This book reports the story of Franz Biberkopf, an erstwhile cement- and transport-worker in Berlin. He has just been discharged from prison where he has been doing time because of former incidents, and is now back in Berlin, determined to lead a decent life.

And, at first, he succeeds. But then, though economically things go rather well with him, he gets involved in a regular combat with something that comes from the outside, with something unaccountable, that looks like fate.

Three times this thing crashes against our man, disturbing his scheme of life. It rushes at him with cheating and fraud. The man is able to scramble up again; he is still firm on his feet.

It drives and beats him with foul play. He finds it a bit hard to get up, they almost count him out.

Finally it torpedoes him with huge and monstrous savagery.

Thus our good man, who has held his own till the end, is laid low. He gives the game up for lost; he does not know how to go on and appears to be done for.
But, before he puts a definite end to himself, his eyes are forcibly opened in a way which I do not describe here. He is most distinctly given to understand how it all came about. To wit, through himself, that's obvious. through his scheme of life, which looked like nothing on earth, but now suddenly looks entirely different, not simple and almost self-evident, but prideful and impudent, cowardly withal, and full of weakness.

This awful thing which was his life acquires a meaning. Franz Biberkopf has been given a radical cure. At last we see our man back on Alexanderplatz, greatly changed and battered, but, nevertheless. bent straight again.

To listen to this, and to meditate on it, will be of benefit to many who, like Franz Biberkopf, live in a human skin, and, like this Franz Biberkopf more of life than a piece of bread and butter.

FIRST BOOK

Here in the beginning, Franz Biberkopf leaves Tegel Prison into which a former foolish life had led him. It is difficult to gain a foothold in Berlin again. but he finally does. This makes him happy, and now he vows to lead a decent life.
On Car 41 into Town

HE stood in front of the Tegel Prison gate and was free now. Yesterday in convict's garb he had been raking potatoes with the others in the fields back of the building, now he was walking in a tan summer topcoat; they were still raking back there, he was free. He let one street-car after another go by, pressed his back against the red wall, and did not move. The gateman walked past him several times, showed him his car-line; he did not move. The terrible moment had come (terrible, Franze, why terrible?), the four years were over. The black iron gates, which he had been watching with growing disgust for a year (disgust, why disgust?), were shut behind him. They had let him out again. Inside, the others sat at their carpentry, varnishing, sorting, gluing, had still two years, five years to do. He was standing at the carstop.

The punishment begins.

He shook himself and gulped. He stepped on his own foot. Then, with a run, took a seat in the car. Right among people. Go ahead. At first it was like being at the dentist's, when he has grabbed a root with a pair of forceps, and pulls; the pain grows, your head threatens to burst. He turned his head back towards the red wall, but the car raced on with him along the tracks, and only his head was left in the direction of the prison. The car took a bend; trees and houses intervened. Busy streets emerged, Seestrasse, people got on and off. Something inside him screamed in terror: Look out, look out, it's going to start now. The tip of his nose turned to ice; something was whirring over his cheek. Zwölf Uhr Mittagszeitung, B. Z., Berliner Illustrierte, Die Funkstunde. "Any body else got on?" The coppers have blue uniforms now. He got off the car, without being noticed, and was back. What happened? Nothing. Chest out, you starved sucker, you, pull yourself together, or I'll give you a crack in the jaw! People got to have shoes to run around so much; didn't we have a cobbler's shop out there, let's bear that in mind! Hundreds of polished windows, let 'em blaze away, are they going to make you afraid or something, why, you can smash 'em up, can't you, what's the matter with 'em, they're polished clean, that's all. The pavement on Rosenthaler Platz was being torn up; he walked on the wooden planks along with the others. Just go ahead and mix in with people, then everything's going to clear up, and you won't notice anything, you fool. Wax figures stood in the show-windows, in suits, overcoats, with skirt:; with shoes and stockings. Outside everything was moving, but back of it there was nothing! It-did not-live! It had happy faces, it laughed, waited in twos and threes on the traffic islands opposite Aschinger's, smoked cigarettes, turned the pages of newspapers. Thus it stood
there like the streetlamps-and-became more and more rigid. They belonged with the houses, everything white, everything wooden.

