FROM ALL OVER THE MARITIME PROVINCES

YARMOUTH

Yarmouth, N. S., Dec. 26—Among those of Yarmouth's soldiers home for Caristmas are Selwyn G. Hatfield and Willard Allen, from Fredericton, and Donald Chipman and Robert Clements from Halifax.

Miss Grace Wilson was a passenger from Boston on Saturday last, and proceeded to Digby on Monday to spend Christmas at her home. While in Yarmouth, Miss Wilson was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Frank Crosby.

Mrs. J. Harry Marsh returned on Saturday last from a visit to Boston and other points.

George H. Williams returned from a vacation trip to Boston and New York on Saturday morning last.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Bates, who have been on a trip to the United States, returned home on Saturday morning last.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Lovitt returned on Saturday last after spending several weeks in New York.

Stanley V. Nickerson left on Saturday last for Boston.

Among those home from Mount Allison for the holidays are Misses Hazel Gray, Ester Lewis, Yarmouth; Mildred Sims, Plymouth; Colin Gray, Henry, Lewis, Yarmouth, and Archibald Jost, Arcadia.

Mr. Vinal, organist of Holy Trinity church, who is a patient in the Yarmouth hospital, is not improving as rapidly as his friends would wish. His mother arrived here this week, and will take him to her home in the United States.

Miss Olive Trefry is home from Macdonald College to spend the Christmas holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Owen passed through Yarmouth on Saturday last en route to Annapolis from Boston.

Miss Alice Wetmore is home from Halifax to spend Christmas with her parents, Captain and Mrs. George Wetmore.

Dr. and Mrs. Flint, of Ottawa, arrived on Monday to spend the holidays among friends in town.

Miss Crowell, who has been spending a few days with Miss Helen Kelley, returned to her home on Seal Island on Monday, by steamer LaTour.

Miss Susie Crosby, of Providence (R. I.), was a passenger by steamer Prince George on Saturday morning last, to visit her parents, Captain and Mrs. Thomas Crosby.

Miss Mabel Hines came from Boston on Wednesday to spend Christmas with her parents, Captain and Mrs. Loyitt Hines.

Miss Winnie Thurston arrived from Boston on Wednesday to spend Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Thurston.

Dr. Douglas Robbins arrived by train on Thursday afternoon from McGill University to spend the holiday season with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. P. Robbins.

Arthur Porter returned home on Wednesday from Dalhousie University to spend Christmas holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Lloyd Porter.

Miss Mabel McGill returned on Wednesday morning from New York.

Mrs. J. A. Rogers, of Halifax, is visiting her son, Rev. A. S. Rogers, at the Wesley parsonage.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Hemeon and two children, of Medicine Hat (Alta.), arrived in Yarmouth on Monday afternoon via St. John to visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth Hemeon. This is Mr. Hemeon's first visit since he left Yarmouth about eight years ago.

Miss Nellie Wallis came from Brooklyn (N. Y.) on Wednesday to spend a month at her home.

Clifford Larkin, accompanied by his two sisters, arrived from Boston on Wednesday to attend the funeral of his mother, Mrs. N. C. Larkin.

Nathan Chipman, who is attending the Dalhousie University, arrived home on Monday to spend the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Chipman.

Invitations have been issued for the marriage of Myra Welch Goudey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Goudey, of Yarmouth, to Albert Henderson Henry, also of Yarmouth. The ceremony is to take place on the morning of Thursday, Jan. 7, at the home of the bride's parents, Willow street.

Mr. and Mrs. Blake Burrill and Miss Marjory Burrill are here from Halifax to spend Christmas.

PETITCODIAC

Petitcodiac, N. B., Dec. 26—Amasy D. Shillam spent Tuesday in town guest of his sister, Mrs. D. Allison Jonah.

Miss Jennie Moore, who is attending Sackville Ladies' College is spending her vacation with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert C. Harrison, of Vancouver (B. C.), were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Stockton. They were also the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Parkin.

Mrs. Owen Hyson left Thursday for Bathurst, where she will join her husband.

Miss Elva Steeves, of the Moncton teaching staff, is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. Steeves.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Steeves and son, Alton, spent Christmas with Mr. Steeves' mother in Hillsboro.

Miss Stella Jones, of Acadia College is guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Jones.

Miss Alice Smith, Sussex is the the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Smith.

Alonzo Smith spent Christmas in Sussexx, guest of his son, J. Everett Keith.

Rufus Steeves, of Sussex, spent the holiday with Mrs. Steeves, who is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Mann.

Roy Mann, Bank of Nova Scotia, Sussex, is the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Mann.

