

Humpty Dumpty Aspect of Politics in Munich Keeps Populace Continually in Hot Water

BAVARIANS WEARY OF REVOLUTIONS AND NEW RULERS

Picturesque Scenes Presented to Reporter Who Spends Day and Night in Storm Center. TROOPS EASILY PURCHASED Former Soldiers of Kaiser Very Willing to Do Anything but Offer Themselves to Bullets.

By Ben Hecht
Special Cable to The Journal and The Chicago Daily News.
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Herlin, Germany, April 25.—(Delayed.) Following is the story captured by the white guards in Bamberg, Bavaria. The courier to whom I had entrusted the telegram endeavored to frustrate the guard, by eating the entire article. This was written in Munich on April 14. I was standing in the midst of a great crowd in Marien-platz. It was Sunday afternoon. I had just sent a story announcing the overthrow of the soviet republic of Bavaria. Whether the story ever sees the light of day or whether any of the chronicles dispatched from Munich arrive anywhere hereafter is a matter of discouraging doubt. For Munich today is cut off from the outside world. Neither trains nor automobiles, neither airplanes nor wheelbarrows are entering or leaving the city.

TROOPS SELL OUT

But to return to the Marien-platz. Sunday afternoon and the fascinating Bavarian revolution—I stood in a crowd listening to the talk. There was much talk of the republic guard troops in Munich had sold out to the old government. These troops numbered some 16,000. Like most garrison troops in Germany today they are neither a protection nor a menace. Fifty thousand marks (\$12,500) will buy an entire garrison for a day. The garrison will then undertake to assist the purchaser to do anything from reestablishing the kaiser to invading Afghanistan. In fact the garrison would do almost anything in reason except fight. It was by the purchase of this garrison that the Hoffmann government at Nuremberg overthrew the soviet republic for a few hours or until the situation was reduced to the point of actual warfare.

The crowds in Marien-platz and throughout the city were arguing, cursing and laughing bitterly at the humpty dumpty aspect of the Bavarian politics. Everywhere now placards announcing the return of the old Hoffmann regime blossomed on the old Munich walls. The bourgeoisie appeared swinging canes and jeering confidently that "decency and order" had returned. In the cafes the burghers were celebrating the fact with bibulous joy. I wondered what had be-

POLISH PEASANTS COME TO PARIS TO PROTEST



Everybody's doing it. Doing what? Why, going to Paris with an armful of protests. It's a free trip with plenty of extras, and Paris looks good these days. The latest mission to arrive in the French capital is that from Poland. It is composed of Polish peasants who protest against their district being incorporated in the Czechoslovak republic. They have quite original ideas on this subject, almost as original as their costumes. The photo shows three of the Polish peasants dressed in quaint garb telling their troubles to a group of entertained Yank doughboys and Tommies on a street in Paris.

come of the masses I had seen a week ago—thousands upon thousands of stolid faced workers pouring through the streets of Munich. I began to believe that Professor Bonn had been right—that there was no organized mass movement, but merely a neurasthenic vibration of the people sick with hunger, idleness and defeat.

WEARY OF REVOLTS

Suddenly a terrific din arrested my reflections and a motor lorry loaded with soldiers and marines came charging into the platz. Half a dozen machine guns

thrust their questioning noses over the sides of the lorry while above the driver's seat a huge red banner flapped crazily in the wind. Raising their weapons above their heads the wagon-load of soldiers let out a cheer, "Long live the soviet republic!" A half-hearted cheer came from the crowd in reply. To a was seemingly only this handful of faithful reds against the entire white guard garrison.

The Socialist element in Munich was a bit weary of revolutions. If it wasn't one thing it was another. If somebody didn't shoot the revolutionist leader

somebody else appeared and purchased the entire revolutionary army. The crowd remained staring wonderingly at the wagon load of cheering marines, at the red flag and at the questioning noises of the machine guns. Then suddenly the huge crowd began melting. The melting of crowds is a phenomenon which none who has not witnessed this German variety of revolution can understand. Long practice has perfected the melting capacity of the average German crowd which would astonish even so knowing a master of marvelous illusions as Kellar, the Great. The be-

wildered cataract of humanity galvanized by a common impulse vanished from Marien square. As it vanished a second motor wagon loaded with soldiers and machine guns and flying a huge white flag came rattling upon the scene.

DOPING THE BULLETS

As I ran I knew that the fourth Bavarian revolution had started. A violent bang-banging of rifles and crackling of machine guns and the firing had ceased abruptly and some 200 or 300 men and women were lying face downward flat upon the street and pavement. This ruse of falling flat upon the ground at the first sign of trouble is the origin of the American army mule. The details of investigation are set forth in an article by Sergeant Francis X. Coughlin of Watertown, N. Y. in the first number of "The Indian," the division's weekly paper. According to the voracious chronicler the German natives had not seen any mules prior to the arrival of those pulling the American ambulances. An inquiry of the doughboys failed to elicit information that the mules were descendants of the buffalo and were born full grown and lived to Methuselah ages.

