

street in a mighty roar. Police were already at Liebknecht's side.

He smiled at the young women and said: "Never mind, I am the best victim." But he was not the only victim. The two young women who never had met Liebknecht and had taken no part in the demonstration were arrested.

The number in prison is astounding. In Stuttgart 400 are serving terms. There are corresponding numbers in all big cities, but I cannot quote accurately. But these victims are not suffering in vain. The military authorities clap every Liebknecht radical behind the bars, but they cannot stop the growing popular demand for peace. They dare not. The major wing of the Social Democratic party has taken advantage of this. Throughout Germany under their auspices peace meetings are being held. Everywhere people are signing a petition for peace on the basis of "status quo" before the war.

#### Murmur Among People.

As long as the demands are kept to this peace meetings are tolerated. Not to permit them would be fatal. There is a low ominous murmur rising from the people.

Most of the leaders in Liebknecht groups are in prison, but the followers fight on; no longer openly, because they fear prison, but quietly and insidiously. Gradually they are spreading revolt among the workers. The spirit of freedom is abroad in Germany. It can never again be crushed.

Present among the group of Social Democrats with which I talked was the young daughter of a prominent member. Her father is at the front. He was sent there despite all protest.

"Thank God, I'm nearsighted," he said, "naturally I will never kill any one, and my failure to land a bullet may be mistaken for bad eyesight, in which case I will get back to you."

It seemed evident the Government feared an uprising. But it had planned a judicious stroke.

For some time there had been rumors that the Deutschland was back in Bremen. But if it was the government suppressed the fact. It kept that sugar plum for a psychological moment.

That evening when all thoughts were centered on Liebknecht's fate seemed the needed moment. As I came down the street a news sheet was slipped in my hand. These leaflets were being distributed gratis by the Berliner Morgen Post. In black letters across the page was "Boat Deutschland eingetroffen—am Bord Alles Wohl." A little thrill coursed through me. It was magnetic and contagious. Life and color came to the eye of the spy, pedestrian, and soldier alike. This was a deed of which all Germany could be proud. It bound all together. Steps grew light and heads went up.

#### Lusitania News Different.

It was interesting to note the difference in effect produced by this news and that of the sinking of the Lusitania. I was in Berlin a year ago, just after the Lusitania disaster. Then the crowd was excited and angry. But no pride shone from eyes. The Deutschland news was different. It was as though a great gust of self-respect had flooded the nation.

Next morning, hidden in the back sheets of the papers, was a tiny paragraph announcing Liebknecht had been sentenced to four years' imprisonment at hard labor. But spread over the entire paper in black letters was the Deutschland's story. It was hard to riot against a government that had just done something of which all were proud.

At the beginning of the war German refugees, mothers and children in other lands were allowed to return to the fatherland while the fathers were interned in the enemy's country. Frequently these mothers and babies had no money. When this was the case the German government assigned the mothers work in different places and put their children in institutions. Many a mother to-day is a wreck in a hospital through loss of husband and children.

I protested vigorously at this separation of families, but the authorities assured me it had to be. They said: "When we kept mother and children together the mothers quarreled and it made too much trouble."

The real truth of the matter I fear is that Germany wanted to train the boys in one institution to be soldiers, and the girls in another to be domestic servants.

I make this statement advisedly because it is corroborated by another incident. I had seen how the poor suffered for lack of food. I knew if babies with adoring mothers and soldiers with devoted

wives went hungry unloved war orphans had no chance in the struggle.

At midnight I took the train for Karlsruhe. I had supposed I was boarding a sleeper, but found I had to change cars at 1.30 a.m.

This first train was bound for the western front. It was packed with soldiers. An officer, hearing my bad German, was inclined to question me, but soon desisted. In my compartment were three soldiers and a merchant. Soldiers rarely have the luxury of sleepers. So they lowered the light and crouched down to their corners, prepared to sleep.

It was a weird sensation being flung so closely against this evidence of war. By the tiny gleam of light I could just see the outline of those military figures and the knives sticking in each boot. I wondered how many stabs each knife had given. It was a relief an hour and a half later to change trains and get the sleeper for Karlsruhe.

The next morning, somewhat weary, I arrived at my destination. I had been on nine trains the preceding day to see twenty-five war orphans.

My friends were out when I reached the hotel. They were viewing the monuments of Karlsruhe. It was with relief that I settled down into the attractive room assigned. I foresaw it would be restful to have every act prearranged by others.

I was dressing for lunch when I heard a great commotion. German life is so dull these days that anything causes excitement. There was a great clattering of hoofs. That in itself was unusual. I hurried to the window. Coming down the square was row on row of open victorias. Barefooted children were running beside them. It must be at least the royal ruler of the duchy of Baden, I thought.

But no, the carriages were stopping in front of the hotel. They were old fashioned affairs, pulled by resurrected white horses. On the boxes sat aged little men in uniforms many sizes too large. Their silk hats came down over their ears. Then I chortled. Yes—it was—our party of nineteen scrubby reporters. All this pomp and ceremony was for us.

I felt like Alice in Wonderland transformed into the Red Queen. The populace stood about, while the reporters alighted with all the dignity they could muster. It was funny and tragic. Germany had no one else to entertain and we were treated like royalty.

