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Marse Henry Watterson
Says, "To Hell With
the Hohenzollern"

Says Germany's Chance Was Lost When Paris Was Saved—God Never Meant Such a Cause to Win—The Silent Pressure From Those at Home Beginning to Tell.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Dec. 15.—Under the caption "Terms of Peace," Col. Henry Watterson says in the Courier-Journal:

And now the peace-word comes direct from the camp of the Hohenzollern—from the Bloody Lips of the Prussian Militarist—the devil quoting Scripture, the while in condemnation of war.

"At present," says von Hindenburg, "the enemy won't make peace. They are not weakened enough. We must therefore keep it up further."

The rat, Aesop's fable tells us, having possessed himself for the moment of the cheese, made philippic discourse upon the virtues and the graces of life, including his own magnanimity. Equally complacent is the Field Marshal. He was never a lover of strife. He would emulate Cincinnatus and "Return to the plough." But the war "having been thrust upon Germany," she "cannot sheathe her sword," notwithstanding the fact that "every German would rejoice if an end were put to the terrible blood-letting."

Feeling the Pressure.

We may read between the lines that there has arrived at the front a pressure from the rear. For the first time the German people must be considered. In truth, small heed was paid to them at the outset. They had been "prepared" by half a century of "kultur." Kruppism sat in the saddle. Militarism rode at will. All that was wanted was a pretext, and the signal. The murders at Sarajevo furnished the one, the War Lord of Berlin gave the other. To catch Britain unready, if not unawares; to swoop across Belgium and on to Paris; possessed of France, to turn upon Russia. 'Twas to the Kaiser-mind as easy as falling off a log.

Now as ever, here as elsewhere—"The best-laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley."

There stood Belgium—little David with his sling!!!

Who so believed it possible? And, the French!!!

The Lord had not deserted France, and the French people—may heaven continue to bless France and the French people!!!

A little late and a little lame, rich old, old lubberly John Bull ambled up, but "Got there," the battles of the Marne were fought. Slowly the encircling lines widened—the over-confident hordes drew back—and Paris was saved.

There and then the cause of the Hohenzollern and the Hapsburg—to hell with them!!!—was lost. It was lost, and they knew it. It was lost, and they proclaimed it lost by the last ditch campaigns of murder which followed on land and sea. Terror might piece out, the shortage of "kultur"—the deficiencies of Kruppism might perchance be made good by frightfulness. Fatal mistake!!!

Cause Cannot Win.

God never meant that such a cause should win. In all the world it never has. In all the world it never will.

Now come the Winter of the people's discontent—nature's signal for the undoing of Hapsburg and the Hohenzollern—and the bold von Hindenburg, that first cried havoc and let slip the dogs of war, to put up a poor mouth and talk of peace, to talk of peace like a very drab; regardless of Serbia lying dead at his feet; regardless of Belgium slain in her sanctuaries; yet betraying the spirit of his dream of blood and conquest when he said: "If the French want Alsace-Lorraine, let them come and get it." Please God they will not the war end until they do.

Truly that visit of the Hohenzollern to the Hapsburg the other day 'tis a long way from Berlin to Vienna—was not without significance!

But what of America? Fittingly the President gave the cue and spoke the word. Let us all rally about the stand by the terms of his noble utterance.

The loyal, the true American, hates no land and no people, but he loves only his own; and, loving his own, he says to the rest, the United States would stand friendly and just in this combat of nations, demanding that each shall respect the law of nations; expecting each to obey the laws of God, but requiring of all the homage due alike to our dignity and prowess; due alike to our rights and our standing, our rights on land and sea; our marine, commercial, indus-

trial and territorial rights.

"Our Turn Next."

We may take nothing for granted, however, we must prepare to defend our rights. If Germany win our turn will come; nothing is surer than that in that event the Kaiser would snap his finger in our face and exclaim, "A fig for your Monroe Doctrine!!!"

We have no quarrel—could have no quarrel—with France. Our quarrel with Britain is but skin deep. Putting the blathering Englishman and the spread-eagle American aside, John and Jonathan can always reach some kind of common ground. Touching the issues of this war, John is wholly right—he is indeed fighting the battle of Liberty—and Jonathan asks only that he have a care and not monkey too freely with the buzz-saw of Yankee sensibilities. But, apart from our obvious interest in the European balance of the Hohenzollern and the Hapsburg—not the German people—we have a score to settle which will down at no man's bidding; the organized movement to involve us in civil war by a pro-Teutonic propaganda which was none the less an invasion than it was contemptible and absurd; the murders in the Irish Sea, yet unatoned for and unavenged; the criminal activities directed from Berlin at once against our neutrality and our industries, and the impudent support given these first by the Hapsburg through Dumba; then by the Hohenzollern through Bernstorff, Boy-Ed and von Pagen yet lingering on the forbidden threshold.

