TD. King Street

HERSELF
o wear. She would
of new millinery.
Trimmed Hats
Mourning Veils
Christmas Bells
Ostrich Boas
urning Millinery
s to give
imited
S

fitted for electricity.
it worth your while.
leaters
Electric Table Lamps
Desk Lamps
ctric Boudoir Lamps
Outfits
RY EVENING
Ltd.

SATURDAY, 10 P.M.
CHRISTMAS.
y of Furs
M.R.A.'s Furs are of de-
on.
nd lined with Skinner's Satin $195.00
cuffs. Splendid wearing Pop-
Marten, Rich Brocaded Satin

RIBBON NOVELTIES
uding dainty Camisoles and
tty Hand Bags made of wide
cy Ribbon. Many lovely
terns in Ribbons for Hair
rs, Fancy Work, etc.

HANDKERCHIEFS
embroidered lawn or linen,
plain and initialed Hand
chiefs and some with color-
borders. Novelty Crepe de
ne Handkerchiefs. Any of
se will be nicely boxed for
giving.

HOSIERY
many varieties of Silk, Lisle,
Cashmerette. Black, White
a big assortment of colors
choose from.
Women's Gaiters in different
des. Kiddies' Wool Over-

d in all popular colors, plain
arf and Toque or Scarf and
Wool Sweaters in Rose and
tyles and colorings. These
elour Kimonos from $7.50 to

on Limited
KET SQUARE

GIFTS
oliday is toward use-
ing so much towards
RS"
d to Give.
aver, Otter and other
more.
es $15.00 up.
NS, LTD.
n, N. B.

FEATURES
Home Reading
Comics — Sport

The St. John Standard,

NEW BRUNSWICK, CANADA.

FEATURES
Society — Fiction
Children's Corner

SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 21, 1918.

LOST FACE

By JACK LONDON.

(Copyright by the New York Herald Company. All rights reserved.)

It was the end. Subienkow had travelled a long trail of bitterness and horror, homing like a dove for the capitals of Europe, and here, further away than ever, in Russian America, the trail ceased. He sat in the snow, arms tied behind him, waiting the torture. He stared curiously before him at a huge Cossack, prone in the snow, screaming in agony. The men had finished handling the giant and turned him over to the women. That they exceeded the fiendishness of the men the man's frightful yells attested.

Subienkow looked on and shuddered. He was not afraid to die. He had carried his life too long in his hands on that weary trail from Warsaw to Nulato to shudder at mere dying. But he objected to the torture. It offended his soul. And this offence, in turn, was not due to the mere pain he must endure, but to the sorry spectacle the pain would make of him. He knew he would yell and scream as Big Ivan was yelling and screaming. He knew he would pray, and beg, and entreat, even as Big Ivan and the others that had gone before. This would not be nice. To pass out gravely and cleanly, with a smile and a jest—ah, that would have been the way! But to lose control, to have his soul upset by the pangs of the flesh, to screech and gibber like an ape, to become the veriest beast—ah, that was what was so terrible.

There had been no chance to escape. From the beginning, when he dreamed the fiery dream of Poland's independence, he had become a puppet in the hands of fate. From the beginning at Warsaw, at St. Petersburg, in the Siberian mines, in Kamchatka, on the crazy boats of the fur thieves, fate had been driving him to this end. Without doubt in the foundations of the world was graved this end for him—for him, who was so fine and sensitive, whose nerves scarcely sheltered under his skin, who was a dreamer and a poet and an artist. Before he, as he, was dreamed of it had been determined that the quivering bundle of sensitiveness that constituted him should be doomed to live in raw and howling savagery and to die in this far land of night, in this dark place beyond the last boundaries of the world.

