



Vagabonding Through Changing Germany, by Harry A. Franck. Illustrated. Harry A. Franck is a natural born wanderer. Those of us who read his interesting "Vagabond Journey Round the World" will enjoy his frank, easy style in graphic descriptive writing will welcome his newest book, "Vagabonding Through Changing Germany."

It is a free and easy, delightful record of Mr. Franck's leisurely trip taken through many portions of Germany shortly after the armistice was declared in November, 1918.

Mr. Franck is evidently of German extraction, for on page 165, he speaks of visiting relatives in Mecklenburg. Mr. Franck also has the advantage of being able to speak German fluently.

The central note in this volume of 355 pages is that our author found the people of Germany hungry, and that one word much used in those days was "ersatz," meaning substitute. He speaks of ersatz coffee, ersatz cheese, ersatz beer, ersatz bread, etc.

Civil treatment was awarded to Mr. Franck throughout all his wanderings in Germany, and he was cordially received as an American. He talked freely with the prisoners, who talked to him. He took many photographs of things German. Of course, our author met talkative Germans who talked of the most interesting army had been unbeaten in battle, and they spoke with unconcealed bitterness with reference to England, and the hunger the English blockade compelled them to endure.

Years ago when the author had visited Germany and had occasion, he says, to admire "the splendid, strong, white teeth of all classes and the most rare to find an adult with a full set. The majority are as unsightly in this respect as the lower classes in England." When the prisoners, who poured in upon us during the last days of the war, first called attention to this change, we were surprised to see it down as a result of life in the trenches. Back of the lines, however, ersatz food and under-nourishment seem to have had a deleterious effect.

It is stated that "whitewashing" of the Kaiser was found to be universal in Germany, and that no one, "whatever his age, sex, caste, place of residence or political complexion, accuses him of being more than an accessory before the fact. The most rabid softened any criticism of the ex-emperor with the footnote that after all, the ex-emperor was not chiefly to blame. His bad counselors, the force of circumstances over which he had little control, were instanced. Nor did I ever hear any German, not even a socialist of the extremist left, not even a Bavarian, admit that Germany was wholly in the wrong."

As to the conduct of the war, the general opinion met with seemed to be that the Russians and French, secretly sustained by England, invaded Germany first.

The former universal German worship of the military class as to being superior to all others in the land was found to have changed in favor of democracy. Once Mr. Franck started to board a waiting train in a railroad station in Germany and noticed the word "engaged" on the door. Room in other cars seemed to be at a premium in the train, and Mr. Franck, followed by several other travelers, boarded the compartment marked "engaged." When the train started, accompanied by an imposing looking military officer, and blusteringly insisted that the Franck party get out. The valet was received with silent contempt, and nobody moved. It was quite different from the autocratic old days.

In a town on the banks of the German Rhine the women in the hotel in which Mr. Franck lodged said they were thankful the territory was then under American jurisdiction. One of the women said: "Here we are in America, you see. There will never be any robbery and anarchy here. Anyway, we don't feel that the Americans are real enemies. Now, if it had been the French or the British who had occupied Trier. . . At first the Americans were very easy on us, too easy. They arrived December 1 at noon, and by evening every soldier had a sweetheart. The newspapers raged. It was shameful for a girl to give herself for a box of biscuits, or a cake of chocolate, or even a bar of soap! But they had been hungry for years, and not even decency, to say nothing of patriotism, can stand out against continual hunger. Besides, the war—ah! I don't know what has come over the German woman since the war!"

It is amusing to read the record that in different editions of the Berliner Tageblatt matrimonial advertisements were noted in which merchants, factory owners and others advertised for wives. The advertisements usually had fortunes of 300,000 marks, and ended up with the significant statement that they "wished to meet a like-minded, agreeable young woman with corresponding wealth which is safely invested."

Note the "corresponding" wealth.

My Three Years in America, by Count Bernstorff. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York city.

It is an educational experience, but not a great pleasure, to read this frank record of the impressions of Count Bernstorff, for three years ambassador from the German empire to this country, until we declared war against Germany.

Count Bernstorff writes in an apologetic, but non-abusive strain, in presenting this message of 415 pages, explaining intimate political relations between America and Germany at a time of great strain.

The first paragraph in the book is significant of the professional pride of our author as a builder of Germany. "It was in my own home, the German embassy in London, where the atmosphere was entirely political, that I learned my first lesson in politics. My father did not belong to that class of diplomats so prevalent today, who treat politics as an occupation to be pursued only in their spare time. His whole life was consecrated to the cause of the German nation and from my earliest childhood my mind was filled with the same idea to the exclusion of all others."