The Traitors Here.

Except for these, public opinion in the United States might be divided. It is substantially united. As matters stand the American who sides with the Hohenzollern and the Hapsburg—to hell with them—is disloyal to America. Whoever he is wherever he be found, he is a traitor to his country; the man Ford, whether

he is a self-exploiting advertiser, or a poor wretch made insane by the onrush of gold; the man Bryan, whether he be a crazy visionary he has always seemed, or a sleek humbug out for gate money and the Nobel Prize—in short, the man behind the alleged peace societies, whether a crank or an emissary.

Von Hindenburg sounds the first official note of despair. The Prussian staff begins to realize that there is a people, if not a God. The popular shoe is pinching at home. There is a German Winter ahead—yea, there is a Russian Winter ahead. Peace were a boon indeed. Nor will the Government of the United States stand idly by and see the slaughter go on if there be some Teutonic power definitely to treat with on the basis of the only settlement which the world can permit or tolerate, the dismemberment of the German Empire and the relegation of the four kingdoms embracing it back to their original sovereignties; the recession of Alsace-Lorraine to France and the return of the money wrung from France in 1870; complete indemnity to Belgium and, finally universal disarmament.

Our little billion account of the Lusitania, the Arabic, and other matters appertaining to the massacre of women and children, not to mention pay for each factory destroyed by German agents, can wait awhile. The Hohenzollern and the Hapsburg—to hell with them!!!

Being down and out, we shall not be too pressing. But, Belgium first!!! Come, Hind, old sport, since you are such a lover of peace, how do you like the lay-out?

Russian Mounted
Scouts Raid Village
and Capture Entire
Staff German Div.

PETROGRAD, Dec. 15. via London.—The entire staff of the 82nd German Army Division was captured by Russian mounted scouts and brought as prisoners into the Russian lines as the result of a daring night raid recently, according to unofficial accounts which have just been received.

Under cover of darkness a small company of scouts worked its way past the German trenches towards the German base, according to the details as received here. Emerging from a wood, the scouts found themselves close to a village. They stopped and sent forward a reconnoitering party.

Foe Ambushed.

The latter soon came upon a German sentry who gave the alarm. Ten minutes later a German cavalry squadron galloped out of the village, followed by two companies of Austrian landsturm troops. The Russians meanwhile had dismounted, hiding their horses and conceding themselves.

The Germans and Austrians fell into the ambush and became panic-stricken when the Russians opened fire, it is declared, the Austrians running for their lives and throwing down their rifles. In the confusion, the German cavalry, not knowing how large a force might be opposing them, also retreated, many troopers falling under the Russian fire.

The Russians were ordered to follow on foot into the village. They came upon a large estate and through the windows of the mansion made out the figures of German officers. Half of the force of scouts made for the mansion, while the other continued the pursuit of the retreating troops.

A rush for the doors of the mansion was made by ten Cossacks, the account continues, and so quick was the progress of events that the German officers did not have time to secure their coats and furs before they were hustled outside.

Caught Them Quickly.

By this time the other division of the scouting party had returned and searched the mansion which proved to be a division staff headquarters, and secured valuable papers. The whole incident took place in less than fifteen minutes. With their prisoners the scouts began to retire. The German cavalrymen, meanwhile, had reformed and attempted to cut off the Russian retreat. The prisoners were sent back under convoy, however, it is declared and the retreat covered by the bulk of the scouts, who also succeeded in returning to the Russian lines with small loss.

It is stated that the captured staff included two generals, one being a division commander, seven staff officers, and several Red Cross physicians. One colonel was killed in attempting to escape.

We advise trappers to send their Furs to Nfld. Fox Exchange, 276 Water Street.—Nov 23

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4	"	125.00
5 1-2	"	145.00
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SOMETHING ABOUT CORIZIA, NOW BEING STORMED BY THE ITALIANS

City was Taken from Italy by Austria more than Five Hundred Years Ago--Is a City of Historic Monuments and is the Burial Place of Atilla the Ruthless Hun

Gorizia--known to Austrians as Gorz--is the capital of the Austrian crown land of Gorizia-Gradisca. It has been on the map since 1307, and has been mentioned in history since much earlier times. The present war has made Gorizia known to the whole world of to-day by the fierce struggle of the Italians to capture it, which has lasted for months.