He sighed. So that thing before him, that thing that screamed, was Big Ivan—Big Ivan the giant, the man without nerves, the man of iron, the Cossack turned freebooter of the seas, who was as phlegmatic as an ox, with a nervous system so low that what was pain to ordinary men was scarcely a tickle to him. Well, well, trust these Nulato Indians to find Big Ivan's nerves and trace them to the roots of his quivering soul! They were certainly doing. Listen to that! A yell more hideously awful than any that had gone before ripped an tore through Subienkow's consciousness. It was fearful, it was inconceivable, that a man could suffer so much and yet live. Big Ivan was paying for his low order of nerves. Already he had lasted twice as long as any of the others, and still his great lungs shrieked his agony.

Subienkow felt that he could not stand the Cossack's sufferings much longer. Why didn't Ivan die? He would go mad if that screaming did not cease. But when it did cease his turn would come. He Rudolph Subienkow, would have his nails torn out by the roots, his finger ends sliced off in strips, thin strips, a section at a time, his nose——. He almost shrieked himself at thought of the horrors awaiting him. And there was Yakaga awaiting him, too, grinning at him even now in anticipation—Yakaga, whom only last week he had kicked out of the fort, and upon whose face he had laid the lash of his dog whip. Yakaga would attend to him. Doubtlessly Yakaga was saving for him fore refined tortures, more exquisite nerve racking. Ah! that must have been a good one, from the way Ivan screamed. The squaws bending over him stepped back with laughter and clapping of hands. Subienkow saw the monstrous thing that had been perpetrated, and began to laugh hysterically. The Indians looked at him in wonderment that he should laugh. But Subienkow could not stop.

This would never do. He controlled himself, the spasmodic twitchings slowly dying away. He strove to think of other things, and began reading back in his own life. He remembered his mother and his father and the little spotted pony and the French tutor who had taught him dancing and smuaked him an old worn copy of Voltaire. Once more he saw Paris and dreary London and gay Vienna and Rome. And once more he saw that wild group of youths who had dreamed even as he, the drea mof an independent Poland, with a King of Poland on the throne at Warsaw. Ah, there, it was that the long trail began. Well, he had lasted longest. One by one, beginning with the two executed at St. Peterasburg, he took up the count of the passing of those brave spirits. Here one had been beaten to death by a jailer, and there, on that blood stained highway of the exiles, where they had marched for endless months, beaten and maltreated by their Cossack guards, another had dropped by the way. Always it had been savagery—brutal, bestial savagery. They had died—dear God, how they had died!—of fever, in the mines, under the knout. The last two had died after the escape, in the battle with the Cossacks, and he alone had won to Kamchatka with the stolen papers and the money of a traveller he had left lying in the snow.

It had been nothing but savagery. All the years, with his heart in studios and theatres and courts, he had been hemmed in by savagery. He had purchased his life with blood. Everybody had killed. He had killed that traveller for his passports. He had proved that he was a man of parts by duelling with two Russian officers in a single day. He had had to prove himself in order to win a place among the fur thieves. He had had to win that place. Behind him lay the thousand years long road across all Siberia and Russia. He could not escape that way. The only way was ahead, across the dark and icy sea of Behring to Alaska. The way had led from savagery to deeper savagery. On the scurvy rotten ships of the fur thieves, out of food and out of water, buffeted by the interminable storms of that stormy sea, men had become animals. Thrice he had sailed east from Kamchatka. And thrice, after all manner of hardship and suffering, the survivors had come back to Kamchatka. There had been no outlet for escape, and he could not go back the way he had come, for the mines and the knout awaited him.

Again, the fourth and last time, he had sailed east. He had been with those who first found the fabled Seal Islands; but he had not returned with them to share the wealth of furs in the mad orgies of Kamchatka. He had sworn never to go back. He knew that to win to those dear capitals of Europe he must go on. So he had changed ships and remained in the dark new land. His comrades were Slavonian hunters and Russian adventurers, Mongols and Tartars and Siberian aborigines, and through the savages of the new world they had cut a path of blood. They had massacred whole villages that refused to furnish the fur tribute, and they, in turn, had been massacred by whole ship's companies He, with one Finn, had been the sole survivors of such a company. They had spent a winter of solitude and starvation on a lonely Aleutian isle, and their rescue in the spring by another fur ship had been one chance in a thousand.