Terror struck him as he walked down Rosenthaler Strasse and saw a man and a woman sitting in a little beershop right at the window: they poured beer down their guilets out of mugs, yes, what about it, they were drinking, they had forks and stuck pieces of meat into their mouths, then they pulled the forks out again and were not bleeding. Duh, how cramped his body felt, I can't get rid of it, where shall I go? The answer came: Punishment.

He could not turn back, he had come this far on the car, he had been discharged from prison and had to go into this thing, deeper and deeper into it.

I know, he sighed to himself, that I have to go into this thing and that I was discharged from prison. They had to discharge me, the punishment was over, that's as it should be, the bureaucrat does his duty. I'll go into it, too, but I'd rather not, my God, I can't do it.

He wandered down Rosenthaler Strasse past Wertheim's department store, at the right he turned into the narrow Sophienstrasse. He thought, this street is darker, it's probably better where it's darker. The prisoners are put in isolation cells, solitary confinement and general confinement. In isolation cells the prisoner is kept apart from the others night and day. In solitary confinement the prisoner is placed in a cell, but during his walks in the open air, during instruction or religious service, he is put in company with the others. The cars roared and jangled on, house-fronts were rolling along one after the other without stopping. And there were roofs on the houses, they soared atop the houses, his eyes wandered straight upward: if only the roofs don't slide off, but the houses stood upright. Where shall I go, poor devil that I am, he shuffled alongside the walls of the houses, there was no end to it. I'm really a big duffer, a fellow ought to be able to traipse his way through hereabouts, five minutes, ten minutes, then drink a cognac and sit down. When the given signal rings, work must begin immediately. It can only be interrupted at the time set aside for eating, walking, and instruction. During the walk the prisoners must hold their arms stiff and swing them back and forth. those mad houses were not there. With pursed lips he grunted to give himself courage, his hands clenched in his pockets. His shoulders in the tan summer topcoat were hunched for defense.

A stranger had stopped beside the discharged prisoner and was watching him. He asked: "What's the matter, anything wrong, are you in pain?" until the man noticed him and stopped his grunting at once. "Are you sick? Do you live here in this house?" It was a Jew with a full red beard, a little man in an overcoat, with a black plush felt hat, a cane in his hand. "No, I don't live here." He had to get out of the hallway, the hallway had been all right. And now the street started once more, the house fronts, the show-windows, the hurrying figures with trousers or light rods, all so quick, so smart, each moment another. And making up his mind, he stepped again into an entrance-way, but just here the gates opened to let a wagon pass. Then quickly into the next-door house, into a narrow hallway next to the staircase. No wagon could get in here. He clung to the banister-post. And while he held on to it, he knew he wanted to escape punishment (oh, Franz, what do you want to do? You'll not be able to do it), he would certainly do it, he knew now where there was an escape. And softly he started his music again, the grunting and grumbling, and I won't go back to the street either. The red Jew stepped back into the house, did not at first notice the man by the banister. He heard him humming. "Say, tell me, what are you doing here? Are you sick?" He moved away
from the post, walked towards the courtyard. As he grasped the gate, he saw it was from the other house. "Leave me alone, what do you want anyway?" "Well, well, nothing. You moan and groan so, can't a body ask how you are?"

And through the crack in the door across the way he saw the blamed old houses again, the swarming people, the sliding roofs. The discharged prisoner opened the courtyard gate, the Jew behind him:

"What could happen? Now, now, it's not going to be as bad as all that. You're not going to go under. Berlin is big. Where a thousand live, one more can also live."

