

PETROGRAD SEES STREET BATTLES

Junkers in Armored Car Fire Upon Crowd, Murdering Innocent Victims.

BLOODY SCENES ENACTED

Last Stand Made by Kerensky Forces Against Victorious Bolshevik Witnessed by Louise Bryant.

BY LOUISE BRYANT.

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Every morning after the Bolshevik coup d'état I used to call at Smolny and at the City Duma. They both gave out news quite willingly. I had passed from both to go around the city and get into all the battles I wanted to.

The committee on saving the revolution and the country sat in continual session and studied an American advertising agency I ever came across. They used to tell me the wildest things. When I investigated I invariably found their statements untrue or at least ridiculously exaggerated.

Once I went to Mayor Shraeder and complained. "At home," I said, "a politician wouldn't do that; he would really be afraid to tell a reporter a deliberate story. Now, the other night you told me that the prisoners in Peter and Paul were being massacred and I went out there at 2 o'clock in the morning and found them sleeping peacefully in their beds."

He stroked his beard and looked serious, almost righteous. "Well," he said, "they (meaning the Bolsheviks) have all the force of arms on their side and we have, after all, only the moral force."

At Smolny they were frank enough, often thoroughly discouraged, never overrating their victories or underestimating their defeats. I think this remarkable way they had of facing the realistic aspects of the greatest reasons for their success.

On the particular morning, November 21, that I want to tell about, I learned Smolny that one of the officials was very ill and I came back into town with a Bolshevik leader who is now very close to Trotsky and had worked with him on a paper in America. We went straight to the Hotel Europe, where the American Red Cross had its headquarters, in search of a Red Cross doctor.

As we walked through the lobby I was surprised to see one of Kerensky's aides standing and a little too immaculate and perfumed, but he was a Georgian, and like most of his race so exceptionally handsome with his dark eyes and olive skin. He had to forgive me his overfastidiousness.

Disguise Melodramatic. Today, however, he was a changed man. He wore a coat too small and trousers too large, and his waxed mustache was all frayed at the ends. He had on the most amazingly tattered cap. I almost burst out laughing. It was so Russian for him to do that way. Just because he was in disguise, he would put on a make-up that would point him out to every one—like a conventional villain. It was with a conventional villain that I stared right through him and passed on.

My Bolshevik friend and I climbed the wide stairs and walked along the corridor. When we were near the end, the young Georgian caught up with us. He was all out of breath. "Mademoiselle," he exclaimed, taking both my hands, "you did not recognize me? I am in disguise!"

Secrets Given Away. Russians can never keep secrets. It is one of the things I like best about them. Good or indifferent, their lives are an open book. But on this occasion I very much regretted their lack of repression. In vain I tried to silence him by winks and other understand methods. He couldn't imagine what was wrong. He was lonesome and glad to see a friend and that is all he thought about. He blurted out all sorts of startling information. "Kerensky will be here by tomorrow with 80,000 Cossacks. We will take all the Bolshevik leaders out and string them up along the streets."

"Please don't talk about it," I said, feeling awfully responsible for the serious trouble he was getting himself into. But he misunderstood me entirely and replied soothingly, "Now don't you worry, no one is going to hurt you."

We did not escape from him until he had told us every idea he had of what ought to be done, and it never occurred to him to inquire the politics of my companion.

"What are you going to do," I asked my friend from Smolny, when we were out on the street again.

Sniping Begins in Street. "Have him arrested," he answered shortly. So we entered into a long argument. I maintained that he was of importance, anyway, and ought to be treated like the aristocrats who were living in peace all over the city. There was the Grand Duke Constantine's family, for example, who lived in the Marble Palace built by the old Duke. They occupied the top floor, while all the rest of the building is used by the bureau of labor.