But always the terrible savagery had hemmed him in. Passing from ship to ship, and ever refusing to return, he had come to the ship that explored south. All down the Alaska coast they had encountered nothing but hosts of savages. Every anchorage among the beetling islands or under the frowning cliffs of the mainland had meant a battle or a storm. Either the gales blew, threatening destruction, or the war canoes came off, manned by howling savages, with the war paint on their faces, who came to learn the bloody virtues of the sea rovers' gunpowder. South, south they had coasted, clear to the mythland of California. Here, it was said, were Spanish adventurers who had fought their way up from Mexico. He had had hopes of those Spanish adventurers. Escaping to them, the rest would have been easy—a year or more, what did it matter more or less, and he would win to Mexico; then a ship, and Europe would be his. But they had met no Spaniards. Only had they encountered the same impregnable wall of savagery. The denizens of the confines of the world, painted for war had driven them back from the shores. At last when one boat was cut off and every man killed, the commander had abandoned the quest and sailed back to the north.

The years had passed. In 1833 he had served under Tebenkoff when Michaelovski Redoubt was built. He had spent two years in the Kushokwim country. Two summers, in the month of June, he had managed to be at the head of Kotzebue Sound. Here, at this time, the tribes assembled for barter. Here were to be found spotted deer skins from Siberia, ivory from the Diomedes, walrus skins from the shores of the Arctic, stronge stone lamps, passing in trade from tribe to tribe, no one knew when, and once a hunting knife of English make; and here, Subienkow knew, was the school in which to learn geography. For he met Eskimos from Norton Sound, from King Island and St. Lawrence Island, from Cape Prince of Wales and Point Barrow. Such places had other names, and their distances were measured in sleeps.

It was a vast region these trading savages came from, and a vaster region from which, by repeated trades, that these stone lamps and that steel knife had come. Sobienkow bullied, and cajoled, and bribed. Every war journey or strange tribesman was brought before him. Perils uncounted, and unthinkable were mentioned, as well as wild beasts, hostile tribes, impenetrable forests and mighty mountain ranges. But always from beyond came the rumor and the tale of white skinned men, blue of eye and fair of hair, who fought like devils and who sought always for furs. They were to the east—far, far to the east. No one had seen them. It was the word that had been passed along.

It was a hard school. One could not learn geography very well through the medium of strange dialects—from dark minds that mingled fact and fable and that measured distances by "sleeps" that varied according to the difficulty of the going. But at last came the whisper that gave Subienkow courage. In the east lay a great river where were these blue-eyed men. The river was called the Yukon. South of Michaelovski Redoubt emptied another great river which the Russians knew as the Kwikpak. Then arose Makakoff, the Russish half breed, to lead the wildest and most ferocious of the hell's broth of mongrel adventurers who had crossed from Kamchatka. Subienkow was his lieutenant. They threaded the mazes of the great delta of the Kwikpak, picked up the first low hills on the northern bank, and for half a thousand miles in skin canoes, loaded to the gunwales with trade goods and ammunition, fought their way against the five-knot current of a river that ran from two to ten miles wide in a channel many fathoms deep. Malakoff decided to build the fort at Nulato. Subienkow urged to go further. But he quickly reconciled himself to Nulato. The long winter was coming on. It would be better to wait. Early the following summer, when the ice was gone, he would disappear up the Kwikpak and work his way to the Hudson Bay Company's posts. Malakoff had never heard the whisper that the Kwikpak was the Yukon, and Subienkow did not tell him.

Came the building of the fort. It was enforced labor. The tiered walls of logs arose to the sighs and groans of the Nulato Indians. The lash was laid upon their backs, and it was the iron hand of the freebooters of the sea that laid on the lash. There were Indians that ran away, and when they were caught they were brought back and spreadeagled before the fort, where they and their tribe learned the efficacy of the knout. Two died under it, others were injured for life, and the rest took the lesson to heart and ran away no more. The snow was flying ere the fort was finished, and then it was time for furs. A heavy tribute was laid upon the tribe. Blows and lashings continued, and that the tribute should be paid the women and children were held as hostages and treated with the barbarity that only the fur thieves knew.

