

CHINA ADDS TO INTERNATIONAL COMPLICATIONS

Change from Monarchy to Republic only one of the issues involved and which may lead to further embarrass Allies.

Washington, Nov. 19.—The sensational turn in far eastern affairs on the eve of the proposed change by China from a republic to a monarchy has been the subject of confidential exchanges between the allied powers during the last week, but only became known here today.

Japan, so far as is known, has not yet been consulted, the conversations thus far having been confined to the European Entente Allies and the Peking government. If Japan knows of the plans unofficially, there is nothing here to indicate what her position will be.

Although Great Britain, France and Russia joined Japan in representations to China to postpone the establishment of a monarchy because it was thought a change during the present disturbance of affairs might provoke revolutions and international complications, this latest step by the Allies is understood here not to have been initiated because of the monarchial situation alone.

It was considered essential by the Allies that such arrangements be made in the far east as would permanently safeguard their interests. The impending change in China's form of government has rendered the situation somewhat acute. Fear of revolution in China and the possibility of Japanese interference to preserve peace have been impressed upon the Japanese people to an extent that has attracted wide attention among the European diplomats.

By joining the Entente Alliance, none of China's operations could affect the course of the war in Europe, but the move would effectively guarantee Japanese abstention from interference in China. Japan's attitude is not clear as yet but two possibilities are considered here as plausible.

First—That Japan will join in the movement on the theory that her paramount interests in China will not suffer any abridgement through the future actions of the Allies, or second: That Japan will remain aloof from any agreement violating even the future entrance of China as an ally as not altering Japan's right to independent action in the Far East wherever her interests are effectively guaranteed. The origin of the move to enlist China on the side of the Allies is not yet known here but there are indications that some Chinese diplomats are inclined very favorably toward it as insuring the integrity of China beyond question and stabilizing the national government.

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RELEASED ON \$40,000 BAIL.

London, Nov. 19.—John Wesley De Kay, who was arrested here last week on a charge of fraud in France, was released in Bow street court today, pending the arrival of evidence from France. He was released on giving \$40,000 bail.

STUDIES IN KHAKI

By Dell Leigh.

"Lance-Corporal White, D.C.M., will now say a few words," and with this the sergeant climbed hurriedly to the pavement.

In the dark street beside the Tube station the young D.C.M. plucked the burning end of his cigarette economically between forefinger and thumb, transferred it to the lining of his cap, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and mounted the improvised platform. Packing cases, portable on bicycle wheels, formed its base, and the narrow lectern, against which excessive preachers of the military gospel leaned, consisted of two uprights and a cross piece of deal, "borrowed" from a quartermaster's store and nailed rudely together, and still bore traces of the words "Discipline, Identity, with Cord: R.A.C.D."

The coming speaker had, been announced in a tornado of superlatives by the sergeant. It was said he held the Distinguished Conduct Medal—that he "ought to 'ave 'ad the Victoria Cross."

And a crowd of some three hundred persons swayed slightly the better to see his face. This was difficult enough. The only light of any consequence which gave upon the street, except when the doors of the Tube exit swung outwards, was that from a haberdasher's window behind the platform. Here the band had grouped themselves, and were now engaged in shaking drops from overwrought instruments.

An enthusiast, second cousin of the D.C.M., in the front row, lit a match and held it up, and the crowd murmured "Good for you, Bill."

The speaker smiled and cleared his throat. His mother, wedged between a taxi driver and an old gentleman who hugged a white jug to his bosom, pressed a rabbit-skin muff to her nose and shivered expectantly.

Without preamble or the flaccid exorcisms of the amateur he merely pushed back the peak of his cap and embarked upon a calm sea of words, whose waters were the terms of the street, and whose rocks adjacent policemen watching for undue investiture. There was no "bringing the word well smothered, such as a king should hear." There was not the insidious argument, the "point" pressed cunningly home; the debt twanging of the strings of human emotions. No glib metaphor, or impressive pausing while a glass of water was sipped and laid carefully down. Of tricks of the platform trade he had none. He was just a London youth, who had once pushed a baker's cart, back from Flanders trenches and the reek and turmoil of war, speaking to his own kind in his own way, which was their way, and spreading the army seed.

