

PROBLEMS FACING STRICKEN WORLD

Shall Chaos or Reconstruction in Europe Follow the Great World War?

SOVIETS' MISUSE OF POWER

Conditions in Russia Under That Form of Government Not of a Sort to Commend Themselves to Thinking Men.

Article XXVII.

By FRANK COMERFORD.

Soviet government has been a costly experiment. Russia is almost succumbing to the treatment; notwithstanding the "Red" army is meeting with success on the field, back of the army conditions in Russia are growing from bad to worse. The soviet leaders are drunk with power and they have conducted themselves as drunken men generally do. Reckless waste, intolerant officiousness, greed for spoils, are the record they have made. The political machine is the same plundering graft organization under communism in Russia that it is under democracy in other countries. The soviet government is a political machine, and communism has not changed its character or its methods. It has simply given it larger opportunities for spoils. Greater security in its corruption.

The "Socialdemocrat" prints some interesting extracts from the bolshevik budget for 1919.

According to this newspaper, the revenue for the first half of 1919 amounted to 20,350,000 rubles, and the expenditures to 50,703,000,000 rubles, so that the deficit for the first six months of 1919 of soviet Russia amounted to the enormous sum of over 30,000,000,000 rubles. The acquisition of foodstuffs and necessities of life has cost a deficit of five billion rubles, and the railways four and a half billion rubles; thus a half year of bolshevik rule cost more than the total outlay on the whole war.

Money Expended Recklessly.

The report of the bolshevik, Nemenky, on the audit of the central soviet commission in charge of all textile factories, appeared in the "Sovetskaya Ekonomicheskaya Zhizn" of February 25, 1919: "The finance credit division of the central soviet commission received up to February 1, 1919, 3,400,000,000 rubles. There was no control of the expenditure of money. Money was advanced to factories immediately upon demand and there were cases when money was forwarded to factories which did not exist. From July 1 to December 31, 1918, the central soviet commission advanced on account of products, to be received, 1,348,619,000 rubles. The value of the goods securing these advances received up to January 1, 1919, was only 143,716,000 rubles. The negligent way of doing business may be particularly observed from the way the central soviet commission purchased supplies of raw wool. Up to January 1, 1919, only 129,803 pounds of wool was acquired, whereas the annual requirement is figured at 3,500,000 pounds.

"The tremendous staff of officials (about 6,000 persons) employed by the commission are in the majority of cases doing nothing useful. It appears that there were on the payroll of this institution 125 persons who actually were not in the service at all, but who were receiving salaries. There were cases where the same persons received salaries twice for the same period. The efficiency of the officials is negligible to a striking degree."

Such soviet institutions, Nemenky says at the end of his report, are a beautiful example of deadening bureaucracy and must be liquidated.

It would seem that the idealists in charge of the communist program in Russia are experts in "graft-rings" methods. Payroll padding is among their accomplishments. An innocent bystander might suspect some of these soviet officials of having a leaning toward private property, particularly when it is in easy reach.

Their Own Condemnation.

Probably it is fair to the bolsheviks to state their case in their own words. The bulletin of the central executive committee of the soviets, No. 15, 1919, announces: "We have created extraordinary commissaries and extraordinary commissions without number. All of these are, to a lesser or greater degree, only mischief-makers.

"The tolling population see in the squandering of money right and left by the commissaries and in their indecent loudness and profanity during their trips through the district, the complete absence of party discipline."

People's Commissar Lunacharsky, according to the "Severnaya Komunna" of March 23, 1919, declared: "The upper stratum of the soviet rule is becoming detached from the masses, and the blunders of the communist workers are becoming more and more frequent. These latter, according to statements by workmen, treat the masses in a high-handed manner and are very generous with threats and repressions."

The soviet machine has had its "run in" with the workers. The factory committees have been bulldozed. The soviets have been brutal in their treatment of the proletariat.

"The struggle between the soviets

and the committee of factory workers is an ordinary occurrence," according to the bolshevik newspaper "Ekonomicheskaya Zhizn" of April, 1919.

Workers Denied Right to Strike.