Well, it had been a sowing of blood, and now was come the harvest. The fort was gone. In the light of its burning half the fur thieves had been cut down. The other half had passed under the torture. Only Subienkow remained, or Subienkow and Big Ivan, if that whimpering, moaning thing in the snow could be called Big Ivan. Subienkow caught Yakaga grinning at him. The mark of the lash was still on his face. After all, Subienkow could not blame him, but he disliked the thought of what Yakaga would do to him. He thought of appealing to Makamuk, the head chief, but his judgment told him that such an appeal was useless. Then, too, he thought of bursting his bonds and dying fighting. Such an end would be quick. But he could not break his bonds. Caribou thongs were stronger than he. Still devising, another thought came to him. He signed for Makamuk and that an interpreter who knew the coast dialect should be brought.

"Oh, Makamuk," he said, "I am not minded to die. I am a great man, and it were foolishness for me to die. In truth, I shall not die. I am not like these other carrion"—he looked at the thing that once had been Big Ivan and stirred it contemptuously with his toe—"I am too wise to die. Behold, I have a great medicine, I alone know this medicine. Since I am not going to die I shall exchange this medicine with you."

"What is this medicine?" Makamuk domanded.

"It is a strange medicine." Subienkow debated within himself for a moment, as if loath to part with the secret. "I will tell you. A little bit of this medicine rubbed on the skin makes the skin hard like rock, hard like iron, so that no cutting weapon can cut it. The strongest blow of a cutting weapon is a vain thing against it. A bone knife becomes like a piece of mud, and it will turn the edge of the iron knives we have brought among you. What will you give me for the secret of the medicine?"

"I will give you your life," Makamuk made answer through the interpreter.

Subienkow laughed scornfully.

"And you shall be a slave in my house until you die."

The Pole laughed more scornfully.

"Untie my hands and feet and let us talk," he said.

The chief made the sign, and when he was loosed Subienkow rolled a cigarette and lighted it.

"This is foolish talk," said Makamuk. "There is no such medicine. It cannot be. A cutting edge is stronger than any medicine."

The chief was incredulous, and yet he wavered. He had seen too many devilities of the fur thieves that worked. He could not wholly doubt.

"I will give you your life, but you shall not be a slave," he announced.

"More than that." Subienkow played his game as coolly as if he were bartering for a fox skin. "It is a very great medicine. It has saved my life many times. I want a sled and dogs and six of your hunters to travel with me down the river and give me safety to one day's sleep from Michaelovsky Redoubt."

"You must live here and teach us all of your deviltries," was the reply.

Subienkow shrugged his shoulders and remained silent. He blew cigarette smoke out on the icy air and curiously regarded what remained of the big Cossack, which the children were now worrying.

"That scar!" Makamuk said suddenly, pointing to the Pole's neck, where a livid mark advertised the slash of a knife in a Kamchatkan brawl. "The medicine is not good. The cutting edge was stronger than the medicine."

"It was a strong man that drove the stroke." Subienkow considered. "Stronger than you, stronger than your strongest hunter, stronger than he." Again with the toe of his moccasin he touched the Cossack, who was now moaning and slubbering from a featureless face, a grisly spectacle, no longer conscious, yet in whose dismembered body the pain racked life clung and was loath to go. "Also, the medicine was weak. For at that place there were no berries of a certain kind of which I have sen you have plenty in this country. The medicine here will be strong."

"I will it you go down river," said Makamuk, "and the sled and the dogs and the six hunters to give you safety shall be yours."

"You are slow," was the cool rejoinder. "You have committed an offence against my medicine in that you did not at once accept my terms. Behold, I now demand more. I want one hundred beaver skins." (Makamuk sneered.) "I want one hundred pounds of dried fish." (Makamuk nodded, for fish were plentiful and cheap.) "I want two sleds, one for me and one for my furs and fish. And my rifle must be returned to me. If you do not like the price in a little while the price will grow."