He just leaned forward, cap on back of head, arms folded on the "dais" and began: "Look 'ere, some of you—all of you . . ."

And thenceforward they hung upon his word in the gloom.

Amid the hazy rumble of busses in the main road, the falsetto note of taxis, and the sonorous toot of the private car, only disjointed sentences fell upon the outskirts of his audience. He had taken the assembly into his confidence, was explaining the nation's need to them earnestly and with knowledge. So that passes up on adjoining pavements saw merely a little man on a tub, evidently saying something, and a medley of pale faces looking up. The high road was, at it were, without the gates. This was no affair of theirs, and its occupants hurried on upon their lawful occasions. Those who stood aloof for a moment on the fringe, drawn by the magnet of a crowd, felt only the spray of the wave and were not touched by the actual waters.

"The excuses these toffs put up, Lor! you'd hardly credit it! I arst a young feller yesterday. I sez to 'im, 'Wot are you doin' fer the country anyway?'"

"'I'm doin' war work, 'e sez—'laughly like."

"'Wot war work?' sez I, bein' as you might say suspicious of the bloke."

"'I'm stirrin' jam,' sez 'e, 'in Tip-ton's factory—fer the troops!'"

"'Well, we don't want no men messin' about with our jam.' (As an afterthought), 'No—we'd rather leave that to the young ladies, it 'ud taste sweeter.' (Appreciative murmur from the women.)"

"' . . . It's the best paid Army in the world, ours is; why look at the . . .'"

A policeman's voice interrupts with "Stand forward, there!" There is a ripple on the edge of the crowd and a lane is pierced to allow a stately car to glide gently past, driven by a slightly disdainful chauffeur. The electric light inside spreads momentarily across the young recruit's face. He pauses, his mouth still open with his unfinished sentence. The occupant, a man with a lined face and two red splashes, embroidered with gold oak leaves, on the collar of his jacket, sits forward quickly. The eyes of the General and the Lance-Corporal meet for a second "unflinchingly." The former smiles encouragingly and then leans back. The car turns the corner.

"'Look at the pay. One and a penny a day an' all found—and separation allowance if married. Yes, boys. Your wife gets sixteen bob a week if she lives in London—twelve and six if she don't. Five bob a week extra if there's a little 'un—arf a guinea extra if she's got three—that makes twenty-six an' sixpence a week for a wife and three kids. An' wot more she gets it—and gets it paid reglar . . .'"

Certain feminine portions of the crowd whisper hurriedly together. The regularity of the payment has struck home.

" . . . Take the French army. Wot

do they get? I'll tell you. The French Tommy's got three 'pence per diem, three 'pence, bear in mind. It used to be a 'penny a day, 'untill quite recent. An' 'is family? They don't get a quarter of 'what your wives 'ud get—and a quarter. 'An' they aren't 'arf puttin' up a fight neither. Wot about the push in the Champagne country? That weren't so dusty, was it? . . ."

A Frenchwoman, wrapped in fur and leaning on the arm of her husband, has been drawn magnet-wise to the borders.

"'Ma foi qu'il est fort, ce p'tit polou; qu'elle age a-t-il, pensez-tu!'"

"'Je s'en sais rien,' replies the man, 'mais il cause excessivement bien, parbleu.'"

Thence the D. C. M. takes them from the consideration of peace, counted weekly; from the wet glitter of pavements by night and of shop fronts by day. With his hand pointing unerringly north-east as a guide, he carries them with him, going and wide-eyed, to the place whence his have come. To the open-tyefest trench of the first line, filled by the London lads; to devastated Belgium; to little villages "behind," where tired London lads sometimes sleep, where he himself has slept. Experience frames his words and fashions his language. It is the eloquence of trial that he gives them; of hardships stoically borne; of strength that has endured.