In what follows, of course, our author takes the German point of view. It is important to know that the book gives the secret correspondence that passed between Bernstorff and the German foreign office. It is told in cipher, and is now revealed in plain English, what was going on behind the scenes of diplomacy in connection with such incidents as "Lusitania," "Arabic," "Sussex," etc.

Count Bernstorff says he believed Germany's salvation to lie in the direction of a liberal development of unifications and parliamentary government, as also in an attitude of consistent friendliness towards England and this country. Then, he added, on page 2: "At the present moment, while we are standing as mourners at the grave of our national hopes, I am more than ever convinced that had this policy been steadily pursued, we should have been spared the catastrophe that has overtaken us."

A plea is made on behalf of Germany: "It is not true that we were thoroughly equipped and prepared for war. We (Germany) had neither suf-



Captain Harry A. Franck, author of "Vagabonding Through Changing Germany."

was governor of New Jersey that "he displayed side by side on the one hand his democratic bias which led him violently to oppose the aristocratic student clubs, and on the other, his egocentric and autocratic leanings which made him inaccessible to any advice from outside."

After on page 170 it is stated: "After January 31, 1917, Mr. Wilson was incapable of an impartial attitude towards Germany. He saw red whenever he thought of the imperial government, and his repugnance against it knew no bounds. Even today, the bitter feeling still rankles within him, that the German government deprived him of the glory of being the premier political personage on the world's stage."

Our author had several interviews with Colonel House and when the latter went to rest in New Hampshire Count Bernstorff says he wrote and telegraphed to the colonel as "Mar-tin."

Toward the close of his book, our author says somewhat bitterly that the diplomacy of the future will never be allowed to rely for important matters, upon the secret of a cipher. He hints that there are too many "leaks," also too many shiftless experts able to discover the most complicated code.

Volume XII, The Encyclopedia Britannica, offices of the publication, New York city.

Volume 12 of the widely-read and esteemed Encyclopedia Britannica is announced to be ready next year, when its delivery may be expected.

It is announced that Hugh Chisholm, who has been editor of the Encyclopedia Britannica since 1904, is at work upon the preparation of new volumes to be added to the present 12th edition and has a large staff at work, both in London and New York.

Mr. Chisholm estimates that almost 70 per cent of the new matter will be

devoted to questions connected with the recent world-war. Although every subject needing fresh treatment will be brought up to date, there are not many miscellaneous developments which call for extended additional space, apart from such special activities as aviation, automobiles, moving pictures and a few other among the industrial, economic and social advances reflected in the opportune census of the United States for 1920.

The supplement will consist of three volumes, each of the same size and containing about the same amount of matter as the volumes now in use, and these three, in combination with the existing 29 of the 11th edition, will constitute the 12th edition, completely providing for the needs of the English-speaking world during a great many years to come.

The first edition of the Britannica appeared in 1768, the second in 1771, the third in 1786, the fourth in 1801, the fifth in 1815, the sixth in 1833, the seventh in 1856, the eighth in 1875, the ninth in 1890, the tenth in 1902, the eleventh in 1911 and the twelfth edition will appear in 1921.

For the first time in its history of 150 years the Encyclopedia Britannica was in its 11th edition, published in two distinct forms, the "Cambridge University Edition," with a large type and wide margins, and the "Pocket Edition," with a smaller type and narrow margins, at a lower price, thus making the Britannica a work for rich and poor alike.

The supplementary volumes will similarly appear in two forms, matching both issues.

Mr. Chisholm and the contributors, supported by the prestige of the Encyclopedia Britannica, have found among the official classes of the countries lately at war, hostile as well as allied, the greatest readiness to supply information and to give access to all documents. All this material from varied sources is being carefully investigated. A fair and unprejudiced study of this chapter of history, regarding it with absolute calm, is needed in order that our present attitude and our plans for the future may be intelligently directed.

The editor evidently adopts this practical point of view, since he states that he will be glad to receive and consider any suggestions in regard to the services which the volume can render to the public. Constantly en-

larging helpfulness has, indeed, always been the policy of Britannica. Today the most valuable of all the Britannica's characteristics is the thorough universality with which it embraces every kind of knowledge.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

Youth and Emancipation, by Pio Baroja, translated from the Spanish, 257 pages, a series of sketches on Spanish matters, written by a notable Spanish author, country; Harriet Craig, by Don Camillo, 257 pages, a readable, finely-written novel of New York of about 80 years ago; The International Electric Company, an introduction by R. H. Tawney, of Oxford University, two small volumes of much historical interest, being accounts of a noted English economist, a member of the Chartist party of 1839; The Life of Robert Owen, by himself, 352 pages, graphic sketches written by a great English economist and early socialist who flourished and made history about 70 years ago; and The Pioneers of Land Reform, essays by Thomas Spence, William Ogilvie and Thomas Paine, 308 pages, three articles, on early land reform in England—of historic importance (Alfred A. Knopf, N. Y.).