We were not able to finish the argument, because as we turned the corner of Gogol street and St. Isaac's square sniping began from rooftops. A man walking in front of the German Embassy suddenly dropped down dead shot by the bullet of an unknown enemy. Constant snipers on guard in the Astoria Hotel, came rushing down the street to locate the offender, shouting "Provokatsia!" People were always being killed in those first days by snipers just to start riots, and it was easy enough to place the blame.

We could hear firing going on about a block away. The junkers had taken the telephone exchange on the Morskaya and the Bolsheviks had surrounded them. Bullets began to fly too generously for comfort. We hid in a courtyard behind the Angletiers Hotel and through the chinks in the fence we watched the ridiculous, padded Russian cabmen—lyubichicks—who usually amble along like snails, whipping up their horses and rapidly clearing the square.

Junkers Fire on Crowd. As soon as it became quieter we started back to Gogol street. At the corner we saw an armored car coming at full speed. We didn't have time to seek shelter, all we could do was strain against a closed doorway that had great iron doors securely locked. We hoped that the car would go on, but

GERMAN YOUTH DEPRECIATES UNDER LONG WAR STRAIN

National Neurasthenia Spreads Over Teuton Race, Due to Long-Deferred Peace Hopes.

BY CYRIL BROWN.

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STOCKHOLM, March 17.—(Special.)—Depreciation of the German nation's youth under the prolonged war strain shows in many ways. In 1914 flaming patriotism, war enthusiasm, 20,000 schoolboys volunteering for front service; even in 1915 juvenile enthusiasm for the super Boy Scout companies, for military preparation, for patriotic gold collecting, bond collecting, war loan soliciting and what not.

In 1918, according to a German pedagogic, "there is everywhere complaint regarding the increase of juvenile delinquency for the military preparation of the youth; collecting is done much more for the pecuniary reward than from patriotic motives; the older school-boys have their inner struggles between hope of leaving school with incomplete studies and fear of having to fight for the fatherland; in those social layers which were hitherto hampered by tradition, education and discipline, increasing violation of the law, at first merely crimes against property, robbery, fraud, and later, crimes of violence; thus fall deep shadows over the luminous picture of 1914."

Juvenile criminality in Berlin is estimated to have increased fivefold since the end of 1914; still, only a small percentage of the youth of the whole nation, but nevertheless an alarming increase in the number of offenses at the core, and wanting to keep so, war or no war.

Great Days for Few Taxicabs. An outward and visible sign of graft in Germany is the Berlin chauffeur, vintage 1918. The competition for the few surviving taxicabs in Berlin is so great that the chauffeurs can name and obtain their own figures. Particularly in the still existing night life centers you can see columns of taxis, all with the pale blue "hired" flag up, taximeters showing sums of 20, 25 and 30 marks.

Strategy for capturing one of these evil-smelling benol tanks is to offer payment of all the meter shows, plus a tip of 20 or 30 marks, plus the cabman's fare. Nor are the drivers of those lean survivor horse cabs behind their benol brethren in the line of applied grafting. In general they are the eligible and fit for military or civilian auxiliary service.

Good Humor is Gone. Symptomatic of war's increasing wear and tear, perhaps less of moral degradation, is the loss of humor under prolonged food scantiness and economic pressure, with no certain end in sight. In the marked tendency to brawl, to start a "rough house," to quarrel violently on slightest provocations, to be emotionally explosive and "go off" over trifles, so too there is frequent lament and complaints over increasing lack of courtesy and allied virtues, this particularly in Berlin. The "biedere" Berlins, once full of good nature and racy, tart humor, have become of biting dispositions, snappy, quick-tempered, quick to wrath over next to nothing. War has neurologists are justified in diagnosing it as nerve-strain, tending toward national neurasthenia; though the Germans still have nerves of iron, if they do give way occasionally.

Unwanted, symptomatic scenes result, such as the scandalous "battles" of crippled war veterans and champions of the Fatherland Party at a Berlin mass meeting, the invited war cripples, though guests of the pan-Germans, being roundly abused and beaten by their ruthless antagonists. Overworked police, with no time to hunt down criminals even, have plenty of extra work trying to preserve order at mass meetings or close them up before outbreaks occur.

