to obtain permission for me to join him there, for a change of scene and air.

The request for a permit to do this was instantly refused. I was an alien enemy, and still under suspicion, and Cològne was a fortress city. Then they attempted to arrange for me to go to some seashore place, and this plan met with the same objection and the same fate. All the coast was a military sector.

It seemed as though I were doomed to spend the summer in sweltering Berlin, and I faced the prospect with anything but keen delight, especially as Evelyn had left, her family having gone to Salzbrunn Springs. But again Opportunity came wholly unexpectedly, this time through the agency of my friend, Olga Duysen.

I met her, by good fortune, in the *Kaufhaus des Westens* one afternoon, and, upon seeing me, she said, "O Josephine, mother and I are just getting ready to go to Bad Elster for July and August. It is a perfectly lovely place in the mountains near the Austrian border, and a famous health resort — in fact, just exactly what you need. Don't you think that the Millers might be persuaded to let you go with us?"

We talked it all over and my eagerness grew until I went home in ecstasy over the plan.

Mrs. Miller was speedily persuaded into assenting, especially as she said that the mineral waters and baths at Bad Elster were notably beneficial for a person with anæmic tendencies. Moreover, she was glad to have me with Olga, for she realized my position, and wanted me to have as much youthful companionship as possible. "If you can share Olga's room you may go," she said, and I hastened to impart the good news to the Duysens, who seemed to be as delighted as I certainly was.

My plans were quickly made, and there only remained the necessity of getting a passport.

But, to my irritation, I found the "getting a passport" was much more easily said than done. My first visit to the *Kommandantur* disclosed the fact that, before the official would deign to consider my request, I would have to make out and file a written petition, setting forth where I wanted to go, how long to stay, and a request that I be allowed to leave Berlin. I complied, asking



permission to remain a fortnight in Bad Elster and a month in Breslau, for my plan now included a visit to an uncle and aunt of Cousin Jack's with whom I was therefore distantly connected — and who lived in that city. With the official's vague and none too gracious promise that the police department would take the matter of granting me a passport under its august consideration, I was forced to return home and learn the meaning of patience.

German decisions can be made with amazing speed when haste is imperative, but apparently very grave deliberation was in order in my case. Days dragged by, Olga and her mother had to depart, and still no passport came for me.

I grew desperate and one afternoon an inspiration came out of my desperation. Lieutenant von Lüben was calling, and he commented solicitously upon how wan and pale I looked.

"Yes," I replied, "I fully expect to fill a German grave soon if I cannot get away from this torrid city. *Can't* you help me get my passport to Bad Elster? Surely a man in your position must have some influence in the *Kommandantur*." My feminine flattery was effective, and before he departed he promised his aid.

Two weeks later he brought me the coveted permission with his own hands, and modestly said that he had established a speed record in such cases by getting it so quickly. And of course he wanted a reward — which he didn't receive.

The paper stated that I had permission to stay in Bad Elster from the fifteenth to the thirtieth of July, and in Breslau until the last of August, so that my friend the enemy had really worked to good purpose.

Having expected that I would go when Olga did, Mr. Miller had not applied for a similar permission to leave the city, so I had to go all alone; but even the prospect of making the seven-hour journey by myself was powerless to becloud the sunshine of my happy anticipation. The very next day was the one when my permission became effective, and, after I had taken my *Ausweis* to the police to be stamped with a memorandum of my ensuing absence from Berlin, and obtained my food cards at the *Brotkommission*, I went blithely to the station, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Miller and my Herr Lieutenant, who had brought me a large bouquet of red roses.

“I shall try to come to Bad Elster myself,” he said, as we parted and I hoped that he would — at least I *said* so.

The train was composed of first, second and third-class coaches, and of course my ticket, purchased by Mr. Miller, called for the best accommodations. But all of the coupés were filled to overflowing and, as soon as the train started, I went on into the second-class ones in the hope of there finding a seat. My search was in vain, they were likewise crowded, and the third class were jammed with soldiers, many of them wounded or

Kommandantur  
der Residenz Berlin,  
No. 1, St.

Berlin, den 16. Juli 1917

**Ausweis.**

Nur gültig in Verbindung mit einem ordnungsmäßigen Paß oder Paßausweis.

Mit Einverständnis des stellvert. Generalkommandos Nr. 1. K. vom 16. 7. 1917

Nr. 1 erhält die ~~Personen~~ Staatsangehörige *Josephine*

wohnhaft Berlin *Bad Elster* Straße, Nr.

die Erlaubnis zur Reise nach *Bad Elster* und *Laßagen*

Aufenthalt dort für die Zeit vom *16. Juli* bis einschl. *1. August* 1917

sowie die Erlaubnis zur Rückreise nach Berlin.

Die Hin- und Rückreise ist ohne Unterbrechung auszuführen. Polizeiliche Anmeldung hier und  
Anmeldung in *Elster* haben sofort persönlich unter Vorlage der Ausweis-  
papiere zu erfolgen.

Der Kommandant.

H. B.

*Bauer*

Abteilungs-Vorsteher.

FACSIMILE OF MISS THERESE'S BAD ELSTER PASSPORT  
(The author's real name and Berlin address have been purposely obliterated.)





ill and going to the baths to convalesce. At last, I came to a stop in a coupé already occupied by five women and two men. The men had seats on the wooden benches, and they kept them, so that one of the other women and I had to stand until the train reached Leipsic, five weary hours' ride distant. Yet the men were dressed in the garb of gentlemen.

Their conversation as well as their behavior indicated that they had no other claim to that title. The stories which they told, in so loud a tone of voice that it was obviously their intention that the women should get the benefit of them, were abominable and clearly disgusted my companions in misery as much as they did me. I fell into conversation with two of the women, who proved to be business girls just starting for a vacation in the country, and, when the fact that I was an American came out — they guessed it, by the way,— it disturbed them not at all. What did *war* matter with *vacation* in immediate prospect!

Nor did either of the men appear to be disturbed by reason of my nationality and, as soon as it was mentioned, they began to talk loudly of the experiences that they had themselves had in America, perhaps with an idea of impressing me. They failed to do so; in fact I concluded that neither of them had ever stepped foot in the Land of the Free.

To my relief they left at Leipsic, at which city

I managed to get a seat and rode the last two hours of the long journey in comparative comfort, save for a brief period of the old-time mental discomfiture engendered by the appearance of a detective, who demanded that I show him my passport and asked me the usual long string of questions — pertinent, from his standpoint, doubtless, but impertinent from mine.

With dirty, but smiling face, I hurried from the train when Bad Elster was reached and an instant later found myself in Olga's arms, for she was awaiting me. How good she looked with her trim, slender figure and sweet face, with its frame of dark hair. No wonder, I thought, that all the men at the station were casting admiring glances at her.

My first view of the popular resort was a highly pleasing one, and new charms were to unfold themselves daily thereafter. Starting out in a motor buss we climbed higher and higher up the wooded mountainside until we reached our *pension*, the König Albert Hotel, and there I rejoiced to find myself once again in the real open country, with forests, fields and lakes all about me.

Olga was happy and enthusiastic and, as we entered the hotel, she said, "We have a nice little room which I hope will please you, but now you must hurry and get cleaned up for we are going to have lunch — or perhaps it is supper — out in the summerhouse."

The suggestion of food was always welcome,

and to have it served in a summerhouse amid such surroundings was wonderfully appealing. It proved to be a delightful meal, indeed, including asparagus soup with that luxury, *milk*, very good bread, meat, potatoes and a jelly dessert. We also had some cocoa which I had brought — a gift from Cousin Jack.

Altogether I was glad I had come, and was to continue so for two weeks, for the food was far better than we could get in Berlin, and daily we had milk,—rather watery, to be sure, but still milk — and real butter or marmalade — though never both — at breakfast.

Of course, before I was allowed to eat a mouthful, I had to surrender my precious food cards to the proprietress.

After the lunch Olga took me for a stroll through the fascinating *Kurplatz* promenade, lined with attractive shops which made it look like a diminutive inland Atlantic City; but, before we returned to our *pension*, she had to remind me that, even in Bad Elster, I was not to have the freedom of a complete vacation. My orders necessitated my appearing before the local police to report my presence within six hours of my arrival. Such formalities in Germany had to be obeyed to the letter,— and to the police station I went.

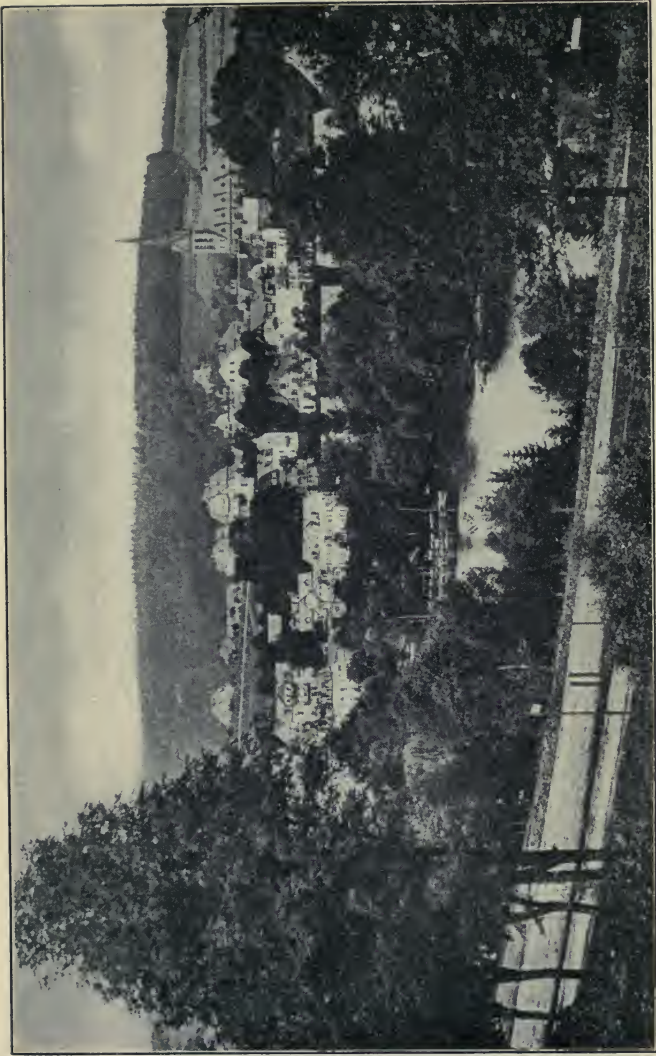
Too weary to care to see or do anything more that evening, I went early to my room, and, unpacking, brought out my beloved flag, which had not been left behind. I hung it over the bed,

and turned silently towards Olga. There was a look of surprise on her face, but she said nothing and merely came and kissed me. For fourteen nights a German girl slept under the Stars and Stripes.

In the morning I opened my eyes to an enchanting landscape of deeply wooded and verdure-clad hills and shining ponds; but, before I was allowed to enjoy them in the delight which comes with perfect relaxation, Frau Duysen insisted upon my visiting the doctor for examination and prescription. I complied, and his orders were that I drink the mineral water frequently — it was served in attractive pavilions by uniformed girl attendants — that I take a three-hour nap daily, drink plenty of milk, and every other day submit myself to a mineral bath. Although my intentions were good, I must admit that I failed to follow directions as to resting, and later I wished that I had disobeyed them as to the baths, for they proved to be exactly the wrong course of treatment in my case. The drawing effect which they exercised on flesh and muscles simply made me weaker and weaker.

The friends whom I made there, and the comparative freedom of movement which I was allowed — for I did not have to report to the police again until I was about to leave — made those two weeks in Bad Elster the most delightful of my whole stay in Germany. War seemed remote and unreal, since the subject was silently taboo. We





BAD ELSTER



had daily sunbaths in reclining chairs high up in the hills; we had moonlight boating parties on the lake, at which times Olga would take along her guitar and all of us young people sang popular songs, our voices carrying across the still waters; we took long walks through the pleasant countryside with a young Russian who had found a way of getting milk from a certain farmhouse without the customary card; and one night this same handsome Russian and a companion, who were with us continually, insisted upon giving us a farewell dance on the eve of their departure for their homes in Leipsic. They said that they had discovered a boarding-house, higher up on the mountain, where they could hire a private room for the purpose, and finally persuaded Frau Duysen and the mothers of two of the other girls who were members of our "crowd" to let us go. They, of course, were to go along also, as chaperons.

I was so excited over the thought of having a *real* dance, the first in all the many months that I had spent in Germany, that Frau Duysen was led to remark that she had never seen me look so bright-eyed and rosy, and she laid it to the baths and treatment. *I* knew better.

That evening we merrily climbed the mountain-side, four of us girls, three chaperons and seven or eight men, and walked through the lovely moonlit woods until we came to a large bungalow which was to be the scene of our festivities. My soaring spirits drooped a little when we got within and I

saw the "ballroom." It was merely a small ordinary living room which held a rickety old piano, and chairs and tables which we had to move back against the walls in order to clear a space in which to dance. But they rebounded speedily when Olga seated herself at the piano, began a dreamy Strauss waltz, and the Russian — Herr Romanow — approached me, saying, "*Veheertes Fraulein, darf ich mit Ihnen tanzen?*"

The floor was of soft pine and considerably split and warped, the music was jangly and out of tune, but what of that? It was a *dance*, I had a wonderful partner, so much more graceful than a German man, and I floated away happily, forgetful, for the time being, that there was such a thing as WAR in the world.

The girls took turns at dancing and furnishing the music, and, until half-past eleven merriment reigned. Then the landlady, a dark-visaged German of the uncompromising type, put in her blighting appearance and told us crossly that her boarders wanted to go to sleep and that we must vacate. I pleaded with her for "just one more dance," but she was obdurate and only answered by walking firmly to the piano, closing and locking it with a bang, and walking off with the key. The others were for accepting her edict, but the spirit of the dance was in my blood and I rebelled. Looking into an adjoining room, I discovered a graphophone, even more dilapidated-looking than the piano. I brought it forth in triumph, and we



started in again to the accompaniment of sundry squeaks which passed for music, and we kept it up until the enemy again swooped down upon us in wrath, and joined her stern commands to our chaperons' entreaties.

It was past midnight when we started back home. The moon had vanished, and the path was pitchy black. With much laughter we felt our stumbling way downward, the men of the party generously supplying their aid.

Our merriment reached its climax when we arrived at our *pension*, for it was then discovered that one of the German men, who was especially infatuated with Olga, and who had started out as her escort, had become confused in the dark, unconsciously changed partners, and been tenderly squeezing the hand of one of the chaperons most of the way, under a natural misapprehension.

I shall never forget *him*, although I have forgotten his name. He was an insignificant little puppy who wore loud, tight-fitting clothes, spats and a monocle and never went out without carrying a cane. His affected gallantry used to strike me as fully as ludicrous as his appearance. He was a most accomplished hand-kisser. Olga detested him, although she was feminine enough to approve of the roses which he frequently brought her.

As different from the puppy as white from black was the young Russian, Herr Romanow, who was big and strikingly handsome, a graduate of Leipsic University, and as unaffectedly courteous as he

was cultured. He sent both Olga and me many bouquets of orchids and waxed roses, and one evening quite won my heart by calling America — which he had visited several times in connection with his fur business — by the name which I gave it always in my thoughts, "God's Country."

"Fraulein," said he with earnest sincerity, and in the beautiful English which he spoke, "I have met many girls of many nationalities, and I have always found the American women the most innately refined, delightfully unlike the average continental, who uses strict conventions merely as a mask."

Olga had yet another one on her string of beaux for whom she cared nothing, her heart being with the army in the east. He, too, was a Russian, and in my eyes Herr Romanow's antithesis, but he interested her because he was an actor and most Berlin girls adore that class. I detested him because of his veneer of gallantry. Once he said to me with a sigh, "I could not help falling in love at first sight with Fraulein Olga before *you* came, for I see so few pretty faces here — unlike America, where all the women are lovely." And then he proceeded to turn around and tell Olga that he could not talk to her as he would like when I was around. "The American girl is very quiet, but nothing escapes her," he had added, and Olga faithfully retold it to me as she did everything.

Moreover, she said, he had once calmly mentioned the fact that he had lived for six years with

a dancer in Vienna; but of course had no idea of marrying her, since she was socially beneath him. Can you imagine an American man saying such a thing to the girl whom he professed to love devotedly and wanted to marry? Yet in Germany such a thing was common enough, and the cause for no special comment.

