

PRINCE AND MAYOR



H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, driving through the streets of Montreal with Hon. Mederic Martin, Mayor. They are each smoking cigars, made by the May- or himself, he being a practical cigar-maker, especially for the occasion.—British and Colonial Press photograph.

GAMBLING HELLS OPEN IN BERLIN

Pursuit of Pleasure At Accelerated Pace

Greatest Gaming City

Club Flourish Openly and Advertising Columns of Berlin Newspapers Widely Used by Proprietors.

There has been a great deal of talk concerning the suffering in Germany. There has been a good deal of talk about sending relief to the Germans—food and clothing. Of course, there is suffering there in certain classes. These classes suffered before the war. That is true of all countries. But Berlin is the sanest and gay city today that it was before the war.

The London Times correspondent sends this article from the German capital. "The night life of Berlin has become quite proverbial." The words are taken from a well-known guide to the capital published in 1914.

It might have been supposed that the war with all its attendant losses and

sobering influences would have done something to check the dissipation which the expression night life implies. Since the catastrophe, however, especially since the armistice and the coming of the revolution, the pursuit of pleasure has gone on, if anything at an accelerated pace.

The Largest Club.

Berlin is today, indeed, unquestionably the greatest gaming city in Europe. Gaming clubs shoot up in all parts of Berlin like mushrooms in a meadowland. There are as many as sixty in the west alone, in the neighborhood of the Kur-fuerstendamm, and the newspapers are constantly publishing advertisements connected with gambling. Croquet is offered situations, roulette tables are offered for sale, and not the slightest secrecy is observed with regard to this demoralizing pursuit. The largest and most elegant gaming city is situated in Unter den Linden. Some 500 persons gamble there every day and as much as 50,000 marks (\$12,500) and more a night is spent on card money alone. Smaller clubs, which are quite as smart in their way, are to be found in many of the streets in this locality as well as in the neighborhood of the Zoo station. At the present moment more than 300,000 marks (\$75,000) is said to be spent every night in card money alone in Berlin. Of course, this implies enormous expense of other kinds connected with the gambling industry. The cashiers in the clubs earn on an average at least 500 marks (\$125) an evening and the attendants not infrequently get 1,000 marks (\$250) and more when it is a matter of special service, as, for instance, getting a taxi.

All the Luxuries.

Of course, the attendants share with the motor car drivers. You can see at all times of the day crowds of taxis

which you seek for in vain elsewhere, standing in the neighborhood of the clubs, but they only consent to take you if you observe the prescribed diplomatic methods and do not engage them directly, but through the intervention of a servant of the club. The external appearance of these clubs is very discreet; a small plate on the door, often not even that, is all there is to indicate the nature of the premises. Within the upholstery is sometimes very elegant, sometimes very modest, according to the locality. There is, however, always an extremely good restaurant at which excellent dishes and wines can be obtained at extraordinarily moderate prices. Very often other comforts are provided. You can get a bath, be massaged, manicured, or have the attentions of a barber. The manure is in particular demand by the nouveau riches, who form a large proportion of the frequenters of the clubs.

The "Habitués."

The habitués consist of the most notable company conceivable, both male and female, the shadiest elements of the German capital rubbing shoulders with people who pass for the most respectable. Thus there are well-to-do merchants and irreproachable physicians, lawyers, manufacturers, and bank directors, high officials, and it is even whispered that judges and public prosecutors are to be found among the company. The clubs are sup-

posed to close by midnight, when blinds and curtains are drawn as a concession to the conventions. Play goes on all night, however. For the rest, what one sees here is what one can see in any gambling hell anywhere—a crowd of people intent upon gain, utterly regardless of everything but the satisfaction of their desire. And this is taking place not only in Berlin, but in Chemnitz, Crefeld, Essen, Breslau, Hamburg, Dresden—in a word, everywhere in Germany, even if, as might be expected, the principal centre is Berlin.

They Are No Pikers.

At the large clubs it is no unusual thing for a man to lose 50,000 marks (\$12,500) in an evening, while a loss of 30,000 marks (\$7,500) is quite common. The people who are able to lose 10,000 marks (\$2,500) are too numerous to attract attention. It is safe to say that 5,000 marks (\$1,250) per person takes place every night. The chances of winning are correspondingly great, but in the long run, of course, the bank makes far as is known, amounted to 750,000 marks (\$187,500), and the greatest win was 2,000,000 marks (\$500,000). The lucky man is said to have been a public prosecutor. Doubtless, surprise will be felt that the authorities should tolerate these clubs, but it is said in explanation of this that the financial experts intend to

tax them and expect to get a large revenue from this source.

IMPORTANT SUBJECTS, WELL TREATED, IN MacLEAN'S MAGAZINE.

The Canadian who made a hit with the Queen of Roumania—Col. "Klon-dyle" Boyle—is one of this country's lesser known military men, but a fascinating account of his adventures as recounted in September MacLean's Magazine should remedy this ignorance. At his own expense he took across 400 Yukoners early in the war, and then he was sent to Southern Russia and Roumanian systems, fed starving Roumanian armies, defied Bolshevik commanders, won Queen Marie's friendship, and wound up with a startling adventure in which he was assisted by a brave Canadian girl.

There are two articles in this issue on the province of Quebec, by all odds the better of the two being entitled:—"Meet Mr. Habitant" by that versatile and facile writer, Thomas M. Fraser. There is a wealth of appealing and illuminating material contained in this article, which evidently is written with the purpose of informing people in other

parts of Canada about Quebec province and its people.

C. H. Cahon, K. C., formerly director of public safety, corroborates what MacLean's Magazine has asserted on several previous occasions regarding pernicious Bolshevik influences in Canada, in an article entitled "Norteva's Insidious Propaganda." He intimates that there may be further troubles yet to face. J. K. Munro tells "Why King Won Laurier's Mantle" and Major C. R. Young writes with authority and interest of Canada's venture in training the Polish Legions at Niagara. Nellie L. McClung has a timely article entitled: "The Problem of our New Canadians." D. B. Hanna, president of the Canadian National Railways, writes on "Canada's National Asset"—the C. N. R. of course. Stories by Harry Bailey, W. A. Fraser, Barones Orcaz, and C. W. Stephens, and a characteristic poignant service poem are also included in this issue. There is also a department which makes particularly good reading, entitled: "This Month's Vital Question—What They Say About MacKenzie King."

Miss Ruth Iris Horwitz of Houston, Texas, had a little party on her 10th birthday, at which 4,500 Houston children, large and small, were present. Her father is the manager of a theatre, and a special performance was given which the children were invited to attend.

A Tacoma sculptor has completed a head of Abraham Lincoln of bronzed plaster, eleven feet high. The head is hollow, and braced within by a timber frame; but the clay model from which the plaster was cast was solid, and weighed 40,000 lbs. While the artist worked on the upper portions, an assistant threw the clay up to him in handfuls, which were pounded into place with mallet and fist. The hair of the forehead was modeled with a shovel.

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