Recruiting sergeants, with restless eyes, move in and out among the close-packed people with a dexterity born of practice. One, very tall, his head and beribboned cap sticking up above his neighbors, disappears round a corner of human beings like a periscope sliding out of harbor.

The Tube station throws a sudden bar of light upon the street, a lift door opens, disgorging its freight. The speaker's head is thrown again into strong relief, and this time little beads of perspiration glitter upon the brow. The smooth young face looks tired and drawn. His wound aches. He falters for a word for the first time—repeats a sentence, and then goes steadily on. He takes up only part of a story whose words have run smoothly, simply, through turbulent years of his country's history. A tale his forehead heard, his children will hear—of British arms and British tradition, the hall mark of his race.

A comrade, watch in hand, by the haberdasher's window, comes up behind and taps him lightly on the leg with his cane.

He nods comprehendingly. The bandmaster taps the kerbstones twice with his baton. His men raise instruments and lick their lips.

"'Well, you've 'ard enough of me'—(cries of dissent)—'Lastways I've got to say. You can think the rest out for yourself, while you listen to a selection by the band.'"

And with this parting reference to their conscience, the fisher of men leaves the gaffing in the hands of the busy N. C. O.'s, and, groping for his half-smoked cigarette, descends leisurely to the pavement.

Kinaston, Ont., Nov. 18.—Lieut. Gordon S. Andrews, thirty years of age, a well-known Toronto newspaper man was killed today while taking riding exercises at the Royal School of Artillery. He was riding across Barriefield commons when his horse slipped, throwing him and then rolling on him. He died within an hour of his arrival at the hospital.

SAYS POLAND IS ESSENTIAL TO RUSSIA

Seizure by Germany would be the first step towards dismemberment of the Russian empire.

Petrograd, Nov. 19, via London.—The relations between Russia and Poland, which have been little discussed since the retirement from Warsaw, have been brought again into the field of debate by the Polish lawyer, Alexander Lednitsky, at Moscow. Several interesting expressions on the subject have been elicited by M. Lednitsky, notably one from the pen of Prince Eugene Troubetzkoy, who has just been elected a member of the Imperial Council.

Prince Troubetzkoy declared that the interests of Russia and Poland are bound together, and that a Poland, independent of Germany, politically free, and possibly altogether independent, is essential to the independence of Russia. The seizure of Poland by Germany would be the first step in the dismemberment of Russia, said Prince Troubetzkoy, as Germany was covetous of Lithuania, the Baltic provinces, and part of the Black Sea coast.

M. Lednitsky's purpose in initiating the discussion is, thought by many to be to prevent consolidation of the opinion noted in some quarters that Russia had experienced only disillusionment in Poland, and was uninterested in its further fate.



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MEXICO TO FRONT WITH A PROTEST

Washington, Nov. 19.—The Carranza government has protested to Great Britain against the recent forcible search of the American steamer Zealandia at Progresso as a violation of Mexican neutrality.

The captain of the ship contends he was within Mexican territorial waters while the British naval authorities insist that a careful measurement has established that the ship was a quarter of a mile outside and there, on the high seas.

The Zealandia has had a spectacular career of late and has been suspected of being in service to aid Germany.

Well Over the Century. The police arrested six drunks last evening. Andy Irvine was arrested in the evening on the charge of vagrancy. Andy is an old timer in the police station, and this makes about 155 times that he has been arrested.



The Crowds Grow Larger as This Great Event Progressess

The general public realize the vast importance and the stupendous opportunity that is now staring them in the face. Such real saving chances as this have not been known in the City of St. John for many moons. We hesitated to take the daring action of cutting prices to the extent we have done, but we found it absolutely necessary to raise a certain amount of cash at once, and so we just grit our teeth and went at it with a determination to make it well worth your while to buy the wearables you needed right now and here. The tremendous trade of the past week has brought us NEAR TO THE MARK.

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