It was the burial place of Atilla the ruthless Hun, whose body was laid away, according to report, in what is now the bed of Isonzo River, in front of what is now Gorizia, about the middle of the Fifth Century.

Austria took Gorizia from Italy more than five hundred years ago and has held it ever since. Of the thirty thousand inhabitants in peace times about twenty-six thousand are Italians.

The older part of the town clusters on and around the castle hill, which rises to about five hundred feet. Gorizia is that seat of an archbishop. On the outskirts of the town, to the east is the Franciscan convent of Castagnavizza.

Historic Monuments.

In the church attached thereto are the tombs of Charles X of France, 1836, the Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême was the son of Charles X. The Comte de Chambord under other circumstances would have been King Henry V. of France. An inscription beside the sarcophagus declares:

Here rests the highborn and very excellent prince, Henry, fifth of that name, by the grace of God King of France and Navarre. Born in Paris September 22, 1820. Died at Frohsdorf, August 24, 1883.

Below the convent is visible the capricious course of the Isonzo river. There is a municipal museum of some importance, the archiepiscopal palace, a Jesuit church dedicated to St. Ignatius of the Seventeenth Century and the very interesting cathedral rebuilt four hundred years later. The town hall possesses a valuable library and there are magnificent public gardens with luxurious semitropical vegetation. This was Gorizia a year ago.

From the first hour of the Italian attack on Austria, Gorizia has been one of the two main objectives.

Great Fortifications.

From the military point of view the possession of Gorizia and the great Carso to the south is of the utmost importance. It practically dominates Trieste and the whole of Istria as well as commanding the Isonzo Valley and the railroad between Trieste and Tarvis, as well as the direct railroads running into Italy. The position were made one of immense military strength by the Austrian chief of staff, Conrad von Hotzendorf, who built barrier after barrier against any army approaching from Italy.

The first troops that swept into sight of Gorizia from Cormous come on with immense elan and were received with an avalanche of Austrian gun fire. Mile after mile the battle waged. The Austrian guns were cunningly ambushed in caves so that it was impossible to locate them. Every house was a redoubt. Bridges over the numerous waterways were blocked or destroyed. The few plains were flooded and made into bogs, roads were mined.

At length Austrian resistance was broken and in the closing days of June they retired to the extreme line of hills which constitute the "intrenched camp of Gorizia."

A Wonder of the War.

This camp is considered by military men as one of the wonders of the war. Modern artillery has shown that artificial fortifications are of very limited value. Gorizia is a striking demonstration of the superiority of the natural strategic positions. The intrenched camp of Gorizia was nothing but a prodigious natural fortress.

The town, which lies in the centre, is encircled by Isonzo, while on the southern side, from which it is approached by the invading forces is a tumultuous and treacherous stream peculiarly adapted for its defence. And alongside the river, and beyond it both on the east and west, Gorizia is surrounded by an uninterrupted succession of hills and mountains. Seen from afar these slopes have the extract appearance of gigantic redoubts. Their continuity constitutes their defensive strength. On the mountains that defend the flanks, of Gorizia, from the tableland of Ternova to that of Doberdo, the Austrians planted cannon in the cavernous recesses that abound in that region.

EXILED KING TAKES REFUGE IN ITALY

"HONOR TO THE BRAVE"

PETROGRAD, Dec. 15.--via London.--Russian artillery destroyed a Zeppelin airship the night of December 5, according to details which have just arrived here, near the station of

THE NICKEL THEATRE.

NOTE---"The Goddess" will not be shown this week owing to the late working hours at the stores.

MONDAY'S and TUESDAY'S PROGRAMME:-
Winsome, gifted Mary Fuller, in,

"THE MASTER MUMMER."

A powerful three-part drama adapted from the book by E. Phillips Oppenheim.

"THE OTHER MAN'S WIFE."

A drama by the Vitagraph Company.

"A DELAYED REFORMATION."

A 2-part social drama by the Lubin players.

FRIDAY--CHARLIE CHAPLIN in a great two-part comedy, "THE TRAMP."

COMING--Twelve weeks series of wonderful social dramatic productions--WHO PAYS?

The Volunteer

I have chosen my path, for the ways were divided:
Brief space for my choosing! I saw but the one
Where duty through doubt and obscurity guided,
I followed; what else could a Briton have done?