He was in a deep dark courtyard. He stood beside the dustbin. And suddenly he started singing in a resonant voice, singing towards the walls. He took his hat off, like an organ-grinder. The echo resounded from the walls. That was fine. His voice filled his ears. He sang in such a very loud voice, he would never have been allowed to sing like that in prison. And what did he sing, that it should echo from the walls? "There comes a call like thunder's peal." Martially hard and pithy. And then:

"Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la," a bit from a song. Nobody paid any attention to him. The Jew received him at the gate:

"You sang beautifully. You really sang beautifully. You could earn gold with a voice like you've got." The Jew followed him to the street, took him by the arm, pushed him farther along, talking endlessly all the way, until they turned into Gormannstrasse, the Jew and the raw-boned, big fellow in the summer topcoat with his lips pressed tight together, as if he wanted to spit gall...
HE LED him into a room, where an iron stove was burning, and sat him down on the sofa: “Well, here you are. Make yourself at home. Can leave your hat on or take it off, just as you please. I just want to get somebody you’ll like. As a matter of fact, I don’t live here. Am just a guest like yourself. Well, that’s the wa’. it is, one guest brings another, if only the room is warm.”

The discharged convict was sitting alone. There comes a call like thunder’s peal, like billows’ roar and clash of steel. He was riding in the car, looking out the window, the red walls were visible between the trees, many colored leaves were raining down. The walls stood before his eyes, he looked at them from the sofa, kept on looking at them. A fellow’s very lucky to live within these walls, he knows at least how the day starts and how it goes on. (Franz, you wouldn’t hide, I hope, four years you’ve been hidden, courage, look around, this hiding will have to stop some time.) All singing, whistling, and noise is prohibited. The prisoners must immediately rise in the morning at the signal to get up, they must put their bunks in order, wash, comb their hair, clean their clothes, and dress. Soap should be issued in adequate quantities. Boom, a bell, get up, boom five-thirty, boom six-thirty, doors unlocked, boom boom, get up, boom seven-thirty, distribution of breakfast, working hours, recreation hour, boom boom boom, noon, don’t make such a wry face, old boy, you’re not going to be fattened up here, singers should step forward, they are to appear at five-forty, I’ll report myself.

hoarse, at six the doors are locked. good evening, that’s that. A fellow's lucky to live within these walls, they dragged me down in the dirt, I almost committed mur·der, but it was only manslaughter, bodily injury with fatal consequences, wasn't as bad as all that, I had become a great reprobate, a hooligan-almost a real bum.

A big, long-haired old jew, a little black skull-cap on the back of his head, had been sitting opposite him for a long time. Now in Shushan there was a certain jew, whose name was Mordecai and he brought up Esther, his uncle's daughter, and the maid was fair and beautiful. The old man looked away from him and turned his head back to the redbeard: "Where did you pick this one up?" "He was running around from house to house. He stood in a courtyard and he sang." "Sang?" "War songs." "He must be freezing." "Maybe." The old man looked at him. Jews must not handle a corpse on the first feastday, nor shall Israelites do this on the second feastday; and this applies to both New Years days, as well. And who is the author of the following rabbinic teaching: If a man eats from the carcass of a clean bird, he is not unclean; if, however, he eats of the intestines or of the craw, he is unclean? With his long yellow hand the old man groped for the hand of the discharged prisoner lying on the topcoat. "Heh, don’t you want to take your coat off? It’s warm here. We’re old people, we freeze all the year round, maybe it will be too much for you.” He sat on the sofa, he squinted down at his hand, he had walked from courtyard to courtyard through the streets, gotta look and see where something can be found.
in this world. And he wanted to get up, walk out of the door, his eyes looked for the door in the dark room. And the old fellow pushed him back to the sofa: "Why don't you stay, what do you want?" He wanted to get outside. The old man, however, held his wrist and squeezed and squeezed: "Just want to see who is stronger, you or I. Now are you going to remain seated, or not? You are going to listen to what I am saying, young fellow. Pull yourself together, rascal!" And turning to the red-haired chap who grasped the man by the shoulders: "Get out of here, you. Did I call you? I'll fix him up."

What did these people want with him? He wanted to get out, he tried to rise, but the old man pushed him down again. Then he shouted: "What are you doing with me?" "Go ahead and curse, you'll be cursing more than that." "You better lemme go. I've got to be off." "Into the street again, I suppose, or the courtyard, maybe?"