Edward Lloyd, of Dover, A. Co., is spending the holiday with his wife and daughter, who are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Wheaton.

Rev. E. A. Chapman and family spent Christmas in Salisbury, guests of Watson Parkin and sisters.

HOPEWELL HILL

Hopewell Hill, Dec. 27—The gentlemen friends of O. A. Reid, of Albert, who has joined the 26 Battalion, and spent Christmas at his home, tendered him a reception in the form of a "smoker" last evening, in Oulton Hall, which was a grand success in every way. G. D. Prescott, M. P. P., presided and gave an appropriate address, his remarks being followed by Dr. Murray, I. C. Prescott, J. Alex. Fullerton, Capt. Crocker and others. Capt. Crocker and other vocalists sang songs that were much appreciated and an excedingly enjoyable time was spent. On the platform with the guest of the evening, were three others, of Albert county's soldier boys—S. C. Wright, Albert Steves and James Sherwood, all of whom made short addresses. At the close of the programme Mr. Reid was presented with a handsome wrist watch, the presentation address being read by W. I. Jones. Before separating, the company passed around the four recruits biding them goodbye. The men leave for St. John tomorrow morning.

Hopewell Hill's soldier lads, Messrs. Steeves, Newcomb, S. C. and H. C. Wright were invited, with a number of friends, last evening to the home of Miss Celia Peck, a pleasant time being spent. Dainty refreshments were served. This evening the boys, with their lady and gentlemen friends, were very nicely entertained at the home of Miss Annie R. Peck, the function taking the form of a musicale. These marks of esteem and appreciation have been greatly appreciated by the young soldiers.

J. Alex. Fullerton, who has been in the middle States for a number of years, is visiting his oild home at Albert.

Wm. Stebings, of the civil service, Ottawa, came to Albert, yesterday, on a visit to his parents at the Methodist parsonage.

Mrs. Ivan Porter, of Albert, has received a letter from her son, C. C. Robertson, now with the first contingent, saying he had been invited to spend Christmas at London. Young Robertson was one of the first to enlist after war was declared and Canadian volunteers asked for.

NORTON

Norton, N. B., Dec. 28—Miss Stella Folkins, of the C. P. R. office, Fredericton, is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jamse Folkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Dawson, of Moncton are visiting Mrs. Dawson's sister, Mrs. O. R. Patriquin.

Miss E. J. Stark, is spending a few days at Macan (N. S.), guest of Mrs. L. Barnes.

Rev. and Mrs. McKay, leave tomorrow, for their home in Harvey, York county, after spending Christmas with Mrs. McKay's mother, Mrs. E. Harmer. They will be accompanied by Milton and Mildred Harmer.

Mrs. Samuel Allison and daughter, Lottie and Lillian, and son John, of St. John, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Bell.

Messrs. Myers and Myrtle Pierce, of the Normal school, Fredericton, are spending the holidays at their home here.

Mr. and Mrs. George Huggard, of St. John spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Innis, and family, of Peticodiac, spent Christmas here with Mr. Innis' mother, Mrs. M. A. Innis.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Wheaton and son, Russel, have returned from spending a few days in St. John.

Miss Alice Harrington, left this morning to accet a position in the office of the King Lumber Co., Chipman.

Mr. and Mrs. O. R. Patriquin, and son, Earle, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Percy Bolton, Sussex.

Miss Edith Myers is visiting friends in Sussex.

Ernest Howe and wife, have returned from the West to spend the winter at their old home.

Warren Byrne, of Fredericton, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Cecelia Byrne.

REXTON

Rexton, Dec. 29—Privates Fred Robichaud and John Thompson of the 26th battalion at St. John, spent the holidays in town.

Everett Scott of the Sackville Tribune staff, has returned to Sackville after spending a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Scott, Jardinevilla.

Gordon Glencross, jr., of Upper Rexton, has returned home from Pennsylvania.

Miss Lillian McLelland, who has been teaching school at Nixon, Albert county, is visiting her home here.

The cold weather which prevailed last week, fell as low as 30 below zero.

Rexton, N. B., Dec. 29—A quiet marriage, in which two of Rexton's popular young people were the principals, took place Christmas eve. David Palmer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Palmer, who is a private in the 26th battalion, returned home in the evening and accompanied by his intended, Miss Helena Mundle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Mundle, of Upper Rexton, drove to the Methodist parsonage at Richibucto, where they were married by Rev. Mr. Whiteside. After spending a few days at home Mr. Palmer left yesterday for St. John to resume his duties.