The soviets have the whip hand in their controversy with the workers; they are the government and the "Red" army backs their decrees. There is a final court of settlement for all disagreements between the soviets and the workers. It is the "wall"—and the firing squad. The right of strike is denied the workers. Many of those who have dared to strike have paid for it with their lives. The workers are without recourse when commanded by the soviet. Whether or not they were the slaves of the machines before communism came, it is certain that they are now the slaves of the soviets. Even as slaves of the machines and the capitalists who owned the machines, they had the right to strike for their rights. The soviets deprived them of this right.

The bolshevik Sosnovsky, reporting on the condition in the Tver province, in the "Izvestia" of the provincial soviet March 9, 1919, wrote: "The local communist soviet workers behaved themselves, with rare exceptions, in a disgusting manner. Misuse of power is going on constantly."

The conduct of the soviet commissaries is a general scandal in Russia. Their conduct is described in No. 12, January 18, 1919, of the "Izvestia" of the provincial soviets: "The commissaries were going through the Tver province in sumptuous carriages, driven by three and often by six horses. A great array of adjutants and a large suite accompanied these commissaries, and an imposing number of trunks followed along. They made exorbitant demands upon the toiling population, coupled with assaults and brutality; their way of squandering money right and left is particularly characteristic. In some houses the commissaries gambled away and spent on intoxicants large sums. The hard-working population looked upon these orgies as complete demoralization and failure of duty to the world revolution."

These pen pictures of life in Russia under the soviet regime are not furnished by the enemies of bolshevism; they are the complaints of bolshevik leaders. Do we need a greater warning of the menace of bolshevism? (Copyright, 1920, Western Newspaper Union)

Reorganize Polish Police Force.

The British police mission which went to Warsaw under the direction of Gen. Sir Nevil Macready, commissioner of the metropolitan police, has submitted some reform proposals which the Polish government has adopted and which will have the effect of remodeling the Polish police force after the style of the metropolitan police. The Polish ministry of justice will co-operate with the British mission in carrying out the scheme, and it is anticipated that the latter will remain in Poland until reorganization has been completed.

Spain Urged to Cut Exports.

An editorial protest against the exportation of shoes, leather, foodstuffs, cotton and linen is published by Imparcial, Madrid. The newspaper gives statistics to show that while the exportation of shoes and leather from January to July, 1918, amounted to 13,000,000 pesetas, during the same period in 1919 exportation of these articles reached a value of 72,000,000 pesetas. The exportation of other raw materials also increased greatly. The Imparcial says this has been the cause of the large increases in the cost of living.

Clemenceau Drops War Duties.

Premier Clemenceau declared in an interview that he could not continue to represent the department of war in the chamber of deputies, adding that "after the effort of the last year I would be loath to start again on a task with a fear that my strength fall me before it could be completed."

Belgium Buckles to Her Task.

Belgium is manfully grappling with the great problem of domestic reconstruction. Like practically every other country she is faced with a tremendous shortage of houses, besides her own great devastated areas which must in some way be rehabilitated. Every day, however, the work must be done easier, and with a people so remarkably determined to secure unity amongst themselves and the maximum amount of effort, a comparatively short time ought to see Belgium well on the way to complete rehabilitation.

Italy Urged to Join Russia.

Deputy Cicotti, in a speech before the Italian chamber, urged Italy to break away from the allies and associate herself with the Russian soviet government. This was the first declaration of the Italian socialists' policy toward the allies.

Immediately after Cicotti's speech leaders of the Catholic block let it be known that their party has decided against a parliamentary coalition with the socialists.

"Villain."

This word has come down to us from Latin through the French and means a very wicked person. In Roman times, however, a "villanus" (from "villa," a country home or estate) was only a farm servant and often a very good man.

**John Hansen,
Crew**
By FREEMAN PUTNEY, JR.
(Copyright.)

Stolid, pink-eyed, flaxen-haired John Hansen, crew of the Mary H., had gone below to look for the skipper's pocket-knife.

The skipper himself had stepped from the sloopy fishing-sloop to the adjoining wharf, while the lowered gaff on which he had been working lay in a disorder of canvas on the deck.