Then the old man got up from his chair, went rustling up and down the room: "Let him scream as much as he wants to. Let him do as he pleases. But not in my house. Open the door ... here anyway?" "Don't bring people here who make a noise. The daughter's children are sick, they're back there in bed, I got enough noise already." "Eh, eh, what a shame, I didn't know, you must excuse me." The red beard grasped the man by the hands: "Come along. The Rebbe's got his house full. The grandchildren are sick. We'll go somewhere else." But the other chap did not want to get up. "Come along." He had to get up.

Then he whispered: "Don't pull. Why don't you leave me here?" "His house is full up, I tell you, didn't you hear?" "Just lemme stay here."

With sparkling eyes the old man looked at the strange man who was now pleading. Thus spake Jeremiah, we would have healed Babylon, but she is not healed; forsake her, and let us go everyone into his own country. A sword is upon the Chaldeans and upon the inhabitants of Babylon.

"If he doesn't keep still, send him away." "All right, all right, we won't make any noise. I'll sit with him, you can depend on me." Without a word the old man rustled towards the door.

Instruction through the Example of Zannovich

AND so the discharged prisoner in the tan summer topcoat was sitting on the sofa again. Sighing and shaking his head, the redbeard walked through the room: "Now don't be angry because the old man was so excited. Are, you from out of town?" "Yes, I am-I was." The red walls, the beautiful walls, cells, he couldn't help looking at them with longing, his back seemed glued to the red wall, it was a clever man had built it, he did not leave. And the man, like a doll, rolled from the sofa down to the carpet. In falling, he knocked the table to one side. "What's that?" cried the red chap. The discharged convict stooped over the carpet, his hat rolled down beside his hands, he thrust his head downward, moaned: "Down into the ground, into the earth, where it's dark!" The
And thus we have brought our man safely to Berlin. He has made his vow, and the question is:

Hadn't we better simply stop here? The end seems amiable and without artifice, almost a fitting end, and the whole has the great advantage of brevity.

But this is no ordinary man, this Franz Biberkopf. I did not call him here for sport, but to share his hard, true, and enlightening experience. Franz Biberkopf is badly burnt. He now stands safe and sound contentedly on Berlin ground, and if he says he wants to be good, we can believe him, he will be good.

You're going to see how he stayed decent for many a week, but it's only a respite, so to speak.
Once upon a time there lived in Paradise two human beings Adam and Eve. They had been put there by the Lord, who had also created the beasts and plants and heaven and earth. And Paradise was the wonderful garden of Eden. Flowers and trees were growing there, animals were playing about, and none oppressed the other. The sun rose and set, the moon did the same, there was abiding joy the whole day long in Paradise.

Thus let us start off merrily. We want to sing and move about: with our little hands going clap, clap, clap, our little feet going tap, tap, tap, moving to, moving fro, roundabout, and away we go.
Notice of a scheme regarding the building lot situated An der Spandauer Brücke No. 10.

The scheme for the permanent restriction of the building lot situated in the Communal District of Berlin Center due to the addition of an ornamental rosette to the street wall of No. 10 An der Spandauer Brücke is hereby published, together with a sketch plan, for public inspection. During this time all parties concerned may file any objections to the scheme, within the extent of their interests. The municipal authorities of the communal district are also authorized to state their objections, if any. Such objections should be made in writing to the District Office Center, Berlin C 2, Klosterstrasse 68, Room 76, or be made orally before the Registrar.

-I have granted to Herr Bottich, hunting lessee, with the consent of the Police President, authority, liable to cancellation at any time, for the shooting of wild rabbits and other vermin in the area of the Faule Seepark on the following days in the year 1928: Shooting must cease in summer, from April 1st to September 30th, by 7 p.m., in winter, from October 1st to March 31st, by 8 p.m. The public are hereby notified of this permit, and are warned against entering the said area during the shooting time fixed hereby. The Chief Burgomaster, Controller of Hunting Licenses.