FREDERICTON

Fredericton, Dec. 28—News of the death of Mrs. Margaret Sterling, widow of John Stirling, formerly of this city, is received. She died in Missoula, Mont. She was a sister of H. J. Thorne, at one time mayor of St. John. Miss Ella Thorne of the Fredericton High School staff is a sister.

John Black of Dawson City will return to Ottawa this evening.

In the last two days ten marriage licenses were issued at the provincial secretary's office.

C. A. Hayes, traffic manager of the I. C. R., and a party of officials are here today completing arrangements for operation of the Valley Railway by the government on January 1.

Doctor and Mrs. W. L. Turner of Meductic celebrated their silver wedding on Christmas day in the presence of a large gathering of friends.

CHIPMAN

Chipman, N. B., Dec. 26—Miss Jessie McEwen, one of the teachers in the public school here, left on Saturday to spend the holiday season with friends in Boston.

Miss Bessie Smith, St. John, is spending a few weeks with her mother, Mrs. Annie Smith.

A. C. Clarke, of the staff of the Bank of Nova Scotia, St. John, is spending the week-end here, guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Harper.

E. A. Porter, St. John, is spending the Christmas vacation with his mother, Mrs. Robinson Porter.

Alexander Turner is receiving congratulations from his many friends on his marriage to Miss Gertrude Hannah, St. John, which takes place today in St. David's church, St. John.

Mrs. D. Allison, jr., and young son, Davy, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Ritchie for the holidays.

Miss Ethel Baird is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Baird, for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Mitchell, St. John, were guests of Mrs. Mitchell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Orchard, for the holiday.

Dr. and Mrs. L. B. Stevens, Amherst, are in town, the guests of Mrs. Stevens' sister, Mrs. Harry King.

Miss Geraldine Armstrong, who has been attending Halifax Ladies' College, is spending the Christmas vacation with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. A. F. Armstrong.

Mr. and Mrs. Beverly Farris are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a baby daughter on Monday, Dec. 21.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. King and young son, Eugene, of Woodstock, are spending the Christmas holidays with Rev. M. P. and Mrs. King.

ANDOVER

Andover, N. B., Dec. 28—Burton McAlary, of Van Buren, spent Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry McAlary.

Mrs. Macdonald, of Halifax, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. N. J. Woothen, for Christmas.

Miss Mabel Peat entertained at a family dinner party on Christmas, when covers were laid for twelve.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stevens, of Montreal, are visiting relatives in the village coming to spend Christmas with Mr. Stevens' mother, Mrs. Helen Stevens.

On Christmas afternoon a match game of hockey was played on Jamers' Pond, between the teams of Perth and Andover, which the latter won.

Mr. and Mrs. LeBaron Bull are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Bedell.

Alexander Henderson returned last week from a business trip to Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Holt, of Fort Fairfield, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Porter for Christmas dinner at Johnson's hotel.

On Saturday evening Mrs. F. M. Howard entertained a few friends at a dinner party, when covers were laid for eight.

Mrs. Henry Baird is spending the Christmas vacation with her daughter, Mrs. Archie Dickinson, in St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. James Magill, Mrs. Wiley and son Donald, and Miss Annie Magill were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dinsmore for Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. James Porter entertained on Christmas day at 6 o'clock dinner.

Miss Amelia Baxter, of Haverhill (Mass.), is spending a few days with her brother, George E. Baxter.

Miss Brown, of Bermuda, student at Mount Allison, is the guest of Miss Gertrude Kilburn for the holiday.

Miss Bessie Fraser, of Grand Falls, was the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Allen Perley, on Wednesday, on her way to Woodstock to attend the teachers' institute.

Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Marstin, of Plaster Rock, spent Christmas with Mrs. M. S. Sutton.

Mr. Kirby, of Perth, is spending a two weeks' vacation with friends in St. John.

Sheriff and Mrs. Tibbitts are visiting their daughter, Mrs. MacKenzie, in St. Stephen.

GRAND FALLS.

Grand Falls, Dec. 28—The children of the Presbyterian Sunday school were given a Christmas tree and treat in the manse on Christmas eve. Needless to say, the little ones enjoyed themselves.

Midnight mass was celebrated at Christmas eve at the Roman Catholic church.

J. L. White entertained his staff at their annual Christmas eve supper at the Commercial hotel. An excellent supper was provided by Mr. Stewart, and a very enjoyable time was spent.

The Christmas services in All Saints' church were well attended. The church was very prettily decorated with wreaths of fir and hemlock. Mr. and Mrs. Farmer gave bouquets of carnations for the altar.

