

MAKINO—But there are a number of embarrassing nouns. What shall we do about Russia?

LLOYD-GEORGE—There is a flock of Grand Dukes out in the hall. Suppose we ask them in.

WILSON—It is inadvisable. One of them might be infected with Bolshevism—no one seems to be immune. Who knows that even we— (All shudder). If we learned the facts about Russia they might influence our judgment.

CLEMENCEAU—Let us pretend that Russia is divided among warring factions, and invite all of them to send representatives to a Conference at the headwaters of the Amazon—

WILSON (nodding)—You are improving. To confer with the representatives of the associated powers in the freest and frankest way.

ORLANDO—The Bolsheviki talk well.

CLEMENCEAU—Let them talk. There's nobody to hear them at the headwaters of the Amazon!

WILSON—This is one case when diplomacy can "proceed frankly and in the public view."

ORLANDO—But what about the other factions?

CLEMENCEAU (triumphantly)—Why, we are the other factions!

(The Clock strikes five).

LLOYD-GEORGE (with a start)—Dear me! Six points already. At this rate we'll have nothing to do three days from now—nothing but go home.

MAKINO (dreamily). I like Paris, too.

LLOYD-GEORGE—Just a word about Point Seven—Belgium, you know. That clause, "without any attempt to limit the sovereignty she enjoys." Isn't that a bit strong? Of course we can't permit—

WILSON—That is another matter for the League of Nations. That is what the League of Nations is for.

CLEMENCEAU—And Point Eight—Alsace-Lorraine. I hope you haven't any foolish ideas about "self-determination" in Alsace-Lorraine?

WILSON—Yes—for all except pro-Germans.

CLEMENCEAU—But the language of the paragraph is open to misinterpretation. It might create a precedent. You know, we intend to annex the Saar Valley, where there aren't any Frenchmen.

WILSON—Gentlemen, you seem to have overlooked the essential point—Point Fifteen, if I may be permitted the pun. I have covered it with such luxuriant verbiage that up to this moment no one in the world has discovered it. May I not call attention to the fact that nowhere in this program have I declared against the principle of annexation?

(Frantic enthusiasm).

ORLANDO—And Point Nine—A readjustment of the frontiers of Italy should be effected along clearly recognized lines of nationality?

WILSON—You notice that I have not stated which nationality.

LLOYD-GEORGE—I must be going. What's left?

CLEMENCEAU—Only Austria-Hungary, the Balkans, Turkey and Poland.

ORLANDO—Give them half an hour tomorrow.

MAKINO—May I suggest that our American colleague write the statement to the press?

LLOYD-GEORGE (to Makino)—And while he's doing it, what do you say to a friendly settlement of the German possessions?

MAKINO—Charmed.

(Both take out their dice and while Wilson writes on a piece of paper, they throw).

LLOYD-GEORGE—Pair o' nines! Baby's got to have new socks! What's this for? The Caroline Islands?

MAKINO (with Oriental courtesy). The Carolines! Come seven! Roll 'em down!

LLOYD-GEORGE (snapping his finger). Come on—papa's watching! Choo-choo!

MAKINO—Come a-running, honey! Oh you eleven—

LLOYD-GEORGE—Yours, by Jingo! What'll it be now? Kiau-Chao?

MAKINO—The Marshalls.

LLOYD-GEORGE—Marshalls it is! Rattle them bones, boy! (They play).

WILSON—It's completed. Shall I read it? They assent.

WILSON (reading)—"President Wilson won another moral victory in the Peace Conference today. In spite of ominous predictions, his earnestness and eloquence, supported by the unselfish motives of the United States Government in entering the war, completely won over the representatives of the other powers. At present complete harmony reigns among the Delegates."

(At this moment the door opens and an attendant enters).

ATTENDANT—Telegram for Premier Orlando! Very urgent!

ORLANDO (opens it and reads slowly). "Revolution in Italy completely victorious. Rome in the hands of the Soviets." (All

are thunder-struck.)

(Enter attendant.)

ATTENDANT—Cablegram for President Wilson! Very urgent! WILSON (takes it and reads slowly).—"You are impeached for invading Russia without a declaration of war."

(While they are staring at each other, enter another attendant).

ATTENDANT—Telegram for Premier Lloyd-George! Very urgent!

LLOYD-GEORGE (reads).—"Sylvia Pankhurst made Premier. Do not hurry home." (Enter a fourth attendant.)

ATTENDANT—Cablegram for Baron Makino! Very urgent!

MAKINO (reads).—"Infuriated people, unable to get rice, have eaten the Mikado."

CLEMENCEAU (suddenly). Mark! (All listen. In the distance can be heard a confused and thunderous roar, which grows nearer, and resolves itself into a mighty chorus singing the "Carmagnole," the people of Paris marching on the Palais d'Orsay.)

ORLANDO—Does anyone know when the next train leaves?

MAKINO—For where? (General silence).

LLOYD-GEORGE—I feel a hankering to live under a stable Government.

WILSON—May I not suggest that there is only one stable Government now—at Moscow?

CLEMENCEAU (brightening)—I know Trotzky very well. I expelled him from France.

WILSON (thoughtfully)—My man Edgar Sisson was very intimate with Lenin.

ORLANDO—Is there a back way out of this place?

MAKINO—But we'll have to go to work!

WILSON (cheerfully)—Let us not be prematurely disheartened. Words are words in all languages—and Russians are doubtless human—and I still retain my powers of speech.

(Exeunt in single file through the window. The clock strikes six.)

SLOW CURTAIN.

Paris Workers Bear Red Flag On Jaures Day

BY SPEARMAN LEWIS

(Chicago Tribune Foreign News Service)

PARIS, April 7.—The red flag of revolution—unrest, soviet, socialism—anything of protest that you may wish to call it—made its unchallenged appearance on the streets of Paris yesterday.

Behind it, beside it, in front of it, marched men and women by tens of thousands. From the curbs of many boulevards and lesser lanes of travel other hundreds of thousands of Frenchmen and French women openly approved the marchers or gave them passive smiles of sympathy.

Rolling free and hearty from the throats of the marchers rose "The Internationale," the world famous song of the communist—the man who proclaims all workers brothers and defies the boundaries of states and nations. When they tired of the song they hooted Clemenceau, "the tiger" savior of France.

Gendarmes Are Silent

With the silent gendarmes looking on, chained to the curbs by the higher-ups, who were quick to pulse the temper of the throng, these thousands traversed unmolested a great section of Paris Sunday afternoon. Wise men sat in many corners Sunday night and Monday and tried their best to put a microscope glass upon it all and hunt the source whence it came.

The inspiration was a casual matter to the Americans in Paris, but to the Frenchman, in whose heart smoulders a protest of many weary years, the occasion centered in Jaures, the martyred leader of socialism. His slayer was recently acquitted. Many marchers on Sunday undoubtedly believe that Villian escaped the guillotine because the jury was of the hated "bourgeois" or middle class of wealth and influence.

Believe It Anyhow

It is quite probable that there is not a lick of truth in such an assumption, but the workers under the red banners have believed it more or less. Sunday's parade had as its announced purpose the delivery to Jaures' home of floral wreaths, and of a red bannered demonstration farther down the Avenue Henry Martin. Both were accomplished.

And in so doing for the first time in long forgotten years the red flag of the commune was flaunted proudly and fearlessly in Paris.

For the first time in long forgotten years soldiers of France in uniform—privates, captains, commandants, colonels—marched openly through the streets of Paris arm in arm with civilians, and in ranks above which floated no tricolor. The one flag was a red flag—and no police dared to raise a hand.