

EDITOR'S DRAWER

The First and Only Cruise of the "Caoutchouc"

BY ANTHONY F. MOITORET

"STRANGE? I should say it was—
beastly strange! Ridiculous, I call it.
Bless me, yes! so blasted ridiculous
that I don't wonder the newspapers got none
of it. Why, people wouldn't believe it if
the story had been in the papers. It may be,
you see, that even the government doubts our
story."

Tuggins looked at me questioningly and I
nodded assent. I myself, had not yet had
the full story of the *Caoutchouc* for Tuggins,
my butler for the last ten years, had only
just returned from his first and last cruise.
It had been his way of doing his bit, offering
his services to the Shipping Board and sign-
ing up as a steward on one of the new fleet of
supply-ships. Two months before, he had
left my employ in the first full glow of prac-
tical patriotism. Now he was back, dejected
and morose, much thinner, a mere ghost of
his former self, requesting his old place until
he should be drafted.

"It's been a frightful experience, sir," he
wailed, bringing out his handkerchief and
wiping the sweat from his brow, "not being
a seafaring man in the first place, you under-
stand; and I fancy even an old sea-dog
would become a bit unsettled by such carry-
ings-on as we've gone through."

"Tell me all about it, Tuggins—every-
thing," I urged, hoping to relieve his mind of
the heavy burden under which it was strug-
gling.

Henry Tuggins had been a faithful ser-
vant, an excellent butler, by the way, and,
sorry as I was for his unfortunate experience
at sea, I was genuinely glad to have him back,
temporarily though it might be, on account
of the extension of the draft limits to eighteen
and forty-five.

"Torpedoed, were you?" I asked, by way
of coaxing him to take up the tale.

"Oh, worse than that. Torpedoed twice,
sir, and once by request. That's the—if



I WAS AMAZED TO FIND CAPTAIN SKINNER LAUGHING AT THE TOP OF HIS VOICE
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you'll pardon my saying it—the dence of it—torpedoed twice, and neither time sunk!”

“I should think a ship that could stand two torpedoes and not sink would be a pretty good model for the government to adopt, to standardize.”

Tuggins had already hinted to me that the ship to which he had been assigned was no common craft, but a new experiment, a vessel built along entirely new lines.

“Well, there are worse things than getting sunk,” he went on, “as you soon shall see. If the *Caoutchouc* had gone down when the first torpedo struck us, I dare say we might have received a nasty ducking in the water, sir, but I'm sure we would not have missed so many square meals, a fate which has had dire consequences, as you can well understand by looking at me.”

Tuggins's coat and vest were a trifle loose, I had to admit. But I was anxious to hear his tale, and I offered no comment that might interrupt his story.

“Well, sir, when I left your employ, two months ago, I had no idea what I was going into. I wanted to do my bit and, being troubled with rheumatism, especially in the cold season, as you know, I regarded service in the trenches as being out of my line. My experience in your employ, I believed, would serve me in good stead as a steward on one of the Shipping Board's boats. I had no difficulty in qualifying for just such a position, and was assigned to the *Caoutchouc*, a vessel of seven thousand tons, just off the ways, sir, on the Delaware.

“You've heard, no doubt, of the various substitutes they're using these days in building ships, concrete ships, fabricated ships, and back to ships of wood. I had a pretty good idea what a wooden ship, a steel ship, or a concrete ship might be like, but when I saw this vessel, the *Caoutchouc*, I says to myself, ‘This must be one of these here new fabricated ships they're building,’ for she was neither steel, wood, nor concrete.

“But I was wrong. She wasn't a fabricated ship, but a rubber ship. Yes, sir, a rubber ship. The captain, sir, Hector Skinner, had something to do with the invention of this new type of ship. An old sea-dog he was, and seemed to understand pretty well just what is expected of a ship in all sorts of weather. He had good ideas, too, this Captain Skinner, and if it wasn't for the war I don't doubt that the rubber ship would be a success.

“Yes, sir, I fell in love with my new home at once. It was not as commodious and well furnished as the surroundings here, of course, but then this is war. She was not supposed to be a house-boat, anyway. As a ship, she seemed to be everything I imagine a ship

ought to be, and Captain Skinner was quite enthusiastic over her behavior.

“We took a cargo of steel rails from Philadelphia, and two days out ran into rather heavy seas. It was in rough weather that the *Caoutchouc* proved herself an immense success. Rubber, you see, has that peculiar quality of give and take, a bouncing consistency, I might say—resiliency, I believe they call it—that defies the buffeting of the waves. The *Caoutchouc*, instead of opposing the movement of the ocean's surface, gave way to it. The cargo of steel rails held us rigid enough for safety, but the lines of the ship took a gentle up-and-down motion, trembling and shivering—”

“I think I get the drift of your story, Tuggins,” I interrupted, cutting off his description. “This was a rubber ship and you're going to tell me that torpedoes launched at her were bounced off her sides without doing any damage. Isn't that it?”

“I beg your pardon, sir, but you anticipate me,” he replied, excitedly, I thought. “If that was all there was to it I should have little to tell. Doubtless the idea you suggest was in Captain Skinner's mind when he ventured to sea in a rubber ship, but he could not foresee, no more than can you, what was going to happen.

“As I said, Captain Skinner was delighted with the behavior of the ship. His fame was made, he seemed to think. ‘Tuggles,’ he said to me—he could never think of my right name, sir, and insisted on calling me Tuggles—‘Tuggles, I've sailed the seas for thirty years now, and never yet have I seen a ship that took as natural to the water as this here craft. She's just made for it. I tell you, Tuggles, the Skinner rubber ship, built with a skin of rubber, is a success.’

“And so we all believed. We had two guns, one in the front part of the ship and one on what would be the back porch if we were speaking in terms used on land. The naval gun-crew were quite keen about the ship, sir, insisting that the day was coming when even battleships would be built of rubber. One of the gunner's mates explained to me that a submarine would never get within range of the *Caoutchouc*, because the very fact that each part of the ship took the motion of the waves gave the gun platforms a superiority of position, as he put it, that would nail a sub—it's the very term he used, sir—every time.