Downstairs all was commotion. An elaborate luncheon was being prepared. The Chamber of Commerce was entertaining us. There were two gentlemen to each reporter. These gentlemen had spared no expense. We had seven or eight courses; two or three kinds of wine, including champagne. We ate for over two hours.

#### Eager to be Friends.

It seemed cruel when I remembered Germany's poor. That long swaying line of people in the north of Berlin, struggling for potatoes. Yet it was impossible to be angry with the Chamber of Commerce. These gentlemen were so kindly, so obvious in their desire to be friends with persons from neutral lands.

Gracious speeches were made, which I did not understand. Perhaps it was well I didn't, for every one knew that fact, and so I could clink glasses and drink to unknown toasts. But all the time my heart ached for the hungry people outside and the following questions never ceased to torment me. If the war kept on, wouldn't the radicals at the front and the radicals in prison be killed and starved, while the military leaders and the jingoes, whom the world professed to hate, be kept intact?

But if peace came, if the men came back, if suffering humanity came together, what would happen then? Wouldn't that be death to militarism? Didn't the militarists fear that moment? My mind painted a picture. I saw what would happen. I saw the young guard of the proletariat, indomitable groups of 500, marching from every corner of Germany to the palace gates.

#### INSURANCE ON GERMANS.

Much curiosity is being expressed by German policy holders in American life insurance companies with respect to the attitude to be taken toward them by companies in event of war with United States. At the close of 1913 four American companies had issued policies on 46,800 Germans. Since war these companies have suspended business in Germany. French and English companies have repudiated their contractual responsibility as regards German policy holders. American companies, however, have been called upon to maintain a large reserve fund in Germany.

## Trade Returns

### Canada's Exports of Manufactures in January Ten Times Greater Than in January 1914.

Canada's trade for the month of January, 1917, showed increase of thirty-eight million dollars over that of January, 1916. According to the trade returns published at Ottawa, last week, the total trade for the month was \$177,946,907. The total trade for the ten months of the fiscal year amounted to \$1,878,284,697, approximately \$718,000,000 over the corresponding period last year.

Imports in January totalled \$72,323,074 an increase of \$22,000,000. The imports for the ten months amounted to \$674,964,548, an increase over \$280,000,000.

January exports amounted to \$99,106,259, an increase of \$16,000,000. Ten months exports to \$1,202,320,149, an increase over \$437,000,000. The figures include coin and bullion movement.

Munition orders and orders for other war supplies play a large part in these big trade balances. In the total of \$99,106,259 for domestic exports, exports of manufactures account for \$50,814,082 against \$22,550,924 of agricultural products, which prior to the war had bulked as the largest item in our shipments abroad.

High prices and the demand from Europe account for the heavy export of agricultural implements for the month. The value of agricultural implements exported was over three times the total for January, 1914. This substantial growth is overshadowed by the showing in exports of manufactures which accounted for a value ten times as great as in January, 1914. Comparisons under the two heads for the month of January show the trend events have been taking:

Year.	Agricultural.	Manufactures.
1917 .....	\$22,550,924	\$50,814,082
1916 .....	15,402,976	47,015,283
1915 .....	8,082,571	7,769,146
1914 .....	8,942,529	5,050,999

Although domestic exports in January fell considerably below December, when the total was \$130,037,174, while imports were slightly higher than in that month, the showing, all things considered, may be viewed as highly favorable. The excess of exports over imports, again taking only domestic figures and excluding also the now misleading gold figures, was \$26,783,185, or close to the monthly average through 1916. This in a dull export month, such as January, usually is, may be considered a gratifying result.

The February result is hardly likely to be as satisfactory. Congestion in ocean and rail transportation and the restricted outward movement of goods, which was the first result of the new submarine warfare will unquestionably have an adverse effect on exports. As the bulk of our imports come from the United States there was probably less interruption in the inward movement.

Exports of domestic merchandise and imports of goods entered for consumption show the following comparisons for January in each year since 1912:

	Exports.	Imports.	Balance.
1917 .....	\$99,106,259	\$72,323,074	*\$26,783,185
1916 .....	83,731,184	50,170,665	*33,560,519
1915 .....	28,595,593	30,300,157	†1,704,563
1914 .....	25,218,737	40,921,240	†15,702,503
1913 .....	19,370,524	52,751,601	†33,381,077
1912 .....	19,527,271	38,662,325	†19,135,054

(\*)—Excess of exports. (†)—Excess of imports.

Although the principal gains in January as compared with the same month last year were in agricultural and manufactured products, a good gain was scored under the head of minerals and fair gains in "fisheries" and "animals and their produce." In detail exports were classified as follows, with comparisons from January a year ago:

	1917	1916
Mines .....	\$ 6,836,464	\$ 4,654,815
Fisheries .....	2,784,824	2,437,715
Forest .....	3,695,352	3,243,360
Animals, etc. ....	11,745,761	10,203,827
Agriculture .....	22,550,924	15,402,976
Manufactures .....	50,814,082	47,015,283
Miscellaneous .....	678,852	773,208
Total .....	\$99,106,259	\$83,731,184

#### A FLOOR ANECDOTE.

Two members of the Stock Exchange who are noted among their associates for their gloomy outlook on life were the subjects of a story circulated on the floor recently. It was reported that the two brokers had arranged to picnic at Woodlawn Cemetery on Lincoln's Birthday, but the sun came out and spoiled the party.—Boston News Bureau