George E. Taylor, of the Bank of Montreal, Perth, spent Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Taylor.

Privates William Duffy and Leo Bell came home from St. John to spend Christmas.

C. H. and Gordon Fraser came down from Kiegan and spent Christmas here.

Miss Kathleen McCluskey went to Fredericton on Saturday to visit her grandmother.

A turkey and four plum puddings were sent on Wednesday to St. John by some of the ladies, to be used for the soldiers' Christmas dinner.

APOHAQUI

Apohaqui, N. B., Dec. 28—Christmas day passed off quietly with the usual number of family reunions. The music in the churches was particularly good and in keeping with the season, Miss Muriel Jones, who is at home from Mt. Allison for the holidays, sang very sweetly, at the evening service, the solo, "Let us Have Peace."

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Manchester and child, of St. John, spent the holiday and week-end with Mrs. John Manchester.

Miss Kathleen Burgess, Moncton, is sending part of her vacation with her cousin, Mis Ethel Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Gamblin, St. John, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Isaac P. Gamblin.

RICHIBUCTO

Richibucto, Dec. 28—Judge and Mrs. H. H. James went to St. John to spend the Christmas season. On their return they will be accompanied by their daughter, Mrs. Dearness, who with Mr. Dearness, came from Prince Albert (Sask.) to spend Christmas with his mother in St. John.

Misses Florence and Marguerite Bourque, students at the convent, Sillery (Que.), arrived on Christmas eve to spend the vacation with their parents, Dr. and Mrs. T. J. Bourque.

Burke and Harold McInerney, of the second contingent, came last week from Fredericton to spend the Christmas season with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward McInerney.

Stanley Vantour, of the second contingent, came on Thursday to spend a few days with relatives. He is the guest of his brother, Theo., and Mrs. Vantour.

Hayward Searles, of the second contingent, came on Thursday to spend the Christmas season with Mrs. Searles, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lawton.

Alfonse Johnson, in the employ of Brock & Paterson, St. John, spent Christmas with his parents, Sheriff and Mrs. B. J. Johnson.

Albert Kavanagh, express messenger on the I. C. R., and Jack Kavanagh, on the staff of the Royal Bank of Canada, Bathurst, spent Christmas with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Kavanagh.

Romeo Doucet, a student at the college at Van Buren (Me.), is spending vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Doucet. Their son Vincent is also home from the school at Trascadie.

Misses Eva, Mary and Alice Babineau, teachers, are spending vacation at the home of their parents in St. Louis.

Miss Mary L. Robichaud and Miss Angel Robichaud, teachers, are spending vacation at their homes in Little Alduanere.

The thermometer has been falling very low during the past week. Following is the register: Wednesday morning, 10 below; Thursday, 24 below; Friday, 30 below; Saturday, 29 below; Sunday, 30 below.

GAGETOWN

Gagetown, N. B., Dec. 28—Miss Edna B. Boyd is spending the Christmas vacation at her home here, after a term at the Normal school.

Miss Jessie McGowan is with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James McGowan, Lawfield, for vacation. In the recent examinations held at the Normal school, Miss McGowan was promoted to a higher class.

Lewis O'Neill arrived from St. John this week to spend the Christmas season with his family here.

J. C. Gallagher, of St. John, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Mahoney for Christmas. On Christmas Day a large and pleasant gathering of friends and relatives took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Mahoney.

Early Christmas morning an alarm of fire was rung in from the home of John R. Dunn. The fire resulted from the furnace pipe and was soon under control.

Miss Polly Scovil, of Queenstown, has been spending a few days of the Christmas season with Miss Molly Otty.

Their many friends were glad to welcome back some of the members of the second contingent, who were able to come up to spend Christmas at their homes. Capt. M. A. Scovil of the 28th N. B. Dragoons, arrived at his home on Christmas eve; Pte. James McNevan of the 26th came up on Thursday and spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. George McDermott.

Miss Bessie Fox, R. N., who has been in Digby (N. S.), for some weeks; Miss Pauline Fox, B. A., student at Columbia University, and Frank Fox, who has been in St. John, all arrived on Christmas eve for the holiday season.