One of the most popular features at Bad Elster was the baths, not for cure, but for amusement. There were three of these, called respectively the *Männerbad*, the *Damenbad* and the *Familienbad* — the last resorted to by both men and women. I had heard all about this one before I had been there long; but, although it was considered a perfectly proper place, I steadily refused invitations to visit it until it was nearly time for me to leave. Then I yielded to curiosity, and to the insistent importunings of Fraulein X — a mischievous and strikingly fascinating young woman who thought that the sun rose and set in a man — and accompanied her thither one afternoon. I was later to learn that she had told her mother and Frau Dyu-sen that we were going to take a mineral bath.

The spot was an attractive open air pool, but enclosed by buildings and high walls. When I got inside my enthusiasm for the adventure waned, and, although I finally agreed to don the very abbreviated one-piece bathing suit which the attendant supplied me with, I made the wearing of my bathrobe the condition upon which I would go inside. Fraulein X laughed at me for this.

When I got inside, I found the pool and adjacent grounds filled with men and maids, all similarly clad — minus the bathrobe — who were making merry in the water, occupying park swings, or lounging about in couples.

Many of them seemed to be known to my companion, and she insisted upon introducing several to me. The first was a German officer, wounded and at Bad Elster for treatment. I had seen him once or twice on the street when I was with Olga, but never given him a second glance, yet, when he was presented, he kissed my hand, and murmured affectedly, "Ah, we have gazed so often into each other's eyes, Fraulein!" Conceited thing!

At last my companion brought up a fine looking man whose magnificent physique was effectively displayed by his abbreviated costume, and whose posing indicated that he knew he was handsome and courted admiration. As soon as I looked at him I recognized him from pictures which I had seen. He was Herr Otto Feld, a well-known Austrian opera singer.

For some minutes several of us stood talking together casually. Then I unconsciously began to hum a little melody under my breath, for I had no real part in the conversation. It caught Herr Feld's ear, and he immediately drew close to me and began to show a sudden interest in me and my work. I was quite flattered as he asked me all about my studies, and expressed a hope that he might have the pleasure of hearing me



sing, some day. Still talking music, we drifted apart from the others, for Fraulein X was busily engaged with half a dozen men. Suddenly I was startled by having him lay his hand caressingly upon my arm, and by hearing him say, wheedlingly, "Please take off your bathrobe, Fraulein."

"I most certainly shall not," I answered, pulling away from him.

But he persisted with heavy jocosity, "And why not? Are you deformed?"

By this time my temper was rising and I returned sharply, "That is none of your business. How dare you talk like that to me?"

I could feel my cheeks beginning to burn, and, leaving him hurriedly, I went to one of the chair swings and slipped into a seat opposite a man and girl, where I thought that I would be safe from his further attentions. We had just got the swing to going so fast that I did not dare to jump, when the obnoxious opera star sprang in by my side, and, laughing, seized me in his powerful arms, and tried to strip the robe from me.

Fright, humiliation and anger combined to keep me tongue-tied for an instant, and, while all those in our immediate neighborhood laughed and encouraged him, he stopped the swing, and picking me up bodily, sprang out.

Then both my voice and my strength returned to me, and I pulled his long, wavy hair with all my might until he was only too glad to set me quickly down, while I cried, "If there was an

*American* man here he would smash your face, you beast!"

At this juncture who should appear but Lieutenant von Lüben, who had kept his word and followed me to Bad Elster. Although I had lost no love over him, he seemed like a veritable saviour at that moment, and I almost threw myself in his arms, while Herr Feld hastily disappeared. I was on the verge of hysterics and the lieutenant began to comfort me by saying, "I understand, Fraulein Josephine. You did exactly right not to take your bathrobe off. No really refined girl would dress as they do in this place."

Then I felt *his* arms about me, and, with a sudden realization that he was merely playing a game to impress me, and was quite capable of taking advantage of my position, I broke away and ran into the dressing-room in tears. Fraulein X followed, a little frightened I think, and, when I got her out of that awful place, I allowed myself to provoke a bitter quarrel during the course of which I told her in the plainest German at my command what my opinion was of a girl who would do as she had done.

It was my dearest wish that I might never lay eyes on Herr Otto Feld again, but that very same evening who should come into the restaurant where we were dining but the beast himself, accompanied by a flashily dressed woman who, Olga whispered to me, was his wife. Moreover he had the audacity to smile at me openly, and again

anger got the better of my wisdom, and I took malicious delight in recounting the whole of my morning's experience in a clearly audible voice and ended my recital — which I could see shocked Frau Duysen — by saying, "The disgusting man is sitting at the table next to ours. I am certainly sorry for his wife." Oh, how I hoped that she had a militant spirit, and a sure aim with whatever weapons German women use.

The Herr Lieutenant joined us with another officer, and they invited Olga and me to attend the theatre. Frau Duysen demurred at our going alone, but finally consented, as she was not feeling well; but told us to come straight home after the play. But when, at nearly eleven o'clock, the men begged us to have a bite to eat at the *Kurplatz* I forgot the injunction, and that we were not in America, and persuaded Olga to accept, and it was not until I found many surprised and accusing eyes fixed upon us, that I remembered that we were without a chaperon and therefore committing a social crime.

Feeling strange and embarrassed, I insisted upon hurrying home, where we found Olga's mother waiting up and distinctly worried. She reprimanded us and told the men in no uncertain terms that they had no business to take us out unchaperoned and openly in Bad Elster.

I felt very badly and, before I went to bed that night, my day of unpleasant events was topped off by my overhearing part of a low-voiced conver-

sation which sent me to my room thoroughly dis-comfited and angry with everything German — except Olga. I had left a book on the piazza, and stepped out into the darkness to get it, just in time to hear my hero of the morning, Herr Lieutenant von Lüben, describing the incident to his friend, and laughing over it.

Said he, "I wish that I had got in earlier, and I'll wager that *I* could have made her take it off."

To Olga I vowed that I would never speak to him again; but she took me in her arms and both comforted me and showed me the wisdom of hiding my feelings, ending by saying with serious meaning, "It would not be wise for you to turn so powerful a friend into an enemy. Remember how you are situated, dear. A woman cannot always speak what is in her heart."

Olga was right.

I have described the incidents of that day because I found them to be wholly typical of the behavior of German and Austrian men, although they were really rather trivial and mild. There are, of course, plenty of exceptions, and I suppose that the majority would not have behaved in public as did Herr Feld; but I am quite sure that, by most of them, a girl is regarded as fair game.

Wartimes have not produced, but merely accentuated this attitude, and, although the strict conventions, upon which Frau Duysen insisted, still protect the women of the higher classes, those of the servant class expect nothing else.



I gained much light upon this unpleasant subject from Anna, who talked much more freely to me than to her mistress, after we became well acquainted, and I well remember one morning when she was dusting my room and became unusually communicative.

Said she, "My sister has just been given a fine medal by the government."

"That's nice. What was it for?" I asked innocently.

"For having a boy baby. Her first two were girls."

"Is her husband in the army?" I inquired.

"Oh, but she isn't married," answered Anna with a matter-of-fact shrug of her shoulders. "You know all the officers like to meet us evenings. But I, myself, am too smart for them," she added with a merry laugh. "I'll tell you what happened last week, if you won't tell Frau Miller. She gave me some white shoes and stockings and, when I put them on and take off my apron, I look just like a lady, and I have such fun. I met an officer one night and he took me to a restaurant and gave me some wine; we had a fine time, but I fooled him good when he wanted to see me home. I went into the entrance hall of a fine big apartment house, where I pretended to live, and then sneaked out again, after he had left. I met him another night, too, and he introduced me to several other officers, oh, awfully handsome men, but I didn't know how to talk to them, so when he

asked me into the restaurant I dodged into a crowd that was coming out of a movie theatre, and left them looking all around for me through their monocles. Oh, it was funny!"

Although she was nearly as old as I, I took the occasion to talk to her like a Dutch aunt, but I knew that it would do no good.

With this sort of thing, and what it implies, a common occurrence, it is no wonder that strict chaperonage is insisted upon, at least on the surface, for girls of the upper strata of society, and the frank, healthy comradeship which we have between young men and women in America is impossible. I was not long in discovering that the German mothers whom I met were shocked to death at the freedom permitted American girls and lifted their hands in horror at such "immodesty." Yet I had more than one occasion for finding out that their daughters were continually meeting admirers clandestinely by means of every sort of artifice. And the mothers probably did the same, when they were young.

Truly German convention, like charity, covers a multitude of sins!

## CHAPTER XVII

### BRESLAU

ON the first of August Old Glory and I traveled from Bad Elster to Breslau, according to schedule, and it was with a sense of poignant regret — and two large bouquets of roses, one from Olga and one from Lieutenant von Lüben — that I boarded the train. Germany at play was far more pleasant than Germany at war, despite my few disagreeable experiences. Besides, the lieutenant had been so very agreeable that I had half forgiven him for his presumptuous statement, and had resolved, anyway, to dissemble for diplomatic reasons.

Yet I had not been able to get away without war intruding its ugly visage into the playland. My brief period of forgetfulness was brought to an end when I had to go through the old odious formality of reporting to the police the news of my impending departure, and the unpleasant recollections of what my situation had been, and was soon to be again, were still further revived by the sight of the train on which I was to depart for Breslau. It was filled full of enemy soldiers.

I hated that gray uniform now, for the sight of it always reminded me that to the westward a

line of them were facing another line clad in khaki — my own countrymen. Still, I could not help pitying them, too, they looked so terribly wan and weary, stoically suffering in the heat of that frightful train. Many were stretched out on the bare floor of the aisles, and did not even raise their eyes as I brushed by them — although the same could not be said about the few officers who were on board. It was a nightmare journey, what with the stench of smoke from vile tobacco, the odor of perspiring humanity and the sizzling atmosphere. The atmosphere was almost nauseating, and, after the cool, clean air and comfort of the mountains, the ten hours which I had to spend in it seemed like an eternity.

All my breadcards had been taken up at Bad Elster, but Frau Duysen had succeeded in furnishing me with two egg sandwiches and one of marmalade to eat on the trip. I ordered some coffee to help me swallow them, but barely tasted it. One sip was enough, for it was inky black and generally horrid.

Although my stay at Bad Elster had benefited me in one way. — I was less nervous — I still looked thin and pale and, when I arrived at Breslau, I was a perfect sight from grime and coal dust. It was, indeed, a wonder that Herr and Frau Holzman — Cousin Jack's maternal uncle and aunt — discovered me at all. It was only my bouquets of flowers that gave them the clue to my identity, they said.



In the month which followed I was to find Breslau a charming little city, and my very first view of the Holzman home won my heart, for once more I found myself surrounded by American furniture and fed with food as nearly American as could be obtained. It made me feel at home and homesick at the same time, but the latter feeling was dissipated, or at least lessened, by the entertainment which I received.

Mr. Holzman was a liberal-minded German and his wife the American in this case, and they had arrived at a silent understanding which shut the war outside their door.

Still, Breslau was not Bad Elster, and, although my stay was a pleasant one, the old spirit of uncertainty and distress was re-awakened within me early on the morning after my arrival, and was never laid to rest thereafter until Germany was behind me. Mr. Holzman took me to the odious *Kommandantur* to report my arrival, and beg permission to stay in the city. Over the building waved the flag of oppression and, as I walked beneath it, I had a feeling as though a shadow had fallen over my spirits. It was presentiment, perhaps. The officer to whom I was directed was of the type now well known to me, bumptious and officious, and, when I had stated my reason for coming, he told me shortly, that the station was not open for Americans until three in the afternoon. This necessitated my making another trip and, as I had learned the way, and was quite

accustomed to calling at police stations, I insisted upon going alone. Again I was met with the curt announcement that I was out of order, and should come at four. At that hour he was ready to receive me and, when he began to propound the same old questions, I forgot my cue long enough to demand, rather impatiently, why all that rigmarole was necessary when I had been granted permission in Berlin to stay here a month.

He scowled, and answered gruffly, "Possibly, but that was in *Berlin*; this is *Breslau*."

Eventually, when he saw that I seemed sufficiently humbled and impressed, he made out an *Ausweis* which I put in my bag without examination, taking it for granted that it coincided with my passport. It was foolish, I admit; I should have known that it does not do to take anything for granted where German police are concerned!

Not many days had passed before I became acquainted with a number of our neighbors, all of whom accepted me without reserve. One of them, Herr Lieutenant Heinrich Hiller, who lived next door and was so intimate with the Holzman family that he seemed quite like one of the household, came to call the first evening, and thereafter I was not surprised to see him run in, unannounced, morning, noon and night. It was not long before we were calling one another "Jo" and "Heinie" for, although he was a Prussian officer, he was young and exceptionally boyish — a really fine fellow, and good-looking, too. He

was big, broad-shouldered, with frank gray eyes and dark hair that almost curled. Before going into the army, Heinrich had been a star athlete, apparently, and he had trophies galore to prove his prowess on the tennis court. Somehow, his frank intimacy made him seem almost like another cousin to me, but, before long, I was to discover that his attitude toward me was quite other than "cousinly." Thereafter I teased him shamefully. Almost the first time that we were alone together he said seriously, "I think that all American girls are cold and heartless, or else frivolous."

I am afraid that his experience with me only strengthened this opinion; but I never even pretended to be anything more than I was — a friendly enemy. It was an anomalous position. I really liked Heinie, the big-hearted and attentive boy who insisted on taking me everywhere — he told me, when I departed, that his diary showed that we had been out together nineteen evenings — yet my hatred of what he stood for was growing daily. He was a Prussian officer, even then invalided home from the front to recover from a wound and typhoid fever, and, as soon as he should be well again, he would return to fight against my people.

And the papers grudgingly admitted that more and more of them, an infinitesimal number to be sure, were daily taking their places at the front. The news of this nature, the renewed visits to the police station, which were daily in Breslau,

and the sight of more soldiers on the streets than I had seen even in Berlin, brought back the realization of my position with doubled intensity, and I purposely sought forgetfulness in forced gaiety as often as I could.

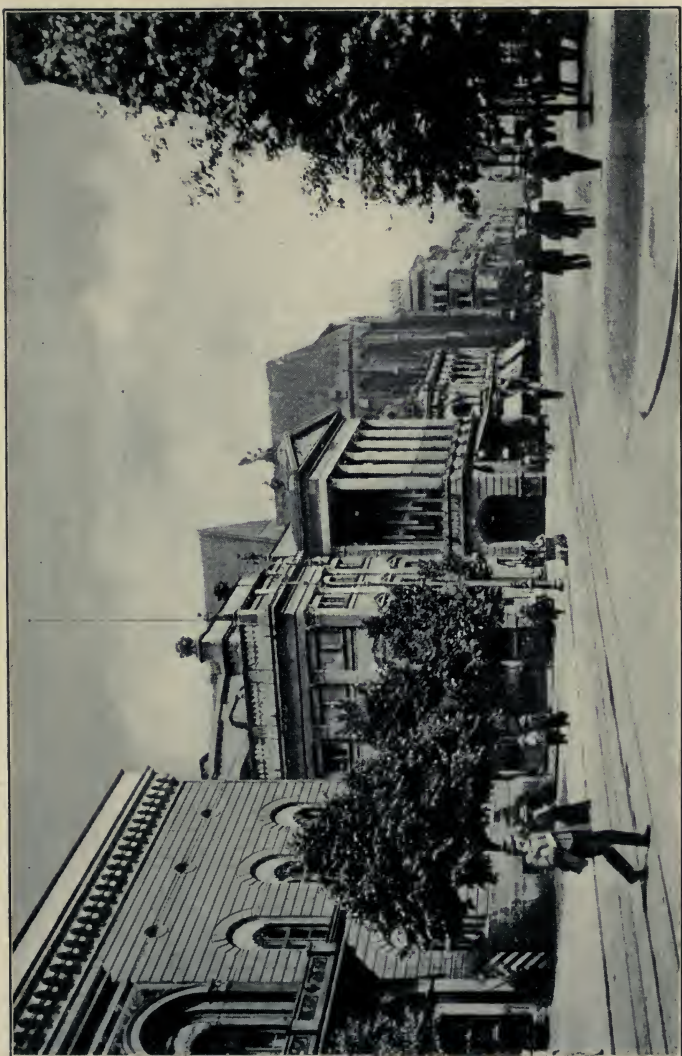
And Heinie was always ready to act as cavalier. Under his attentive escort I saw all places of possible interest and took in every "show" in the city. One afternoon, too, he hired a taxicab, to accomplish which he had first to pay the driver a gratuity of forty marks, and took me into the suburbs to an elevated spot as near as possible to an aviation school. It was an afternoon of thrills, for I had never before seen birdmen perform the wonderful, heart-gripping stunts in mid-air which he said were a part of their daily existence. Heinie waxed enthusiastic, and told me that those pupil aviators were the pick of German fighting manhood, good sports and daring warriors. That, I think, is generally conceded to be true. I was both thrilled and terrified and at the same time my imagination painted a cloud of other airplanes coming out of the west to meet and engage them in mortal combat, and I found myself aching to see those machines, whose hateful black crosses I could see in the air above me, go crashing to earth never to rise again.