The Breathless Moment, by Muriel Mine, a powerful English love story, a strange marriage covenant and a lapse of memory, all things up, and a Rachel Fitzpatrick, by Lady Poore, an excellent, finely-planned novel of aristocratic people in Ireland during the recent war, with a pretty love story (John Lane, London).

Wings of the Wind, by Cedric Harris, a healthy, sparkling story of a cruise on a yacht with a romantic love tale added (Small-McNary, Boston).

Young Hearts, by J. B. Buckner, an amusing English novel, relating the love life of a city folk who suddenly try country life, and The Eye of Falcon, by Richard Dehan, 18 delightfully told short stories of English life (Doran Co., N. Y.).

Finds \$18,000, Gets \$12 Reward.

YORK, Pa.—When Ellwood Landis, a 12-year-old newsboy, returned a wallet containing \$18,000 in cash and securities to the owner he received a reward of \$12 and a promise to pray for him.

The boy found the leather wallet lying in a gutter while he was delivering papers several days ago.

When he discovered what it contained he scanned the "Lost" advertisements in a local newspaper. He finally discovered to whom it belonged.

CONSTANTINOPLE WIDE OPEN IN MINING TOWN FRENZY

Beer Tunnels and Halls Filled to Overflowing With Scantly Clad and Painted Women of Many Nationalities—Gambling in Full Blast.

CONSTANTINOPLE, July 31.—Constantinople now combines all the frenzy of a new mining camp and a world seaport. It is "the end of the trail" for all the Balkan states and everything west of Suez on the Mediterranean. Caucasian oil men, Donetz Basin miners, Anatolian sheep and cattle kings, Greek war millionaires and Syrian merchants rush to Constantinople to pop champagne in proof of their success. Soldiers and sailors of half a dozen nations swell the population and add to the cosmopolitan aspect of the streets and pleasure resorts.

Under allied occupation the city has become a place where it is no longer under the Turks. There are no civil courts. None of the allies desire to assume responsibility for reforms other than are necessary to safeguard life. Italian, French and British troops co-operate with the Turkish gendarmes in keeping order. But everybody's job is nobody's job. Consequently Constantinople is a very wide-open, lawless place.

Enforced pretty generally, but until that hour there is little interference with dance halls, gambling dives and red-light districts unless murder is committed.

Leadsville and Goldfield in their dizziest days never offered anything wilder than certain sections of Constantinople where jazz bands vie with Neapolitan orchestras and tigris singers in their efforts to attract wayfarers into the beer tunnels and dance halls resorted to by the painted women of many nationalities.

Half a dozen summer gardens offer vaudeville programmes which attract thousands of persons every night who seem to have far more interest in the drinks and respite crowds than in the Russian prima donnas and bare-legged dancers whose art is usually as meagre as their attire. Turks, Arabs, Bedouins, Egyptians and As-

syrians, gorgeously clad in native costumes, elbow their way among the Caucasians and Georgians whose uniforms are far more brilliant than their recent military achievements. Coal-black French colonials, resplendent in red tunics and green khaki, mingle with Sikhs and Punjabi whose long hair and many-colored head dresses are wrapped in somber brown. Civilians, soldiers and sailors from all parts of the world are hopelessly jumbled together in Constantinople crowds and are so busy looking at each other that tenors from the Petrograd opera, naughty French singers from Montmartre and Austrian strong-jawed ladies claim but slight attention.

Constantinople itself is a grand pageant every day. Its main thoroughfare, Rue Grand Pera, is more fascinating than any scene which producers can ever hope to stage. Camel-drivers lead their patient trains, burdened with charcoal, through the mass of street cars, shrieking army motor-cars and carriages, piloted over the rough paving at breakneck speed by Turkish hostlers who crack their whips and shout constantly at high pitch to pedestrians who venture off the narrow sidewalks. Turks mounted on tiny donkeys move indifferently through this maelstrom. Occasionally Turkish peasants drive a flock of sheep or turkeys into this swirl of traffic and serene oxen draw heavy carts along at a pace so slow that drivers of military cannons curse them in ten different languages.

Bluebeard May Be Sane, but He Doubts Others.

"Get German Indemnity and Forget Such Trifles as Murders." Pleads Parisian.

PARIS, July 31.—M. Landru, the Ganthals "Bluebeard," as the police call him, when informed that three alienists had declared he was sane and responsible for his action replied melancholically: "I am pained that I cannot say the same about the men who are hounding me."

Landru will come up for trial August 4 on charges of 11 counts of murder growing out of the disappearance of as many women to whom he had promised marriage.