- Albert Pangel, master furrier, who may look back upon an activity of almost three years as honorary official, has resigned his honorary office because of age and removal from the district in question. During this long period he was uninterruptedly active as president of the charity commission, or rather as charity guardian. The district office has expressed recognition of his merits in a note of thanks to Mr. Pangel.

The Rosenthaler Platz is chatting with itself.

Weather changing, more agreeable, a degree below freezing. For Germany, a low-pressure region is extending, which in its entire range has ended the weather prevailing up to now. The few pressure changes now going on indicate a slow extension of the low-pressure area towards the south, so that the weather will remain under its influence. During the day the temperature will probably be lower. Weather forecast for Berlin and surrounding country.

Car No. 68 runs across Rosenthaler Platz, Wittenau, Nordbahnhof, Heilanstalt, Weddingplatz, Stettiner Station, Rosenthaler Platz, Alexanderplatz, Straussberger Platz, Frankfurter Allee Station, Lichtenberg, Herzberge Insane Asylum. The three Berlin transport companies-street-car, elevated and underground, omnibus -form a tariff-union. Fares for adults are 20 pfennigs, for schoolchildren 10 pfennigs, reduced fares allowed for children up to the age of 14, apprentices and pupils, poor students, war cripples, persons physically unfit for walking as certified by the district charity offices. Get to know about the lines. During the winter months the front entrance shall not be opened for passengers entering or leaving, 39 seating capacity, 5918, to alight from the car,
warn the motorman in time, the motorman is forbidden to converse with passengers, getting off or on while the car is in motion may lead to fatal accidents.

In the middle of the Rosenthaler Platz a man with two yellow packages jumps off from the 41, an empty taxi glides just past him, the copper looks at him, a streetcar inspector appears, cop and inspector shake hands: damned lucky, that fellow with his packages.

Various fruit brandies at wholesale prices, Dr. Bergell, notary and attorney-at-law, Lukutate, the Indian rejuvenation treatment for elephants, Fromms Akt, the best rubber sponge, what's the use of so many rubber sponges, anyway?

The wide Brunnenstrasse runs north from this square, the A. E. G. runs along its left side in front of the Humboldtian. The A. E. G. is an immense enterprise, which embraces, according to the 1928 telephone directory:

Electric Light and Power Works, Central Administration, NW 40, Friedrich-Karl-Vfer 2-4, Local Call and Long Distance Call Office, North 4488, General Management, Janitor, Electric Securities Bank Inc., Division for Lighting Fixtures, Division for Russia, Oberspree Metal Division, Treptow Apparatus Plant, Brunnenstrasse Plant, Henningsdorf Plant, Plant for Insulators, Rheinstrasse Plant, Oberspree Cable Works, Wilhelmshofstrasse Plant, Rummelsburger Chaussee, Turbine Plant NW 87, Hutenstrasse 12-16.

The Invalidenstrasse trails off to the left. It goes towards the Stettin Station where the trains from the Baltic Sea arrive: Why, you're all covered with soot-yes, there is a lot of dust here.-How do you do? So long--Has the gentleman anything to carry, 50 pfennigs... Your vacation certainly did you a lot of good.-Oh, that tan will come off soon.- Wonder where people get all the money from to travel around like that.-In a little hotel over there in that dark street two lovers shot themselves early yesterday morning, a waiter from Dresden and a married woman, both of whom, however, had registered under false names.

From the south the Rosenthaler Strasse runs into the square. Across the way Aschinger provides food as well as beer to drink, music, and wholesale bakery. Fish are nutritious, some are happy when they have fish, and others are unable to eat it, eat more fish, the healthy slenderizing dish. Ladies stockings, genuine artificial silk, here you have a fountain pen with a 14-carat gold point.

On the Elsasser Strasse they have fenced in the whole street leaving only a narrow gangway. A power engine puffs behind the billboards. Becker-Fiebig, Building Contractor Inc., Berlin W 38. There is a constant din, dump carts are lined up as far as the corner, on which stands the Commercial and Savings Bank, Deposit Branch L, Custody of Securities, Payment of Savings Bank Deposits. Five men, workmen, kneel in front of the bank driving small stones into the ground.