“Before going to sea I had been a bit worried about submarines, having read so much about them, but when I heard this I thought my lot indeed a fortunate one and ceased to worry about the U-boats. In fact, sir, I never slept better in my life than that first week aboard the *Caoutchouc*. The gentle

motion of the vessel seemed to rock me to sleep.

"It was not until the second week, sir, that we ran into trouble. It was the thirteenth day out—an unlucky omen, at that—about the middle of the afternoon, when I heard a dull thud. A tremendously loud dull thud it was, but, nevertheless, it was dull and no more than a thud.

"Torpedoed!" I heard one of the crew yell. Just then the gun up in front was fired twice, and I realized that I was having my first taste of actual warfare on the high seas.

"I collected my wits as best I could, sir, and I don't think I acted cowardly, being careful to preserve outward calm. I ran down to my quarters to get my life-preserver, feeling sure the ship would sink very shortly.

"When I returned on deck I was amazed to find Captain Skinner laughing at the top of his voice, surrounded by members of the crew, who were also laughing. I began to think they had all gone mad.

"Tuggles,' Captain Skinner called out to me, 'what did I tell you about the seaworthiness of a rubber ship! Here we've been torpedoed amidships, but the swab of a torpedo bounced off without exploding. We've scared away the blooming sub with our guns. Rubber's the stuff to make ships out of, eh?"

"It was only too true, as I soon discovered. The peculiar bouncing quality of rubber, sir, had prevented the torpedo from exploding, while the texture of the ship's skin was sufficiently tough, you see, to resist penetration. There was nothing to be seen of a submarine.

"Oh, rubber's the stuff, is it?" I heard the first mate yell from the bridge with a sneer. 'Well, take a look at the shape of this here wagon,' he says; 'just take a look at it.'

"The first mate, I should mention, sir, was the only man on the ship whose enthusiasm about rubber ships seemed to be a bit lukewarm. He had secretly confided to me that if a rubber ship ever caught fire gas-masks would be the only means of saving us from a horrible death. He may have been spoofing, sir, but I considered the advice a friendly tip, inasmuch as you never can tell what might happen."

"What was the matter with the shape of the ship, Tuggins?" I asked, noticing that he was getting off the trend of his tale.

"Oh yes, pardon me, sir, the shape of the ship, yes. Why, the blasted ship was bent out of shape entirely. The tremendous force of the torpedo, sir, had bent the ship into circular shape. Instead of being straight, she was now a quarter of a circle, I should say, sir. Yes, sir, ridiculous as it may seem, that ship was shaped like this"—and Tuggins quickly sketched on a slip of paper.

"You see," he explained, pointing with his pencil, "the torpedo had struck here



"'I HADN'T FIGURED ON ANYTHING LIKE THIS,' HE SAID"

where I have marked a cross, on the right hand, or starboard, as they call it at sea, and bounced off apparently in the direction of this dotted line."

"That doesn't sound at all plausible, Tuggins," I objected. "If the torpedo had sufficient force to bend the ship, how can you account for it not exploding?"

"I don't account for it, sir, I don't account for it," Tuggins came back. "I'm only telling you. You must remember, sir, that this was a rubber ship. As no one ever heard of a rubber ship before, you can't account for what a rubber ship will do.

"Well, you should have seen the look on Captain Skinner's face when he noticed what the first mate had called his attention to. It was a quizzical sort of look, as though he didn't know whether to keep on laughing or become angry. He scratched his head, looked first at one end of the ship and then at the other, muttering to himself.

"I hadn't figured on anything like this," he said. "Must have been a devil of a powerful torpedo to bend all those steel rails below."

"I reckon General Pershing will have the Germans going around in circles if he ever builds a military railroad with these rails, eh, Cap?" the first mate says.

"That 'll do from you," snapped the captain. "Give her full speed ahead."

"Aye, aye, sir," replied the mate, and I heard the engines turning, for the bend, you understand, was not near enough to the position of the engine-room to interfere with our locomotion. We started ahead, all right, but it wasn't long before we discovered that we were making no progress.

"This blooming wagon's going round in a circle, sir," I heard the first mate report to Captain Skinner.

"How's your rudder?" asked Skinner.

"Steady on the course, sir."

"Well, then, what in Sam Hill's the matter? I told you to give her full speed ahead, didn't I?" The captain was getting r'iled.

"That's the whole trouble, Captain," says the mate. "Full speed ahead doesn't mean the same thing for this wagon as it did before that torpedo hit us. The bow's doing the best it can to follow the course, but when a ship's got curvature of the spine as bad as this one, Captain, "ahead" means going around in a circle."

"The captain went up on the bridge and looked the situation over. The first mate was right. It was a difficult problem in navigation, and the captain was puzzled. He put the rudder hard over, as they say, first in one direction and then in the other. But it was no use. The *Caoutchouc* had become a stubborn ship, sir. She was shaped as part of a circle and you couldn't budge her from the determination to keep steaming around in a circle.

"Well, sir, Captain Skinner and the first mate and the captain of the naval gun-crew stayed up all that night trying to dope it out. They drew diagrams, argued with one another, and nearly came to blows trying to decide whether it was a problem in navigation or physics.

"It must be a law of physics that governs this particular kind of a situation," I heard Captain Skinner say, "because I've never come across anything like this in all the years I've been navigating. But I'll tell you, men," he says, "getting down to brass tacks, if it wasn't for the cargo, we might straighten her out in a stiff wind, but them there steel rails are too rigid for the stiffest kind of a gale. They'll hold this poor craft bent like this until—"

"Until we get an equally hard bump on the port beam," said the first mate.

"The only way we can do that is to be



THEY DREW DIAGRAMS AND NEARLY CAME TO BLOWS

rammed by a fast ship, a twenty-knot scow, and we'd have to lay to directly in her path," Captain Skinner replied. "And we can't do that, because I'd lose my papers, because, naturally, I'd be blamed for the collision."

