

feel sure that if Italy will but follow a rigid programme, before long, in three or four months perhaps, she will be among the first countries of Europe to have a complete financial asset. But it is necessary to reduce expenses as much as possible; it is necessary to give the country faith and assurance that credit is secure; it is necessary to

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assure stability of administration. Therefore, I have said I place above everything else public order. All our plans, economic and financial, will fall if public order is not maintained. We must make also a great effort to foster production, but if this effort is to be made it is necessary first of all that public order should be maintained.

BERLIN REVISITED

THOUGH the surface life of the streets of Berlin shows little change from what it was before the war, one has only to cross the threshold of a shop or a restaurant to realize how deceptive this superficial appearance is. The new arrival from England who has expected to find here the creature comforts left behind in his own country is roughly disillusioned at his first breakfast. The hotel in which these lines are written is generally held to be the best in Berlin. Built only a few years before the war, with the object of providing wealthy Englishmen and Americans with the comforts and conveniences to which they were accustomed in their own hotels, it was equipped regardless of expense and managed with great enterprise and resourcefulness. Here, if anywhere, one would expect to find that ten months of *de facto* peace had removed the traces of the war. But that is still very far from being the case.

In the coffee room the guest finds that the exquisite damask tablecloths have disappeared, and their place been taken by a rough, unbleached fabric, which suggests coarse canvas or sack-ing, but is probably made of nettle

fibres or one of the other 'substitutes' so widely employed in Germany for the manufacture of textiles during the past five years. But even that is luxury and sumptuousness as things go in Germany to-day. In no other public eating room — and my experience embraces the finest restaurants of Berlin and Cologne — have I yet seen a tablecloth which was not made of paper. This, too, is the universal material for table napkins and for the hand towels in hotel and restaurant lavatories. 'Tea or coffee?' asks the waiter. You inquire if milk is to be had. No, there is no milk. Not even condensed? No, not even that. And it is a fact that I have been a fortnight in Germany without once seeing fresh milk. Almost every other foodstuff can be had at a price by way of contraband trade, but milk lends itself very badly to the slow and roundabout processes by which the law is evaded, and the control by which it is reserved for the young, the old, and the invalid seems to be efficiently exercised. It is said that milk can actually be procured with regularity by subterranean channels, but a close knowledge of local conditions is evidently needed to obtain it in this way.

Having reconciled yourself to the deprivation of milk, you try your luck with butter. No, there is no butter, not even margarine. Here, however, you must not hasten to generalize. There are restaurants in Berlin where excellent butter is served without coupons, hesitations, or restrictions. But, once again, at a price, and such restaurants are certainly a small minority. The price of this contraband butter to the ordinary householder in his own home varies from twenty to twenty-five marks a pound. As a substitute for butter, your hotel offers you an uninviting-looking substance which goes by the name of jam. This accessory of the table seems to have been standardized throughout Germany. Alike in private houses and public restaurants, both here and at Cologne, I have found it identical in appearance, consistency, and taste. Its color is a dull and unhealthy purple. A considerable element of fibrous and gritty matter alone suggests its indubitable organic origin. Otherwise it might well be yet another of the marvelous products of the German laboratory. Its taste is quite and entirely its own, and is only not exceedingly disagreeable because it is not particularly pronounced. The only profitable purpose which this 'jam' can serve is to act as a lubricant. Those whose salivary glands are in good working order will gladly dispense with its assistance. Having tasted the 'jam' you breakfast off a couple of eggs and the same number of dry rolls. The latter differ from their predecessors of the pre-war period only in size, which is about half what it used to be. They are made of American flour, and, in consequence of the cost of that commodity, are still a luxury for the well-to-do. They are not yet obtainable in the shops, where they formerly cost a halfpenny each, but are to be had in a few restaurants,

where their price is from ninepence to one shilling. For the present, the great bulk of the population must satisfy itself with the black bread, which is a good deal darker and stickier than it used to be. Black bread is rationed, but this year's harvest and the importation of food have made it more accessible, and many shopkeepers now willingly supply larger amounts than are indicated on the coupons.

Your modest breakfast costs you ten marks. The pre-war cost of its raw materials in the shops would have been fourpence or fivepence at the outside. And here it may be as well to point out that the devaluation of the mark in international dealings means no relief to the German at home. For the Englishman drawing his income in sterling Germany is at present, on the whole, a cheaper place to live in than his own country, for he has received for his pound, instead of the old twenty marks of the normal exchange, eighty, ninety, one hundred, one hundred and ten, or even more. That means that he must divide German prices by four, five, or six, according to the rate at which he has changed his sterling, before he can know what has been the actual cost to him of an article purchased. But the German can console himself with no such calculation. To him the mark is what a shilling is to us, just as it was before the war. And even if his income has been doubled or trebled, he finds himself very much worse off than he was formerly when he has to pay fivefold, sixfold, and, in not a few cases, tenfold the prices to which he had accustomed himself.

