

MAINLY ABOUT PEOPLE

Containing little stories of those who are cheerfully trying to help the world along—barring one, and he is a camouflageur. Then, there's Damascus, the home of the sword that was made before Siegfried came on the stage.



HIGH up among those who live by lying stands Von Kuehlmann, German Foreign Minister, who is the Kaiser's catspaw for arranging separate peace terms with Russia. This hypnotic from Berlin has recently been at Brest-Litovsk, the place where the Turk took the chair to preside over the Peace Conference whose cheerful outlines we read the day before Christmas. Of course Von Kuehlmann has a brain. And it is direct-connected up to Berlin, which is the great central cerebrum from which all Germany's actions are supposed to radiate. The terms with which Von Kuehlmann's Berlin-controlled brain has been loaded to explode by the time fuse ignited in the Wilhelmstrasse, are about as naively incredible as anything else that comes out of Germany. No, we fear that Mr. Von K's brain has the wrong load for the ideas of civilization.



PRINCE HENRY watches the great rugby struggle at Eton. Waterloo was said to have been won on the rugby fields of Eton. There are a few hundred Waterloos yet to win in Europe. The spirit of rugby is still the tone and temper of manly old England. War comes out in the last analysis to man-power. Even the Germans know that when they fetch back armies from the Russian front—where they don't play rugby.

NO necessity of waiting till the war is over to begin mending up the world. Miss Anne Morgan, head of the American Fund for French Wounded Reconstruction Unit, gives directions to a band of soldier workmen for the rebuilding of peasants' homes. This work is done under the French military authorities. Those who get back very little except the places where their homes used to be must be housed somehow as soon as possible.



AUSTRALIA may roll up 175,000 majority against conscription, but the Anzacs marching behind the band will make some difference to the will of Australia. These Anzacs succeeded in prying loose a small town in the region of Ypres, and while the Hun shells continue to drop among the ruins the band plays as the boys keep marching on to the tune of—"The Girl I Left Behind Me," hoping that the Australian girl won't go back on the soldier when it comes to the vote.



AT the opening of 1918, when the old-fashioned ideas of New Year resolutions are being shot away in the great one resolution of all worth-while mankind—let us keep in mind the Queen of the Belgians. Queen Elizabeth is still the hero woman whose people and country first felt the foot of the German. What will 1918 bring to this Queen? Will the end of this year see her country rid of the Hun, her nation repaired, her people—no, there the prospect ends. Germany may recompense, but she can never restore Belgium. The land of Albert and Elizabeth is changed forever. Only the spirit of the people remains.



DAMASCUS was the home of the great sword. It is now the next objective on the line of British march in Palestine. Via Damascus, the forces of Gen. Allenby, still dominated by the memories of dead Gen. Maude, hope to get Aleppo astride the main line of the Bagdad railway. To get Aleppo will cut the Turks off from most of Asia Minor and all of Mesopotamia. So, more power to the British elbow that expects to wield the blade of Damascus!