

Trot fumbled them affectionately.

"Good lad!" he said, as he tossed the "proofs" into the waste paper basket, "Have a drink."

He handed him the vodka bottle.

Lop drained it to the dregs and asked for more. Nick complied by passing him a full bottle. Lop emptied it.

"Gimme a couple more bottles," he requested. "This here assassination job demands a stimulant. Thanks, comrade. I'll take 'em home."

Trot handed him a roll of rouble notes, and a card.

Lop scrutinized the card.

Four men and their wives!" he exclaimed. "Guess I'll get 'em in bed. Pretty big job, you know."

"All right," Trot agreed, "so long as you do get 'em. Have another drink."

"So long, comrades," he said, as he left.

"So long, Lop; and don't forget their noses," Trot shouted after him as he disappeared.

"This 'nose' business is a great stunt, Nick," observed Trotsky when Lop was out of hearing. "The son-of-a-gun was 'padding' his report, so I hit upon this scheme."

"Capital! Great Idea!" said Lenine, approvingly, as he consumed another bottle of the national beverage.

### CHAPTER III.

#### AN IMPORTANT APPOINTMENT.

"THERE'S another hundred death warrants to sign, Nick," said Trotsky, handing his colleague a bundle of documents. "And when you have finished there's an important matter I want to discuss with you."

Lenine signed the warrants and handed them back.

"Well, what's yer game, Trot?" he inquired.

"Listen," said that worthy, "I'll tell you. But, first pass me the dope."

Nick acquiesced, after first having helped himself.

"It's about the appointment of a professor to the Chair of Atrocities in the University of Moscow," Trot explained,