"You charge me with murder," exclaimed Landru to Judge Bonin, "murders, 11 of them. I am shocked! These women have disappeared. I don't dispute the fact. They had had disagreements with their families. Let me from and I will find them. You accuse me of having had ten mistresses. I plead guilty. Where is the Parisian, who has not had at least 15 mistresses? Will he be guillotined for having mistresses? And pray, why have I committed all these abominations? To rob my victims. Of what? They had nothing but Russian securities and their furniture was the cheap variety. Don't poster the French public with the Landru case any longer. Secure our immunity from the Germans. That is the most momentous question."

Two Berlin Dailies Clash.

LIVES ARE.

The Vossische Zeitung and the Berliner Tageblatt, the two leading liberal dailies of the German metropolis, are both controlled by Jewish editors of cosmopolitan outlook, whose views, nevertheless, have differed widely regarding nearly every question of foreign policy which has con-

"DING" FINDS THAT YACHTING AND POLITICS DIFFER

OUR TALENT FOR ECONOMIC CREATNESS



IT DOES SEEM THAT THEY OUGHT TO HOLD IT FOR AWHILE.



WANTED MAN FOR HONEST WORK 8 HOURS GOOD PAY MUST BE STAY AND HARD WORKER

\$600,000,000 A YEAR WAGE INCREASE FOR RAILROAD EMPLOYEES

DO YOU THINK YOU CAN ACT LIKE DECENT FOLKS NOW?

YES MAAM!

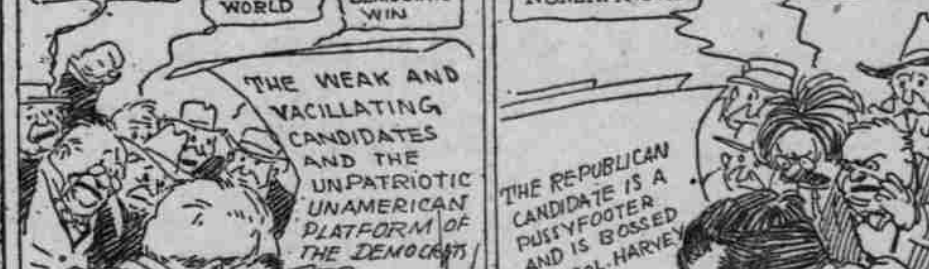
LETTING EM OUT OF THE CLOSET.

AT LAST WE'VE FOUND SOMETHING WE CAN BLAME EVERYTHING ONTO WITHOUT IT'S TALKING BACK.

THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE IS A POSSEYFOOTER AND IS BOSSED BY COL. HARVEY

CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR WONDERFUL SPORTSMANSHIP! WE'VE HAD TO HAND IT TO YOU, CREW AND SKIPPER FOR THE GREAT WAY THEY HANDLED THE SHAMROCK! AND YOUR DESIGNER HAS CERTAINLY CREATED A MOST EXTRAORDINARY CRAFT!

EVER NOTICE HOW DIFFERENTLY YACHT RACERS AND POLITICAL ROGERS TALK ABOUT EACH OTHER.



THE WEAK AND VACILLATING CANDIDATES AND THE UNPatriotic PLATFORM OF THE DEMOCRATS

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YOU AMERICANS ARE GREAT SAILORS AND EVERY INCH TRUE AND WORTHY SPORTSMEN. WHEN I SEE THE MARVELOUS WAY YOU HANDLE THE DEFENDER I ALMOST HATE TO WIN. MY ONLY REGRET IS TO HAVE WON ONE RACE BY AN ACCIDENT TO YOUR THROAT-HALYARD. LET'S SAIL IT OVER!

PUT IN THAT ABOUT ABOUT THE DEMOCRATS WANTING TO MOVE OUR GOVERNMENT TO SWITZERLAND

TELL EM WILSON WANTS TO BE KING OF THE WORLD

SAY THAT OUR YOUNG MEN WOULD BE FIGHTING IN POLAND IN 50 MONTHS IF THE DEMOCRATS WIN

CAN'T WE MAKE UP SOME STORY HOW WALL STREET DICTATED THE REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS

LET'S SAY THAT IF IT WASN'T FOR THE REPUBLICAN SENATE ALL THE WARS WOULD NOW BE OVER FOR EVER

THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE IS A POSSEYFOOTER AND IS BOSSED BY COL. HARVEY

TABLOID SYNOPSIS OF HARDING'S SPEECH OF ACCEPTANCE FOR BUSY READER.



AT LAST WE'VE FOUND SOMETHING WE CAN BLAME EVERYTHING ONTO WITHOUT IT'S TALKING BACK.



DO YOU THINK YOU CAN ACT LIKE DECENT FOLKS NOW?

YES MAAM!

LETTING EM OUT OF THE CLOSET.

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