Four persons have just gotten on NO.4 at Lothringer Strasse, two elderly women, a plain man with a worried look, and a boy with a cap and ear-muffs. The two women are together, they are Frau Plück and Frau Hoppe. They want to get an abdominal bandage for Frau Hoppe, the
older woman, because she has a tendency to navel hernia. They have been to the truss-maker's in the Brunnel1lstrasse, and now they both want to call by to fetch their husbands for lunch. The man is a coachman named Hasebrück, who is having a lot of trouble with an electric iron which he bought for his boss second-hand and cheap. They had given him a defective one, the boss tried it for a few days, then it failed to work properly, so he is supposed to exchange it, the people refuse to do so, this is the third time he has gone there, today he has been told he has to pay something on it. The boy, Max Rüst, will later on become a tinker, father of seven more Rüsts, he will go to work for the firm of Hallis & Co., Plumbing and Roofing, in GrUnau. At the age of 52 he will win a quarter of a prize in the Prussian Class Lottery, then he will retire from business and die during an adjustment suit which he has started against the firm of Hallis & Co., at the age of 55. His obituary will read as follows: On September 2, suddenly, from heart-disease, my beloved husband, our dear father, son, brother, brother-in-law, and uncle, Paul Rüst, in his 55th year. This announcement is made with deep grief on behalf of his sorrowing family by Marie RUst. The notice of thanks after the funeral will read as follows: Acknowledgment. Being unable to acknowledge individually all tokens of sympathy in our bereavement, we hereby express our profound gratitude to all relatives, friends, as well as to the tenants of No. 4 Kleiststrasse and to all our acquaintances. Especially do we thank Herr Deinen for his kind words of sympathy. At present this Max Rüst is 14 years old, has just finished public school, is supposed to call by on his way there at the clinic for the defective in speech, the hard of hearing, the weak-visioned, the weak-minded, the incorrigible, he has been there at frequent intervals, because he stutters, but he is getting better now.

Small cafe on Rosenthaler Platz.

In front they are playing billiards, in the back, in a corner, two men sit puffing and smoking and drinking tea. One of them has a flabby face and gray hair, he is sitting with his raglan on: "Well, shoot. But keep still, don't fidget around like that."
"You won't get me to play billiards today. My hand's shaky."
He chews a dry Vienna roll, does not touch the tea.
"But you needn't. We're all right here."
"It's always the same old story. Now it's come to a head."
"Who's come to a head?"
The other man, young, very blond, firm face, firm figure:
"Me, too, of course; you thought maybe it was only them? Now everything's cleared up."
"In other words, you've been let out."
"I talked some real German with the boss, then he started to jump on me. That evening I had my notice for the first."
"It's best never to talk German in certain situations. If you had talked French with the man, he wouldn't have understood you, and you'd still be there."
"I'm still there, what do you mean? Very much there!
A Handful of Men around the Alex

ON THE Alexanderplatz they are tearing up the road-bed for the subway. People walk on planks. The street-cars pass over the square up Alexanderstrasse through Münzstrasse to the Rosenthaler Tor. To the right and left are streets. House follows house along the streets. They are full of men and women from cellar to garret. On the ground floor are shops.