Yakaga whispered to the chief.

"But how can I know your medicine is true medicine?" Makamuk asked.

"It is very easy. First, I shall go into the woods"——

Again Yakaga whispered to Makamuk, who made a suspicious dissent.

"You can send twenty hunters with me," Subienkow went on. "You see, I must get the berries and the roots with which to make the medicine. Then, when you have brought the two sleds and loaded on them the fish and the beaver skins and the rifle, and when you have told off the six hunters who will go with me—then, when all is ready, I will rub the medicine on my neck, so, and lay my neck there on that log. Then can your strongest hunter take the axe and strike three times on my neck. You yourself can strike the three times."

Makamuk stood with gaping mouth, drinking in this latest and most wonderful deviltry of the fur thieves.

"But first," the Pole added, hastily, "after each blow I must put on fresh medicine. The axe is heavy and sharp, and I want no mistakes."

"All that you have asked shall be yours," Makamuk cried in a rush of acceptance. "Proceed to make your medicine."

Subienkow concealed his elation. He was playing a desperate game and there must be no slips. He spoke arrogantly.

"You have been slow. My medicine is offended. To make the offence clean you must give me your daughter."

He pointed to the girl, an unwholesome creature, with a cast in one eye and a bristling wolf tooth. Makamuk was angry, but the Pole remained imperturbable, rolling and lighting another cigarette.

"Make haste," he threatened. "If you are quick I shall demand yet more."

In the silence that followed the dreary northland scene faded from before him, and he saw once more his native land, and Paris, and once, as he glanced at the wolf toothed girl, he remembered another girl, a singer and a dancer, whom he had known when first as a youth he came to Paris.

"What do you want with the girl?" Makamuk asked.

"To go down the river with me," Subienkow glanced her over critically. "She will make a good wife, and it is an honor worthy of my medicine to be married to your blood."

Again he remembered the singer and dancer and hummed aloud a song she had taught him. He lived the old life over, but in a detached, impersonal sort of way, looking at the memory pictured in a book of anybody's life. The chief's voice, abruptly breaking the silence, startled him.

"It shall be done," said Makamuk. "The girl shall go down theriver with you. But be it understood that I myself strike the three blows with the axe on your neck."

"But each time I shall put on the medicine," Subienkow answered, with a show of ill concealed anxiety.

"You shall put the medicine on after each blow. Here are the hunters who shall see you do not escape. Go into the forest and gather your medicine."

Makamuk had been convinced of the worth of the medicine by the Pole's rapacity. Surely nothing less than the greatest of medicines could enable a man in the shadow of death to stand up and drive an old woman's bargain.

"Besides," whispered Yakaga, when the Pole, with his guard, had disappeared among the spruce trees, "when you have learned the medicine you can easily destroy him."

"But how can I destroy him?" Makamuk argued. "His medicine will not let me destroy him."

"There will be some part where he has not rubbed the medicine," was Yakaga's reply. "We will destroy him through that part. It may be his ears. Very well; we will thrust a spear in one ear and out the other. Or it may be his eyes. Surely the medicine will be much too strong to rug on his eyes."

The chief nodded.

"You are wise, Yakaga. If he possesses no other devil things we will then destroy him."

Subienkow did not waste time in gathering the ingredients for his medicine. He selected whatsoever came handiest, such as spruce needles, the inner bark of the willow, a strip of birch bark, and a quantity of moss berries, which he made the hunters dig up for him beneath the snow. A few frozen roots completed his supply and he led the way back to camp.

Makamuk and Yakaga crouched beside him, noting the quantities and kinds of ingredients he dropped into the pot of boiling water.

"You must be careful that the moss berries go in first," he explained.

"And—oh, yes, one other thing—the finger of a man. Here, Yakaga, let me cut off your finger."

But Yakaga put his hands behind him and scowled.

"Just a small finger," Subienkow pleaded.

"Yakaga, give him your finger," Makamuk demanded.