This was the beginning. I wrote yesterday of the failure of the Independent Socialist soviet in Munich and the apparent success of the Hoffmann Independent Socialist regime and that it would react in favor of the communist party. Yesterday I fancied that the reaction would require several weeks to materialize. It required several hours. While the bourgeoisie were rejoicing, drinking toasts to the downfall of the soviet and prophesying wholesale executions for the ringleaders of the soviet movement, the communist lorry was charging through the city gathering recruits. The white guard raised from the rear of the ambulance the soviet movement, the communist lorry was charging through the city gathering recruits. The white guard raised from the rear of the ambulance the soviet movement, the communist lorry was charging through the city gathering recruits.

PIPE LEFT FOR RIFLE

And at 7 o'clock the proletariat began to arrive. There were men from the factories and farms and from the little shops of the carpenter and shoemaker. They came pouring into the heart of the city. They were in their working clothes but some sported the Bavarian holiday attire—a green velvet suit with white vest amazingly ornamented, a velouredora with ruffled feathers rising from the rear. But this time the proletariat had left their long pipes at home. Instead they carried rifles hung across their backs and hand grenades slung in their belts. They came by the thousands—a curious, unmilitary host crying out in dialects never heard in the hotels and restaurants of the city. Their political leaders had been arrested and their military leaders had deserted. I watched them pouring down the streets in the most organized rout without apparent purpose, without apparent direction—just a herd of snoring men with rifles.

The lorry of the red flag appeared. The swarm of working men fell in behind. They started for the railroad station of Munich it raged. Entrenched in wine stubes, behind windows, the proletariat bombarded the white guards. The white guard was so badly mauled that they surrendered sooner but for the fact that the working men had shot out all the lights in the street. This so terrified the white guards that they were afraid to try to surrender in the dark. Within another hour a field artillery regiment of the white guard was ordered to discharge of several of their pieces.

SCENES ARE DISAPPOINTING

All night I watched the working men darling through the streets, calling to one another in the darkness and storming one building after the other. Unorganized, without leaders, in the clothes they wore in the factories, the working men with guns swept the garisons clear, swept the police stations clear and swept the bourgeoisie off the streets and on to the offices. I expected to find Munich in ruins when the dawn came. Judging from the tumult of the city had been reduced to a pile of rubble and the streets were filled with bodies of countless victims. Instead I found the streets hopelessly in order. Barricade after barricade had been broken and a single shop looted. In the station itself I found a guard of armed shoemakers and foundry workers protecting untouched heaps of baggage.

Several scores of Prussian officers known as leaders of the anti-soviet movement had been arrested. Ernst Toller, Max Levien and half of the central council arrested by the white guard garrison the day before had escaped. As for the white guard garrison, there was no such thing to be seen. In all there had been 100 casualties during the night. The remainder of the white guards had switched again and become protectors of the soviet republic. This time their allegiance served them to little purpose. Beginning early in the day communist troops, armed with machine guns and about disarming the garrison troops. Working men with guns had established this latest soviet republic and had not left the business in the hands of dubious mercenaries or garrisons.

Today the situation is still in the air. Herr Toller is back in the government, but above him now sits a central council. Nervous guests were ousted early today and a troop of working men with guns arrived at the advance guard of the new soviet government. The disarmament of the bourgeoisie is now proceeding with increased liveliness. I am seeing with increased interest a procession of old Alpine huntsmen, women and children arriving at the war ministry building loaded down with ornamental muskets, antiquated pistols and every variety of weapon to be found over the mantelpieces of Bavarian homes.

RUMORS ARE RIFE

As for a prophetic survey of the general situation, I feel at this moment averse to proceed. Rumors have been called out in the Ruhr district, that Saxony is on the verge of going Bolshevik, that Italian troops are advancing upon Munich, that food will give out in a week, that Prussian armies are within a stone's throw of Munich towers—these and a dozen others make the day an exceedingly interesting one, but news gathering a hopeless, uncertain function. Despite the more radical character of the present soviet I am convinced that if the soviet republic is allowed to proceed unmolested there will be neither murdering nor plundering. If the soviet is cut off, however—neither food nor materials from north Bavaria nor the newly organized Red army will undoubtedly overrun the farms adjoining the towns and the once pale boy Munich will become a politica Golgotha.

Mules Puzzle to Germans Came From Buffalo, Maybe

By Janice E. Wood
Special Cable to The Journal and The Chicago Daily News.
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Coblenz, Germany, May 8.—The local faunologists in the village of Engers, where the Second division sanitary train is located, were busily engaged in an inquiry as to the origin of the American army mule. The details of investigation are set forth in an article by Sergeant Francis X. Coughlin of Watertown, N. Y. in the first number of "The Indian," the division's weekly paper. According to the voracious chronicler the German natives had not seen any mules prior to the arrival of those pulling the American ambulances. An inquiry of the doughboys failed to elicit information that the mules were descendants of the buffalo and were born full grown and lived to Methuselah ages.