Liquor shops, restaurants, fruit and vegetable stores, groceries and delicatessen, moving business, painting and decorating, manufacture of ladies’ wear, flour and mill materials, automobile garage, extinguisher company: The superiority of the small motor syringe lies in its simple construction, easy service, small weight, small size.-German fellow-citizens, never has a people been deceived more ignominiously, never has a nation been betrayed more ignominiously and more unjustly than the German people. Do you remember how Scheidemann promised us peace, liberty, and bread from the window of the Reichstag on November 9, 1918? And how has that promise been kept? -Drainage equipment, window-cleaning company, sleep is medicine, Steiner’s Paradise Bed.-Book-shop, the library of the modern man, our collected works of leading poets and thinkers compose the library of the modern man. They are the great representatives of the intellectual life of Europe.-The Tenants’ Protection Law is a scrap of paper. Rents increase steadily. The professional middle-class is being put on the street and strangled, the sheriff has a rich harvest. We demand public credits up to 15,000 marks for the small tradesman, immediate prohibition of all public auctions in the case of small tradesmen. - To face her hour of travail well-prepared is the desire and duty of every woman. Every thought and feeling of the expectant mother revolves around the unborn. Therefore the selection of the right I drink for the mother-to-be is of especial importance. Genuine Engelhardt Stout and Ale possess, above all other drinks, the qualities of palatability, nutritiousness, digestibility, tonic vigor.-Provide for your child and your family by contracting a life insurance with a Swiss life insurance company, Life Annuities Office, Zurich., Your heart is light! Your heart is light with joy, if you possess a home equipped with the famous Hoffner furniture. Everything you have dreamed of with regard to pleasant comfort is surpassed by an undreamt-of reality. Although the years may pass, it will always look well and its durability and practical wear will make you enjoy it continuously.-

Management, West Side Central Watchmen's Service, Watch and Protection Company, Sherlock Company, collected works on Sherlock Holmes by Conan Doyle, Watch and Protection Company for Berlin and adjacent towns, catch it in time, Watch on the Rhine, wash on the line, washing eliminated, Apollo Linen Renting Agency, Adler's Wet-Wash Service, handles all household and body linen, specialty of fine gents' and ladies' washing.

Above and in back of the shops, however, there are dwellings, behind which there are courtyards, side-wings, cross-buildings, out-houses, garden-houses. Linienstrasse, there is the house where Franz Biberkopf sneaked off after the trouble with Lüders.

In front there is a nice shoe-business with four brilliant show-windows, six girls serve the customers, that is, when there are any, they receive around 80 marks per head and nose, and at the most, after they become gray, they get 100. This nice big shoe-business belongs to an old woman, who married her business manager, and since that time sleeps in the back, and things are going badly for her. He is a dashing man, has made the shop flourish, but he is under forty and that's the trouble. When he comes home late, the old woman is still awake and unable to sleep for rage. On the first floor, the gentleman of the law. Does the wild rabbit in the Duchy of Saxe-Altenburg fall under the heading of hunting-game? The defense contumaciously disputes the finding of the District Court that the wild rabbit in the Duchy of Saxe-Altenberg may be numbered among the game animals. The issue concerning which animals are subject to the Game Laws and which may be hunted without permit has been decided differently in Germany in the various provinces. In the absence of special rulings the law of custom decides it. In the bill for the game-control law of Feb. 24, '54, the wild rabbit had not yet been mentioned.-At six at night a charwoman begins her work in the office, sweeps, scrubs the linoleum in the reception-room. The lawyer hasn't enough money for a vacuum-cleaner, the stingy old thing, particularly as he is not even married, and Frau Zieske, who rants about being the houselady ought to know that. The charwoman scrubs and cleans with might and main, she is grotesquely thin, but supple, she slaves for her two children. The importance of fats for nutrition: fat covers the bone promontories and protects the underlying tissue against pressure and shocks, highly emaciated persons complain therefore of a pain in the sole while walking. But this is not the case with this charwoman.

At seven o'clock in the evening, Herr Lowenhund, Attorney at Law, is seated at his writing-desk, working by two lighted table-lamps. It so happens that the telephone is not busy. In the criminal case Gross A 8780-27, I assume authority to act on behalf of the accused, Frau Gross, under the circumstances. I request that I may be authorized to enter into personal communication with the said accused.-To Frau Eugenie Gross, Berlin. Dear Frau Gross: It had been my intention for a long time to pay you another visit. Pressure of work and my indisposition have, however, made this impossible. I have every
hope that I may be able to visit you next Wednesday and I beg you until then, to be patient. Faithfully yours. Letters, money-orders and parcel-post should bear the personal address as well as the prisoner's number. As destination give Berlin N.W. 52, Moabit 12a.