He walked along the wharf to the schooner in the next berth, and asked a man sitting in the shadow of the fore-castle for a bit of spun yarn.

"My fore speak's g'n out on me," he explained.

The man on the schooner dropped his newspaper, stood up, spat over the rail, and remarked that it was Sunday. From the fishing-sloop, the crew, John Hansen, now resting on his elbows half out of the cabin, grinned under his thin, corn-silk mustache.

The man on the schooner dropped below to look in his stores, and the skipper waited, puffing on his pipe.

The man on the schooner came on deck again, shaking his head, and tossed the skipper a handful of tangled cord.

"They got no spun yarn, John," hailed the skipper. "Will' marine do?"

"Ee-yah!" returned John.

"Thank ye," granted the skipper to the schooner's man. "Sorry ye ain't got any spun yarn."

"All right," mumbled the other, returning a colored supplement where he had left off.

The skipper returned to his sloop. John Hansen did the repairing, and the skipper assisted. Before long the iron was rewound, the ropes strengthened, and the halyards rebent.

"Now," said the skipper, "ye can go ashore. We'll sail airily in the mornin' so ye better sleep aboard. Ye goin' up to see Christina this afternoon?"

John grinned.

"Ee-yah," he drawled. "I tank I go see her."

"She's a mighty stanch gal, Christina," admired the skipper. "You an' she goin' ter git spliced soon?"

The crew blushed.

"I ain't asked her yet, but I tank she'll say yes."

"That's right," approved the skipper. "Don't ask her till ye're sure, right an' tight."

"Ee-yah," corrected John. "I tank one ting can break it. Suppose the girl go away?"

"What d'ye mean?"

"I tank I got promised to marry a girl once myself. I went on a fishing trip, and when I come back the girl be gone away."

"A gal at home?"

"No, a girl named Fannie, here, when I first came to Hardyport. She went away. I tank I ain't promised to her longer, eh?"

The skipper thought rapidly. For two years John Hansen had served as lone hand on the shore fishing-boat. Working on shares, his portion of the proceeds had given him a good balance in the savings bank up-town, but the skipper knew that the balance should have been many dollars more.

John had trusted the skipper's arithmetic and without question taken what was given him each settling day.

A watchful wife would end this. He would encourage anything that might delay this marriage.

"Ye sartin got ter marry Fannie if ye said ye would," he began.

John looked perplexed.

"I don't tank so," he considered slowly. "She be gone to New York her cousins they told me. What make it she don't write me a letter if she want me?"

"Oh, ye nefer can tell about women folks," generalized the skipper easily. "She may be breakin' her little heart waitin', fur all ye know."

With troubled face, John washed his hands and face and changed his clothes in the cabin. Then, going on deck, he combed his hair before a fragment of mirror stuck in a mast-head.

"I tank," he announced finally, "I go up an' see the person at the Bethel I got to be honest, an' if I ban fool time before I saw Christina, maybe I have to pay for it. Only I hope," he added brokenly—"I hope Christina she don't care—much!"

"That's right," approved the skipper.

That afternoon, when the meeting at the Fishermen's Bethel was over, John Hansen did go to the parson, and the parson, having untangled from John's broken English what seemed to be a straight version of the story, did tell the tall, light-haired fisherman to wait.

John did not go to see Christina that evening.

Instead, he made his way back to the wharf.

"I tank I don't fish any more," he announced to the astonished skipper.

"Why not?" was the demand.

"I tank I go to find Fannie."

"But, ye tow-headed sculpin' ye can't find her in New York!"

Deaf to expostulation, John steadily packed his dunnage-bag, while the skipper swore the oaths of a man who had overreached himself.

II

Three evenings John Hansen spent under the glare of the electric lights

in Coney Island's Bowery before he found her.

He recognized Fannie in spite of the bleaching of her hair, the rouge on her cheeks, and the exaggerated outlines of her silk clothes. Troubled, he followed her down a dimly lighted street into a cheap wooden building with a bar in the front room. Passing through this apartment, they sat down at a small table in an alcove beyond.

"Well," she ejaculated finally, "how's old Hardyport? What brought you down here, John?"