"Yes," said the mate, "and if we didn't get hit in exactly the right spot we might be knocked into the shape of the letter S, which would be worse than ever."

"That's the way the matter stood when the little conference in the captain's cabin broke up at dawn. They decided to let the matter rest until they got some sleep, in the meanwhile continuing on our circular course."

"Well, sir, there isn't much of a story after that, because one day was pretty much like another. We pinned our hopes first on one thing and then on something else. One day Captain Skinner was sure the tides would carry us along, while another day he was equally confident we might drift toward shore through the aid of a powerful wind."

"I've heard of vicious circles in logic, sir, but, bless me, this was past all belief. We got dizzy from going around in a circle. All ocean scenery is pretty monotonous, but the monotony of one spot in the ocean was even more so. I lost all count of time, sir. It may have been weeks, it may have been months; all I know is that our stock of provisions began to get low. The coal-supply was holding out much better than our commissary department. You see, the only pleasure of each day came to be the three meals, and while the stock of food held out I succeeded in keeping all hands in good humor. But when we got down to one meal a day, and that of canned bill and hardtack, sir, the crew began to get mutinous."

"You'd never believe what actually came to our rescue, sir, but it's the honest truth, upon my soul—another submarine! Yes, sir, and a godsend it was, too. Never before was a submarine such a welcome sight. We were jogging along at our usual pace, without any hope of ever getting any place, when somebody noticed a torpedo skid by, just missing us."

"Submarine off the starboard quarter, sir!" I heard the first mate tell Captain Skinner.

"You don't say so!" he exclaimed. "Tell her to haul around till she's on our port beam."

"In the mean while another torpedo whizzed by, missing us again. You see, that bend was the best kind of camouflage and it completely confused the submarine commander. He fired at us again and again, but each time we had moved from the spot aimed at by the time the torpedo got there. Finally we ran up an international code signal and hove to, as they say on board a ship, and

the submarine came to the surface right alongside."

"Ahoy, there, submarine!" Captain Skinner shouted through a megaphone. The commander of the submarine, who had crawled out from the conning-tower of the U-boat, replied.

"Say, old top," Captain Skinner went on, "would you mind torpedoing us from the port side? If it's all the same to you, it would be a big favor to us. I can't exactly explain the reason, being rather a technical sort of proposition, but I warn you beforehand, you'll tire yourself out on the starboard side, and your chances of hitting us are pretty slim."

"The U-boat commander hesitated at first, held a conference with some of the submarine crew gathered about him, and finally agreed, after Captain Skinner offered



OUR SHIP'S PAINTER QUICKLY
PAINTED A GLARING TARGET

to have a target painted on the port side to aid the operation.

"Our ship's painter slid down over the left-hand side, which they call the port, exactly amidships, as the term goes, and quickly painted a glaring target. The submarine maneuvered to a suitable position, we prepared ourselves for the terrible shock that we felt was sure to result, and presently the torpedo came whizzing for us. It was like having a bad tooth pulled, sir, watching that torpedo. You see, it wasn't a pleasant bit of business, but we knew it 'd be good for us.

"The aim was true and the torpedo hit the bull's-eye of the target, but instead of a terrible shock and explosion, there was the same dull thud that I had noticed on the former occasion. As we were all watching intently this time, we saw the torpedo rebound and fly back toward the sub, narrowly missing it. The U-boat, frightened, I suppose, by this unusual procedure, quickly submerged and was seen no more. And when we surveyed the ship a few minutes later, she

was straightened out, again in her natural shape as she had been built.

"There's not much to tell after that, sir. Our provisions and coal were so low that Captain Skinner thought it best not to continue on the voyage to France. He headed for the nearest port, and we put into Halifax last Wednesday, sir, and abandoned the *Caoutchouc*.

"'Tuggles,' Captain Skinner said to me the last time I saw him—he had that habit of calling me Tuggles instead of Tuggins, you see—'Tuggles,' he said, 'you seem to be an intelligent sort of man and I suppose you think I was a rummy to place any confidence in a rubber ship. Well, it wasn't an original idea with me. A tire manufacturer out in Ohio gave me the idea and the ship was actually designed and built out there, although put together down on the Delaware. Of course the idea was all right, but between you and me, Tuggles, as ship-builders these fellows as far inland as the Middle West had better keep to manufacturing automobile tires.'"

An Aspiration

I HAVE many ungratified wishes—
I suppose nearly every one has;
I'd like to have silver nut-dishes
And a library rung from Shiraz.

I'd like to be sent on a mission,
I'd like a new bag of shirred silk;
But this is my greatest ambition,
I want to belong to an ilk.

In the papers it's frequently quoted—
I notice it 'most every day;
They mention some names that are noted,
"And others of that ilk," they say.

The people are so interesting,
So talented, clever, and bright;
They seem to be merry and jesting,
And often they paint or they write.

Could I but to an ilk be elected,
And really belong to it—Oh!
I'm sure 'twould be all I expected
The "others of that ilk" to know!
CAROLYN WELLS.

Waste of Time

ONE Hoyt was fishing from the banks of a stream when there approached him an individual named Gates, who remarked, with a yawn: "Time ain't very valuable to you, brother, that's plain. Here I been a-watchin' you three hours and you 'ain't had a bite."

"Well," drawled the fisherman, "my time's too valuable, anyhow, to waste three hours of it watchin' a feller fish that ain't gettin' a bite."

Stopped Too Soon

"A PRIMARY school building had burned down overnight in my town," says an Ohio man, "and all the contents, including the children's books, had gone up in smoke. The next morning one of the pupils was stolidly surveying the smoking ruins, when there passed a crowd of boys on their way to another school.

"Geel!" exclaimed one of them, enviously. "Don't I wish I was you, with your books all burned up!"

"Huh!" retorted the bookless one, contemptuously. "You don't know much. The teachers ain't burned up."

The Way Out

MICHAEL and Marie had gone to the corner store to get milk for mother.

On the way back Marie gave a glance into the pitcher and exclaimed:

"Mercy! We have drunk too much of the milk! What shall we do?"

"That's easy," said Michael, with a grin. "We'll drop the pitcher."