On Saturday evening a number of the young people gathered in the Temperance Hall for an impromptu little dance. The hall was decorated with patriotic emblems as well as with Christmas festoons and greening. Music was provided by the Misses Casswell, by Frank Fox, and by Richard R. Reid's Victrola. Light refreshments were served, and the party broke up, just in time, with the singing of national songs and Tipperary. The presence of three of the militia gave a touch of more than usual interest, as well as picturesqueness, to the gathering. Those present included, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Corey, Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Reid, Misses Marian Casswell, Frances Casswell, Annie Dickie, Gladys Dickie, Louise Peters, Nora Peters, Nettie Allingham, Bessie Fox, Greta Fox, Charlotte Scovil, Polly Scovil (Queenstown), Mary Scovil (Meadowland), Molly Otty, Bessie Edwards, Hazel Estey, Winifred Babbitt, Capt. M. A. Scovil, Tr. Allen Otty, Tr. Bert. Edwards, Edward Scovil, Arthur Moore, Martin G. Fox, Frank Fox, Fraser Fox, Roger Scovil, Bruce Pincombe, Fred Haviland, Frank DuVernet.

The fire brigade was called out on Sunday afternoon for a fire in the Methodist church. Fortunately it was not long before the blaze was extinguished.

BORDER MASONIC INSTALLATIONS

St. Stephen, N. B., Dec. 28—(Special)—The following officers were installed in Sussex Lodge, No. 7, F. & A. M., this evening by Past Deputy Grand Master Dr. M. L. Young:

Stanley D. Budd, W. M.; J. W. Fraser, S. W.; W. B. Hawthorne, J. W.; F. M. Murchie, treasurer; P. G. McFarlane, secretary; J. R. Polley, S. D.; Edwin Carter, J. D.; W. H. Stevens, chaplain; Chester Gregory, D. of C.; Hazen F. Linton, S. S.; Robert Nixon, J. S.; Amos Mallery, I. G.; Harry P. Webber, tyler.

The officers of Alley Lodge, F. & A. M., Upper Mills, were installed on Saturday evening by Past Master Arthur Hiltz, of Victoria Lodge, Milltown. They are:

William Polleys, W. M.; Arthur Powers, S. W.; George Watters, J. W.; Jas. Phinney, chaplain; Henry Hacker, treasurer; J. C. Davis, secretary; Neill D. Smith, S. D.; Charles D. Foss, J. D.; W. D. Babcock, S. S.; J. S. Hall, J. S.; Thos. W. Fairhead, D. C.; E. Chase, I. G.; John A. Hall, tyler.

An A. B.'s Message Home.

(London Clarion.)

It's perishin' cold on the grey North Sea,
Where this 'ooker dips and rolls,
While the icy foam drives the winter 'ome,
An' the wind in yer skin bites 'oles—
Bites bloomin' 'oles in yer skin, ole dear,
Oh, it ain't no bally treat;
Yet at 'ome the slackers grouse and sneer,
With "Where is yer British Fleet?"
But ye gets yer meat,
An' enough to eat,
An' yer weekly football news;
An', by the powers,
Ye've reg'lar 'ours,
With an 'oly week-end booze.
Whilst us—we simply thrash about
A-waitin' the skulkin' foe,
Who'd be on the job,
With one for yer nob
But for us—an' Jellicoe!
Oh, "life ain't bad in a hironclad,"
(Says you) "though p'raps it's rough,
An' they loves their drill"—oh, it makes me ill
To 'ear sich blitherin' guff.
There ain't no cop' in a dirty mine,
Or a shell from a twelve-inch gun,
An' there's little 'ope
When a periscope
Pops up, for you're pipped, my son,
But ye gets yer beer,
An' yer grub, no fear,
An' some gets shampang wine;
Ye sleeps o' nights,
An' ye gets no frights
From the blighted Prussian swine.
D'ye never think o' the work we does
Patrollin' to an fro?
By crumbs, ye'd smell
Seven sorts o 'ell
But for us—an' Jellicoe!

BEZIQUE.

Servia Huge Catacomb in Path of Austrian Advance

Many Graves But Few People Seen in Brewing Place of Great War

Before Latest Servian Winning Movement Started Correspondent Followed a Trail of Desolation Through Northwestern Part of the Country—Shattered, Looted Farmhouses, Wrapped in Ghoulish Silence, and Long Lines of Trenches Were Passed, but Only Pigs, Idiots, and Aged People Were Met—Windowless Church That Told Story of Hand-to-Hand Fight.

(By ROBERT DUNN, Special War Correspondent of the "Evening Post.")

(Copyright, 1914, by The New York Evening Post.)

Cnabara, Servia, Nov. 25—In my last letter I spoke of the echoes and undercurrents not yet grasped at home, to be gleaned from a trip through Servia, the brewing-place of all these wars. Well, I am writing in a Serb schoolhouse—"wrecked" is too obvious an epithet even for all works of God and the spirit of man in this amazing land. We are some thirty kilometres within its northern border, but as yet have heard no echoes and felt no undercurrents. We shall not.