Yet soon the clear message that answered so plainly
My heart's silent question will faint and grow still,
And voices of weakness, reproaching me vainly,
Will mock the proud words and the faltering will.

For, though free was the choice, was it hard to have chosen
When the blood through my pulses exultingly flowed?
Will my boast be as high, with a heart numb and frozen,
And faint limbs outworn on the difficult road?

When the glory seem far, and the bitterness real,
Will I curse the glad impulse of conquering pride
That bartered its peace for a splendid ideal,
And left the still haven to stem the fierce tide?

Yet I pray that when Death, with his dread crown of terror,
Looms near, from my heart's deepest fountain a voice
May cleave the dark waters of blindness and error,
And answer: "I chose, and I stand to my choice."

--H. H. Wade, in the London Chronicle.

BEAR HUNTERS

ALL the talk is now war, hosts are gathered from afar; every mother's son you meet chatters, as he walks the street, how the British or the French (under Joffre) seized a trench. Every brave young British man hopes some day to lead the van on a gory battle-ground, baffled foemen strewn around. Still, in spite of war's alarms, some must work upon their farms; wheels of commerce in their groove somehow must be made to move. Winter's coming, don't forget, the streets are getting mighty wet; you must soon begin to choose just what brand of rubber shoes you will for that season buy for your wife, your girl, your boy. Sometimes you will buy a shoe which will wear a week or two, then you find the heels and soles quickly fill with jagged holes. Some may cost \$1.10, which will wear some days, and then, in through heel and in through toe you will find the water go; coughs and colds with speed will follow--your cheeks become both pale and hollow. Here's advice we give you, friend: your rubber troubles you can end--in any part of Newfoundland you can buy the old Bear Brand. On the sole of every pair you'll find stamped the Polar Bear. The Bear means money saved to you, and likewise 'tis a stylish shoe. No more we'll say, my dear old chap, but add the proverb: "Verbum sap."--nov12,tf

Too Much For the Lawyer.

A young foreigner was being tried in court and the questioning by the lawyers on the opposite side began.

"Now, Laszky, what do you do?"

"Ven?" asked Laszky.

"When you work, of course," said the lawyer.

"I know," said the lawyer, "but what at?"

"At a bench."

"O!" groaned the lawyer. "Where do you work at a bench?"

"In a factory."

"What kind of a factory?"

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"Brick."

"You make bricks?"

"No, de factory is made ob bricks."

"Now, Laszky, listen," said the lawyer. "What do you make in that factory?"

"Eight dollars a week."

"No, no! What does the factory make?"

"I dunno; a lot uv money, I think."

"Now, listen! What kind of goods does the factory produce?"

"O," said Laszky, "good goods."

"I know, but what kind of good goods?"

"The best of what?"

"The best there is."

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<p>Light, Fancy Crepeoline Blouses Nice Pretty Stripe Effects. Collars are in Green, Purple, Tan, Saxe Blue to suit the various color stripes. Fitted with Gold Pear Buttons... \$1.20</p>	<p>Infants Boots In Tan, Pink, Cream, Blue and Black Colors. Special Price 28c each.</p>	<p>Men's Negligee Shirts, made from Fast Color Stripe Percal with 85c</p> <p>Men's Negligee Shirts, made from neat Fancy Stripe Repp material with French Cuffs \$1.10</p> <p>Men's Negligee Shirts, made from Soft Finish Silk Spot Lustre, double stitched and reinforced \$1.25</p>
<p>Black Sateen Blouses With Embroidered and Tucked Front and Tucked Collar... 90c</p>	<p>Children's White Fleece Vests Extra Special Value. 27c up. According to size.</p>	<p>Men's Heavy Knit Overshirts. 65c Correct in style and shape.</p> <p>Men's Grey Union Shirts, with out collar. Each... 55c</p>
<p>Ladies' Flannelette Blouses In Light, Medium and Dark Shades. ALL MODERATELY PRICED.</p>	<p>Children's Wool Caps Various Colors. 35c up.</p>	<p>Men's Flannel Shirts, all with newest stripes and without collar... \$1.40</p>
<p>Ladies' Wool Underwear In all Sizes. Garment 85c Garment.</p>	<p>Boys' Wool Underwear 75c up.</p>	<p>Boys' Negligee Shirts Negligee Shirts, in newest Stripes, with Laundered Cuffs 65c</p> <p>Boys' Blue Chambray Shirts, Band Cuff; good wearing, ea. 40c</p>

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