There be plenty of fingers lying around," Yakaga granted, indicating the human wreckage in the snow of the score of persons who had been tortured to death.

"It must be the finger of a live man," the Pole objected.

"Then shall you have the finger of a live man." Yakaga strode over to the Cossack and sliced off a finger.

"He is not yet dead," he announced, flinging the bloody trophy in the snow at the Pole's feet. "Also it is a good finger, because it is large."

Subienkow dropped it into the fire under the pot and began to sing. It was a French love song that with great solemnity he sang into the brew.

"Without these words I utter into it the medicine is worthless," he explained. "The words are the chiefest strength of it. Behold, it is ready."

"Name me the words slowly, that I may know them," Makamuk commanded.

"Not until after the test. When the axe flies back three times from my neck, then will I give you the secret of the words."

"But if the medicine is not good medicine?" Makamuk queried anxiously.

Subienkow turned upon him wrathfully. "My medicine is always good. However, if it is not good, then do by me as you have done to the others. Cut me up a bit at a time, even as you have cut him up." He pointed to the Cossack. "The medicine is now cool. Thus, I rub it on my neck, saying this further medicine."

With great gravity he slowly intoned a line of the "Marseillaise," at the same time rubbing the villainous brew thoroughly into his neck.

An outcry interrupted his play acting. The giant Cossack, with a last resurgence of his tremendous vitality, had arisen to his knees. Laughter and cries of surprise and applause arose from the Nulatos as Big Ivana, a screaming horror, began flinging himself about in the snow with mighty spasms.

Subienkow was made ill by the sight, but he mastered his qualms and made believe to be angry.

"This will not do," he said. "Finish him, and then we will make the test. Here, you, Yakaga, cut his throat so that his noise ceases."

While this was being done Subienkow turned to Makamuk.

"And remember you are to strike hard. Tis is not baby work. Here, take the axe and strike the log so that I can see you strike like a man."

Makamuk obeyed, striking twice, precisely and with vigor, cutting out a large chip.

"It is well," Subienkow looked about him at the circle of savage faces, that somehow seemed to symbolize the wall of savagery that had hemmed him about ever since the Tsar's police had first arrested him in Warsaw. "Take your axe, Makamuk, and stand so. I shall lie down. When I raise my hand, strike, and strike with all your might. And be careful that no one stands behind you. The medicine is good, and the axe may bounce from off my neck and right out your hands."

He looked at the two sleds, with the dogs in harness, loaded with furs and fish. His rifle lay on top the beaver skins. The six hunters who were to act as his guard stood by hte sleds.

"Where is the girl?" the Pole demanded. "Bring her up to the sled before the test goes on."

When this had been carried out, Subienkow law down in the snow, resting his head on the log like a tired child about to sleep. He had lived so many dreary years that he was indeed tired.

"I laugh at you and your strength, O Makamuk," he said. "Strike, and strike hard!"

He lifted his hand. Makamuk swung the axe, a broad axe for the squaring of logs. The bright steel flashed through the frosty air, poised for a perceptible instant above Makamuk's head, then descended upon Subienkow's bare neck. Clear through flesh and bone it cut its way, biting deeply into the log beneath. The amazed savages saw the head bounce a yard away from the blood spouting trunk.

There was a great bewilderment and silence, while slowly it began to dawn in their minds that there had been no medicine. The fur thief had outwitted them. Alone of all their prisoners he had had escaped the torture. That had been the stake for which he played. A great roar of laughter went up. Makamuk bowed his head in shame. The fur thief had fooled him. He had lost face before all his people. Still they continued to roar out their laughter. Makamuk turned and with bowed head stalked away. He knew that thenceforth he would no longer be known as Makabuk. He would be Lost Face—the record of his shame would be with him until he died, and whenever the tribes gathered in the spring for the salmon or in the summer for the trading the story would pass back and forth across the camp fires of how the fur thief died peaceably at a single stroke by the hand of Lost Faces. "Who was Lost Face?" he could hear in anticipation some insolent young buck demand. "Oh, Lost Face," would be the answer, "he who once was Makamuk, in the days before he cut off the fur thief's head."

