

BERLIN'S WEST END

Comforts That May Be Had in Kurfurstendamm.

Section of Germany's Capital as Seen in 1912—Hotels, Cafes and Business Buildings All Have Modern Equipment.

Berlin—Our European guide books are of little help if we wish to study the pulsating life of a modern city. There is in this respect hardly any difference between the English Murray, the French Joanne or the Baedeker made in Germany. They wish to give us a full list of the old established, hallmarked sights to which frequent allusions may be found in classical literature or modern fiction, but omit to take notice of the latest actualities. We are still directed by them to the Friedrichstrasse as the center of Berlin life. Such it was more than twenty years ago. As late as ten years ago the whirlpool of modern life was to be found at the Potsdamer platz, comparable to Piccadilly Circus in London. Nowadays it has shifted farther west to the long and broad avenue called Kurfurstendamm, says a Berlin correspondent. There we are in the "New West," the up-to-date part of the most modern of all European cities. Modern is also the accommodation the visitor may now find there. The "Boarding Place" that has just been opened is neither a hotel of the accustomed style nor a boarding house, but something between the two. If you ask for a room, a plan is handed to you, from which you see what accommodation there is, with prices inserted. If you want lodging for a week, a fortnight, a month, a year, the scale goes considerably down in proportion to the length of your stay. But with your furnished room you get also the comfort of dining rooms, an elegant cafe, a first-class restaurant of the German beer garden style, and all those conveniences of an American hotel for reading, writing and passing the time. It is a big building, containing 500 bedrooms, besides the lavishly spacious suites for general use and the halls for festivities. We have dwelt on these particulars because they are in bearing with the character of this magnificent thoroughfare of a new city.

It is astonishing how quickly fashionable society has moved into these quarters. Already now these outskirts of the city have developed a life of their own. Kurfurstendamm is how for Berlin life what the Fosse is



Front of Imperial Palace at Berlin.

for Vienna or the "Stroug" between Kongens to Nytorv for Copenhagen, the promenade of the stylish part of the population. Here we find also that bohemian element and a great deal of that extravagance of high life for which Paris is famous. Of course the shops followed their best customers. In the beginning the old houses of the city opened branches for the west; then new elegant magazines of the Regent street type were founded; now there is already a peculiar style of Kurfurstendamm shop discernible. Superior taste and artistic decorations are indispensable requisites for these shops. One need only peep into the numerous new coffee houses along the street to get a notion of Kurfurstendamm style. In order to compete with their rivals each of these restaurants had to develop a specialty that was likely to attract patronage; everywhere good music is an attraction given into the bargain. Artists and literary men meet at some favorite place, elegant ladies of the fast set at another. The 5 o'clock tea attracts in the same rooms quite another class of people than you would find later in the evening. You see here crowded together what a generation ago was apparently missing in Berlin, people of vast means and with plenty of time. It is therefore quite understandable that the new term of Berlin W. W., i. e. the extreme west of Berlin, means the upper ten thousand as far as wealth and luxury go.

JURY BALKS AT PHOTOGRAPH

Women Members of Kansas Panel Refuse to Have Their Pictures Taken.

Eldorado, Kan.—When Otis Boston, a photographer, attempted to take a picture of a jury composed of women in the county court here, his wife, who was on the jury, promptly left the box. She was followed by one of the other women and the two protesting jurors refused to return until they were assured by the court that no picture would be taken. Mrs. Boston does not believe that women should serve as jurors, but her husband favors the innovation.

WILLIE HOPPE RETAINS BILLIARD TITLE



Champion Willie Hoppe.

Willie Hoppe retained his title as champion at 18.2 ball-line billiards by defeating Ora Morningstar in the final game of the championship tournament, 500 to 276.

Hoppe won first place in the tournament, having six wins to his credit

and one game lost. Second place went to Slosson, who won five games and lost two. Morningstar and Yamada, the Japanese, tied for third place, each with four games won and two lost. In the play-off Yamada won, thereby securing third position.

RETURN BATTLE IS WANTED

Mandot, Clever Little New Orleans Pugilist, Seeks Another Fight With Joe Rivers.

In a recent fight between Mandot, the clever little New Orleans fighter, more popularly known as the French "Baker Boy," and Joe Rivers, the Mexican, held at Los Angeles, the former was clearly outpointed. Man-



Mandot, New Orleans Fighter.

dot is not satisfied, however, and is now seeking a return battle. In the first battle between these two little fellows Mandot was declared the victor.