"Brute Strength Wins in Subways." Overcrowded subways and surface cars are peculiarly useful high-pressure gauges for revealing the extensive temperament of the latter-day German war mind. A German observer sings of the stopping places: "Here combat reigns and only brute strength wins," while another asks plaintively whether a little more combat and good will on the part of the public might not mitigate "the wild scenes in the subway."

Actual vituperation not infrequently leads to hostile conflict between women conductors and passengers; a German eyewitness reports the sympathetic scene of a fight between a busy Berlin line because the conductor climbed down from the platform to beat up a girl who had tried to board despite the prescriptive "All full!" a long line of cars being stalled while the combat raged in the street until the motorman dropped the car, and the conductor, neutralized, and assisted the conductress.

Had War Manners a Menace. Loud and frequent too are the public complaints about the high-handed, insulting tone of many shopkeepers and clerks, this particularly in the case in food stores where food scantiness has reversed the ordinary rules of commerce; the seller holds the whiphand and feels that he is doing the buyer a great favor. Increasingly large in the number of tradesmen and shopkeepers whose licenses have been suspended or revoked by the authorities.

The great favor, increasingly might ultimately become a menace of military importance, for insulting or impolite treatment of the public is now allowed to go too far in however, fully recognized. The Imperial Postoffice Department has sent out circular orders instructing employees to practice the utmost politeness in their business intercourse, and the Ministry of War, too, has ordered all its subordinate public officials to be prompt and polite with the public. The only cure, however, for Berlin's "nerves" is more food mixed with the hope of peace.

(To Be Continued.)

begged for mercy and my companion, the Bolshevik, said to the sailors, "For God's sake let him go; let's not kill any more of them than we have to." It was a most characteristic remark. They all feel that way over there. Russians hate violence and they hate to kill. At a time like that Anglo-Saxons or almost any other race would have been insane with rage at the death of their seven comrades. But the Russians let the chauffeur go.

We came back to the argument about Kerensky's aide as we strolled up the Nevsky. "I will tell you what I will do," he said, "I'll give him three days to get out—if he isn't out then he'll have to go to prison." I don't think he ever thought of it again. However, in three days Kerensky's troops had been defeated and he himself was in disguise.

Vladimir School Battle Bloody. One of the most amusing things I heard about disguises was a story concerning Alexander, who was very important with the peasants until he voted for coalition at the democratic congress. By that vote he lost everything, not only his position and his popularity, but his long, silly whiskers, of which he was particularly proud. Madam Lebedev, a friend of Kropotkin's daughter, sheared them off for him when she helped him out of Petrograd.

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MOTHER IS FAVORED

Would-Be Soldier Would Deny Wife Allotment.

DIVORCE SUIT IS STARTED

Walter W. Huelat Says He Doesn't Want Woman Who Calls Him Low-Lived Bum to Share in Army Earnings.

Walter W. Huelat wants to go to war; not as a conscript but as a volunteer. But when he goes he wants to allot half of his pay to his aged mother instead of to his militant wife, who, he says, is endeavoring in every possible way to get him drafted.

"I don't want to allot my pay as a soldier to a woman who calls me a low-lived bum," he said yesterday in starting suit for divorce from Ethel S. Huelat on grounds of extreme cruelty. He alleges his wife has frequently expressed the wish that he could be drafted. She does this, he says, in order that she may obtain a part of his wages as a soldier. They were married in Portland in 1914.

William G. Cruise objected seriously when his wife, Lucretia Cruise, spread butter on a sandwich for her younger sister's school lunch. At least, this is one of the allegations contained in the wife's divorce suit, which was filed yesterday. She says she obtained \$1600 from her younger sister, who is yet a minor. Charges of cruelty also are made. They were married at Baker City in 1911.