Not His Fault

HAROLD had brought home for several weeks perfect spelling papers. Soon, however, he began to bring in returns showing misses of five and six out of ten.

"How's this, Harold?" asked the dad.

"It's the teacher's fault."

"How could it be the teacher's fault?"

"Why, she moved the boy that sat next to me."

Entitled to a Drink

A YOUNG man had sauntered carelessly into the court-room of one of New York's superior courts, eyed the judge through his glasses, and taken a survey of all the attorneys. Then he walked up to the bar and poured out a glass of water.

The judge, who was nervous and testy, had observed the young man and was not pleased with his appearance. The youth was just raising the glass to his lips when the judge roared:

"That water, sir, is for attorneys and other officers of the court!"

The glass dropped from the young man's hand; he started violently, turned red, then placed the glass on the table, and walked out of the court. The judge chuckled.

Half an hour later the young man entered the court-room again with a roll of parchment in his hand. The judge glared at him savagely, but the young man never flinched. Finally, there was a lull in the proceedings, and he addressed the court:

"Your honor!"

"What is it, sir?"

"I wish to submit to the court my certificate of admission to practise in the supreme court and all other courts of this state," and he passed the parchment to the clerk.

"Well, what of that?" growled the judge.

"Now, your honor, having presented the proofs of my admission to the bar, I would move the court that I be permitted to drink from the official pitcher," and he calmly drained the glass of water he had left on the table.

Why He Came

"I ONCE had a very backward pupil," remarked a Baltimore teacher, "of the hopeless sort that taxes one's patience to the utmost.

"One day when he seemed to be more dense than usual, I completely lost my temper and exclaimed:

"It seems to me, Henry, that you are never able to answer any of my questions. Why is it?"

"Well, ma'am," the boy replied, "if I knew all the things you ask me, my father wouldn't go to the trouble of sending me here!"

Due Recognition

AT the conclusion of the school term prizes were distributed. When one of the pupils returned home his mother chanced to be entertaining callers.

"Well, Charlie," asked one of these, "did you win a prize?"

"Not exactly," said Charlie, "but I got a horrible mention."

A Noble Work

A MINISTER who lived in the suburbs during his discourse said, "In each blade of grass there is a sermon."

Late the following afternoon a broker, a member of his flock, discovered the good man pushing a lawn-mower about his garden and paused to remark:

"Well, parson, I am glad to observe you engaged in cutting your sermons short."

Unexpected Help

THE landlord had just dropped in on Mrs. Flanagan and informed her gently, but firmly, that he had decided to raise her rent.

"It's th' darlint ye are, sir," replied Mrs. Flanagan, enthusiastically. "I wor wonderin' how I c'u'd raise it mesilf."



"Gas attack! quick! put on your mask!"

"Aw! forget it. I used to work in a glue factory"



"Doing His Bit"

When the Government called for ships

A Follower of Hoover

ROSEMARY'S father sent home a bushel of white sand and had it put in a corner of the yard for his little girl to play in.

He took delight in watching her, and one day when he came home from the office at noon he was surprised to see that she had carried some black dirt from the roadside and was mixing it with the sand.

"Why, Rosemary," he called, "why are you mixing that black dirt with your nice, clean sand?"

"Because," she enlightened him, "I'm going to make pies and this is my substitute."

A Chip of the Old Block

"DANNY," scolded his father, "you must not eat so much! Everybody will be calling you a little glutton. Do you know what that is?"

"I suppose," Danny replied, "it must be a big glutton's little boy."

Small Choice

JOE MORGAN, a darky living in an Alabama town, was confiding to a friend the fact that work was scarce just then.

"But I got a job last Sunday that brought me six dollahs," said Joe.

"What!" exclaimed the friend. "You don't mean to tell me that you broke the Sabbath?"

Joe was very apologetic. "Well, suh, it was like dis: it was one or de odder of us dat had to be broke."

Diplomacy

SIX-YEAR-OLD Jimmie had told a fib, and his mother commanded him to go to bed in the dark.

Jimmie reluctantly started, but upon taking one look at the dark stairway he turned to his mother and asked:

"Mamma, don't you think that you had better come along and see if I really go to bed?"

An Anticlimax

TO a certain boarding-house in a Western town came a cheerful young fellow who, upon his introduction into the dining-room, immediately put this question to his neighbor:

"Say, how's the grub here?"

"Well," said the older boarder, "we have chicken every morning."

Whereupon the new man actually beamed. "Chicken every morning! And how is it served?"

"In the shell," grunted the veteran.

Something More Wanted

THE applicant for the job of office-boy presented his credentials in a manner that bespoke his entire confidence that the position would be his. The sour-looking old gentleman at the head of the establishment read the paper carefully and then surveyed the boy searchingly.

"It is certainly a very nice thing for you to have these recommendations from the minister of your church and your Sunday-school teacher," said he, "and I must admit that you look honest. All the same, I'd like to have a few words from some one that knows you on week-days."

BUSINESS AND FINANCIAL

Readjustments, Realignments and the Problems of Peace

By JOHN GRANT DATER

WHILE it would be entirely too much to say that the political, financial, commercial, and industrial world is in a state of flux at present—for that would be putting the case too strongly—it is, nevertheless true and well within the comprehension even of a casual observer that the problems of peace, which have anticipated peace itself to some extent, have created an unusual situation, an unsettlement touching upon nearly every activity of human life everywhere.

Changes
of Vast
Import

Scarcely a people or a nation, be they belligerent or neutral, but has felt or is feeling the effects of the tremendous changes which are passing over the world, and if any have escaped thus far it is reasonable to assume that they will be brought within the sphere of influence later on, so far-reaching is its application. And it is difficult to see how this could be otherwise, for the civilized world has been passing through a cataclysm for more than four years. It has suffered cruelly; it has narrowly escaped a disaster of appalling magnitude and it has not as yet been able to reestablish the old bearings though making manful efforts in that direction.