Chance Strong for Hofman.

A letter from former Manager Frank Chance of the Chicago Cubs says that he expects Artie Hofman to be a star for the Pittsburgh Pirates next season. He scored President Murphy for letting Hofman go in the trade with King Cole for Leach and Leifield. "Hofman should beat over 300, run the bases in old-time form and as a fielder give Pittsburgh the best man it has had since Fred Clarke retired as a player," says Chance's letter.

Sculler Arnet to Become Farmer.

Richard Arnet, former champion professional sculler, who lost his title to Ernest Barry, the English champion, intends to settle on land in Sydney. Durnan, of Toronto, who was beaten by Barry, declares that no sculler on the American continent could compete successfully with Barry.

Trial for Jacinto Calvo.

Jacinto Calvo, the young Cuban outfielder who will be given a trial by the Washington club next spring, in five times up against Jack Coombs of the Athletics poled out three safeties. Many members of the Athletics predict a great future for the youngster.

Box to Train in California.

President Charles A. Comiskey of the Chicago American league team has announced that the club will train for seven weeks at Paso Robles, Cal. The team will leave Chicago about Feb. 20 and return about April 10, he said.

McBride's Good Record.

McBride of Washington was the only American league shortstop who played in every game last season. He has missed but three in three seasons. A nice record.

START OF MAJOR LEAGUES

Resumption of Pennant Making Business Will Be on April 10 and Wind Up on October 5.

The business of pennant making in the big leagues will be resumed Thursday, April 10, next. This was the announcement made by President B. B. Johnson of the American League, who with Tom Lynch, head of the old organization, comprise a committee empowered to select the starting time for the flag race. Both leagues will get under way at the same dates, with prospects of 154-game schedules.

The date picked for the next campaign is no earlier than last year when the teams didn't encounter a great deal of trouble with cold weather. A week or ten days later would have been still suitable to several of the magnates, while still others think that they ought to start before the snow melts. The matter is placed in the hands of the league chiefs just on this account, as petty squabbling was eliminated and the presidents also see to it that the season is closed in time to permit the playing of the world series before steam is sizzling in the radiators.

By starting on April 10 the race will wind up probably October 4 in the eastern towns and October 5 in the west, where Sunday games stretch out the dying gasp. The closing on October 5 means that the world series games, whether played in the east or west, or between teams from each section, will begin on Tuesday, October 7. This is the same scheme that existed this fall.

The experience of 1911 furnished a lasting lesson to the big league. Held back by the needless drawing out of the National race, the world series did not get under way until the middle of October, and the miserable weather which caused the match to cover a period of over two weeks convinced the powers-that-be that some concerted action was necessary.

CHANCE PLAYS CLEVER GAME

Recently Deposed Cub Leader Helps Los Angeles Team Win—Overall in Grand Form.

Frank Chance's baseball playing days are not ended. When he departed from Chicago for his home in Glendora, Cal., it was said he never would be able to make the round of the sacks again. However, he played in a contest at Los Angeles, Cal., a few days ago, and expects to participate in many more.

Chance was home only a few days when he was asked to take part in an exhibition contest. He readily consented, declaring his health would permit. Although he had promised to be on hand, it was not thought he would appear when the time came. He was present when the bell rang and played a fast game at first base and went through the innings without a murmur. His team won, 3 to 2.

Chance rather regretted it the following day, as his muscles were so lame he was barely able to walk. Yet



Orvie Overall.

he enjoyed the exercise and said he probably would play in the winter league on the coast and get in condition for next season.

Opposed to Chance in the exhibition contest was Orvie Overall, who formerly was a member of the Cubs. Although the ex-Cub leader was not responsible for Overall's departure from the West side ranks, he had the satisfaction of striking his former leader out. Fred Snodgrass, whose miff of a fly ball lost the New York Giants the world's series championship, also was fanned by Overall if that contest.

In that same contest were Hall of the Boston Americans, Chief Meyers of the Giants, Schultz of the Philadelphia Nationals, Fromme of the Cincinnati Reds, Cravath of the Phillies and Johnny Kane, who formerly was utility infielder and outfielder on the Cub team.

Ernie Johnson is Lucky.

Ernie Johnson, the native born Chicagoan who joined the White Sox last summer, is one of the luckiest individuals in baseball. He got a slice of the Chicago series melon and was handed one-third of his purchase price by the National Association of Minor leagues, or \$933.