That his wife, Margaret, rented their Rose City Park home and then compelled him to rent an apartment at more than \$10 a month, while she collected the rent from the Rose City Park home, is one of numerous charges in the divorce complaint of Harold J. Jones.

His home, valued at \$5000, was given to his wife by his mother, the plaintiff asserts, because she consented to a reconciliation last year after divorce proceedings had been started between them. He says he gave her a \$1000 diamond ring after they became reconciled. He also declares she has a great favor to do for him. They were married at Sacramento in 1911.

Agnes Gilman says Charles Gilman compelled her to work on a farm. She thinks she is entitled to a divorce. They were married at Sacramento in 1911. She alleges that Charles Gilman is intoxicated most of the time, and has destroyed their marital happiness. She wants the custody of their two children and \$40 a month for their support. They were married at Council Bluffs in 1907.

Extreme cruelty is charged against W. R. Hain in the complaint of Mary Edna Hain. They were married in Portland in 1916. Louisa Carhart wants a divorce from George C. Carhart on grounds of desertion. They were married in 1894 and lived together for 16 years. It took just two months to wreck the matrimonial bark of Nettie and Gus Danielson, alleges the wife, who wants a divorce on grounds of desertion. They were married in January, last year, and separated early in March. Cecil Allen wants a divorce from Richard Allen and \$10 a month for the support of their minor child. They were married in Tillamook in 1915. She charges extreme cruelty.

Divorce decrees to three impatient couples were granted by Presiding Judge Morrow yesterday afternoon: Agatha M. Gregory from N. C. Gregory, Britt, cruelty and non-support, and Eldon Park from Myrtle M. Park, desertion.

Klickitat Section Goes "Over Top." WHITE SALMON, Wash., April 20.—(Special.)—That portion of Klickitat County tributary to White Salmon has gone better than 100 per cent over the top in its third liberty loan drive; its quota was \$17,000 and to date there has been subscribed \$24,450. The interest is still on and these figures will be substantially increased, is the opinion of the Columbia State Bank, which is handling the fund. Lyle reports splendid returns for their section.

New Kelso Sawmill in Operation. KELSO, Wash., April 20.—(Special.)—J. N. Moore's new sawmill on the West Side has been completed and the first lumber was sawed this week. By



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More Than Good Clothes Here— You'll find good clothes here; Hart Schaffner & Marx is the answer to that; but that's not enough; you want the service of men who know how to help you get the right thing for you. Our salesmen are experts; they have studied the human figure; the likes and dislikes and the needs of you men. It's a good place to buy clothes any way you look at it. These clothes are sold on their merit of all-wool economy. \$25, \$30, \$35 and up to \$50 Sam'l Rosenblatt & Co. The Men's Store for Quality and Service. Southeast Corner Fifth and Alder.

KILL THE RUST AND ELIMINATE SQUEAKY SPRINGS by putting on a set of Grus Spring Oilers. Positively the biggest value for the smallest investment you can make for your car. Kelson Church Calls New Pastor. ABERDEEN, Wash., April 20.—(Special.)—Rev. A. W. Bond, of Woodland, has been called to the pastorate of the Kelson Presbyterian Church as a supply, taking the place left vacant by the resignation of Rev. F. L. Fraser. Mr. Bond will preach at both Kelson and Woodland, filling the pulpit in each church once each Sunday. He will make his home at Woodland, where he recently purchased several acres a short distance from town. The Kelson congregation voted unanimously to call him to the pastorate of the local church.

Have You Ever Had a Sunday Dinner at THE HAZELWOOD? If not, dine here today—you will enjoy it—every bit of it. Everything served is delicious—while the menu are as varied as could be desired. Our \$1.00 dinner is really a sumptuous affair, but still there is a splendid vegetable dinner at 35c and at 50c a full dinner with soup, roast, three kinds of vegetables, desert and beverage. Just try it today. The Hazelwood 127 Broadway 388 Washington

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