"Aren't they wonderful?" breathed Heinie, enthusiastically.

"Yes, wonderful, and terrible," was my answer.

Heinrich was by no means the only man whom





SCHWEIDNITZER STRASSE, BRESLAU



I met during my month in Breslau; but only two or three of them made any lasting impression on my mind. One of those whom I *do* remember was an army captain from a training camp outside the city, and one day he took a party of eight, including Heinie — who had arranged it — and me, out to it in an automobile. I longed to go inside the high fence; but, needless to say, longed in vain. I did see bodies of marching men in gray in the near-by streets, however, and the sight of them aroused the old feeling of mingled fear and animosity. And oh, they were so young!

The captain was all courtesy and invited us all to dine as his guests at a near-by restaurant. I wondered how it was possible, with food cards doled out so strictly; but, just before the meal, he excused himself and went out into the kitchen. Just what happened there I, of course, do not know; but the waiter smiled and nodded understandingly when he came to serve us, and no mention was made of cards. I could not help wondering whether a bribe or “a friend at court” was responsible. We had a wonderfully good meal, too, with that luxury *Wienerschnitzel* — lamb cutlet,— a fried egg and potatoes.

So much for a very brief mention of the more pleasurable part of my four weeks' stay.

Now for an incident on the other side of the shield and which, with my daily visits to the police, affected me uncomfortably, and also further increased my loathing for one type of German man.

Strangely enough it was furnished by another opera singer. It seems strange that I should have gone to Germany to study for grand opera, myself, and have there had as my *betes-noir* the men of that very world!

This time it was not an Austrian, but a German, Herr Bluthner by name; but, like Herr Feld, he was a large man and cut a stunning figure in his cutaway coat, fancy waistcoat, button shoes with cloth tops and expensive scarfpins and rings. And, of course, he was inordinately vain. I first met him while out walking with Heinie. He recognized my escort, and strutted across the street like a pouter pigeon, freshly preened, and my amusement over his actions was increased by the form of his greeting, after we had been introduced, "My, how pale you are, Fraulein!" It reached its climax when I realized that Heinie was openly jealous.

Thereafter we met casually several times, and he kept the *forte* pedal on the heavy compliments and lumbering gallantry of the typical German beau. At first his behavior merely appealed to my sense of humor; but I changed my opinion of him, and his flirtatious actions, when Frau Holzman told me that he had come to Breslau, a little time before, especially to pay his court to the daughter of a wealthy neighbor of theirs, and that a betrothal between them was all but announced. Thereafter, his all too obvious attentions to me became most distressing, especially as I soon



became quite well acquainted with Fraulein S., the other girl in the triangle, who openly adored him, and could not help being aware of his conduct.

Toward the end of my stay invitations were issued to her birthday party, at which, it was rumored, the formal announcement of their betrothal would be made. I was included among the invited guests, for, as a member of the Holzman household, I could not well be omitted, and on the morning of the big event I went with my hostess to carry her some flowers and offer my felicitations.

Fraulein S. was very young and looked extremely pretty, I thought, flushed as she was with happiness; but I felt a pang of sorrow for her when she whispered to me as I was leaving, "You must be sure to come to my party tonight. My lover has consented to sing, and you will enjoy that so much. Oh, Fraulein, he is *wonderful!*"

Somewhat against my inclinations I did attend, and tried to take an inconspicuous place in the assembly, for my simple white dress seemed out of place amid the expensive gowns of the other girls and women; but, as soon as I was seated, Herr Bluthner singled me out as the sole object of his embarrassing attentions. Wholly forgetful of his duty, he preëmpted a chair on my right, and that on the other side was taken by a fussy little officer of the bracelet, spat and monocle type, who was called "cutie" by his intimates. I was surrounded by the enemy, and not at all comfortable.

When dancing began I thought that I might,

perhaps, escape; but one or the other insisted upon being my partner continually, and the perspiring opera star once inquired in a passionate whisper if I did not think he danced with "feeling." I could truthfully say, "Yes."

Then, adding insult to injury, he stood by the piano and sang impassioned love songs directly at me, until I could have died from vexatious embarrassment, for I felt that all eyes were fastened accusingly upon me. Yet the poor child who loved him, instead of making him feel her righteous wrath over his insulting behavior, actually tried to hold his hand during supper! I could have shaken her, and him, too.

When the festivities finally ended — without any engagement announcement, by the way, — Herr Bluthner insisted upon calling a carriage for Frau Holzman and me, and even begged permission to see us home. If his ears did not burn later it was only because the old superstition failed, for we both said a-plenty to make them do so, and I heartily echoed my hostess' characterization of him — a "*Widerliche mensch*," a degenerate man.

Heinrich had not been one of the guests, and when, the next morning I, womanlike, faithfully told him all about the affair, omitting none of the harrowing details, his jealous irritation was clearly aroused, though why he felt that he had a right to be jealous I could not imagine.

The last day of my vacation came, and, accompanied by Heinie, I went to the *Kommandantur*

to obtain the final visé on my *Ausweis*. When I handed the paper to the officer, he looked at it, and said crossly, "Well, what do you want?"

"I am leaving today," I explained.

"Oh, *are* you?" was his comment, in a highly sarcastic tone of voice. "By what right are you here at all, I should like to know? Don't you know that you have overstayed your permission?"

"Overstayed? Why, how can that be? My passport from Berlin said . . ."

"Never mind what *that* said. Observe the one that *I* gave you. Haven't you eyes? It expired yesterday! I've a mind to intern you!"

From the manner in which he glared at me I felt that it was not at all an idle threat, and in unfeigned distress I turned to Heinie and, with a glance of pleading, shifted the burden of getting me out of my scrape to his broad shoulders. He came to my assistance, and a few moments thereafter I was wonderfully relieved to see the official sullenly toss the paper to a girl clerk, with a grumbled direction to change the date to the thirty-first. How foolish his action had been, and how typically Prussian!

My warm gratitude should, I thought, have propitiated Heinrich for any past unkindnesses, but, when he came that afternoon to see me off for Berlin, I observed with surprise that he was scowling blackly, and almost rude to me. What might be the cause for his behavior I could not imagine until several moments after the train had

started, when I walked the pompous and smiling Herr Bluthner. Heinrich had doubtless seen him board the train; but I had not. At the moment I was reading Heinie's letter of farewell, which contained a diary of all that we had done together during the month, and I did not succeed in getting it out of the way until it had been seen by the intruder.

"Ah," said he, "so you are reading a love letter. Do not blush; I know the Herr Lieutenant and observed you two together in a box at the theatre a few nights ago. It was quite obvious that he is madly in love with you."

I remembered the occasion. Heinie had persisted in sitting with his back toward the stage and gazing at me, throughout the whole performance.

Without asking my permission, Herr Bluthner sat down beside me, and began the conversation where he had left off at the party, namely, by telling me that he adored blue eyes and dark hair. Fortunately for me he was not alone, for with him was a younger brother, a nice boy in the early twenties; but, although he was handsome I could not bear to look at him, for all of his features twitched and his body jerked continually. He was suffering from shell shock at the front.

After a time I got up, on some pretense or other, and tried to escape by walking up and down the narrow side aisle; but he followed me there, and, under a pretence of steadying me, tried to put his arms about me. Thereupon I returned to



my compartment and he continued to talk, for I had very little to say after he told me airily, in reply to my direct question, that he cared nothing at all for Fraulein S. and had been merely amusing himself with her while in Breslau.

As the train pulled into a station in the suburbs of Berlin, where he was to disembark, he began to urge me to get off also and spend the day with him. He seemed really surprised at my heated refusal, and even that did not prevent him from calling me up by telephone early the next morning. I answered and heard him say, "Oh, Fraulein, don't you see how much in love I am with you? Why, I called you up before I dressed!"

"I'm sorry for you, if that is the case, for you mean nothing to me," I answered.

"But can't I meet you somewhere today?" he begged, and, in a spirit of mischief, I answered, "Yes, I will be at the Art Museum at noon."

I hardly need add that I was not there at that time, and he took the hint, for, although I saw him occasionally on the street thereafter, he did not speak, to my great relief.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### AMID DARKENING SHADOWS

MR. and Mrs. Miller had met me at the station upon my return from Breslau, and how good they looked to me after an absence of six weeks from them, and from that city of grim despair and desperation! Among the scenes of novelty and interest in Bad Elster and Breslau I had found partial forgetfulness of war and what it meant to me. Now I was back again in the nerve center of the mad nation which was battling with almost all the world.

Even in that brief time a change had occurred, and it was not long before I had gained an understanding of the new situation. What it was, as far as food and clothing were concerned, I have already told you and I have told you, too, how the decrease of nutritious qualities in the meals had begun to affect the people physically.

Mentally, I found the general atmosphere even more tense than when I left, with hope higher and yet nervousness increased. Every one, so Mr. Miller said, had come to a full realization that Prussia was fighting for her life. Even the neutral countries were involved, for they could no longer supply

Germany with food, being hard pressed themselves, and frenzied Germany was snapping indiscriminately at nominal friend and deadly foe. The Scandinavian countries and Holland were cowed, he said, partly by fear of invasion, and partly by economic necessity, for, with the American embargo, they were not only short of food, but obliged to look to Germany for the coal upon which their very life was dependent.

Yet other things had changed materially to Germany's advantage since spring, and Lieutenant von Lüben, who lost no time in renewing his visits at our home, told me about them with no attempt to conceal his triumphant satisfaction. Most of them are history and need no repetition by me; Italy was being driven back, and he said that the menace from that quarter would soon be over for good; and Russia was demoralized and practically out of the fight.

"Why," said he, "do you know that we now have direct telegraphic communication between here and Petrograd, via Stockholm?"

"What good does that do you?" I asked.

"Wait and see. You know how rich Russia is in food and supplies; soon we will have all of it to help us in our fight against America."

"Against America? So you are willing to admit, at last, that my country is worthy of consideration as a foe?"

"Well, of course it may help our enemies some, but not much. What does the handful of men that

she has managed to get across to France amount to?"

There were others, plenty of them, who said the same; but I thought that I could read beneath their scoffing words a new uncertainty and, much as it hurt me to think that our boys would soon be dying, I could not keep down a feeling of exultation that they were coming, despite all the German boasts and scoffings.

I had many things to tell my host and hostess and they, in turn, had much to tell me about what had been going on politically. I wish that I could remember all Mr. Miller said, and his quaint and caustic comments; but I did not then think that some day I would be writing such a story as this and am afraid that too often I paid little attention to the serious things.

I do remember one evening when he fell to talking of Ambassador Gerard, and told us that he had written a book on his return to America, describing his four years in Germany.

"It must be interesting reading," he said, "and I'd like to get hold of a copy; but you should hear the people whom I meet sneer at it. They call him a mean spy, and say that his story is undoubtedly a lie from start to finish."

Paulina did not let this new opportunity to scoff at American diplomats slip, either, and on the very first day that I returned to the *Konservatorium*, she made an occasion to ask me if I had heard of what *my* ambassador had done.



"Yes, I've heard, if you mean about his writing a book," I replied.

"The idea of a man who calls himself a diplomat demeaning himself like that for the sake of a little cheap publicity; but it's just like you Americans! How long do you suppose Ambassador Bernstorff would retain his high position in our regard if he should write 'My six years in America,' and sell it all over the country?"

"I just wish he would. It would make interesting reading — *if he had the courage to tell the truth,*" was my angry rejoinder. "But, as for retaining his popularity, I thought that he had lost that already," I added.

"Why, he is a *hero*. He was welcomed with a great state dinner," she answered, getting angry in turn.

I repeated this conversation to Mr. Miller that evening, and he laughed.

"Of course the government tried to make him out a hero — the king's agent, like the king, can do no wrong, you know; but the people welcomed him coldly enough, if I'm a judge. I suppose you've read about the plot that he tried to put through with Japan and Mexico. He got well blamed for failing so ignominiously in that."

"I should think that he ought to be blamed for such a shameful, underhand act," I said.

"Oh, *that* wasn't the trouble; he was guilty of another and far more serious crime — that of having failed and been found out," answered my host.

There were other changes, too, which Mrs. Miller was better qualified to tell me of.

"We've had to give up the *Sauglingsfursorge*," — which, you will remember, was the club of women which formerly met to sew for orphaned or fatherless babies. "We can't get any cloth to make baby clothes with," she said in answer to my inquiry as to what she had been doing. "And the women can't get wool to knit socks for the soldiers. Still, we manage to keep busy, somehow, and keep our minds off the war."

Olga, too, had much to tell me, both about private matters and about her work with the wounded, for she was spending an ever increasing time at the hospitals. Sometimes, of an afternoon, she took me with her, and, on one of these occasions early in September, I remarked on the fact that most of the men with whom the hospitals were filled to overcrowding appeared only slightly wounded. Her answer, made in a tone that was half apologetic, opened my eyes to a strange fact — no, not strange, either, when judged by the German standard of efficiency.

"You see, we treat all the seriously wounded in the base hospital at the front, for we cannot spare the space and bear the expense of bringing so far any except those who are sure to be cured."

I did not voice the thought that was in my mind, that to the Prussian a soldier had ceased to be a human soul and become merely a part of the War-god's terrible machine, to be disre-

garded unless he could be repaired and used again.

But if I did not say it, another did in almost those words, to my great astonishment. Frau M., head nurse in the hospital, came in while we were talking and heard enough of what Olga said to guess the subject of our conversation.

"Your friend puts it mildly," she interrupted, with her dark eyes flashing under her white cap. "*I call it a brutal procedure. Our badly wounded should have the best that we can give them, not the makeshift treatment of a field hospital.*"

Changes had occurred since my departure from Berlin, but one thing I found unaltered. The spirit of hold out and win with the sword was as strong as ever. The people's education in the hard school of endurance had reached an advanced course, but it was being learned daily with no thought of quitting.

It was early in September, also, if memory serves me, that occurred an incident which in its tragicness showed me, better than had anything else, the heart of a war-weary, desperate nation.

I was returning home after the morning lessons at the conservatory when I saw a wild commotion on the street ahead of me. Men were throwing their hats into the air, women were embracing, and all were laughing with delirious joy, or singing. I stopped in wonderment and then the thought came that they had received news of a great victory. My heart sank; perhaps it was over my own countrymen.

Then a newsboy dashed madly past, shrieking, "*Peace! Peace at last!*" and holding up a special afternoon edition whose big headlines screamed the same glad tidings.

I bought a copy, giving the boy the first coin that my fingers closed upon with a hand that trembled so that I nearly dropped it. In heavy print was the brief announcement that news had been given out in the Reichstag that a general peace had been declared. As I read it sobs choked my throat, and I became so weak from utter happiness that I wanted to sit down on the curbing. The crowd gathered like magic and soon thousands of people were voicing their joy and overwhelming relief.

I hurried home with the glorious news; but hardly had I told it before Mr. Miller came in, his countenance downcast. "It was all a mistake," he said, dully. "There is no peace."

It seemed to me, when I went out again, that a hope-destroying wave like their own poisoned gas had swept over the city. The people looked dumbly at one another, and silently resumed the burden of war.

A few weeks later, however, came the authentic word of the peace with one nation — Russia, a peace more shameful to Germany than to her, for it was bought by treachery and founded on falsehood.

Again the people smiled, and I heard everywhere, "A little more of hunger, a little longer of



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WHERE THE REICHTAG MEETS



holding firm, and we shall have food a-plenty; and, with the army of the East set free, we shall quickly conquer in the West."

But I did not smile, for I feared that it would be true. Heartsick with hope deferred they had been, but the fountain spring of hope within their breasts was fed anew from that great propaganda reservoir filled with lies and glowing promises, controlled by the junkers and war lords.

Although most of the people believed, and looked for great things from Russia, the usually optimistic Mr. Miller was not of their number. Almost from the moment that I returned to his home both he and his wife began to discuss seriously the desirability of my leaving Germany, *if I could*.

"You see how much worse things are than they were in the spring, Josephine," he said one evening at the supper table, when even our fare was limited and poor in quality, "and I don't look for any improvement — not until next fall at least. Last winter was bad enough; but we have got a worse one ahead of us, and, as much as I hate to have you leave us, I strongly advise your returning home as soon as possible. There is another reason, too. Prussia pretends not to take America seriously; she hasn't felt our power yet, but when she does — and I am convinced that that time is fast coming — Americans here may not get off as easily as in the past. I'm not afraid for myself, and I can't leave; you know

how I am situated, and that all the money which I have and which will go to my wife and Evelyn when I die is tied up here. But I do not want to be responsible for your suffering any more indignities."