Stole Most Bases.

The official averages show that Clyde Milan, the speedy outfielder of the Washington team, copped eighty-eight bases. His nearest rival was Eddie Collids, with sixty-three.

Best Place Hitter.

The Washington critics and fans declare that Eddie Foster is the best place hitter since the days of Willie Keeler.

If Christ Were Here



Is Christmas a season of plenty? Face of face with this timely question I have been thinking of the households in our cities. In many of them, I know, the tables will groan under an array of substantials and dainties, tasteful enough to make the mouth of an epicure water. There will be that lovely loan from the pretty customs of the German fatherland—the

Christmas tree—laden with its numerous gifts for family and friends; the little ones will rejoice in toys and candies; those a bit older, in a wealth of books and games, while fathers and mothers will have exhausted their ingenuity in discovering each others' desires and those of their children in order that all may be gratified on this anniversary of Christ's coming. In well-ordered households those who serve the family will be welcomed around the tree and merriment and song will add to the gaiety. If he in whose name it will all be done were right here in the midst of them, what more could he ask?

And I dreamed a dream—that he had come once more upon earth, had come right down among us and was looking with eyes of deep questioning at what was being done in honor of his former coming.

And as he walked around hidden from all eyes but mine own, his glance seemed to pierce beneath the seeming and reach the heart of the festival. He passed by the well-warmed and lighted homes, where all was happiness and content; he went into the places where those of whom he said "Of such is the kingdom of God" were playing in the path of death, and his glance was stern as he saw one of "these little ones" swoop into eternity beneath the iron wheels which crushed its tiny form almost out of all semblance of the beauty and sweetness which belonged to it. His look said: "What gift has been given to this child in honor of my birth? Has it had not even that right of every creature, a safe place to expand its nature in the play which it must have in order to grow?"

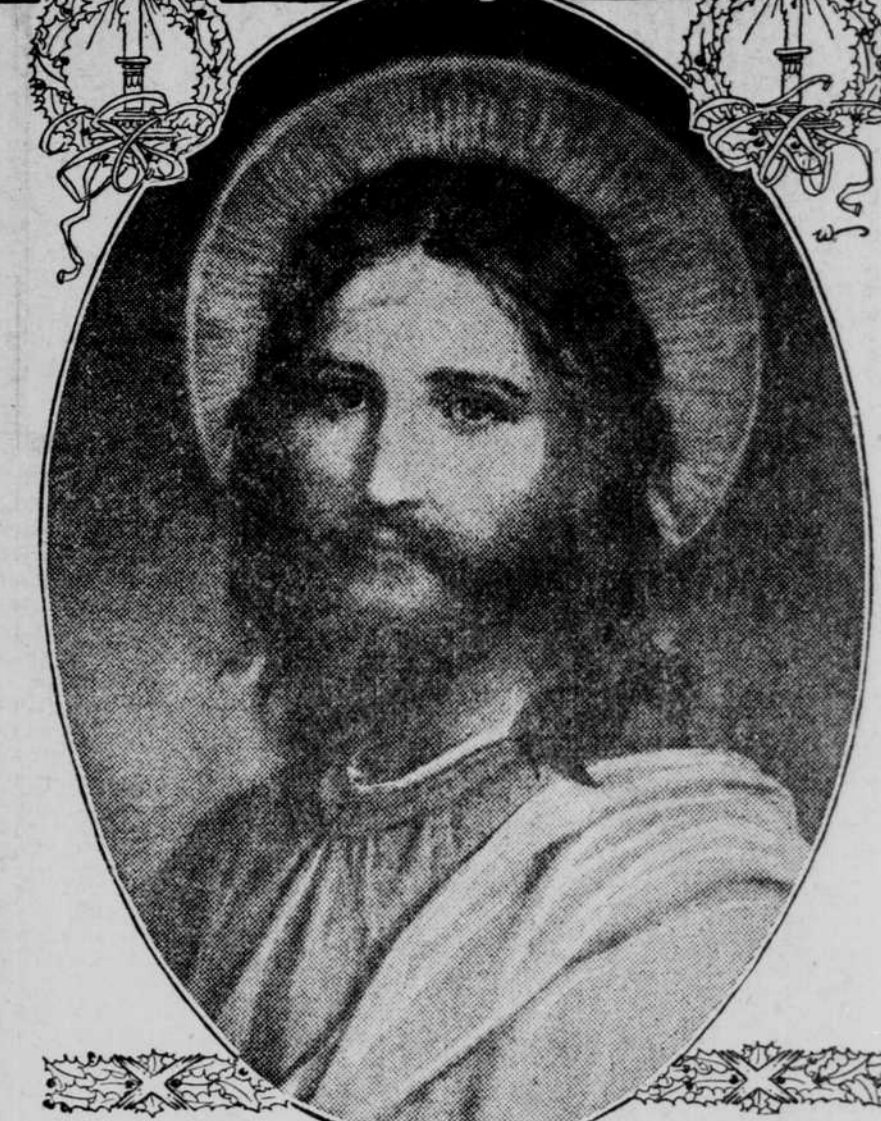
And he went among the homes of those who serve the people in the marts of trade, great and small. Surely there we would find the Christmas good cheer of which I had been thinking. But in too many households we found only worry and anxious care for the morrow and for the health of those who were tired almost to death after their long hours of labor for the thankless, rushing crowd of searchers after "Christmas gifts"; they were not thinking of Christmas festivities, but only "Lord, give rest and bread to eat—rest, Lord, rest."