"I came to bring you back," he answered soberly.

"Quit yer kidding," she broke out angrily.

"You don't like this place. I don't tank it very good place. You come home to Hardyport."

"Lord!" she cried. "Don't I want to? Ain't I tired and sick of this hole? Wouldn't I swap this cologne an' musk for a whiff o' the wild roses an' the barberry? Don't I want to see the sun set behind the West Parish hills and the water all red at high tide across the marshes? Ain't I choked for a breath of air from the real ocean, for a gust of the east wind, all sharp and salt?"

"I can't go, John. I can't go!"

"I tank you can go," he persisted placidly. "What make it you can't?"

"I owe money here, to the boss. You don't understand about it. He wouldn't let me go if I tried."

"How much money?" inquired John.

"A lot. It's nearly a hundred dollars now."

John Hansen took from his pocket a slim roll of bills, divided it, and handed her the larger part. As if dazed, the girl took the money and slipped it into her dress.

"You be at the Big station in New York for train at ten o'clock tomorrow mornin'," John said rising.

When the next afternoon boat from Boston had made fast at her Hardyport wharf John Hansen and Fannie crossed the gangplank together and walked slowly up Harbor street.

"You don't know how good it seems to get back," murmured the girl.

"Speed up, Beau," she babbled. "I'm that empty I could get away with a raw selling-plater. Let's chase ourselves to a joint where we can feed our faces."

They ate supper at a little restaurant and then wandered out over the avenue that skirts the harbor.

The two stood leaning on the bridge-rail, Fannie watching the bathers and the slow flash of the revolving lamp in the lighthouse tower on the point, but John with his eyes on the girl.

Once more he dully studied the showy dress, the too abundant frizzed and curled yellow hair, the powder-blotted cheeks, the hard lips, and the bold, brilliant eyes.

Then he thought of Christina, and his heart rose slowly in protest.

This tainted, young-old, made-up creature—what had she in common with him? Why should he give up for her the clear-eyed, clean-skinned girl he wanted—the only girl he wanted on the shores of the seven seas? What claim had this brass-tongued woman upon him?

"Aye," he added aloud. "But I ban fool and I have to pay."

"What say?" queried Fann.

"Fannie"—he spoke steadily—"you an' me ban promised four years ago. When I came in from that trip an' found you gone to New York I didn't follow."

Fannie was gazing at him from under half-shut eyelids, but made no reply.

John Hansen continued:

"Year ago I know better, but I'll stow that now. I ban older than you, and I tank my place to stand between you an' the wind. Now I ban goin' to pay."

"You mean," she whispered—"you mean—you'll marry me now—after—in spite of everything?"

He nodded silently, and for a few moments she gazed into his eyes.

"John Hansen!" she ejaculated finally. "You're a fool! You're as big a baby as you were four years ago! You need some one to take care of you. I'll marry you!"

As he opened his mouth she cut off his words with a wave of her hand.

"I'll marry you, yes, on one condition. That is, that you're not in love with any other girl. Are you?" she snapped.

"I—I—" began the bewildered John.

"You are! Then, John Hansen, you can have her. I don't love you. I don't want you or any other man. You were sent to me, an' you've brought me home an' given me back this."

She waved her hand toward the town and the sea.

"You've given me back this. I'll give you back your girl. Now go to her."

Canine Palace.

"The Grabcoins put on a great deal of style."

"Everything they possess is a little better than anything else of the sort about here."

"Yes?"

"Even their dog house looks like a Queen Anne cottage."

EXTREMES MEET.

"Young Briggs has just inherited a cool million."

"Is that why everybody greets him so warmly?"

True.

Time and tide for no man wait, Be punctual whate'er you do; Remember this: Men also hate To have to hang around for you.

And Nothing More.

"Scribson is dashing off another novel."

"How long does it take him to write a novel?"

"About six weeks."

"Good heavens! And what does he put into it?"

"About 60,000 words."

A Selfish Thought.

"Henry," said Mrs. Dubwaite, "I saw a perfect love of a hat in a milliner's window this morning."