All northwestern Servia appears to be a tomb. Outside it is snowing furiously now. Occasionally, under the pale and marching gloom across the road you sight great pumpkins gleaming in trampled, ungarnered maize field, or the shrapnel-torn branches of a line of bare acacias. On a soldier's bunk in the corner, by a broken plate of black honey, the Social-Democratic "journalist" from Budapest is making the same rat-like noises in his throat by which all yesterday he signalized his satisfaction at a poor peasant nation more heartbreakingly rended, stamped out, deserted, than the blackest corner of France or Belgium.

"In Servia you will not be allowed to see as much of fighting as around Przemysl," said my ober-lieutenant yesterday, as we waited for the pontoon bridge across the Save from Mitrovitz to fit itself together. "We cannot approach the firing line. The Serbs are a very treacherous people. They have poisoned many of our soldiers. Why, last week when Veljevo fell, girls and women threw bouquets of flowers from balconies to our troops marching through the streets. Hidden in them were lighted bombs."

"How despicable a revenge!" I said. "So unfair for a nation of as many people as there are in New York city to wreak on great Austra-Hungary. And to think that everything started—all this world war—in a quarrel about exporting pigs."

"Pigs? Ah, yes," he laughted. "The export of Servian pigs to Hungary. But to have allowed Servia a port on the Dalmatian coast would have been giving it to Russia—the thing England kept her from, before their unnatural alliance."

"So nence," I muttered, "the assassination and the war."

Innumerable pigs were in sight—a great, shaggy-coated throng, rooting among the bleak boughs of the Save, outside the shell-torn Servian Mitrowica, herded by three Crotian peasants in round black caps of sheep's wool and splay rawhide coats. Except for the Austrian Landsturm and clouds of carrion crows, these swine are almost the sole forms of organic life that I have seen for two days in a rich, once peopled corn-land, curiously like our own Illinois. It has been enough. More would be hard to behold and keep one's gorge in hand.

Thirty miles of desolation glimpsed through the swirl of snow or drizzle; and in all that area to have been not once out of sight from a sod grave and cross, from artillery positions that were but warrens of bomb-proofs roofed with timber and straw; from the labyrinths of connecting lines of trenches strewn with the wrack of the dead's equipment; from shattered, looted farmhouses, wrapped in a ghoulish silence! Between this village and the junction of the Save and Drina Rivers, where the fight was hardest in the last weeks of September and the first of October—some 120,000 engaged upon each side—I counted on a single battlefield eight lines of trenches, few more than two hundred yards apart, with the ground between all peppered with broken shrapnel.

One gets calloused to such sights. And why waste pity upon tombs—upon this one great catacomb, fated to be through a matter of pigs? Why should not Austria-Hungary tax Servia's hams, and deny her the seaport earned in two victorious wars? She is the stronger. That is the Germanic philosophy that justifies everything that has happened since August 1. Silly to dispute it.

The First Real Battlefield.

We ploughed from village to village, with such names as Glusci, Metkovic, Bogatie, Sovljak, on this fat river plain. But the thick population having been entirely peasant proprietors, the many-colored farmhouses were continuous along the roads, and there would be a rude cross or holy image behind a railing and under a small wooden shelter like an inverted V.

The first real battlefield lay between Nocaj and Glusci, in the rushes and standing water of a great willow swamp. Six graves lay outside the first ring of sod-built caverns marking a big artillery position, and on the lathe crosses, inscribed with the mongrel Servian lettering, hung elaborate green wreaths, one with long purple ribbons and a gilt inscription. Opposite, the highest line of trenches was crested with a low brick battlement, pierced by ports just large enough for rifle muzzles, as all the better earthworks are. Behind stood a small Greek church, windowless, the oval red tiles of its roof bristling upright and shattered from bullets. Within, gilt ikons, benches, candlesticks, gaudy vestments tripped you in a muddy tangle. Redbrown stains on the floor and the shattered plastering told a story that not even barbarous Mexico can match—of hand-to-hand fighting in a place of worship.

You rub your eyes. Civilized beings fighting in churches? You refuse to believe it until lurching along, the venom of warfare here slowly stuns the mind with a respect for what of old was called savagery, beside the perversions of this twentieth century contest. Not a gaping, empty house that did not have its pocked lines of bullets between thee smashed windows; not a yard unlittered with broken chairs, bedsteads, the straw todn from mattresses, and the bulging narrow-necked earthen Servian urns, glazed half in green, half in yellow. Mile after mile, and not a soul slinking about the empty outhouses with peaked thatch roofs like enormous candle-snuffers; near the high corncribs, painted black below and above, quartered, squared, and angled with red, yellow, and blue, like the pattern on a Navajo blanket. Not a windbreak of Lombard poplars or a line of pollard willows that has not branches todn and drooping from shell-fire, and in every dooryard the pile of red bricks, some still symmetrically stacked, but mostly well demolished, behind which the peasant had fallen in defending his fireside.