This time their words fell on willing ears. I hated to quit, and especially to leave the Millers, but I hated Germany more, and I found that the name "America" was ringing through my thoughts most of the time, especially when my eyes fell upon Old Glory, now back in its place on my bedroom wall.

Evelyn said the same thing as her father; but, when I mentioned the matter to Olga, she urged me so strongly to remain that my will was shaken.

"Don't go, dear," she begged. "You will be all right here and I am afraid of what might happen. You know, our U-boats . . ."

I knew what was in her mind, and why she was urging me to bear the ills I had rather than fly to others that I knew not of.

Paulina added to my uncertainty of mind by saying, when I told the girls at school that I was planning to go home, "What is the use of your planning? The government won't let you go."

Thus I got all kinds of advice from different sources, and there was one beside Olga who at least pretended to want me to stay for personal reasons. During my earlier acquaintanceship with Herr Lieutenant von Lüben I had accepted his companionship gladly enough for, although I felt no inclination to return his proffered love, and



succeeded pretty well in keeping him on a strictly friendly basis, his attentions had resulted in my having many an enjoyable time. But now he became more serious in pressing his suit. This is neither an autobiography nor a love story, so I shall leave this particular subject to your imagination. Enough to say that although he was persistent, he was not particularly interesting, and what had happened at Bad Elster had turned my moderate liking for him into dislike and disgust. Still, Olga's advice lingered in my memory and, although more than once my heart prompted me to tell him my real opinion in no uncertain terms, my brain always put a check on my tongue. Even though things had been going smoothly enough on the surface I had for months been learning one of war's lessons, namely, that diplomacy is a powerful weapon.

This particular matter came to a head one day when Anna, whose escapades with officers I have mentioned, came to me and said, somewhat hesitantly, that, the evening previous, she had seen "my" Herr Lieutenant in a company not calculated to add lustre to his reputation. The words are mine; Anna spoke more frankly.

I took the story to Olga, who nodded and said, "I have noticed how very attentive Lieutenant von Lüben has been, dear, and have been wondering what I should do. You know that he is a German officer, and I am sorry to say that we regard that class as more privileged than you

would in America. He is really a very fine fellow, Josephine; but — well, I happen to know that he has a mistress, and also got into some sort of a tangle with a French woman when he was at the front. I hardly need to say more, nor do I need to warn you that you are in a delicate position, and do not want to estrange him.”

I saw the truth of her repeated warning, and determined to play a part to the end. In his position at headquarters, and with his wide acquaintance in official circles, Lieutenant von Lüben might be of inestimable help, and I felt that I was going to need all the aid I could get.

By the middle of September I had made up my mind. The call of the homeland was too insistent to be withstood, and I resolved to get out of Germany, if I could, and as soon as I could. Mr. Miller heard my decision with an approving nod, and said that he would take steps at once to secure passage for me on the Norwegian-American line steamer which was to sail from Christiania in October.

That night he came home and, in answer to my eager question, said, “Just as I expected, we’re up against a wall. I went to the local office of the company; but, when I asked if I could secure a passage, the agent fairly laughed at me. ‘Absolutely impossible, my dear sir,’ he said. ‘The ship was sold out weeks ago, and we might have done it three times over. Why, half the steerage has been taken by wealthy people who

were only too glad to get any accommodation.' But he gave me one ray of hope by saying, just as I was turning away, 'Why don't you put in an application for the ship that is to sail on December seventh?'"

"And you did?" I asked, trying to conceal my disappointment, for I had fixed my heart on going at once.

"I certainly did, and I'll tell you a secret, I made assurance doubly sure by promising the girl who booked my application a substantial amount of chocolate if she would refuse all other applications for your cabin."

As it proved, he had played the part of wisdom, even though the date was nearly three months off, for if I had not then secured my reservation, I might never have succeeded in getting one, and, without it, I certainly never would have gotten out. But that is again anticipating.

"I do not imagine that you will have any real difficulty in getting permission to leave; but it will be well for you to be even more careful than in the past," he said. "Always try to remember that you are supposed to be pro-German in your sympathies, and act accordingly," said Mr. Miller when our conversation turned to the next step in my campaign of escape.

It was not a pleasant prospect which I faced. I knew that, for more than two months, I had to play a part constantly, and my lines demanded that I everlastingly extol everything German,

and I knew that there would be plenty of times when I should fairly ache to express my real thoughts in plain *English*. Still, it was imperative, and I took for my motto, "He who guardeth his tongue is greater than he who taketh a city"—and I purposed to take *in* a city. Was I a hypocrite? Perhaps; but I decided that I was at perfect liberty to take a line from the Germans' own book: "War is war, and expediency excuses anything." It is a poor rule which will not work both ways!

As soon as I had made up my mind I wrote Cousin Jack in Amsterdam, telling him of my decision, and a few days later received an answer which made me almost jump for joy, like a child. He had arranged, on the plea of business for his firm, to get a passport into Germany which granted him permission to stay three days.

When he arrived, at nearly midnight one Sunday, the *portier* of our apartment house nearly fell over backwards in surprise to see me come flying downstairs and throw myself into his strong arms. I had not been quite so happy in months, for, somehow, he seemed to me to embody hope and confidence.

The next day Jack, too, began to assist in pulling the strings. It seemed that one of the officials at the *Kommandantur* was an old school friend of his, and he accompanied me thither when I went to ask for a passport out of Germany, and introduced me. I do not recall the man's name,



for the importance of my mission had made me very nervous.

"You want to leave Germany?" he asked, when I had made my desires known. "Why, don't you like our country?"

"Oh, yes, I like it, of course; but I shall be glad to get out . . . to get home just the same," I replied, only to be reminded by a warning shake of Jack's head that I had made a slip. While he was smoothing things out I entered into conversation with a red-haired young man who was on the same mission as myself. He told me that he, too, was an American, but I guessed that he must have been in Berlin for a long, long time since he had the spats, cane, monocle and generally supercilious air that I had come to associate with the German fop. I had seen enough of it to loathe it!

As we talked I heard snatches of Jack's conversation with the official, and I heard myself described as warmly in sympathy with Germany's cause. He had taken the cue, also.

We finally left, semi-satisfied with the promise that the officer would take my request under consideration, and for two days I almost forgot my eagerness to shake the dust of the city from my feet in my pleasure in having Jack with me once more.

When his brief *permission* had expired, and he had gone, my nervousness and uncertainty returned twofold. I had become sufficiently familiar with the ways of Prussian officialdom to real-

ize that "it might be for years and it might be forever" that I would have to wait for a passport to be issued, and now I was ten times as anxious to get one and to get out of Germany as I had been a year previous to get in. It seemed almost impossible to settle down to the old daily round; but Mrs. Miller urged me to continue at the conservatory as a way of taking my mind off my anxieties, while her husband continued to work, on my behalf, at the next knot in the red tape entanglement with which I, as an alien enemy in Germany, was surrounded. Accordingly I kept on with my studies, and found some forgetfulness in them; but my heart was no longer really in my work — it was in America.

Even though we had no means of knowing for a certainty that the German government would grant me permission to leave, there were other things to be done on the chance. One was, of course, to get an American passport, too, through the Spanish Embassy.

We were discussing this matter at breakfast one bright morning early in October, and Mr. Miller generously offered to assume the responsibility of making the preliminary arrangements.

"Let me have your old passport, and I will go to the Embassy today and put in an application so that they may have plenty of time to get into communication with Washington," he said.

"With Washington? Why. . . ?"

"Of course the permission of our Government

to your re-entering America, coming from Germany as you will, has to be obtained."

I had not thought of that, and although the propriety and necessity of such a procedure was apparent enough, I suddenly began to worry anew. What if Germany said, "Yes," and America said "No"? It was all very foolish, of course; but I succeeded in picturing myself as a girl without a country. Still, I kept these absurd imaginings to myself, and thankfully accepted Mr. Miller's offer.

When noon came, and I got back from my morning lesson, I found my host wearing a look which I had long since learned to interpret. Something had gone wrong, and he was flushed with anger, as I had rarely seen him.

The reason came out in heated bursts of angry words, which I cannot hope to quote, nor would they give the true impression of his white wrath. Enough to say that he had visited the Spanish Embassy, anticipating no possible difficulty there; but he had actually failed to get past an officious German girl on outpost duty in the outer office, for it seemed that, since my visit there in the spring, all the American girls who had remained after Ambassador Gerard's departure had been replaced by Germans at the request of the Prussian powers.

"I told her what I wanted," he said, "and she replied, 'Let me see the woman's original passport.' I handed it to her, and what do you suppose

she did? She said, 'This is absolutely worthless,' and, before I could lift a hand, she had seized a pair of shears from her desk and deliberately cut out the great seal of the United States. I could have wrung her neck!"

He had tried to see some one in higher authority, but failed, and, after an interchange of hot words, he had come away, boiling mad, leaving the victory temporarily with the enemy.

Mr. Miller was for entering a complaint to some one or other; but I had an idea, and told him that I would try myself. Before I had finished explaining my plan of campaign he was smiling again.

That night, for the first time, I deliberately called up Herr Lieutenant von Lüben, ostensibly to tell him that he was forgiven for something which he had said at our last meeting and to say that he might call. He was quick to accept, and, when he arrived, I told him that, if he wanted to win my full forgiveness, he might do so by helping me a little.

Only the result of that evening's conversation is pertinent in this story. Suffice to say that, a few days later, I entered the Spanish Embassy accompanied by a tall, distinguished appearing Prussian officer, who nodded curtly to the girl at the outer desk and demanded that I be allowed to see whoever had charge of American passports.

With a smirk, and a smile of admiration, the girl made all haste to smooth the path to the inner office, and in almost no time I was talking to a



nice-looking young Spaniard — Senor H. His manners were most charming, and no one could have been more courteous or considerate.

Somehow I did not mind answering *his* formal questions, and when he had gotten my story, and learned that I had a reservation on the December boat from Norway, he asked me to fill out a blank application for a passport home, stating that I intended to leave within six months ("Six months," I repeated after him, "I'd like to go in *six minutes*"), and said that he would then get into immediate communication with Washington, and do his best to get permission, without delay, for me to return to the United States.

Womanlike I could not refrain from telling him about Mr. Miller's previous experience there, and with much concern he promised to look into the matter. I met the friendly Senor H. on the street, one day later on, and he told me, smiling, that I would be pleased to know that the officious office girl had been discharged. Victory!

My applications were now all in; there was nothing for me to do but hope, and pray. There were weeks of weary, anxious waiting which I hate to live again, even in memory. Still, although I had no positive assurance that I should be allowed to leave at all, I buoyed my heart up with hope and made my preparations, despite von Lüben's strenuous solicitation that I change my mind and stay — for him.

"How foolish you are to want to leave us now,"

he repeated persistently. "Russia is beaten, Italy as good as out of it, and the war will soon be over. Then we will no longer be enemies."

October changed into dreary November, and its weeks crawled by until the last one came. With each passing day my nearly insane anxiety increased, for the ship was scheduled to sail on December seventh, and still my passport did not come.

It was just a week before the day of my intended departure from Berlin, when I had almost given up hope, that there came the glad morning which brought me a long, official envelope, bearing the seal of the Spanish Embassy. I tore it open with trembling fingers, and drew forth a parchment — my passport from Germany to Norway, in which country it would be exchanged for one *home*.

I may some day see something more precious in my eyes; but I doubt it now. And Mr. Miller rejoiced in my joy, as I danced about the room and waved it on high. I could see by the wistful look in his eyes that he wished he were going, too; but he smiled bravely.

With that precious passport in my hand I felt almost as free as the air; but he brought my feet to earth by reminding me that there were still certain formalities to be performed, before I could use it. It seemed that several countries had suddenly become intensely interested in little me — I was quite a figure of international importance! The reason? *I ate food*, and Sweden, Denmark and

Norway were all vitally interested in any one who did that. My passport, he said would not be really effective until it had been viséed, first at the Berlin *Kommandantur* with Germany's permission that I leave, and then by the consuls of all the three countries through which I would have to pass, with their permission that I stay therein.

Remembering the success of my previous bit of strategy, I again prevailed upon "my" lieutenant to accompany me. But even his presence at the *Kommandantur's* office did not prevent my having an unpleasant quarter of an hour. Neither of us had ever met the official to whom I was directed, and he apparently was less impressed by the uniform of my escort than he was with the fact that I was an American, and about to return to my own country. He rudely demanded my original passport, and although I told him that it had been cancelled, he insisted upon taking it up, much to my distress, for I wanted to keep it as a souvenir.

"Now let's see your *Ausweis* and your new passport," he said, and I handed them over with some trepidation for, without them in my possession, I could neither have stayed in Berlin nor left it. But he merely *abmeldung* (cancelled) the former and placed his visé on the latter, charged me three dollars, and added insult to injury by growling, as he tossed them to me, "Another damned American going back home to knock us!"

That was more than Lieutenant von Lüben could stand and he stepped forward with, "She is

going to do no such thing! I can vouch for the fact that she is a friend of Germany's, and will tell the truth about us."

I did not contradict him, needless to say, for after all, he was half right! Besides, there was another matter in which I was going to need his assistance.

With the hardest task accomplished, I went in turn to each of the Scandinavian consulates, and at each I met with the same sort of a reception. There was no discourtesy shown me; but it was evident that they were not overjoyed to grant my request for permission to pass through their respective countries. The official at the Swedish consulate stated the reason, and each of the others preached a sermon from the same text.

"The trouble is, Fraulein, that my country is suffering for food, the problem of feeding our own people is a serious one, and every extra mouth increases it. You see, therefore, why we are so reluctant to visé any passports, and have to fix a strict time limit, beyond which you must agree not to stay."

I told him that I was only too glad to agree; I *wanted* to leave all of them in the quickest possible time.

At last I had the four visés all officially stamped and sealed, and, as we walked home, I broached the subject uppermost in my mind to the lieutenant. He demurred at first, but a woman has wiles, I'm told, and by using all the blandishments at my



command I finally persuaded him to act once more in my behalf. He promised "yes," but manlike, wanted me to buy his promise with one, on my own part, to return to Germany after the war was over.

He had to be satisfied with, "I *may*, some day, and then . . . well, we'll see."

And what was this plan for the accomplishment of which his aid seemed so vital? It was a rather bold one; but I thought that there was no harm in at least trying.

It was nothing less than to obtain, if possible, official protection during my trip out through Warnemünde, for I dreaded what might otherwise happen. I had to go alone, since Mr. Miller could not accompany me, and the best that Cousin Jack could do was to meet me in Sweden.

So, by dint of much coaxing, I got Lieutenant von Lüben to agree to use his influence on my behalf in a no less exalted quarter than the Foreign Office, within the sacred portals of which no foreign enemy was supposed to be permitted.

True to his word, he talked with some members of it, and the next day called me up to say that he had presented my case to a man high up in diplomatic circles, whom he had told that I was strongly pro-German in my sentiments and would help, rather than injure, their cause. The latter had expressed a desire to see and talk with me.

This diplomat was Herr Doktor Röddiger.

The lieutenant had not only made an appoint-

ment for me to see him, but arranged for me to be passed in, a circumstance which surprised us all. At the appointed hour I went, with considerable nervousness, not knowing how this most important interview would result, but both curious and highly elated over my unusual chance.

Upon presenting my card of introduction at the Foreign Office I was ushered into a magnificent reception room, hung and furnished in rich garnet, and with its walls covered with paintings of royalty and famous members of the service. Finally a guide came to take me to see an assistant, to whom I explained the purpose of my visit, and said that I wanted to see Doktor Röddiger himself. For something over half an hour I was kept waiting in a small anteroom, and was then taken into the presence of the diplomat.

What was my almost overpowering astonishment to see, not a grizzly, stern-visaged, elderly man, such as my imagination had painted, but a tall, handsome and blue-eyed, blond young man of less than thirty, apparently. He was perfectly groomed, and in appearance might have passed for an American anywhere.

Greeting me most courteously, for as I was soon to discover, he had a favor to ask of me as well as I of him, he chatted pleasantly for several minutes and put me quite at ease, although I could not wholly banish the impression that I was being closely observed and "sized up." But, if he had any doubts regarding the accuracy of Lieutenant

von Lüben's statement as to my sympathies, he did not voice them.

Finally he said rather abruptly, "I have been told, Fraulein, that your sympathies are with Germany in this terrible war, and I am sure that it must be so. You have enjoyed our hospitality, and seen what we are bearing."