"I hope you will not disillusion yourself," said Mr. Dubwaite.

"What do you mean?"

"You know very well that hat will cease to be a perfect love when you buy it."

These Animal Actors.

Willie Bow Wow—Why did Harold Silver Fox refuse to act today?

Sammie Me Ow—Temperament. He saw the director's wife wearing his cousin and it affected him so that they had to send him to the veterinary hospital.

Of the Dead Past.

A Long Time Since—Can you suggest a nice inexpensive car I can get?

"No, nor an inexpensive wife, nor an inexpensive house. Those things are out of fashion."

Hard Luck.

He sold his house And made three thou. But has no place To live in now.

Economy.

"I wish I knew whether my next door neighbor is going to plant a vegetable garden?"

"Why are you anxious to know?"

"Because if he is I needn't spend so much for chicken feed."

Professional Jealousy.

First Artist—Congratulate me, old man. I've just sold a picture to old Banker Parvenu for \$2,000.

Second Artist—Glad to hear it. The miserable old skinflint deserves to be stuck.

Art and Literature.

"Which do you prefer, art or literature?"

"Art," replied Miss Cayenne. "It is very seldom that I enjoy reading a magazine as much as I do looking at the pretty picture on the cover."

IN ANOTHER KEY



A RELIEF.

"You don't know how much you have cheered me," said the fashionable physician.

"Why, doctor, how can I, a sick man, cheer you?"

"Because you are really sick and need my professional skill to cure you. Most of my patients are rich people with imaginary ailments. I'm glad to get a chance now and then to practice something besides deception."

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BRACE UP!

The man or woman with weak kidneys is half crippled. A lame, stiff back, with its constant, dull ache and sharp, shooting twinges, makes the simplest task a burden. Headaches, dizzy spells, urinary disorders and an "all worn out" feeling are daily sources of distress. Don't neglect kidney weakness and risk gravel, dropsy or Bright's disease. Get a box of Doan's Kidney Pills today. They have helped people the world over.

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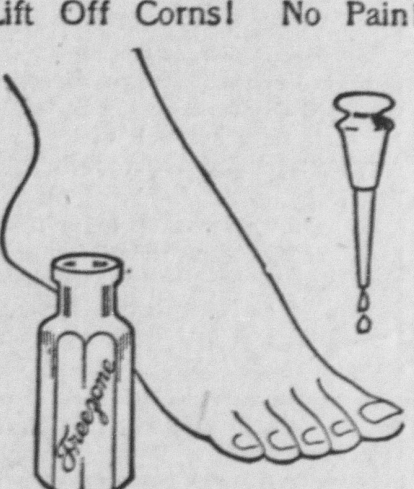
The pessimist grows at the sunshine because it casts shadows.

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The man who is not afraid of failure seldom has to face it.

INVENTIVE GENIUS ROBS CALOMEL OF NAUSEA AND DANGER

Doctors' Favorite Medicine Now Purified and Refined from All Objectionable Effects. "Calotabs"—the New Name.

What will human ingenuity do next? Smokeless powder, wireless telegraphy, horseless carriages, colorless iodine, tasteless quinine, now comes nauseous calomel. The new improvement called "Calotabs" is now on sale at drugstores.

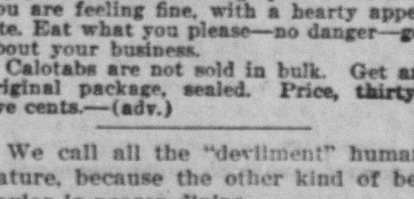
For biliousness, constipation and indigestion the new calomel tablet is a practically perfect remedy, as evidenced by the fact that the manufacturers have authorized all druggists to refund the price if the customer is not "perfectly delighted" with Calotabs. One tablet at bedtime with a swallow of water—that's all. No taste, no nausea, no griping, no salts. By morning your liver is thoroughly cleansed and you are feeling fine, with a hearty appetite. Eat what you please—no danger—go about your business.

Calotabs are not sold in bulk. Get an original package, sealed. Price, thirty-five cents.—(adv.)

We call all the "devilment" human nature, because the other kind of behavior is nearer divine.

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