THE truth is that we are living through one of the great epochs of history; a period comparable in its far-reaching effects upon the future, probably, with such notable occurrences as the Birth of Christ, the Fall of the Roman Empire, the Discovery of America, or the French Revolution. We are too near the scene; too much a part of the actual occurrences, as yet, to see with the proper perspective or appraise at the true value the tremendous consequences of the titanic struggle. Fifty or a hundred years from now, or it may be five hundred years from now, when the effects upon the social, political, and economic life of the world of such things as the overthrow of autocracy and militarism, dynastic changes, revolutions, new nationalities, paternalism, socialism, Bolshevism, the League of Nations and the like can be determined; when the influence of these occurrences and tendencies can be measured, then some later-day Gibbon, Macaulay or Lecky will write the proper appreciation of this era. It cannot be done now, for the consequences of the war in their broadest and true historic application are matters which must be left wholly to the future.

VERY much of what has been mentioned in brief in the foregoing is the development of a few short weeks, or

since the signing of the armistice terminating the war on November 11. As was anticipated at the time the December number of *Harper's Magazine* went to press, the end, when it came, came with bewildering rapidity and one portentous event after another has been hurrying forward ever since with such breathless speed that it has been very difficult indeed, if not impossible, to keep pace with all the recent developments. Of the armistice itself it may be said that the conditions laid down were the most drastic that have ever figured in a convention preliminary to peace. It required the German evacuation of Belgium, Alsace-Lorraine, Luxemburg, and all countries west of the Rhine, to a point beyond a neutral zone east of the river; the occupation by the Allies of the principal crossings at Mainz, Coblenz, and Cologne, and the immediate withdrawal of German troops from Austria, Rumania, and Turkey.

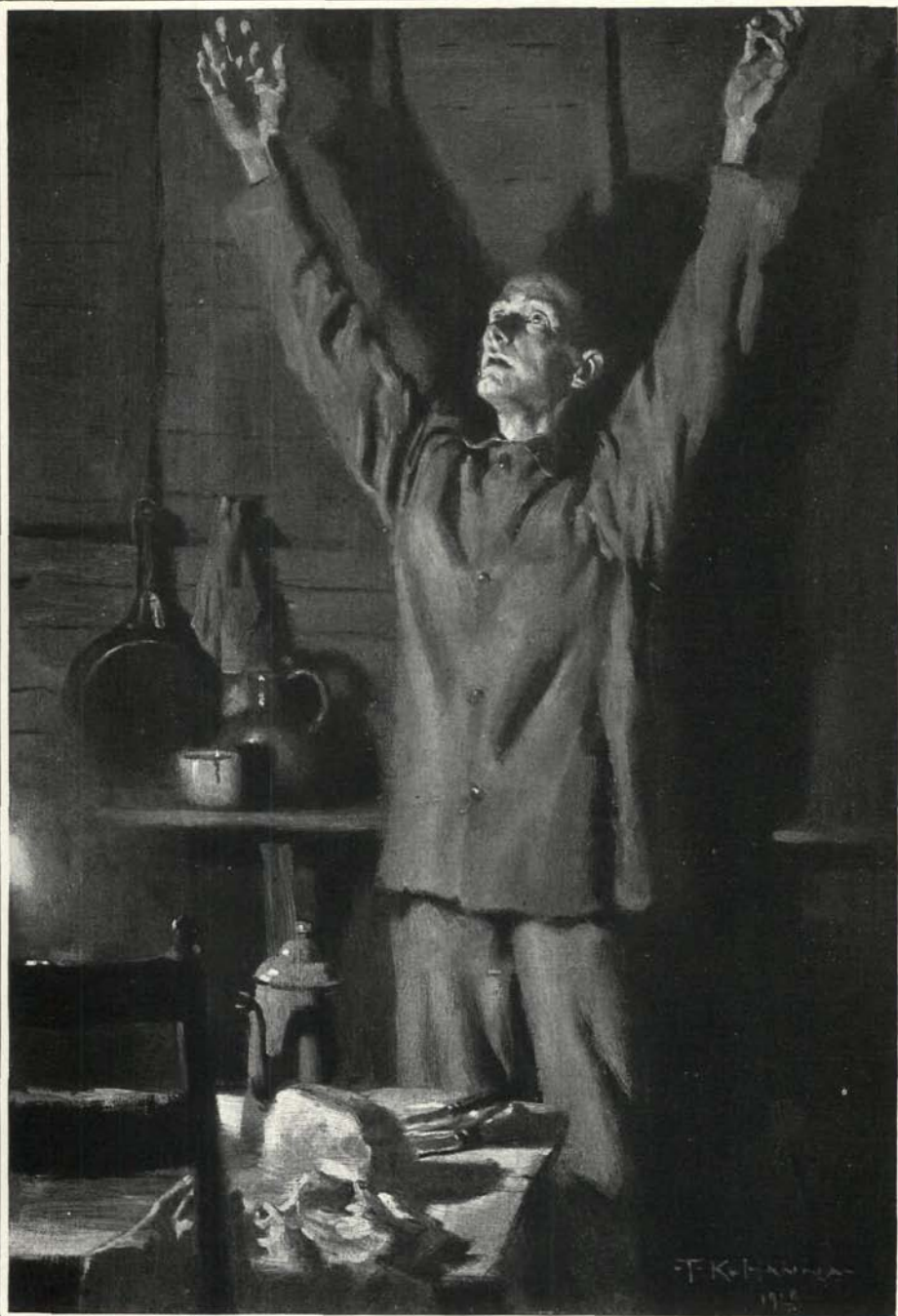
IT went further in demanding the surrender of 5,000 heavy guns, 25,000 machine-guns, and 160 submarines, and it required the internment of 74 German war-ships in the ports of the Allies and the disarmament of others. To nullify any temporary advantage that Germany had gained during the war, the instrument called for the renunciation of the treaties of Brest-Litovsk and Bucharest, the restitution of the Russian and Rumanian gold received under the conventions with those countries, and it specifically stated that reparation would be demanded for outrages perpetrated elsewhere. Harsh and humiliating as were these conditions, it was speedily made apparent that the Allies could have forced stipulations still more severe upon the defeated foe in consequence of the desperate conditions of social, economic, and political affairs within the German Empire.