He paused, and I suppose that I must have assented, for he continued, "Well, I am going to do you a favor. If you will send to me such of your music and other papers as you wish to take out of Germany, I will seal them officially, so that they may be passed through without examination.

"In return I will ask one or two favors of you, which I am sure that you will be glad to grant, under the circumstances. I have prepared a simple statement of the conditions in Germany, and especially the Reichstag, which will prove conclusively that we are right. I will ask you to take this to America, so that the real truth may be known there, and with it a letter for you to mail for me when you reach home. The former you can read at your convenience." He indicated ten or eleven closely typewritten pages which lay on the desk before him.

"I mean to seal them in the package with your papers. Are you willing to take them as I have asked?"

"Yes, indeed," I replied. There was no hypocrisy in my answer this time. What American would not have been willing — to *take* them?

Our interview ended with no heroics; I merely asked him to direct me how to reach a certain theatre from the Foreign Office, and he complied.

Still, my experience had been an exceptional one, and the fruits of it were to stand me in good stead later.

Emboldened by my success, I went a step farther and, when I sent him my papers, I enclosed Old Glory in the package, for I was anxious to bring it safe home and I feared that it would be found when my baggage was searched. I cannot guess what he thought on seeing it; but I had the whip hand, and the Stars and Stripes left Germany a few days later protected by the imperial seal.



## CHAPTER XIX

### OUT OF GERMANY

My last few days in Berlin were a strange intermixture of pleasure and pain. The pleasure came both from without and within, and the pain was both mental and physical; I hated to leave the Millers and Olga behind me, and I was also celebrating my approaching departure by having a throbbing toothache.

Moreover, these days were so filled with final preparations and farewell parties that I scarcely had time to think. Evelyn started the string of festivities by giving an informal party to which Olga, Charlotta and four or five other of my more intimate girl friends were invited. Until well into the evening we talked and sang together, and then we were led into the dining-room, to partake of refreshments, which may not seem like much to you, but made our mouths water — tea, cake and a pudding with vanilla sauce. The table was decorated with red, white and blue ribbons, and at each place she had laid a tissue paper American flag. The sight thrilled me unspeakably, and made tears come to my eyes, and it seemed to cause no resentment in the others. For the time being we were not enemies — just girls.

The next afternoon, Frau Julie Trebicz had me and fifteen of my fellow singing students at her lovely home. Again we all sang, and, when I was called upon to render a selection from "Mignon," Charlotta, who had not heard me for some time, cried over what she called my "wonderful improvement." It was, in my mind, a delightful musical afternoon, quite the crowning event of my brief career as a singer in Germany; yet music was forgotten when the *real* party, as children would say, began. And perhaps we did not act like children when the maid brought in sandwiches of real bologna, real tea — even though there was no sugar and cream for it — and real cake with a sort of marshmallow frosting. How we all exclaimed. In our hungry eyes it was a regal feast.

In inviting me, Frau Trebicz had said, "I want you to do something else that afternoon; that is, sing for Herr Direktor Salter, so that he may comment upon your voice." I had feebly protested, for I knew him, by reputation, both as a famous leader and, even more, as a great critic whose criticism even the best opera singers in Berlin dreaded. But she overrode my objections and said that she had already made an appointment for me. Accordingly I went to his studio immediately after our happy party ended and, nervous enough as you may well imagine, was ushered into Herr Salter's august presence.

His smile of greeting and first words set me

more at my ease. They were, "Ah, I should have known that you were an American, even if Frau Trebicz had not told me." I did not ask why.

After a few moments of friendly conversation he asked me to sing, and, after I had once more rendered the air from "Mignon," he was kind enough to express approval of my voice and added, "If you will stay in Berlin, Fraulein, I think that I can guarantee you a career."

"Thank you, sir," I replied, "but I am going home."

"But surely you don't want to go back to America? All of the young geniuses are there now, and the competition much harder than it is here."

My response was more truthful than polite. "I would rather be in a chorus in America, than a star in Germany, Herr Salter." His face grew dark, then he smiled indulgently and we parted in a most friendly manner.

With gatherings of this nature every afternoon or evening, with shopping expeditions and calls sandwiched in, with my thoughts in a turmoil of anticipation and regret, and a toothache as a running accompaniment through it all, do you wonder that my impressions of that last week are today kaleidoscopic and sketchy?

They all came to a culmination on my last night in Germany. The Millers were to give me a big farewell party that evening, and in the afternoon, in desperation, I went to a local dentist and told

him that the pain in my face had kept me awake practically all of the previous night and that he had simply *got* to do something to ease it. He did! But the remedy was as bad as the disease, for he used some powerful acid which both burned my gum frightfully and caused my face to swell in a manner which may have been amusing to others, but was quite the reverse to me.

My memories of that night are like a hazy day with the sunlight breaking through occasionally with startling brightness. The thought that it was to be my last in Germany made me almost lightheaded; but, at the same time, I could not keep the tears from my eyes when I remembered that I was parting, probably forever, from many who had been the best of friends to me.

Besides, they added to my distress by fairly showering me with beautiful and, in many cases, expensive gifts — an alligator hide suitcase, a music case, a travelling case for stationery, and many other things of like nature, not to mention flowers in profusion. Olga very nearly finished me by slipping upon my finger a ring which had both our initials engraved on it, and finally my fussy little civilian suitor, Herr Schmolz, with many fulsome compliments, handed me an initialed *silver cigarette case!* The gift would have been perfectly appropriate for the average German girl; but, unfortunately, *I* did not smoke. However, he had done his best, and he took advantage of my pretended gratitude to beg permission to



accompany me to Copenhagen, at least. Permission was not granted.

Many of the guests expressed their open wonder that I had actually succeeded in obtaining permission to depart from Germany, and there were tears and laughter combined. What else I may have done, save laugh and cry, I don't remember.

Last to leave was Lieutenant von Lüben. I managed to avoid seeing him alone, although it took all my adroitness; but I could not prevent him from pressing my hand and whispering, "Are you *really* glad that you are going away from me?"

"I am glad that I am going *home*." My answer combined truth and diplomacy, for I dared not say, even then, what was really in my heart. I was not out of Germany.

Aloud he said, "Do not forget to tell the people of America that we are not starving to death, as they apparently believe; that our cause is just; and that we are going to win, Fraulein." The Prussian officer spoke last, and, with this reiteration of their creed, he left me.

Anna and Greta stayed up until all the guests had gone. They each had a bouquet of flowers to give me, and they told me tearfully that they were surely coming to the United States after the war.

It was three o'clock in the morning before I got to bed, and I was up again at five. Darkness still lay heavily over the world outside, and my

thoughts went back to the night when I had arrived in Berlin, thirteen months before. *Now* I knew what that darkness typified, the evil mind of a perverted empire.

At six o'clock Evelyn arrived with her baby boy, who bashfully presented me with a little good-luck plant, and was vainly coaxed by his mother to speak a farewell piece which she had laboriously taught him. The things in the tray of my open trunk interested him far more than speeding the parting guest.

We ate breakfast in sombre silence, then I stole away from the rest a brief moment to bid a wordless goodbye to my little pink and white room. I was going home, yet the thought that I should never see it again hurt, too. Somehow it seemed like an intimate friend, which spoke only of the many happy days that I had spent as a member of a delightful household.

The streets were still nearly dark when I went out of the door for the last time; but, in the dim half-light of a gray winter dawning, I caught sight of a slender form dressed in a nurse's uniform, and standing on the walk. It was Olga; she was sobbing.

She joined our little party, and together we went to the *Bahnhof*, where I deposited my hand baggage, last presents and flowers in my compartment of the train, which was to leave at seven, and then rejoined the others on the platform.

Between sniffles Mrs. Miller kept saying, over

and over, "Now, don't you cry. Don't you cry."

I did not, until five minutes before leaving time; but the tears that I kept back so choked my throat that I could not say any of the many things in my heart. How good these few had been, and how dear they were to me! At last it was impossible longer to hold back the tears, and we all wept together.

What *should* a girl say as her final farewell to the enemy's city, from which she is just making her escape; what to the friends whom she is leaving there, and may never see again? Some heroic invective to the one, some deeply emotional farewell to the others, I suppose. What I actually *did* say, in final response to their "Lots of luck," was addressed only to Olga. It was, "Don't forget to remember me to your fiancé."

Real life runs to anticlimaxes.

For some minutes I sat and sobbed; then I mentally shook myself together and looked blindly out at the morning fields, as the train drew out into the suburbs; slowly the fact that they were speeding backwards impressed itself on me, and brought the truth home. I was on my way *out* of Germany, and, although I did not actually jump to my feet and give three rousing American cheers, they rang out in my heart.

Overwhelming relief and happiness succeeded my recent grief, and my heart sang the "Star Spangled Banner" until the melody was brought to a discordant stop by the appearance of one of

those everlasting secret service men. I had talked my way into Germany, it had seemed to me, and now I had to talk my way out, for the questions, "Who, where and why," had to be answered all over again.

His arrival also turned my thoughts forward toward Warnemünde, and as we approached it, my anxiety over what might be in store for me increased with every revolution of the wheels. When one anticipates a great happiness, the mind quite naturally clears all possible intervening obstacles at a jump, and considers only the goal. "Going home" had meant "getting home" to me; but, now, there came the full realization that I was alone, a young girl, and an enemy, and that I was also rapidly approaching a German military outpost, where the strictest of strict regulations were in force. By this time I well knew how searching the German system could be.

I reached the town, trembling.

If you will go back to my description of Warnemünde, when I passed through it on my way in, you will have the setting and the preliminaries; but this time I was not to be pleasantly disappointed. First the officials went through my baggage, piece by piece, and with the most exacting scrutiny, while I stood by, wondering if anything could possibly be discovered upon which they could pin a suspicion to my undoing. Thanks to Doktor Röddiger, however, there was nothing, *at large*, and when that package which bore the im-



perial seal of Germany came to light, it acted like a charm. Scowls faded from suspicious faces in a manner most amusing.

Still, it did not save me altogether. I was sent into the small side room, where a woman waited, who lost no time in saying, peremptorily, "You will take off all your clothes and take your hair down, Fraulein." I obeyed, angry and embarrassed, for, although I knew that nothing incriminating could be found on or about me, the ordeal was one not soon to be forgotten. At length I was allowed to dress and depart and I went, still trembling, but rejoicing.

The boat on which I was to cross the bay to Denmark was waiting. I got aboard it with all possible haste, for it held no terror to be compared with what I was leaving, and, with almost uncontrollable impatience, I waited until the ropes which bound it, and me, to Germany were cast off. There came the last guttural calls, the sound of the ropes rattling down on the deck, the appearance of wintry gray water between the shore and me, and — I was free!

Here, I suppose, I should pause to dilate upon my unbridled happiness and tumultuous emotions. I cannot, truthfully. My feelings were all contained in one word, "Seasickness."

The fog lay on the water, like a final barrier let down to prevent my escape. Once the craft swung around and headed back toward the country that I had quitted; but I scarcely cared. If Germany

were a hostile land, at least it *was* land. We turned again, however, and in due time reached the Danish coast. Back on neutral territory at last, my spirits rose rapidly, and I almost blessed the official who examined my passport and baggage, instead of inwardly anathematizing him, as had been my custom.

It was late in the evening before my train reached Copenhagen, where I found Jack impatiently awaiting me. I fell on his neck, in true prodigal son fashion. How wonderful it was to see him again, to be actually away from Germany after all those months, and to have some *real* food! Does that sound like an anticlimax? At that particular moment it seemed to me that the "last was the best of all the game": thick, juicy steak, butter and cream cakes. My mouth waters now when I think of them!

Indeed, the story of the five days that I spent in Copenhagen might almost be written in the one word, "eating." Unlike Sweden and Norway, the smaller Denmark seemed to me to have an ample supply of food, and a goodly variety; but this may have been by comparison with what I had become accustomed to. Bread I found to be the exception; it was mostly black, and cards were required for the white variety. But there was plenty of meats, fats, butter, fresh fruit and vegetables, and I did full justice to all of them, and came back for more.

If the variety was large, so were the prices, how-

# Rejse-Brødkort for 1 Dag

25 g gros Rugbrød	50 g Franskbrød
25 g gros Rugbrød	50 g Franskbrød

DANISH BREAD CARD

65  
mjukt bröd  
el  
OX

## REJSE- BRÖDKORT

(Tillämpas vid gränsen till riket i kompani med ...)

Giltigt över hela riket för inköp av  
(ej mjöl).

Kortet får ej bverlåtas.  
Endast ällaren får avskilja kupong.  
Läs kupongen gällande ej.

REJSE-  
BRÖDKORT

SWEDISH BREAD CARD





ever. Our comparatively simple breakfast, the following morning, cost five *krona* (about a dollar and thirty cents) and dinner twice that.

In one of the restaurants which we frequented was a young waiter, scarcely more than a boy, who could not refrain from speaking to us delightedly when he heard us talking English. We learned that he had been educated in America, and still received newspapers from my country, and from England.

As a result, he was rabidly anti-German; but he told us, with a sorrowful shake of his head, that he feared for what the future held for Denmark. Like the other Scandinavian countries, it was between the Prussian devil and the deep sea, he said, and had been so hard hit by America's edict, ending the exportation of foodstuffs to all of them, that the feeling of bitterness toward the United States was growing apace.

Copenhagen was still crowded with business men, especially Germans, and we found no lack of gaiety, indeed Jack took me to five o'clock teas, hotel dances and theatres continually.

The day after my arrival I took keen delight in breaking through the hated seal of Germany, which Doktor Röddiger had affixed to my very special package, and triumphantly took Old Glory from its unusual place of safety. It hung in my room until we left for Sweden; but, on Jack's suggestion I did not display it ostentatiously again until I was on shipboard, homeward bound.

According to my Danish visé, I had to be across the Swedish border within five days after my arrival in Copenhagen — by Sunday, the second day of December, that is — and on Thursday Jack, who was to accompany me, went to the railway station to get tickets and berths straight through to Christiania. In a little while he returned to say that neither was to be obtained. Every seat and berth had long since been sold out.

In normal times the trip, he said, would take about twelve hours. Now, the agent had told him, it would take at least that long to reach Göteborg, Sweden, half the distance. He had, accordingly, bought tickets to that stopping point, with the idea that we might spend the night there. It was all the same to me; but I heard with real regret, however, that he could not get two for the same coupé.

Sunday morning came, and we prepared to depart; but before being allowed to do so, we had to submit to another examination of our luggage and persons, although the latter consisted only of being felt over by government officials "for the purpose of discovering any concealed money," they said, since no one was allowed to take gold or silver from the country. If any were found it would be promptly confiscated and paper given in exchange, Jack told me. Once, during the performance, I had to laugh outright when I heard him say, in English, "Quit, you tickle," and I told the woman who examined me that she would have to

be a magician to find either gold or silver on my person.

It seemed that the same strict rule applied to food, even down to such matters as a small piece of chocolate, and, while I was waiting, I saw it put in force. A young Swedish boy appeared with a lunch basket well laden for the homeward trip. Of course the officials went through it, and one by one the tempting parcels were taken out and preëmpted. The expression of pained surprise on the boy's face was comical; but I knew what it meant to be hungry, and was sorry for him.

We boarded the train and away we sped. While it was being ferried across to Sweden I was once more so ill that I had to sit outside in the rain. I had reached the point when I couldn't *look* at a boat without being seasick.

At Helsingborg, when the Swedish officials boarded the train, we tried to find my trunk, but could not, and I had unpleasant visions of sailing for America without any baggage, for it was impossible either to wait, or to return and hunt it up, my time was so limited. I found later that it had, in fact, gone through to Christiania by another train and was awaiting me there.

Our train crept along at a snail's pace, for the fuel was more of wood than coal, and it seemed to me that we stopped for half an hour every five minutes. The prolonged ride gave me a chance to become quite well acquainted with the fellow occupants of the coupé into which Jack had

jammed me. They were, it appeared, three well-to-do Swedish women who had been to Copenhagen on a few days' "feasting trip."

Once more I found myself in a company where "food" was the chief subject of conversation, and from what they told me in German, after they had learned that I had just left Berlin, showed me that conditions in their own country were not materially better than inside Prussia. In time they discovered that I was an American; but that did not deter them from frankly and forcibly expressing their feelings toward my country.

Said one, "What right has your country to intrude on a small, helpless nation like ours? It isn't fair play. You must know that, if we grant favors to Germany, it is only because we *have* to in order to get coal. We must *live*."

"But," I argued, "Sweden has been accepting food from us, and then shipping it into the country of our enemy."

"No, it hasn't. We have sent to Germany only foodstuffs that were raised in our own land."