Fallen there? Fled? Slowly you doubt any solution so happy or heroic. You remember the returned American emigrant who told you in Mitrovitz that these peasants had ben captured and shot by the thousand. I had smiled then, with my tongue in a cheek, only now to feel fiercely that I had done him a trivial injustice. Surely they had not fallen here; in the ditches were not enough of those surface graces, long ovals of cut sod that made them resemble deformed and enormous tortoises. Not fled; for in France, where the slaughter was bitterest, at least the children and the aged returned with a desolate hope to rummage in their sodden belongings. Here there was no one; a people wiped out—with only the initiating pigs assembled to feed the assassins. Exquisite symbol!

Some Signs of Life.

Yet gradually the interior life did emerge. The houses became pathetically more pretentious, with the dates of their erection lettered over th first-story dinwods, with glazed reliefs in color between the lintels, of a saint's head, a bird, a coat-of-arms, and little peaked roofs over the entrance gates. Down the high-road between cold pools of water, where the clematis still showed its fuzzy fruit quite as in our Northern States, creaked a cart piled with bedding and dark worn furniture. In the mud beside it ploughed along an old bare-headed woman in a sleeveless skin-jacket and the law sandals of her people, with long up-pointed toes. Soon another appeared in a gateway, lugging a pail of water.

"Serbischer! Serbischer!" exclaimed the young Bohemian peasant with the crooked mouth who was driving us, and nudged me with his whip in excited glee. But not over the women. At last there was a man, a Serb, in sight—such a being as quite naturally would cause a patriotic enemy unbridled joy. He was white-haired, and a cripple. His knees seemed glued together, and he fought on through the mud, swinging a stick with the dazed inconsequence of a blind man, and his body in reverse direction to it, a crab-like motion.

The Social Democrat hit up his grunts, seized his shock of Karl Marx hair, and his stone-blue eyes gleamed. The ober-lieutenant dropped his jaw, but no more. I wondered whether he was thinking of the eight Austrian soldiers now alive for every Serb peasant, or of pigs—or both, confusing all three.

More women in their chimney-sweep boots, we saw, one leading a skinny horse, another engaged in some belated, instinctive duty, desperately, with bowed head and furtive movements, as if to cease it were to invite a fate they knew too well. He was peering, open-mouthed, from a shattered window, and his was the sloping forehead and wide-apart, upstaring eyes of an idiot.

Now a Field for Biologists.

"Serb——!" began the red-cheeked driver, but ended with a playful grunt.

I had jabbed the butt of his whip back into his stomach. Perhaps his ecstasy, greeting thus the sole type of progenitors for the future of this strong, pure race, as though they were side-show freaks, deserved a blow or shot. At any rate, I made the officer grin. But perhaps he was only relieved that that idiot had not a bouquet-bomb concealed under the window-sash of his home.

The future of a race. Servia, after this last of her three wars, should give the biologists who work in laboratories a better field for proving the magnificence of militarism than all the locked doors of the Peace Conferences. Her strong sons are gone; men that the world has always needed, and, after this war, will cry helplessly for men that we in America fant. It is to wonder whether, for the horde of immigrants from all countries that is going to flood us atfer peace comes, we have yet bethought ourselves to deal with the unfit that must form their majority.

One labored on, filled with indefinable bitterness. Behind, closed these stark sights with a dream-like finality that makes a detailed recollection difficult. Outside each "town" rose a high and tapering pole, like a single radio stand, except that at intervals upon it crude pieces bore upright carvings like limbs candalabra, proving some religious symbolism. Once, prowling among some outhouses, I saw a sharp-eared brindle bitch followed by two puppies limping and whining as they do before their eyes are opened—haunting their old home, searching for the children, likely, whom their birth had excited and mystified. Such a birth and such death! And the dog's likeness, by some irony, suggested that wolf which one sees in bronze, who suckled the young Romulus and Remus from whom sprang all the empire of Rome.