THIS was disclosed by an uprising of the Anarchist party at Kiel, Hamburg, and elsewhere and the subsequent taking over of the control of Germany by the Socialistic party. Following hard upon this came the ignominious flight

of the German Kaiser and the Crown Prince into Holland; the very anticlimax of imperialism, the most contemptible exhibition on the part of a king since James II, disguised as a fisherman, slunk out of England. Now the Chosen of the Lord, as he was pleased to designate himself when at the height of his power, has abdicated as Emperor of Germany and has renounced his rights to the Prussian crown. Emperor Charles of Austria, a far more respectable figure, has also abdicated together with a long series of kings, grand dukes, and ruling princes of the federated German states. Dynastic overthrow was never more complete and history presents no parallel for the confusion prevailing in the Teutonic Empire.

WHILE, happily, the condition both in Germany and Austria falls short of the régime of the Bolsheviki and the "Committee of the Reds," as disclosed in all its hideousness in Russia, it is far from tranquil and leaves very much to be desired. The autocrats and kings have been overthrown and turned out; old nations have disappeared in name or form of government, and in some instances in territorial meets and bounds, and new nationalities have come into existence. The frontiers of Central Europe appear to be shifting from day to day, and new jealousies are taking the place of old ones. Bavaria has broken off relations with Berlin and set up as a republic; Berlin has its Soldiers' and Workmen's Council, and there is talk of the separation of the Rhineland from the German Empire and the setting up of an independent state. And this hasty generalization does not tell the half of what has been going on.

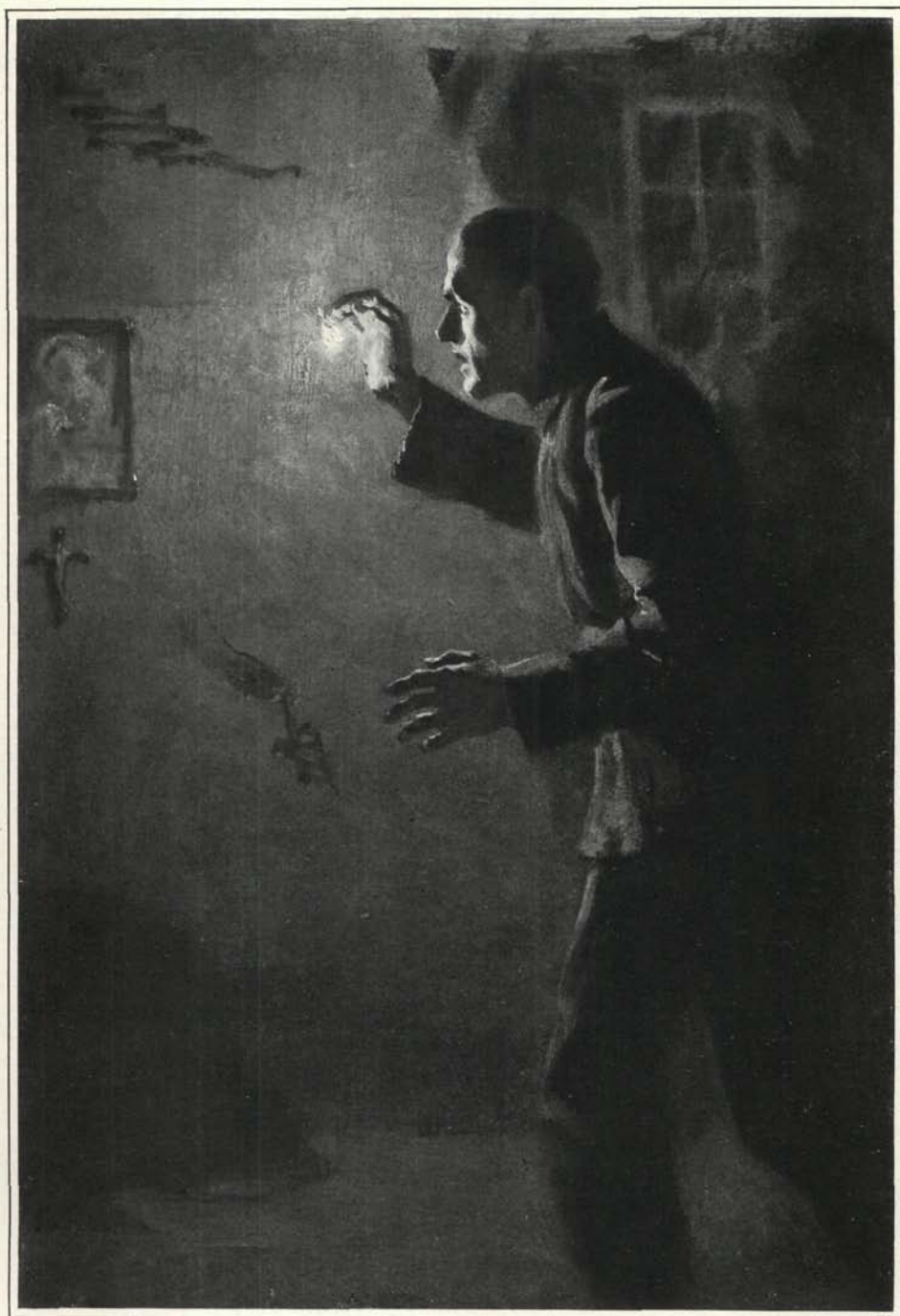
HOW the demoralizing situation, a situation due to the dynastic ambition of one man and the arrogance of the Prussian military caste, is to be straightened out is the great problem before the political world to-day. Whatever prejudices have been engendered against the people by the war, the reincarnation of Germany, a country
(Continued on seventeenth page following)