She could not, or would not, see that this was merely beating the devil around the bush. Moreover, their point of view and conversation were typical of what I found repeatedly in Sweden and Norway.

It was very cold and dark, and snowing heavily, when we reached Göteborg, where we were to spend the night, and our brief stay was not one of delight. The town is said to be a very beautiful



summer resort, but deliver me from it in mid-winter! Furthermore, when it came to partaking of our much belated dinner, and very early breakfast the following morning, I felt almost as though I were back in Berlin, for the food was scarce, the bread black and butter *nil*.

Although the train did not leave at six-thirty, it was supposed to, so that we had to arise before six. The morning was dark and bitterly cold. So were the cars; so cold that I could see my breath, and despite the trainman's cheerful insistence that they would warm up later, when more people got in, Jack and I wrapped ourselves in travelling rugs and huddled down in an endeavor to get warm, and also to round out our much abbreviated sleep.

As the day brightened, and we climbed painfully into the mountains, I came to, for the winter scenery was gorgeous, and when the train stopped for a little while at Trolhetta Falls, I was glad to get out into the biting air to look at them. They were very beautiful but alas, were soon to be despoiled, we were told, by being harnessed to manufacture electricity for man.

Again at Jern we stopped half an hour for luncheon at a simple boarding house, set high up on the mountainside with a wonderful panoramic view below. The meal was served family style with soup, meat, potatoes, *smörbröd*, dessert and coffee, passed around in big platters and dishes from which each guest helped him or herself. It

was an exceptional meal for Sweden; but, from the price charged, I concluded that the bustling landlady was fast on the way to becoming a millionairess.

When Jack and I re-entered the coupé, which we did not occupy alone, I overheard a woman's voice speaking German in the next compartment, and listened instinctively, for she was describing conditions in Berlin. They were not, she said, nearly as bad as painted, and there was plenty of food. I straightway set her down as one of those indefatigable spreaders of propaganda; certainly the truth was not in her.

After a time Jack and I became tired of sitting, and strolled down the side aisle, stopping for a few moments in another coupé, where Jack fell into a business conversation with a German who said that he was a dealer in turpentine, and devoutly hoped that the war would end soon, so that he could resume his trade with America, upon which country he was dependent for his commodity. Like Herr Bachmann, he had not the slightest doubt of being able to do this.

As we walked on, we talked in English, and soon after we had resumed our seats, a man whose dress and appearance proclaimed his nationality as English, appeared at the door, and invited himself in, saying that he had heard us speaking *his* language. At the moment Jack was reading a German paper, which I had brought from Berlin, and, not desiring to be the cause of fastening a suspicion of

being a spy or pro-German upon me, he precipitately jammed it out of sight under the cushion of the seat, to my great amusement.

Mr. Woodleigh, for such was the name by which the intruder introduced himself, calmly appropriated a seat and, turning to me, said abruptly, "You're an American, aren't you?"

Just why his question should have caught me unawares I do not know; but it did, and without thinking, I replied in the tongue which I had been principally using for more than a year, "*Selbsverstandlich*" (certainly). Jack's face assumed a look of horror, and I saw his hand working in mad gestures of warning, behind his back.

Woodleigh merely scowled, and plunged into conversation with "I knew that you were Americans. You look just like it," and his tone did not make this a compliment. Then he began to extol the virtues of England, and to tell how satisfactory all conditions were there, with every one, including the rector, raising huge crops. The word "food" temporarily changed the burden of his song to meals in Sweden, and he commented in a most uncomplimentary manner on the people who, according to him, "stuffed themselves like pigs, and deserved to have to fast awhile."

His whole manner so irritated me that, by the time the conversation had switched to the war, I had developed a strong antipathy toward him. It shortly turned to red-hot hatred.

"We English are a mighty stubborn nation, and

you can't beat us. We're going to win this war," he boasted.

Not a mention of Belgium's noble sacrifice, or the immortal bravery of France.

"Oh, indeed?" I replied. "Well, I rather guess that you are glad enough to have the help of the United States."

"The United States! What has it done, except talk? A nation of blow-hards, I call it."

By this time I had become angry clean through, and so excited that I could scarcely talk, but I managed to sputter, "Is that so? Perhaps you have forgotten about 1775 and 1812. And what about the ammunition, food and money that we have supplied you with already, and without which Germany would have beaten you long ago? Didn't they help? What if positions were reversed? Do you suppose that England would have lent us a helping hand? I guess not!"

At this point he got up hastily, and, as he departed, I fired a final shot, "Anyway, why aren't *you* fighting, instead of talking?"

It helped some, but I was so wrought up by his insulting insular arrogance that I truly believe that, if America had not been in the war, he would have left me ardently pro-German!

It is too bad that there still remains that sort of spirit in a few Englishmen; but I try to forget my unpleasant experience, and remember only the mighty sacrifices which that great nation has made, and the wonderful things that she has done.



## CHAPTER XX

### FREE

LATE in the evening of Wednesday, December fifth, we arrived at Christiania, and were surprised to find the city profusely decorated with flags and buntings. It was not, however, in honor of my arrival. The kings of the three Scandinavian countries had been holding conference there regarding the war and the economic situation, and had just departed.

With his usual foresight Jack had, by telegraph, ordered rooms at the Missions Hotel, and it was well that he had done so, for once more I found Christiania swamped with strangers of all nationalities, many of them Americans who had been vainly trying — some for more than three months — to get home.

My room was diminutive in size, but high in price, costing nine *krona* (\$2.50) a day, with everything extra and baths on the *outside*. This was literally true, for, owing to the coal famine, no hot water was furnished guests of the hotel, and the pay public baths of the city had to be used by them.

Breakfast, the next morning, furnished another

reason for being glad that I was going to go hence on the morrow. It was a scanty meal, which threw considerable light on the serious food situation in Norway, and its cost appalled me when I remembered that my margin of funds was none too wide.

Indeed, before the day was done I had learned two lessons.

One was the reason for Norway's daily increasing dislike for America, for everywhere I heard remarks similar to those made to me on the train by my Swedish travelling companions, and the second was that Christiania was then, beyond question, the most expensive city of the whole world in which to stay. The price of everything was astounding, the people were stark mad over money, and were harvesting a golden crop from the foreigners stranded there. Even an economical person, like myself, could not get along under ten dollars a day.

People who had been poor, a year before, were now decked out in costly furs and more costly gems, purchased and worn with no idea of taste or fitness.

Immediately after breakfast I took my passport to the police station to have it *angemeldet*; it had become a habit by that time.

Then, happy in the thought that in another day I would be through with all this, and home-ward bound, I fairly strutted to the American Embassy, paused to salute the big brother of my

Obs.

# Meldebevis

for utleending i henhold til § 1 i lov nr. 2 af 4. maj 1917 om forandring i fremmedloven.

Heri for næste end af dagen for ophold i en anden Kommune end den, hvor de for har uddelt Bogen, naar de som regel uddelte dette for politiet i den Kommune. De ses ophold i, og forsvare sig for herin. Indskrivningen kan medføre straf og indrejse.

Født navn *Josphine*  
 stilling *Sangerinde*  
 født *Boston* den *30/12* aar *1897*  
*Merittland* (statsborger, hjemsted *Boston*)  
 sidste opholdssted *Nillem* naar ankommet *3/12/11* meldt, at *hjem*  
 vil ~~tu fast ophold i~~ \*) som

vil ~~tu midlertidig ophold i~~ \*) *Kv. a* for at *gaa op. reise*  
*med Berguzson*  
 vil ~~sake erhverve i~~ \*) som

Legitimationspapirer: *Ps*

*Hier* har inden *8* dage *Jose*  
 medlem fra indlag at fremstille sig for politiet i den  
 kommune, hvor *hjem* du opholder sig og medbringe sine legitimationspapirer.  
 \*) Det, som ikke passer, overstreges.

*Christiania Politisammer* *4/12/11*  
 (Sted og datum)  
 Efter bekræftelse  
*H. Madsen*  
 (Politimester eller lensmands underskrift og stempel.)

Berisnottagerens egenhændige underskrift: *H. Madsen*

FACSIMILE OF THE POLICE REGISTRATION CERTIFICATE ISSUED TO MISS THERESE ON HER ARRIVAL AT CHRISTIANIA (The author's real name has been purposely obliterated.)





little flag, and then entered a big, airy room where hung other flags, and pictures of George Washington and President Wilson.

There was already a long line waiting for passports, but in time I reached one of the consulate assistants, Mr. Lane, a nice-looking young man, with the frank, merry and keen expression of a real American.

His interest was instantly aroused when he learned of my recent escape from Berlin, and we talked for a moment. Then I ended a brief account of my experiences by saying, "All's well that ends well, and it will be Westward Ho for home tomorrow, thank goodness."

"Tomorrow?" he echoed in surprise. "But the ship doesn't leave until the fourteenth — a week from tomorrow."

For an instant I simply stared at him without comprehension, and the belief that I had not heard aright.

"But . . . but my reservation was for the seventh, and . . ."

"Yes, I know; but the 'Bergensfjörd' was more than a week late in getting in on her last trip from America — detained in Halifax because of some Germans who were on her, I believe — and this has made necessary a change in her date of sailing."

The news fell like a cataract of cold water on my burning hopes and expectations. Good heavens! what *was* I to do? Jack's permission to stay in the city ran out on the seventh, and I knew

that he simply *had* to get back to Amsterdam. Moreover, my own funds were fading away like mist before the morning sun.

I mentioned my predicament to Mr. Lane, who was instantly all sympathy; but this did not alter the stern fact.

“What am I to do here, all alone?” I asked. “Do you suppose that I could find a boarding house where it would be less expensive to stay?”

“As to the latter question, I doubt if you could find accommodations in one anywhere in Christiania, and I should certainly advise you to keep your present room. It, at least, assures you of a bed,” he answered. “As to the first, well, I shall be only too glad to see that you get along all right. You will allow me to call on you and show you about the city, I hope?”

He was so nice and frank that I was only too glad to assent. Just at that moment a messenger came from the inner office to say that Mr. Ift, the American consul, wanted to speak with the young American girl who had just come from Berlin.

I accompanied the messenger, and, on reaching the inner room, saw a kindly-appearing, bearded man, who looked so like a big-hearted family physician that I warmed to him on the instant. He chatted pleasantly with me, asking all sorts of questions about the conditions of life within the enemy's stronghold, and the attitude of the people toward both me, and us. He knew Ger-

many well, it appeared, for, prior to the war, when they left for America, his wife and daughter had had a summer home in Stuttgart. Mr. Ift was also solicitous about my welfare, and told me that he had a daughter about my age, and that I must not hesitate to come and see him if I became lonely in Christiania. He was a perfect dear.

"Now," he said at last, "you will have to see my assistant, Mr. Carlson, to have your passport out of Germany exchanged for one home."

Seeking out the gentleman mentioned, I handed over my passport with the words, "I shall be only too glad to exchange this for a new one, for it is all written in German."

He took and glanced at it, then at me and said in astonishment, "How on earth did you ever succeed in getting here?"

"Why, I just came! What is the matter?" was my equally surprised rejoinder.

"My dear child, didn't you know that you had to get this viséed by the American consul in Copenhagen when you came through that city? It hasn't been done."

"No, I didn't know that. But I'm here, anyway," I added triumphantly.

"True, but I am afraid that I will have to send you right back there again. We cannot possibly issue you a passport to America without first having the signature of the consul in Denmark on the old one. The rules require it when a person

has passed through that country to get here, and you know how strict we have to be in these times."

By this time I was thoroughly frightened, and burst out despairingly, "Oh, what am I to do? I simply can't go back. They wouldn't let me cross the frontier, and, besides, I haven't money enough."

I saw a saving twinkle come into his eyes, and he said, soothingly, "Well, leave this with me, and I will see what can be done to straighten out the tangle that the red tape is in. Come back and see me again in a few days."

Somehow, at his words, most of my misgivings fled, for, when an American man says that he will "see what he can do," the thing is as good as done. Still, it seemed to me as though Fate had delayed the sailing of the steamer on purpose to give time for my unconscious blunder to be rectified.

That afternoon, as Jack and I were strolling down the principal street, I heard a voice calling his name, and, turning, saw a big, blond German, wearing a typical, loud-checked costume and a big flaming red necktie, hurrying to catch up to us.

Jack introduced him as Herr Wolgast, an old acquaintance of his in Berlin. The newcomer said that he was now connected with the German consulate in Christiania, and, catching Jack's meaning glance, I donned my "made in Germany" camouflage, and listened with outward acquiescence, but inward antipathy, while Herr Wolgast talked "Deutschland uber Alles," which included the



remark, "Don't forget to tell them in America that we cannot be beaten, Fraulein, and especially that we are now building ten thousand new and deadly submarines."

When we were on the point of leaving him, he said, "By the way, I want you both to dine with me tonight, and meet two American friends of mine. You will join us, won't you?"

To my great surprise, Jack took my words of regret out of my mouth, and made them those of acceptance, and, as soon as the other had gone, I demanded what he was thinking about. It seemed that he hadn't been thinking at all how it might appear if we Americans were seen publicly dining with a man in the German diplomatic service.

For a while we talked of withdrawing the unconsidered acceptance, but curiosity, especially as to who the other two Americans might be, tipped the scales on the side of seeing the adventure through, and seven o'clock that evening found us at a restaurant only a little way from the American Embassy itself.

Herr Wolgast was waiting, alone, and seeing no other guests, Jack asked him if *we* were the two Yankees who he said were going to dine with him.

"Oh, no," was the reply, "they are attending a concert and will join us a little later in the evening."

On the strength of this assurance, I sat down and enjoyed a comparatively good meal; but I could not say as much for the conversation, for he monopolized it with propaganda of the most

boastful and virulent kind. It was perfectly obvious that he meant for me to go home saturated with the misinformation that Germany was riding on the crest of the wave to victory, with plenty of food, ammunition and men to make that victory sure.

After I had been listening to this until I thought I should scream, I was greatly delighted and relieved to see two good-looking young men, clad in evening clothes, making their way toward our table, and I almost forgave Herr Wolgast his stratagem, for the newcomers had "American" written all over them. Both were clean-cut and attractive, one being a tall, handsome, light-haired youth, and the other of medium height and dark.

Our host introduced the former as Mr. John Mason and the later as Mr. Richard McLean—good Anglo-Saxon names.

While the latter entered into conversation with Jack, Mr. Mason drew up a chair beside me, and said, "So you are returning home to America after nearly a year and a half absence? You scarcely know the country, conditions have changed so there. The peace nation has become one where war, and preparations for war, are in evidence everywhere — at least it was so in June when I left, and must be more so now. I wish it were over, for I am engaged to a wonderful girl in California, and want to get back. Were you ever there? It is a glorious country."

"Well, why don't you go back? What has the war got to do with it?" I began. "You are an American, and . . ."

"Oh, no. My mother was an American, and I lived in that country most of my life, but *I am a German* and in the diplomatic service of the Vaterland."

I might have been felled with the proverbial feather, for, until this disclosure, I had not suspected the truth for a single instant. In looks, dress, name, and speech he was an American, and the same was true of his companion; yet they were both Germans, heart and soul.

Where could one find a better example of Hunnish methods, than in this incident? Herr Wolgast had certainly lied deliberately; using his associates as a bait to get us to dine with him so that he might put me under an obligation and fill me up with propaganda. Moreover, although the two young men may have been merely in the diplomatic service in America, as they professed, they may have been out-and-out spies. And they could have gone anywhere in the United States without arousing the slightest suspicion!

The *dénouement* was such a shock to me that it was with thankful relief I heard Jack say, soon after, that we must be departing, especially so since Herr Wolgast had whispered, a moment before, "Hush, don't talk war or politics now. A man at the next table is listening."

I could not help being afraid that my being seen

in company with Germans might result in more trouble for me, and apparently the same thought came into Mr.—no, “Herr”—Mason’s mind, for, when he learned that I could not sail for a week, he strongly advised me to go up to *Holman Kollern*, saying that, if I remained in the city, I might be watched.

He believed that I was a sincere carrier of the detestable Prussian propaganda, you see.

As a matter of fact I stayed where I was, preferring Mr. Lane’s advice to his, and I had not cause to regret my decision, for, although Jack departed the next morning, and left me miserably blue and homesick for a time, my new American acquaintance was as good as his word and did not permit me to suffer much from loneliness.

We took many walks — once going boldly into a fort until stopped at the point of a bayonet;— and we went to the theatres and the “movies,” attracted by the notice that American pictures were being shown. At one I saw our own Geraldine Farrar in “Joan of Arc,” and Charlie Chaplin. The audiences went wild, especially the children, who are admitted free; but I realized for the first time how dependent we are for our understanding upon the written “leaders.” They were all in Norwegian, and therefore Greek to me.