To Herr Tollmann. In your daughter's affair, I feel obliged to ask for an additional fee, the sum of 200 marks, I leave you the choice of payment by installments. Secondly: resubmit.-My dear Attorney, as I desire to visit my unfortunate daughter in Moabit, but do not know to whom to apply, I ask you to be so kind as to arrange when I can go there. And also to arrange for me to send her a package of foodstuffs every fortnight. I await a reply by return mail, preferably at the end of this or the beginning of next week. Frau Tollmann (mother of Eugenie Gross) .-Lawyer Löwenhund gets up. With a cigar in his mouth he looks through the curtain slit down upon the lighted Liniestrasse and thinks, shall I telephone her or not? Venereal diseases, a deserved misfortune, Superior District Court, Frankfurt 1, C. 5. One may think less severely of the moral delinquency of sexual intercourse on the part of unmarried men and yet admit that in a legal sense an offense is incurred, that extra-conjugal sexual intercourse, as Staub says, is a dangerous excess, and that he who indulges in such excesses must bear their consequences. And Plank, too, following this decision, regards a sickness caused by extra-conjugal sexual intercourse in the case of a man liable to military service as a malady due to gross negligence.-He takes off the receiver, Neukölln Office, please, ah, the number is changed to Birwald.

Second story: The manager and two stout couples, a brother with his wife and a sister with her husband, also a sick girl.

Third story: A man 64 years old, a furniture-polisher with a bald spot on his head. His daughter, a divorcée, keeps house for him. He crashes down the stairs every morning, his heart is bad, he will soon have himself put on the sick-list (Coronarsclerosis, Nyodegeneratio cordis). He was formerly a crack oarsman, what can he do now? Read papers in the evening, light his pipe, while the daughter, of course, stands gossipping in the hallway. His wife is not there, died at 45; she was alert and hotblooded, could never get enough, you know what I mean, and so one day she went all to pieces, but said nothing; next year she probably would have had her change of life anyway, off she goes to one of them women, then to the hospital, and that's the last of her.

Next-door a turner, around thirty, he has a little boy, a room, and a kitchen; his wife, too, is dead, consumption, he also coughs, the boy is in a day-nursery during the day, at night the man fetches him. When the boy has gone to sleep, the man prepares his weak tea, potters till late at night with his radio, is foreman in the radio union, cannot fall asleep until his tinkering has succeeded.

Then a waiter with a woman, room and kitchen nicely arranged, gas-chandelier with glass pendants. The waiter is at home all day till two, he sleeps till then, and plays...
the zither, while lawyer Löwenhund in a black gown dashes around the District Court I, 2, 3, through the halls, from one lawyer's room to another, from one court to another, the case is postponed, I pray for a judgment for failure to appear against the defendant. The waiter's girl-friend is supervisor in a department store. So she says. This waiter, during his married life, was disgracefully deceived by his wife. But she was always able to console him until he finally walked out. He was nothing more than a bed-fellow, always running back to the woman, and was nevertheless finally declared the guilty party in the divorce trial, because he couldn't prove anything and had shamefully deserted his wife. Then he got to know the present one in Hoppegarten, where she was out man-hunting. The same brand of woman as the first, only a bit cleverer. He doesn't notice anything when his girl-friend goes off every few days on a so-called business trip, since when does a supervisor have to travel, well, it's a confidential post. But now he is sitting on the sofa, with a wet towel on his head; he is crying and she has to wait on him. He slipped in the street and couldn't get up. So he says. Somebody had pushed him. She doesn't go to her so-called business. If he noticed anything it would be too bad, he's certainly a nice, sweet boob. We'll fix him up all right.

At the very top a tripe butcher, where of course there's a bad smell and also the howling of children and alcohol. Next-door a baker's apprentice with his wife, an employee in a printing-shop, she has inflammation of the ovaries. Wonder what those two get out of life? Well, first of all, they get each other, than last-Sunday a vaudeville and a film, then this or that social meeting and a visit to his parents. Nothing else? Well now, don't drop dead, sir. Add to that nice weather, bad weather, country picnics, standing in front of the stove, eating breakfast and so on. And what more do you get, you, captain, general, jockey, whoever you are? Don't fool yourself.