

Chicago was a good place, they intended never to leave it, the family had come there for ever.

I met an Alsatian who told me how he had fled from home when he was twelve years old. He crossed the Swiss frontier, and got into Basle at midnight, and had travelled to America *via* Paris and Havre, and had never gone back. He did not want to serve in the German Army. His father had been a great French soldier in the Franco-German war.

"If you went back now would the German authorities bring you to trial?" I asked.

"No. I have the Emperor's pardon in black and white."

"Do many of those who run away get pardon?"

"Only when there is good cause. I used to send money home regularly to keep my sister. The mayor of the town heard of my generosity, reported it to Berlin, and a pardon was written out for me."

"They thought it a pity to keep a good citizen out of his own country, even though he had created the army. A wise action, eh?" said I.

"The Germans are 'cute," he replied.

I met a Russian revolutionary who complained that his compatriots in the towns spent all their spare time getting drunk, fighting, and praying. The Russian who made his pile went and opened a beer-shop. He thought the priests of the Orthodox Church kept the immigrants down; they got more money from drunkards than from the virtuous, and