We left the middle-class homes and wandered on our quest into that great neighborhood of the weavers, men and women by the thousands, who in the best of times can never be sure that the wolf is far from their doors, and who, during these late years of costly living, have not often seen the best of times. There were attempts in many humble homes to celebrate the coming of the Prince of Peace, but, oh, how pitiful was their setting forth of the good things we all think belong to necessity in this blessed season!

"What are you doing to these my little ones?" said the sad eyes with the deep questioning look. "Is this the best you can give them in honor of me? Why, these are no longer children; they are dwarfed men and women, with the spirit of play gone from them and the weight of years upon them in their very childhood."

And he went farther among the weavers, and came to the homes of those who had abandoned all hope of better times; the homes where the season of Christ's birth could not be celebrated for even their utmost efforts could not still the howl of the wolf right upon them, not at, but within the door. There was the cry of the poor woman of the roads in the German fatherland in a century long gone by, to the appeal of the priest who consecrated his life to such as they. "Give us only bread and water, and we will follow thee." And these poor households said, "Give us to know where tomorrow's bread is to come from, and we will be happy and make a festival for thee; all we ask it to be free from the wolf; we are willing to work, but work is not plentiful enough, and some of us must always go hungry." And the face of the Christ grew sadder.

And we passed into the home of one of those whose grief must be greater than that of her from whom death has taken the husband and the father of her little ones; of one



from whom the man has gone away, leaving the woman to fight single-handed against the wolf. The effort there to keep up heart and to hold together the children in the home, with the handicap of the lower wage which is meted out to the working woman, seemed even more desperate. The little ones looked hungry; the Christmas tree had shrunk to a tiny sprig of green; there was little light, and it was, oh, so cold, and the tiny babe on the mother's arm was the only soul that smiled. And this at the time of plenty, when all should rejoice! Is the mother at work at a time like this? Yes, in spite of all the world has to tell us of "sacred motherhood," the woman with the babe on her arm is not exempt from this harsh demand, and at work she must be, even on this day of days, or risk the dole which is all that stands between her children and the wolf.

And deep in the saddened eyes of the Christ I read the condemnation and the question: "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

Is the rush of the gift-buying a sign either that there is plenty in the land or that we really love to celebrate the birthday of the Christ? If you think so, listen to the groans of the overburdened father of the family when approached with the request for Christmas moneys; hear what weary women say to each other in passing concerning the unwelcome necessity of "exchanging gifts" with so many people "who look for something from you." What of the original spirit of Christmas is there left in this "exchange," this giving in the expectation of a return in kind? Thousands upon thousands of gifts are "exchanged" by people who bought them with the money which was really needed for the daily uses of their own households, bought them grudgingly in servitude to custom and without a particle of real Christmas spirit accompanying the selection or the giving.

But this is not the worst of it; the children, even, have come to know in many families that the gifts to those outside the family circle are given not because of a loving desire to give, but in the spirit represented by "that wicked dollar," which Emerson said was given in order to save himself the unpleasantness of refusing or the trouble of investigating some demand made upon him. Which has the better claim upon the time and the purse of the man of small means—those dear to him who actually need comforts, or the richer friend who in no sense needs the thing sent and who in turn will feel obliged to make a gift to keep his record clear? Shame upon the weakness which forces the "exchange" of what should be an outpouring of good feeling or else has absolutely no raison d'être.