The time passed pleasantly; but I could not but agree with Mr. Lane, when he said that for my sake he was glad that I was going soon, for with the increasing shortage of food, due to the



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American embargo, and the rumors, which were already afloat, that the United States meant to seize the Norwegian ships tied up in America, the people were growing steadily more embittered against us.

Of course I met others in the hotel. Among them was an American business man, Mr. Talbot, his wife and two small children, who had lived in Munich, and who told me that the Bavarians desperately hated the Kaiser and his crew.

On the ninth I visited Mr. Carlson at the Consulate again, in the hope that my diplomatic troubles would be over; but he had no news for me regarding my passport, and in this case "no news was *bad* news," for the days were fast slipping by, and my anxiety was again on the increase.

On the eleventh I tried again at the Consulate; but Mr. Carlson informed me that I would have to go to the American Legation, just a short distance away, for my passport, and, while I stood alone in the outer office of the Legation, waiting, I heard a code message being received, over the 'phone, in the inner room, the door between being open. It brought to me a realization of the fact that even American diplomacy could not but follow devious ways, and I was disturbed, probably without the slightest cause, over the thought that a German spy might have been standing in my place.

This time my much desired emergency passport was ready (Mr. Carlson had kept his promise), and I took it with swelling joy and ran the gauntlet

of many envious eyes, for there were others present, who were eagerly seeking similar precious pieces of parchment.

Not a few had come to Christiania from Copenhagen in October, after the steamer which was to have sailed from the latter port on the twenty-eighth failed to leave, and had been disappointed in getting passage on the November ship. Others were obviously stranded seafaring men, who, Mr. Lane had told me, were a source of much trouble to the Consulate, for they were generally penniless, and had to be secretly watched for days before aid could be given them, because hundreds appealed for help in getting to the United States, claiming American citizenship, who were later discovered to be of other nationalities.

The morning of the blessed fourteenth dawned cold but wonderfully clear and calm,— a happy omen, I took it to be,— and at nine o'clock, accompanied by a porter with my baggage in a toy express cart, I started for the pier, although the ship was not to sail until midafternoon.

At the customs office came my last examination on foreign soil, and the official told me that it would have included compulsory vaccination if it had not been that I had undergone it that spring.

Then I approached the officer in charge of the baggage and said pleadingly, "Won't you please examine my things now so that I can get them into my stateroom? I want to do some final shopping **this morning.**"

"I'll examine it, yes; but don't you see that sign?" he answered, pointing to a big placard which read that no one would be allowed to leave the pier after entering.

Diplomacy, assisted by a gratuity, saved the day again, and, after seeing two porters depart with my things, and tipping them each four *krona*, which the official told me was the very least that any one would think of giving, I went back to the city. I was boiling over the thought that my almost exhausted store of money had been reduced by over two dollars! A tip? Highway robbery, it seemed to me, and so did the prices charged for every little purchase that I made that morning; a plain handkerchief costing seventy-five cents.

As I headed back to the boat which was to bear me to America, I ran square into Herr Wolgast, who reminded me of all that I was to tell about Germany, and then bade me goodbye, kissing my hand and murmuring, "*Ich bin ihre sklave*" (I am your slave).

I wonder if he will remain so, if he ever reads this!

## CHAPTER XXI

### WESTWARD BOUND

IN travel and adventure it is often difficult to say where one incident ends and another begins, yet I count as a clearly visible milestone in my trip into, and out of, the nation where were sown the seeds of hate, whence grew the harvest of Death, that moment at noon on December fourteen when my feet last pressed the soil of Europe, and then climbed the precipitate gangway to the "Bergensfjörd." Once on deck I felt that I was free from the invisible chains that had bound me to Germany, and was invisibly linked to America, although many leagues of ocean intervened between us.

But, for several hours, I had no time to meditate. It is difficult to act the part of a philosopher when you are in the center of a mad rush and turmoil, and the "Bergensfjörd" was all of that. I knew that many had been refused passage on her, yet it seemed to me that half the inhabitants of Christiania were on the ship, and the other half blackening the pier. Moreover, there seemed to be no rule by which you could tell where any one was going to be located, for a richly dressed millionaire would be almost as likely to come aboard and





THE "BERGENSFJÖRD"



head for the steerage, as for the first-class cabins. My own ticket called for accommodations in the latter, but it called in vain, my cabin being a tiny inside one, second class, and I knew that I was going to share its limited dimensions with others.

As I climbed the steep ascent to the little bit of heaven represented by the ship which would bear me home, I could not help wondering if any more heart-breaking checks and delays were in store for me at the last moment; but the troubled uncertainties passed when I looked up and saw, seated at a little table at the end of the gangway, Mr. Ift, Mr. Lane and others of the American Consulate.

I smiled with happy relief, and *they* smiled and stamped my passport with no questions asked.

The great happiness which came with the realization that I was safely through the last strand of foreign red tape was quickly followed by a reactionary wave of loneliness, and, as I walked the deck, weaving my way among hundreds of people whose faces were strange to me, I remembered how utterly alone I was, and that I was facing a voyage of several thousand miles.

The sight of three pleasant-looking women — obviously Americans — one of whom was about my own age, and the recollection that I had seen them once before in a restaurant in the city, cheered me a little. I approached them instinctively, and they recognized me in turn, and spoke to me.

After talking of our mutual experiences for several minutes, I left them with a much lightened heart, and sought my cabin. There I found one of my roommates, Mrs. Joseph Browning, a charming, motherly little woman from Milwaukee, who had been in Germany, also, and was returning home with her two children. They were somewhere on deck, so I did not see them at the time; but my heart was attracted to their mother instantly, and it was soon apparent that she had already learned a good deal about me at the office of the Norwegian-American line in Berlin.

We chatted for a little while, making merry over our efforts to bring order from chaos, for, with the four berths, two washstands and our combined baggage, the cabin was so completely filled that it was almost necessary to go outside in order to change one's mind.

Finally I mentioned the children. Mrs. Browning colored and said, with some uncertainty, "My daughter is fifteen, and the little boy, thirteen."

Thirteen! I looked at her, speechless, an instant, then turned and fled.

Reaching the deck, I heard my name spoken. It was Mr. Lane, who said that he had to leave the ship in a few moments, and wanted first to bid me goodbye and *bon voyage*. Talking, we walked together to a somewhat secluded spot in the bow, where he asked me for a souvenir of our pleasant acquaintanceship.

"I would be only too glad to give you some-



thing; but I can't think of anything that I have with me that you would want, and my trunk has not been opened yet," I replied.

"Oh, I didn't mean that kind of a souvenir," he said, smiling.

"Then what . . . I don't understand."

"Don't you, really?" he whispered, leaning closer. And I did.

My laugh was a little embarrassed as I answered, "Don't be a foolish boy. Well, here's my hand, and," I added mischievously, "you may act like a German nobleman."

He dropped the hand like a hot cake, and swore under his breath. It *was* mean of me, and I forgave him.

The last whistle was blowing, and we hurried to the side, where I said goodbye to my pleasant acquaintances. There were tears in Mr. Ift's eyes, for all his family were in the land whither I was going, and he had to remain in Europe, obedient to the demands of duty. There were tears in my eyes, too, partly from happiness, and partly from the thought that I was now alone.

Just before the ship actually sailed I returned to my cabin and relieved Mrs. Browning's very real distress by telling her that we would get along very nicely if "the little boy" were put to bed early, and got up before I did, mornings. As a matter of fact, I found him to be rather like a baby, and he seemed no older than my own much younger brothers.

Then we all sought the deck again to see the last of Christiania.

The weather was ideal, and the sea a dead calm, as we steamed out past the fortress, whose battlements were lined with soldiers, and by several beautiful little islands. It was still calm when we arrived at Bergen the next morning, and again I thrilled at the beauty of the scene as we approached.

By this time my circle of new friends was already widening, and I had begun to look forward to a really pleasant voyage home, *sans* seasickness. As it turned out, the trip was one of delight; but it was not so for the reason I had anticipated, but rather despite my *mal de mer*, which assailed me almost as soon as the ship headed out of Bergen, and began to breast the troubled waters of the North Sea.

Each day I forced myself to go on deck, regardless of the wobbliness of my legs, and was there ministered to by a very fat waiter whom I bribed to serve all my meals in the open air, and by Anna, the very stewardess whom I had had going over. It was with mutual astonishment that we recognized one another. Her first words were, "Where is your husband?" Later she told me that the "Kristianiafjörd" had been lost.

On the third day out we had a lifeboat drill, and, after being assigned to our respective boats by number, we waited for a signal bell, donned the life-preservers and made systematic haste to

take our prescribed places. It was all play, to be sure; but I experienced an unbidden thrill and tightening around my heart when the orders came to man the boats, for I could not know but that it might, some day or night, be repeated in deadly earnest with the shells of a submarine adding to the horrors of a sinking ship. When it was over, I found myself in difficulty in trying to unfasten my life belt, when I heard a pleasant voice behind me saying, "You seem to be in trouble? May I be of assistance?"

Turning, I saw a tall, distinguished-appearing man, with graying hair and a close-clipped mustache, who wore the attractive uniform of a Red Cross Captain. He performed the liberating process and then introduced himself as Captain Williams of Baltimore. During the balance of the trip we became excellent friends, and he told me much about his work, which had kept him away from home and his family for a year and a half, establishing hospitals in France, Roumania and Russia.

His experiences in getting out of the last-mentioned country had been thrilling, and once, he said, his private car had been held up by a band of brigands. He had stepped onto the platform and told them that he was unarmed, and engaged in an errand of mercy; but, if they were determined to make trouble, they would have to take the consequences, for the car was filled with armed soldiers. The Yankee bluff worked!

The trials and tribulations of poor Russia were still more graphically described to me by Mrs. Wright, the wife of the American consul in Petrograd. She said that conditions of life in that city had become frightful, foreigners were no longer safe in the streets, and, since she was not well, and it was almost impossible to get hospital treatment, or medical aid, her husband had insisted upon her going home.

Another among the passengers, who was visible proof of conditions in the unhappily betrayed nation, was a Russian nobleman, named Boublikoff, if I remember correctly, who was reported to have been a member of the Czar's party and was now fleeing from the revolutionists. His wife was a striking-looking woman, not beautiful, but possessing marked personality which made her fascinating, to the men especially, while her wonderful clothes made her the envy of the women.

Then, too, there were others of note on board, who went to make up a most entertaining and decidedly cosmopolitan family, among them being Vice-Consul Riley, from Stockholm, and his interesting Polish wife, who was visiting America for the first time. To my great amusement she once said mournfully to me, "I shall neffaire get used to your American ways, for I always smoke, and my husband says that the women in New England neffaire do."

She was right in saying that she "always



smoked," and I never quite got over the shock of seeing her with a tiny baby in her arms and a cigarette in her mouth.

Senator Aldrich's niece was another who attracted much attention, as did Max Rosen, the famous violin virtuoso, who sometimes commented on my nervousness, and told me that artists had no business to have nerves.

We tried to get him to play for us; but under his contract with the Metropolitan Opera Company he was not permitted to do so.

Of course the majority of the passengers were Americans returning home from exile, several of them having gotten out of Germany a few months before I had. Some had undergone humiliating experiences at the frontier, and were desperately bitter against the enemy, and all listened eagerly to my tales of conditions within Berlin, and devoutly hoped that the nation would be starved into submission.

On the afternoon of the fifth day out I was sitting on deck with Captain Williams, talking over my experiences, and I chanced to mention Herr Doktor Röddiger, and the typewritten pages of German propaganda which he had intrusted to me, and which had served me almost as a passport out of the enemy's lines.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "It's well that you thought of that before you landed. If I were in your place I would take no chances, but get rid of it as quickly as possible,"

"Suppose you look it over," I said and, going to my stateroom, got the sheets from among my music.

He ran his eyes hurriedly through them, and said seriously, "Don't read them, and destroy them at once; at least that is *my* advice."

I found it good, and tearing the lying pages into bits, I scattered them on the waves below. If fish could read, I suppose that by this time all the finny inhabitants of the North Atlantic are violently pro-German! Nevertheless, I now wish that I had brought them all the way, for if I could have succeeded in retaining them, they would doubtless make interesting, if not enlightening, reading.

We took the safest possible course, swinging in a wide circle northward, which carried us close to Greenland, and the voyage was uninterrupted by Prussian sea perils and otherwise uneventful, except for a few minor incidents, such as a knife duel between two Bulgarians in the steerage, which ended by one throwing the other overboard, never to be seen again. Of course, I didn't see this combat.

Despite this tragedy, we arrived with the same number of passengers with which we had sailed, for a baby was born en route — also in the steerage.

There was plenty of social activities, and dancing daily on deck, which made the voyage one of pleasantest memories and the weather, although cold, was excellent.

One morning our wireless picked up the news of

the awful catastrophe in Halifax, and, with the grief and horror which we all felt, was mingled a sense of poignant relief, for we were told that, as a result, we would not put into that port, and undergo the customary strict examination by the British, but would proceed directly to our final destination, New York.

We hoped to arrive by Christmas; but were destined to suffer disappointment in this hope.

Yuletide, nevertheless, was celebrated fittingly, with festivities for both young and old. On Christmas eve the grownups celebrated with a musicale; an auction, for the benefit of the families of seafaring men who had lost their lives in the great deep; fortune telling by a countess who was an expert in the black arts, and had predicted the war ten years before its beginning, or so she said; and dancing.

I participated in all of the four forms of entertainment, singing a selection from *Carmen*, and my sensations are vividly in my mind today. I was wearing a green and gray plaid dress, with a big, red rose in the belt which seemed to me to be the target of every eye, and as my audience, the lights, and the piano, swayed back and forth before me, as the ship rolled, I grew so dizzy that it was only with a great effort of my will that I was able to sing, and when I had ended, I ran to my room, before the audience had finished their applause, and threw myself on my berth, deathly ill and almost hysterical.

This quickly passed, however, and I returned to the music room to find other festivities in full swing.

The men were buying votes for the prettiest girl, and the homeliest baby; and a champagne auction was also in progress. I was enticed into playing auctioneer and disposed of many bottles for the good cause, some of them for one hundred *krona*.

The dancing continued until midnight, and, when I went to the stateroom, I had forgotten all about the day, and its meaning. Entering as silently as possible, so as not to disturb the others, who were asleep, I was stopped by the sight of a diminutive Christmas tree, tinsel-trimmed, standing on the dresser, and a pile of children's presents near it.

Suddenly a great flood of lonely homesickness came over me. I was away from my family, and could not enjoy the morrow with them. With tears dimming my eyes I turned to my berth, and caught sight of a cornucopia of goodies hanging above it, near my Star Spangled Banner, and a beautiful Christmas calendar, lying on my pillow.

Dear, thoughtful Mrs. Browning! Her heart had told her just how I was to feel, and she had done her best to cheer me in my loneliness.

Christmas day came, bringing a mixture of feelings, for early came the words that brought a ringing cheer, "We are in American waters," and all day long we saw the Land of the Free, itself, in the western distance; but, although this filled all



hearts with a joy too great for expression, with it came a feeling of keen disappointment that we were so near, and yet so far from the loved ones at home, on this day of days.

At two o'clock there was held a celebration and a tree for the little folks, each of whom received some little gift. How sweet they all looked, dressed in their best and singing the universal Christmas carols.

Evening shadows were falling as the great ship swung slowly into the outer harbor of the metropolis. Lights of the great city began to appear, first twinkling singly, then increasing to what seemed to me to be a blaze of welcome. The Goddess of Liberty appeared in view, in all her majesty of strength and grace. What a cheer of gladness went up from the ship's rail!

The cords of my throat tightened painfully. I could not speak and tears blinded me.

America and home! Home, after thirteen months in the heart of Germany!

## CHAPTER XXII

### HOME WITH OLD GLORY

I DID not go to my cabin that Christmas night when we reached New York, until after twelve o'clock, being only too glad to walk the deck for miles, breathe the American air, and look longingly toward the shore. I, nevertheless, packed up before going to bed, so as to be ready to disembark as soon as the law would allow, the next morning.

Official red tape is not wholly confined to Germany, I knew, and I awaited the necessary examination with a shade of disquietude, for my papers included many personal letters written in German — absolutely harmless, but not unlikely to give rise to comment.

So it was with a quickened pulse that I joined the other passengers in the music room — after saying goodbye to the cabin companions who had become very dear to me — and took the numbered red card handed me by an official, — in an American uniform, at last!