The Toonerville Trolley That Meets All the Trains.

REVOLUTION A SHOCK TO SOME GERMANS

Intellectuals Completely Bewildered by Allied Victory and Subsequent Events.

Berne, Dec. 15—I have had a conversaton with two distinguished German intellectuals recently arrived from Germany. Both maintained an independent attitude during the war. One in particular is a leading authority on English economic questions. I reproduce here the substance of their views on the present postition in Germany.

My first informant was comparatively hopeful. He considers the danger of Bolshevism not serious, and drew particular attention to the strongly anti-Bolshevist attitude of the troops from the front. The troops, after four years of fighting, desire peace and order, and in any case the German people through trade unions and other organizations are much more highly disciplined than the Russian and resent anarchy.

Herr Kurt Eisner, the Bavarian Premier, is a man of ideas and a poet. He is sincere but not a practical statesman. He has abandoned now his opposition to a National Assembly, but still thinks parliamentarism is only a transitory form of government and still hopes to build up out of the present soviets a new form of democratic government on a basis of vocational representation; that is to say, there shall be an assembly including representatives of all classes, all vocations, and all interests, councils of industrialists and intellectuals as well as of soldiers, workmen, and peasants.

Auer, on the contrary, is a prosaic realist, and though he and Eisner should naturally compliment each other, they seem to find considerable difficulty in working harmoniously so far, according to my first informant, who persisted in hoping that the sound disciplined spirit of the German people would overcome all difficulties.

He pointed out that in some parts of Germany, in Hease for example, the people were dissatisfied with the one-sided rule of the Workers' and Soldiers' Council and created people's councils representing all classes.

My second informant, an economist, was less optimistic in regard to the Bolshevist danger. He pointed out that the military power of the Russian Bolsheviki was growing, that they were advancing very near to the German frontier and that their declared ambition was to establish a Bolshevist front on the Rhine. This was particularly serious at a moment when machine guns constituted such a powerful political argument, in Germany and when so many armed men were idle in the towns and constantly attending political meetings.

"The young men who now rule Germany," said this economist, "have excellent intentions and desire to maintain order. They think it is a question of machine guns, and do not realize that that is simply another form of militarism.

"The Entente powers would do a great service if they would declare explicitly and formally to these young men that the order on which peace is conditioned means government by a parliamentary majority."

Discussing the elections for a National Assembly, my informant said the women's vote complicated the matter. In Catholic districts it would mean an enormous addition to the Clerical vote, while the factory woman would vote for the Socialists. The German intellectuals, on the whole, were completely bewildered. Six weeks ago they still believed in victory, and never dreamed of revolution. Now they are completely unable to get their bearings.

No Need for These Fears

New York Post: What is behind the nervous fear, manifested in so many quarters, that Allied morale must be preserved in order that, as the expression goes, the victory won in the field may not be lost at the council table? Is there danger that the peace conference will order Admiral Beatty to return the German fleet to the Kaiser, or Foch to call back his armies from the Rhine, hand back the captured stores to Hindenburg, hand back the iron fields of Alsace-Lorraine? Is there anywhere the slightest sincere doubt that Germany is helpless in a military sense against any programme the Allies may choose to impose? We read of the German fleet a memory, the Allies in Metz, the French in Budapest, the Poles in Posn, and yet we fear lest the fruits of victory be lost! It would be a gain if the fearsome ones would speak out plainly what is in their minds. Why vapor about losing the fruits of victory at a time when the world is strewn with the shards and dust of German power?

Corrigon's Idea.

Corrigon, Sr. (admiring his son in U.S.N. uniform)—But why do they make the pants so wide at the bottom?

Corrigon, Jr.—So they can be quickly rolled up, dad.

Corrigon, Sr. (warmly)—Ye're no son iv mine if ye're goin' to fight wid yer feet! 'Tis yer jacket sleeves that ought to be wide at th' bottom!"