The magazine is named after the Indian head which is the division insignia. The cover design by Lieutenant Claggett is an Indian maiden in sufficient clothing of beads and skins to give her a graceful outline with a background of Rhine castles and the American flag. A brief history of the division by Major General John A. LeJeune, commanding, is the leading article and stories, cartoons, poetry and personals make up the remainder of the 18 pages. The other divisions are venturing into journalistic limbo. The most pretentious undertaking is the "Amarruc," which is the Third army's paper. It will be a four-page daily and is due to make its initial bow next week.

Dry slabwood and made wood, green stamps for cash. Holman Fuel Co., Main 853; A-3553; A-4858—adv.

Memorial Tract Is Not Taken Over Due To Lack of Money

Oregon City, Ore., May 8.—Owing to the lack of funds available, the city council at Wednesday night's meeting was forced to turn down the proposal of Mrs. Mary H. Thompson, who recently purchased the tract of land near Ridge station which she wishes to dedicate as a memorial to her parents, the late Mr. and Mrs. John Meldrum.

Mrs. Thompson asked the council to improve the property and provide for its upkeep, but would retain the title in case the city failed in keeping the property in suitable condition. This is one of the most valuable tracts between Portland and Oregon City and will make an ideal park for both cities.

Eight Arrests, \$148.50 in Fines
Oregon City, May 8.—Chief of Police Woodward reported six arrests for the month past and fines collected totaling \$148.50.

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\$650 MENDENHALL P'ER	\$485	\$350 KNIBEL, '18 MODEL	\$265	\$450 H ALLET & DAVIS	\$245
\$375 REED & SONS, OAK	\$215	\$300 SINGER P LAYER	\$560	\$900 REED & SONS, P LAYER	\$675
\$550 THOMPSON, 1918	\$395	\$275 H. BORD CO., UPR.	\$ 75	\$425 DAVIS & SOVS, LARGE	\$315
\$650 STEGER MISSION	\$395	\$450 MENDENHALL, '19 MB.	\$335	\$300 STORY & CAMP	\$135
\$750 THOMPSON, '18 MOD.	\$495	\$500 SINGER, MAROGANY	\$365	\$450 THOMPSON, '18 MOD.	\$290
\$1000 BENEET, OAK	\$265	\$260 GABLE SQRE PIANO	\$ 35	\$375 F. TELSON, OAK	\$265
\$1450 STEGER PLAYER	\$795	\$950 STEGER, '18 MODEL	\$415	\$125 THOMPSON, '18 MOD.	\$ 48
\$350 STEGER UPRIGHT	\$195	\$250 COLLARD, UPRIGHT	\$ 65	\$475 THOMPSON, '18 MOD.	\$355
\$500 BENEET UPRIGHT	\$210	\$450 STEGER, '19 MB.	\$290	\$165 PACIFIC QUEEN OR.	\$ 48
\$450 CONOVER, OAK	\$245	\$425 JEWETT, WALNUT	\$235	\$325 F. TELSON, OAK	\$165
		\$650 BUSH & GERTS	\$295	\$850 MENDENHALL P'ER	\$485

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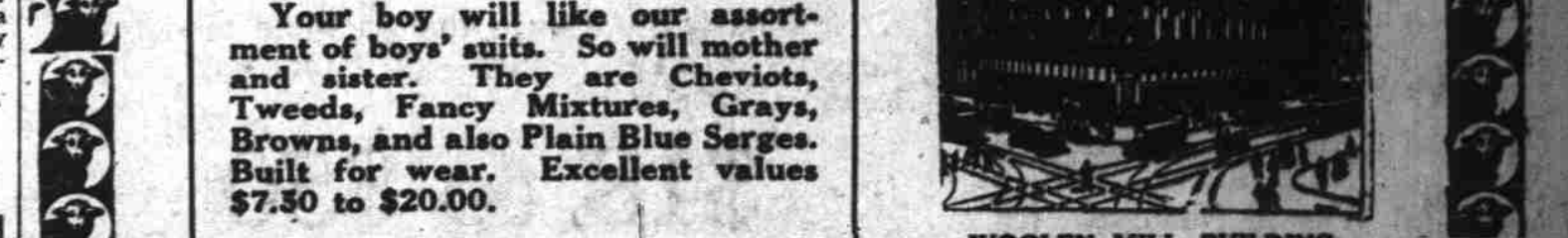
Brownsville Spring suits are up to the Brownsville standard of 100% reliability. This is the Brownsville policy of making clothing. The fabrics, linings and trimmings are selected to stand the test of hard wear. The tailoring, the designs, the workmanship (underneath as well as on top), are the best that money can buy and care can give.

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You can glimpse the extraordinary possibilities for saving in the show window exhibits.

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50 DRESSES just received; in taffetas, silk poplins and messalines—all shades and sizes. Regularly \$9.75 sold up to \$17.50— for \$9.75

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