My number was called and, passport in hand, I approached the representative of the power of the United States, who was seated at the main desk. He took it, and I saw him glance at the

annotation on the side, in which appeared the cryptic word, "Good."

"Miss Josephine Therese," he called out to the official next him, who turned to my record. Then he bowed, smilingly, and said, "You may pass right along, Miss Therese."

I could almost have kissed him, especially when I glanced back and saw some of my friends undergoing the lengthy questioning which I had anticipated, — and escaped.

Nor was the examination of my personal belongings any more stringent, for the officer ok'd them speedily upon my statement that I carried nothing but music, souvenirs and personal letters.

Eager to be wholly free, and made bold by my early successes, I hurried to the pier and threw myself on the mercy of a kindly-appearing, middle-aged customs officer, by saying, "I am alone, and want to get home. Please help me. Perhaps you have a daughter like me, and can imagine how I feel, and I know that you won't keep me long."

He responded nobly to the plea, and not only made my examination an easy one, but assisted me first by trying to get Cousin Dick on the telephone, and then when that had failed, by telegraphing him of my arrival, for I had come without a word of intimation to my family.

We had barely sent off the wire, and I had returned to the landing enclosure to wait, when I was amazed to hear my own name called, "Miss

Josephine Therese. A telegram for Miss Josephine Therese."

I took it eagerly, and read the words, "Will be at the dock in a few minutes. Wait. Cousin Dick."

I could scarcely believe my eyes, for he certainly had not had time to get my message; but, almost before I knew it, above the confusion of sounds I heard the whistle made familiar to me by Jack, and saw Dick himself on the outskirts of the waiting crowd. Picking up my hand baggage I fairly flew towards him, with things dropping, at every step, from the broken bottom of a hat box.

"How did you know that I was coming?" I panted out, with my arms about his neck, and he explained that Mr. Miller had written to Mr. Weil, who had left Berlin ahead of me, addressing the letter to Christiania on the chance that he might not have sailed, and would look out for me. It had missed him there, but followed, or accompanied, him to America, and he had, only a few days before, informed Dick of my impending arrival.

Dick proved to resemble his elder brother in one respect, for, as soon as we were in a car bound for the home of friends of his, he warned me excitedly not to talk "Germany or German." The warning was unnecessary. America and American were plenty good enough for me then, and always.

How wonderful, but how strange, everything



looked to me, after my long absence; the towering buildings, now hung with hundreds of Red, White and Blue flags, a welcome change from the hated Red, White and Black; the khaki-clad officers, swinging along on the crowded sidewalks; and the American crowds themselves.

At first the sight of so many boys in uniform seemed odd; but I could not but thrill strangely to it. They, at least, were not the military spawns of Prussianism; there were none of the upturned mustaches, monocles, supercilious arrogance, and the other signs of the despised German autocracy, and if their uniforms lacked something of the impressive style of those upon which I had been looking for over a year, they were business-like and simple, as befitted a democracy, and their wearers looked bright and capable.

My doctor in Berlin had said that a change of climate would benefit me. It had, already!

On the way to the home of Dick's genial friends, the Masons, I said little, but let him do the talking, and first of all he told me that I would not know America for the country which I had left fifteen months before. He was right. In the very expression of the faces of the people on the car and streets I found something different, something new, deep and heartstirring.

I did not understand it at first, nor realize what had given it birth; but I realized it and responded, without comprehending.

Now I know that the expression had been

engendered by a great ideal and powerful purpose, and was the sign of a deepened patriotism, partaking of increased love of the Flag, and all that it means, and a great hatred of the Power that flaunts and scoffs at those ideals, and which is trying by every means which might and evil can devise to overthrow them.

I will pass over the greetings which occurred when I reached the Mason's home, to the point where Mrs. Mason said, "What do you want for luncheon, Miss Josephine? You know that these are war times, and we have to 'Hooverize'"—of course, I had to be told the meaning of the word;—"but you shall have anything that you desire, today."

What do you suppose were the first two things which popped into my mind and were requested? Scrambled eggs and a banana! I hadn't eaten one of the latter since leaving home.

After getting off a special delivery letter to mother, preparing her for my coming in person, and telling her that I would be in dear old Boston on the morrow, for, eager as I was to be really home, I was too weary to travel that day, I slept until evening.

At three minutes past ten, on the morning of December twenty-seventh, I felt the train, so strange now to my eyes, start on its homeward journey, and I sank back into my chair with the realization that the final lap of my four thousand mile trip had really begun.

All the way to Boston I sat almost in a daze. I seemed to be moving in an unreal land of pleasant dreams, which I could hardly realize was the Land of Dreams Come True. My own complete calmness surprised me, and it continued almost until the brakes began to grind, and I knew that we were drawing into the city of my birth.

Then it was with suddenly shaking hands that I gathered my belongings together, and, with funny little chills running up and down my back, followed the porter down the car steps.

In the dim light of the long platform I saw no one whom I knew, for those who had come to greet me were at the front, and I at the rear, of the train. There was a moment of sickening disappointment. Then I heard the voice of my dearest chum of the old days, and saw her running towards me. My mother and sister were following, but it was she whom I greeted first, and my words were as inapropos as had been those of farewell in the *Bahnhof* in Berlin.

“Are you married yet?”

“Yes,” she cried, laughing and crying, both together. “Married, and have six children, you dear goose.”

Next it was mother’s arms, and she would not let me go, but stood, repeating over and over, “Is it really you? I can’t believe it! I can’t believe it!”

I had almost to be introduced to my little sister, little no longer; and, through all this happy confusion of meeting, I laughed, and it was not until

I saw the faces of my little brothers pressed against the windows of our own living-room, and saw the tears on their cheeks, that I cried, too.

No less than sixty of my family and closest-friends came to bid me welcome home that evening, and the questions came pouring in so fast that I scarcely answered one coherently. And all the time I heard repeated the expressions, "Have you become pro-German? If you have, we'll disown you," and "Why didn't you kill the Kaiser, when you were in Berlin? You were nearer him than we!"

At last they had gone, and, with mother's final goodnight kiss on my lips, I found myself alone in my very own room, in my very own home and country. Before I undressed, I got out the flag which had been to Berlin and back, and hung it reverently over my bed. Then I stood back and looked at its bright stars and colorful stripes. It seemed almost like a sacred thing which had guarded my path through all the dangers and difficulties, and the words of the pledge, which all school children know, came to my mind. Not anew, but once again, I pledged allegiance to my flag and to the republic for which it stands, one nation, free and indivisible.

Free, yes, in spite of the world threat of autocracy and militarism from the black empire overseas, which is striving to impress its evil will and spirit on all the nations of the earth; and indivisible, in spite of all the German propa-



ganda which has been insidiously spread abroad in it.

This is the real end of my adventure, yet I must add a few paragraphs of what followed after, and give you the message that I brought home in my heart.

I had not been home many days before I began to receive, through the mails, anarchistic messages, directed against Germany, and also to realize, in a vague way, that I was being watched. Whether or not it was a menace of German inception, I do not know, but it stopped after an appeal to our own Secret Service. Then, one day, I found among my papers the letter which Herr Doktor Röddiger had given me, and which I had overlooked in destroying his propaganda message. With no compunction I opened it, and found that it was from a German officer to a relative in America. This is part of the epistle, and I quote its literal translation to show how the Prussian never let slip an opportunity to drive home his lying propaganda.

“Fritz is with the marine division at the Black Sea. I myself was with the Guard in France, Belgium and Russia, and am only a little injured by the war. Now I am in the Groszen General Stab as *Rittmeister* [a captain at headquarters]. I am worrying about how you people all are. *Are you still Germans? That is very important.*

“We still have plenty to eat—not as much as before the war, of course; but sufficient.

"We are sure to achieve the victory in this war, since we have already accomplished such wonderful things. God will continue to stand with us.

"What they tell you of Belgium is not true; I was there and I know. My sister's son is with the Marines and I think that he was in the battle which we won from the English at Skaagwane. You see, then, that you need not worry about us. *We will hold out until the ultimate victory has been won.*"

One day, while I was engaged in writing this story, my little brother, who is an enthusiastic Boy Scout, came home to tell us in triumph of the splendid number of Liberty Bonds that he had that afternoon sold on historic Boston Common. On another, came to me the inspiring message that Cousin Dick had enlisted in the army. On still another, the word from far-off Holland that Cousin Jack had registered voluntarily for the United States Army, and this simply because his conscience made him, despite his years of life and training under German influence — perhaps because of it!

Uncle Sam needs them both. He needs you and me, and every man, woman and child in America, if he is to be the decisive factor in winning this awful war, not for the Allies, not for democracy, but for the world.

I have seen both sides of the shield — the one black and sinister, with the color of military autocracy; the other bright and glowing with individual freedom of thought; the one turned towards Germany, the other toward America and her Allies.

I have lived with Germans, and have counted, and still count, many of them my friends. While I was among them, German propaganda, spread like dust on the winds, almost blinded my American eyes to the falsehood and evil inherent in the Prussian idea and Prussian *Kultur*, and I saw mainly the many virtues and human kindlinesses of those friends. But, since I have come home, and seen my friends and kinsfolk march away to fight, not for glory or conquest, but for a high democratic ideal, and have heard what I can now see is the truth about Germany — for it is all borne out by a multitude of things which I saw and heard there, but could not fully understand — my eyes have been opened.

I see, as only one who has lived *recently* within the very heart of the enemy's country can.

Oh, they are all war weary enough there, desperately so; they long for the conflict to end; but to end only in accordance with the promises falsely held out to them, a "made-in-Germany" peace, which will repay all their sacrifices.

Whether or not I have succeeded in making you believe as I do, at least my own opinion is fixed; they will fight on until there comes the great awakening. That was certainly their determination, when I left Berlin, and I saw then, and see now, no likelihood of a change from within. The people were then suffering so much that it cannot be worse today; the loss of life had been so appalling, already, that they had come to accept it as

inevitable and ordained; but despite the fact that middle-aged men and young boys were daily being pressed into service, they repeatedly expressed the firm belief that their man power was, if not inexhaustible, at least good for many years more.

What has happened, since, to alter their determination to fight to the bitter, or triumphant end? Has anything occurred to shatter that determination? From our standpoint the clouds are breaking, and as I write, we are winning glorious victories, yet you may be sure that they are minimized and explained away in a manner calculated to blind the civilian population to the truth. It is the first great stride toward the end, but I believe that that end will be reached only by marching on with unsheathed sword until Prussian militarism is cut down and destroyed. I have tried to show you the *spirit* of the people, among whom I lived for more than a year; the spirit of the people with whom we are at war; the spirit which must be crushed. They are poisoned with false ideals, if that word can be used to describe their *Kultur*, yet in November last their *immorale* was as unshaken as our *morale*.

When the great spiritual awakening does come to them, I sincerely believe that the masses will redeem themselves, and prove that they are really possessed of the many sterling qualities which we have ascribed to them in the past; but such an awakening will not come as the result of a mere separation between the people and their evil rulers.

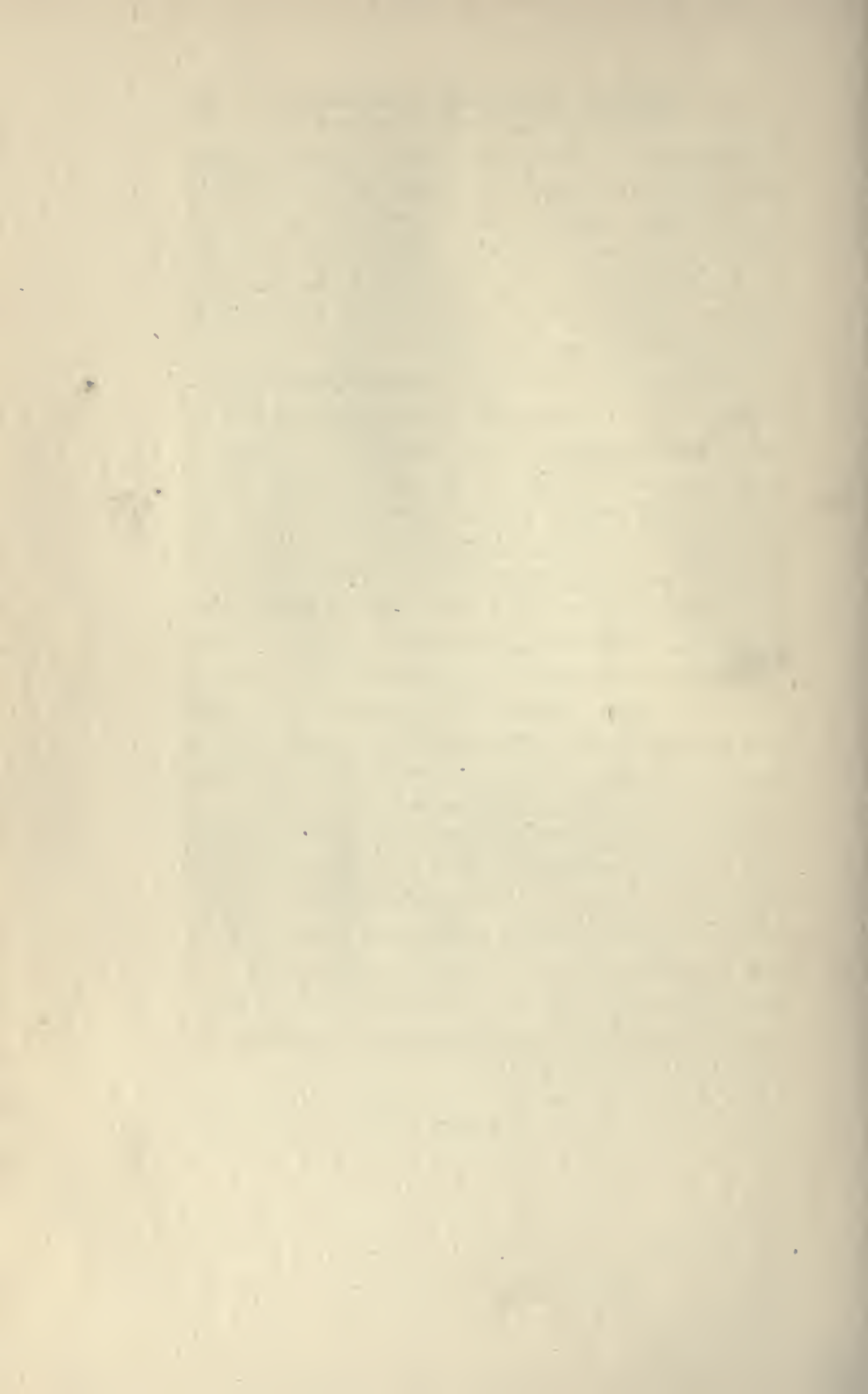


To eliminate the Hohenzollerns is not enough. Something terrible has to be torn from the people's very natures, for the cancerous growth of militarism is not on the surface; but has infiltrated through the whole body of the German empire. Notes, proclamations, and propaganda will not cure it, only the knife.

A living serpent, with its glistening skin, gleaming fangs and its ability to strike with the deadly speed of the lightning bolt, or to crush with relentless power, is often a very fascinating thing. Severed and mangled, it is very ugly and wholly abhorrent. It seems to me that there is such a serpent ruling the dark, but beautiful, land of Germany, and its name is the Spirit of Militarism. Snakelike, it has hypnotized the people of that land until they not only admire it, but obey its will absolutely. But let that serpent be crushed and severed by the sword of Liberty, and the eyes of the German people will perceive its ugliness, and bury that ugly thing forever.

If it means the sacrifice of friends of mine there, and friends and kinsmen here, I shall grieve; but I shall not regret it, for I know that Germany, with all its beauty, harbors a thing that befouls the earth, and we must not, cannot, stop until it is destroyed, and our own soldiers, victorious in a war which will be bitterly fought to the finish, are with Old Glory in Berlin.

THE END



# GO, GET 'EM!

By William A. Wellman

Marechal des Logis of Escadrille N. 87

THE TRUE ADVENTURES OF AN AMERICAN AVIATOR OF THE LAFAYETTE FLYING CORPS WHO WAS THE ONLY YANKEE FLYER FIGHTING OVER GENERAL PERSHING'S BOYS OF THE RAINBOW DIVISION IN LORRAINE WHEN THEY FIRST "WENT OVER THE TOP."

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By William Slavens McNutt

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William Slavens McNutt tells why no other nation on earth can turn out the stamp of soldier that stands back of Uncle Sam.

He has found out what that *spirit* is which makes Americans the hardest-to-lick soldiers on earth.

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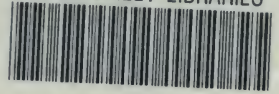
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