But is there any righteousness in the feeling of smug comfort in the homes of the well-to-do at the Christmas season? Is the full table and the joy of one's own household a fair offering in honor of him whose coming we are supposed to be celebrating?

While we are pretending to be a Christian community what are we doing to the weak and the helpless? Can there be any greater wrong to the children of any community than

to permit the years during which they should be laying the foundations of knowledge most easily, to find them so crowded by thousands out of the schools or sitting on the window ledges or (with doubly worked teachers trying to instruct two sets of youngsters) on "half time"? And yet we go calmly on year after year permitting money to be misused while the little children pay the bills in wasted years; and then, when Christmas comes, the children's festival par excellence, we lift up our eyes to heaven and the prayer of the Pharisee and rejoice over the Christmas season and its joy for the children! Can there be any neglect of the commonwealth's interests greater and with results more lasting, than our failure to consider every child an asset to be treasured and appreciated, to be educated to its utmost possibilities?

We are all prone, men and women alike, to look mostly at immediate effects. If some one we know goes out to nurse a poorer neighbor stricken down with typhoid or any of the other preventable diseases, we exclaim over the lovely charity of the action and praise the kindness of heart which prompted it. "That," says the average person, "is true charity and neighborly love." But if that kindly woman were to give half the time and effort to help along a crusade for pure water or for the prevention of consumption or for the cleaning up of a pestilent neighborhood, she would probably be called by those who immediately surround her, if not a muckraker, at least an uncomfortably active reformer. Yet the prevention of the illness would mean more to the poorer neighbor than all the kindly nursing during its continuance. All we may do in the way of juvenile courts for the young offenders is not to be compared with giving them just their bare right to playgrounds and good teaching, with plenty of room for all and well paid teachers to work for and with them.

When we know that the coming of Christmas, the children's festival, is going to make all the young box-makers in our city slave extra long hours, in order to fill the rush orders of the season, shall we not be shaken out of our smug rejoicing over this as a time of plenty for all?

Not enough schools for the city's children; not enough food for them, even when they get into the schools; not enough wages for their parents to enable the mothers to remain in the homes to look after them; not enough money spent by the municipality to give them places to play in safety; not enough care for their lives to clean up the neighborhoods in which they fairly swarm; not enough Christmas joy to go round to all the city's children—such is our record as we prepare to celebrate with merriment and feasting the advent of the Christ Child. Is it a record of which we dare be proud? May we offer it as a meet offering in honor of the coming into our world of him who said:

Whoever shall cause one of these little ones that believes on me to stumble, it were better for him if a great millstone were hanged about his neck and he were cast into the sea."

Who lives for humanity must be content to lose himself.—Frothingham.

TRUST HIS LOVE

They are few who have got some times, said like Job, "All these things are against me." We cannot wonder that he thought so; but he was mistaken. They were working for his good, and the time came when he knew it. We cannot see the bright light that is in the storms that afflict us, and our faith is so small that our hearts are troubled. But when our spirit is overwhelmed within us God

knows our path. The deepest lessons, and the most salutary, of our lives come through our adversities. An athlete cannot be trained without difficult exercises, the mind is developed by hard studies, the heart is enlarged and humbled and purified by affliction. Our transient troubles are working for us "more and more exceedingly an eternal weight of glory." Our faith is small because the temporal

"More Nat'l."

In Denver there is said to be a parvenu nabob who ordered for himself, through a friend in New York, a half-dozen pieces of the finest statuary in the metropolis. When they arrived, they all proved to be bronze. The nabob was greatly disgusted. The statuaries of his neighbor, whom he was imitating or trying to excel, was of marble. Of course, that was the proper thing. He retired that night in a mood of great displeasure. Next morning, before the sun was up, he

went out on his lawn, bucket and paint brush in hand, and painted white each piece of the new bronze statuary. He was at work on "Venus at Her Bath" when his friend, who had purchased the artistic images for him, happened along and inquired in dismay what he was doing. Said the man of wealth: "Do you suppose I want any Ute squaws in my yard? Not by a sight!" The friend amusedly watched the artist until he had completed the job of giving the shapely Venus a flesh coloring. Then

stepping back, he viewed the effect of his work critically a moment, went into the house, and returning with a pot of colored paint, commenced to decorate the limbs of Venus with red garters. The effect very much pleased the manipulator of the brush, because he said it made it appear "more nat'l-like."

Every woman whose husband is a failure is sure he would have been a howling success had he followed her advice.