During the years of my former residence here one could lunch or dine well and with elegance for four or five marks, and that sum might include half a bottle of unpretentious wine and coffee. Now a decent meal can hardly

be had under twenty marks. The consumption of meat in restaurants is limited by the rationing, and this, of course, has correspondingly increased the demand for coupon-free dishes, such as fish and poultry. Prices vary, of course, but depend more upon the quantity served than upon the character of the restaurant. At a popular restaurant a small portion of the cheapest fish can be had for three and a half marks; but at one establishment patronized chiefly by the middle classes I had to pay fifteen for a modest halibut steak. Chicken may be put at ten to fifteen, goose at fifteen to twenty marks a portion. Half a partridge will cost you eight or ten. As I have not yet had time to fit myself out with ration cards, my experience of meat dishes has been confined to those places where profits correspond with the pecuniary risks of infraction of the regulations. It includes a small but excellent veal steak at ten marks, hash of fresh mutton at twelve, and roast pork at eighteen. The range of sweets is extraordinarily limited, and their character must generally be regarded as suspect. Their prices vary from about one and a half to five marks.

A noteworthy innovation in all restaurants, cafés, and hotels is that, as a result of the waiters' strike, tipping has been 'abolished.' All waiters now receive fixed wages, and to reimburse their employers an addition of ten per cent is made to the bill. In a few cases this ten per cent is included in the individual prices, but as a rule it is added to the total. Most of the menus draw special and emphatic attention to this reform. Usually it is a curt notice, with the intimation that waiters accepting tips will be instantly dismissed. Sometimes reference is made to the 'ethical aspirations' of the waiters, which have been satisfied by the payment of fixed salaries. But it

does not take the diner-out long to discover that his interests are served by the proffer of a small gratuity, and I have not yet met a case in which either the threat of instant dismissal or the cultivation of ethical aspirations has for a moment stood in the way of its acceptance.

Coming from the solid abundance of England, one soon notices the effects on one's system of the present German dietary. The satisfaction of a meal seldom lasts long, and one soon feels hungry again. The lack of fatty foods is probably mainly responsible for this, but the insubstantial quality of incidental restaurant dishes no doubt has something to do with it. German cooks have discovered how to give a very small quantity of real solid food the appearance of being a great deal, and even during the process of eating to make it do the work of a great deal. He who is dependent upon them for his nourishment will probably be wise if he does not attempt to probe too deeply into their secrets.

Since the big Allied commission arrived a few British privates have been visible on the streets of Berlin. They generally hunt in couples, which is natural, for their position is a disagreeable and a lonely one. The German hotheads have too much discretion to insult our officers, for that would mean public scandal and international incidents, so they give vent to their feelings and satisfy their mortified patriotism by half-audible jeers in the English language as our rankers pass. Our men can afford to reply with a smile, since they know that so far as the war is concerned their laughter is the last, and consequently the best. But the German heads that are still hot over the war are very few, and the most galling symbol of their humiliation is needed to make them betray themselves.

The rest of the population speaks of the war—and almost appears to think of it—as an event with a merely historical interest. Popular feeling seems to have been almost completely switched off the foreign conflict and on to the domestic one. After all, the foreign conflict is dead, if not done with, while the domestic one is still only working up to the point of supreme crisis. That is why the average German waxes much warmer against the Spartacists or the Monarchists than against France or Great Britain, and reserves his most vigorous expletives for Erzberger or Noske rather than for Lloyd George or Clemenceau.

All the same one cannot help feeling surprised at finding so little trace of the sedulously cultivated hate which was the German's spiritual ammunition in the war. I expected to find much more, and if it had existed should, therefore, probably have found it. But so far, though I have spoken English freely in trams, trains, theatres, restaurants, and other public places, I have never yet seen anything that suggested black looks, or, indeed, more than the vacant curiosity which a foreign language generally arouses in those not accustomed to the sound of it. My work has necessarily brought me into contact with people of all classes of society, and in no case have I had the feeling that my presence lacerated a fresh wound or revived poignant memories. Nor can it be said that the general attitude is one of licking the hand that has held the whip. It is only that the Germans, instead of being ruder than before, are, if anything, not quite so rude. On the whole, we are distinctly favored in comparison with the French. At Cologne I found that the British occupation was regarded by the masses as a definite blessing, and that the

possibility of the French taking our place there aroused feelings of horrified alarm. Similarly, there seems to be general consensus of opinion here that German prisoners were much better treated in England than in France, and that our peace conditions have been less harassing and burdensome than those of our chief ally. At the same time most Germans admit that this difference is easily explainable by the hideous sacrifices and devastation which have been the main cost of the war to France.

But all this is discussed with comparative moderation and coolness. It is only when the Germans begin to talk about one another that their bitterness boils over. And here it is exceedingly difficult to decide in what direction the definite current of national feeling, if one really exists, is at present running. In the old days the Berlin cabman used to be considered the best index of the feelings of the fluid vote, that is to say, of that section of electorate which has no fixed political determination, and changes its party adhesion under the influence of passing events. I have spoken to many of these men, both young and old, and the only opinion in which they all agreed was that there has been too much revolution. One of them was quite satisfied that Germany had lost the war, as that was the only way to get rid of the people in high places, all of whom, he said, were 'thieves.' When asked whether this applied to Bethmann-Hollweg, he promptly replied that it did, and to Ludendorff and Hindenburg as well. All the same, he was emphatically of the opinion that 'there was no longer any order in the country.' Another cabby thought the war would have been won by Germany 'if the officers had eaten out of the same dish as the soldiers'; but though, so far as

my knowledge goes, this ideal has even yet not been realized, he still sighed for more order. A third was frankly reactionary. 'For all I care,' he said, 'we can go back to the old state of things.' 'Then freedom means nothing to you?' I asked. 'Freedom!' he replied, contemptuously; 'this is not freedom. This is disorder.'