Darkness fell. We piled out at the last cross-roads into the ankle-deep muck and freezing drizzle of this village. The corner house, once a drinking place, sent out the faint glow from a big drum-stove. Inside, on bunks crowding the floor space, stifled in the foul air that Europeans seem to live, half a company of bearded landsturm. Czechs, Hungarians, Croats, Teutons, they gave the lie to tales of racial quarrels and segregation in this army, and their diversity made them receive me without suspicion. As they played cards with one of those huge Austrian packs, they borrowed my tobacco, joked about my khaki clothes; and the Slavs chuckled at my Russian—all with the holiday good-nature of reserves, tragic in its insensibility to the blasted homes and hearths outside.

A hauptmann sent for me, to his tiny cell of a room in the same building, lit by candles stuck into bottles, its smashed windows stuffed with rags. He was the English-speaking type of reserve officer, whom my days at the Austrian front have resolved into a type: the commercial Teuton called from England or America into an ill-fitting uniform, and tinged with a cosmopolitanism that makes his partisanship, when he speaks English, seem half-hearted. This one had exported rosin and pitch from our South; you could see that his sun-bleached beard was less a necessity of roughing it than a concession to the style of his readopted people.

He started in great detail to rehearse the war here from its beginning—how the first fighting down near Valjevo forced the Austrian "drawing movement" (polite for retreat) to north of the Save, since when the retribution all around has been visited on his enemy. And then, as usual, he ended—"But I get all my information from the newspapers." Indeed, what's the use? That I do not quote him is no reflection on his sincerity; only, I find myself clinging tighter than ever to the two axioms for correspondents in this war, viz: Expect 2 plus 2 always to make 5 ... lieve nothing unless you see it ... don't believe it then.

Worn-Out Arguments.

So, instead, I steered him into the ... vorite pastime of all Teutons, whi... to defend Germany's entry into ... gium. And the same two "argume... appeared: the back-handed Jesuitry that France "would have violated the treaty, anyhow, if we hadn't"; that the Belgians were fools, and were cursing the Allies now for not having accepted the bribe of non-molestation, practically to ally themselves with the invaders. But the Budapest journalist, who had followed us, ended this praise of sordidness by excitedly entering it with his grunts. And that, after two days of pretending that he did not understand English! So I escaped him to this schoolhouse—one of the hundreds throughout Servia, in each of which, had she accepted Austria's famous note, Serb teachers would today be telling children Austria's version of history.

All this morning I have been groping and stumbling through the blizzard, on the aforesaid battlefield between the Save and the Drina. But one has given picture enough of its edges. You sit upon earthworks strewn with empty cartridge-boxes, with every branch of the pollarded willows behind snapped from the firing, and try to amuse yourself with the thought that, anyway, soldiers here have done more solid digging in a week than any subway contractor could put over in a year.

Whole forests of saplings would be axed to give a glacis. You wander through artillery positions, their caves and walls of sod bricks reinforced by willow thatching, the water ankle-deep, the dark interiors filled with bloody clothing, rusty trapping, mildewed boots, and grub. And wherever there is space enough between the great network of trenches, the little graveyards with low palings, and the crosses of two staves with the pencilled inscriptions, the bedraggled wreaths. Overhead, always the guttural muttering of the swarms of gray-bellied ravens. Marvellous ambuscades there were—whole lines of apparent haycocks, that turned out to be brick shelters. Among the shattered houses, always the peasant woman's wooden trough for mixing break lying split near the great mud oven. Every road axle-deep in mud, but alive with huge supply motors, many of them stuck and helpless, being hauled by shouting soldiers, that the bloodshed and devastation may go on and on to the southward.

I saw but one corpse, among the golden pumpkins of what once had been a cornfield. The long rains had washed away this one shallow grave. At each end you saw the sinewy outline of a skull, of legs and feet, stained with the palish green that such flesh takes on.

The Social Democrat may snore all he likes. For breakfast, I have still a can of goulash, tea, and enough spiritus for the tiny stove, without which you can't live at the Austrian "front."

St. George Masonic Installation.

St. George, Dec. 29—An installation of officers for the year was conducted for the St. George No. 12 Lodge, F & A. M. at the Masonic hall last evening by Past District Deputy A. C. Grant. The officers were: James Boyd, W. M.; John Spear, S. W.; A. W. Stewart, J. W.; Martin Magowan, treasurer; Charles Johnson, secretary; Rev. T. Harrison, chaplain; Chester Catharine, S. D.; Gabe Craig, J. D.; Wesley McKay, S. S.; M. Sherwood, J. S.; James Austin, I. G.; Robert J. Grey, D. of C.; James Jack, tyler.

His Experience.

Mrs. Henpeck—"Is there any difference, Theodore, do you know, between a fort and fortress?"

Mr. Henpeck—"I should imagine a fortress, my love, would be harder to silence!"—London Opinion.