And yet, as has been seen, there is at present very little sign of this disorder on the face of Berlin life.

When you go to the organized worker you hear a very different tale. There you are assured that, so far from there having been too much revolution, there has not been any. For these men, the real revolution, which is going to bring the prompt socialization or nationalization of all the big industries, still lies in the future, and, from my own inquiries, I should say that a great deal of energy and enthusiasm is at work below the surface to realize this aim. Numerical illustrations of this are not easily accessible, but the independent Socialists, who are the incorporation of the movement, claim to have a membership of 750,000. Exactly what is the character of this membership is not explained, but that of the entire Socialistic party before the war, at a time when it polled between 30 and 40 per cent of the total vote at the general elections, was only slightly over the million. At the same time, though the Independents want more revolution, and advocate searching inquiry and drastic punishment for the heads of the old régime who led Germany to disaster, their present tendency seems to be in the direction of 'Parliamentary' action rather than of street barricades and fortified newspaper offices.

On the other wing, pent-up feelings have found relief in a wild burst of anti-semitism. This movement is being vigorously and cleverly engineered

by the Monarchists to work on popular prejudices. A large part of the industry, and a still larger of the commerce, of Germany was always in Jewish hands, and consequently a considerable proportion of the 'war gainers,' who, thanks to large profits and contraband trade, have been able to get through the last five years without denying themselves anything, is of semitic race. Now the 'war gainers' and the 'stealth traders' are the two most hated classes of the population, and it is not a difficult matter, with public opinion in its present unstable and rather flighty condition, to identify them with Judaism. To this must be added the large percentage of Jews among the Socialistic, and especially among the Bolshevik leaders, and the ground is ready for a very flourishing anti-semitic agitation. That agitation is now in full swing, and finds its expression in numerous public meetings, in pamphlets which are distributed by tens of thousands, and in newspapers that are forced upon the public attention with a zeal and a pertinacity never maintained by mere commercial enterprise.

From my own observations and knowledge of Germany, I am inclined to be very skeptical toward the stories and rumors which associate the Junker and the Prussian officers' caste with the aims and the plans of Bolshevism. The old Imperial Government undoubtedly entangled itself deeply with Bolshevism, but only because it was between the devil and the deep sea, and had to choose one of them. Apparently, its attitude was that when you ally yourself with the devil he is more likely to carry out his share of the bond if you treat him with politeness. But the Junker and the Prussian militarists are in the deep sea, and even if they thought

there was any chance of the devil helping them out of it—which they don't—they are much too afraid of him to seek his assistance in any form. It may not be a gratifying thought, but it is probably true, that our chief and real enemies in the late war are at present one of the strongest barriers to the westward sweep of Bolshevism. They will fight it to the death, because it threatens with utter destruction the little that the war has left over to them. Theirs are the next mansions to be sacked and plundered; theirs the next families to be chased from their homes in the night penniless and roofless; theirs the next estates to be divided up among a hungry proletariat. Reaction in this country has to fight to retain what it still has before it can hope to fight to recover what it has lost, and

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in its inmost heart it is certainly more concerned with the threat of Bolshevism than with the dim hope of restoring monarchies and whittling down franchises.

It is said that practically the entire officers' corps of the old German army is organized for street fighting, and would turn out armed the moment the Spartacists made another attempt to get Berlin into their hands. Indeed, I have been told that the disorders here earlier in the year were mainly suppressed by officers fighting as rankers, the men having proved quite untrustworthy in that kind of civil war. It is conceivable that a time might come when a very little Prussian militarism might seem preferable to a great deal of Russian Bolshevism, and might be the only alternative to it.

A SORCERER OF THE PAST, CAGLIOSTRO

BY GEORGES LENOTRE

Iris, indeed, regrettable that the days of sorcerers, enchanters, magicians, alchemists, wonder-workers, and other mountebanks of the grand style have passed away; for their amiable meddling with the more practical pursuits of life was once sufficient to change the eternal claptrap of social and political dissensions into material for a romance. If the history of the reign of Louis XVI is not quite without interest, it is because it owes much to Cagliostro, a precious person whose mysterious figure dominated the last hours of the French monarchy, the

precursor, the avenger of oppressed peoples, the overthrower of thrones, who holds up the alembics whose distilled lightning is to strike the old world and bring about the dawn of universal regeneration.

Do you not remember? Nothing is more attractive than the odyssey of this symbolic and unreal personage who seems to be of no age, who comes no one knows whence, and declares himself immortal. All that is known of his past is that he was born many years before, centuries, 'perhaps in the middle of the Red Sea,' and that he