Drawn T. K. Hanna

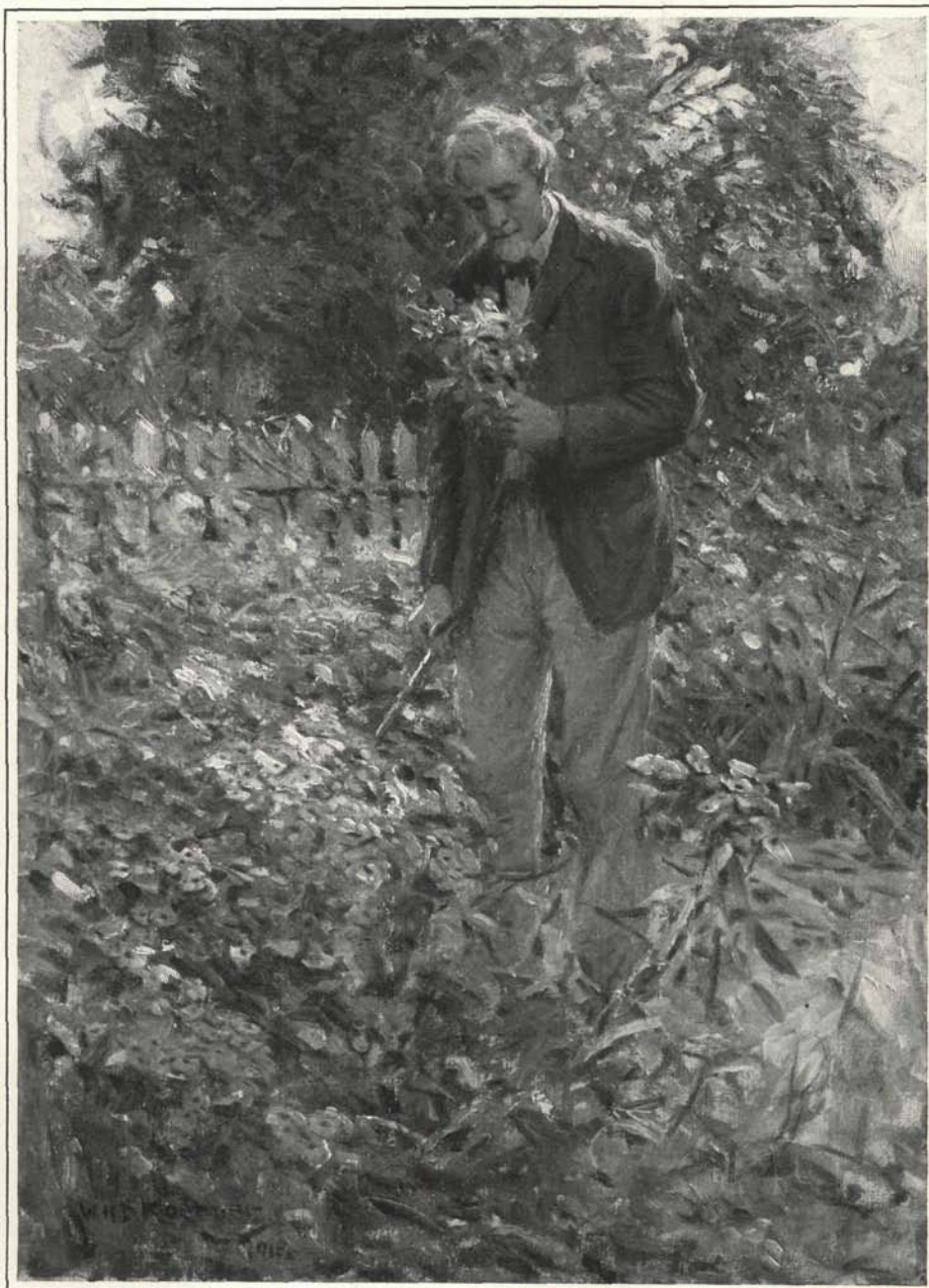
Engraved by S. G. Putnam

ONCE AGAIN YOUTH TOUCHED HIM



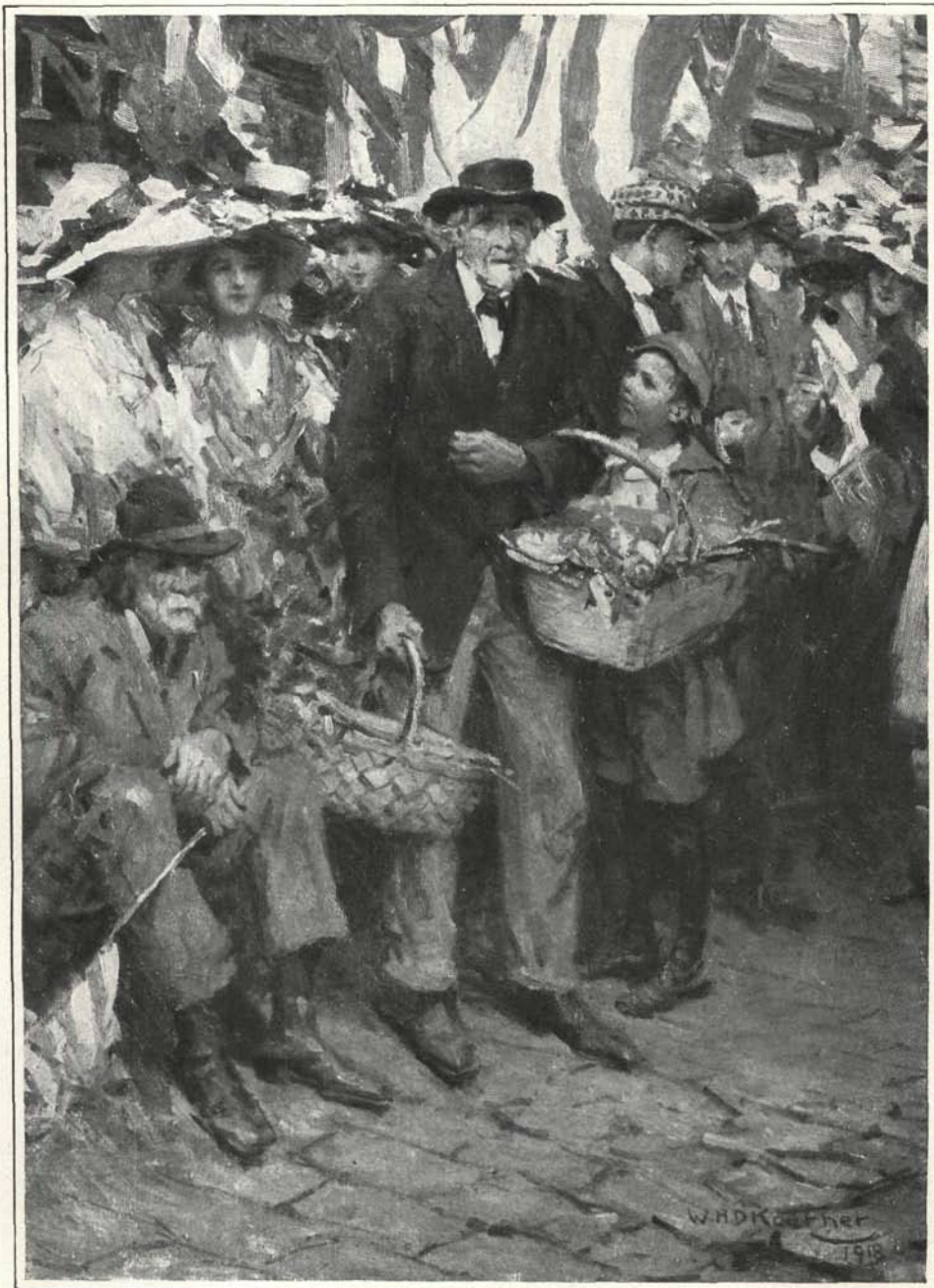
Drawn by T. K. Hanna

IN A FAR CORNER HE FANCIED HE CAUGHT THE OUTLINE OF A HUMAN FORM



Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner

SOFTLY ANDREW STEPPED INTO HIS FRAGRANT SANCTUARY



Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner

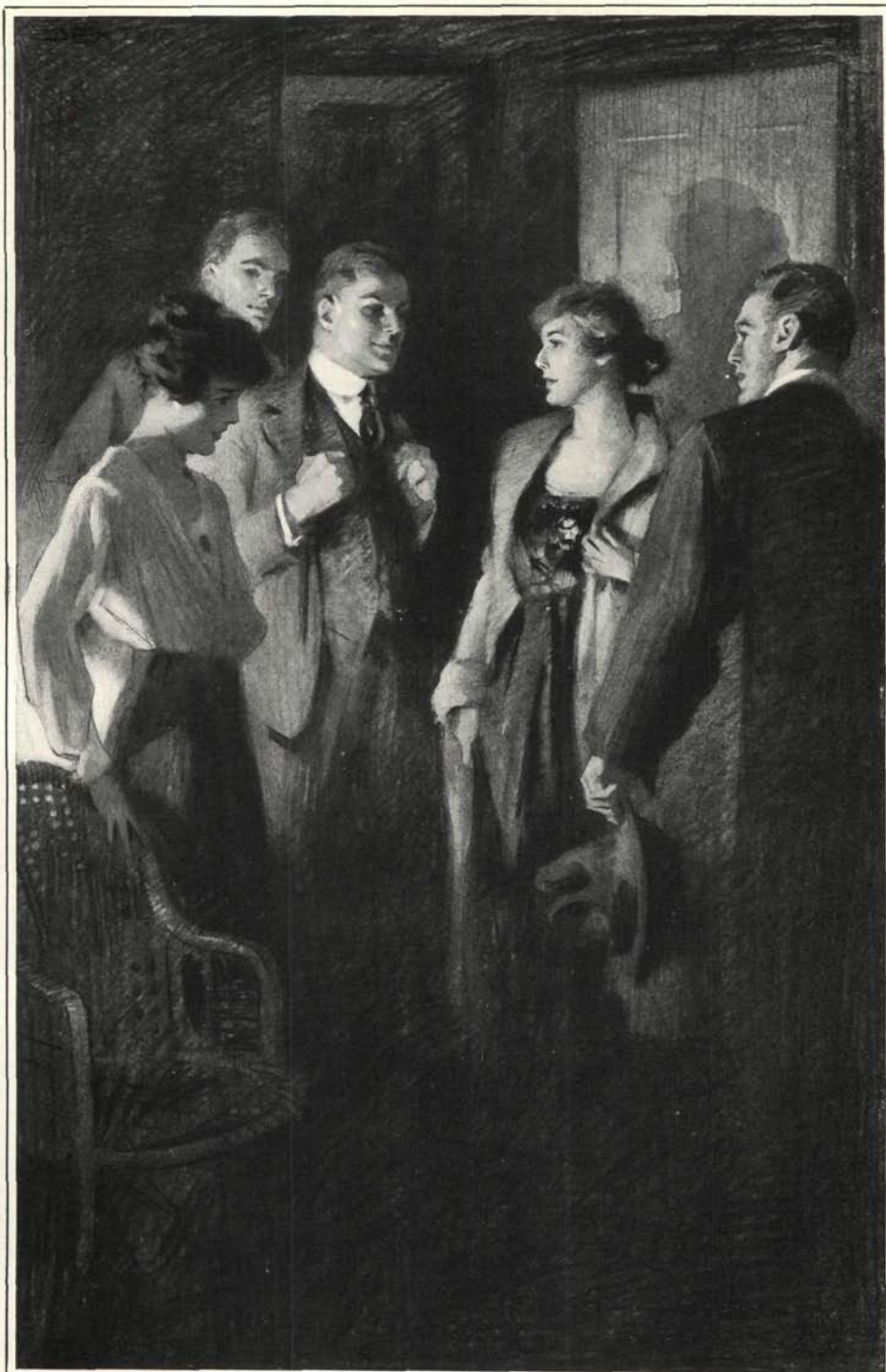
RANK AFTER RANK SWEEPED BY AND ANDREW'S SPIRIT MARCHED ABREAST



Painting by Waller Biggs

Illustration for "Praying Sally"

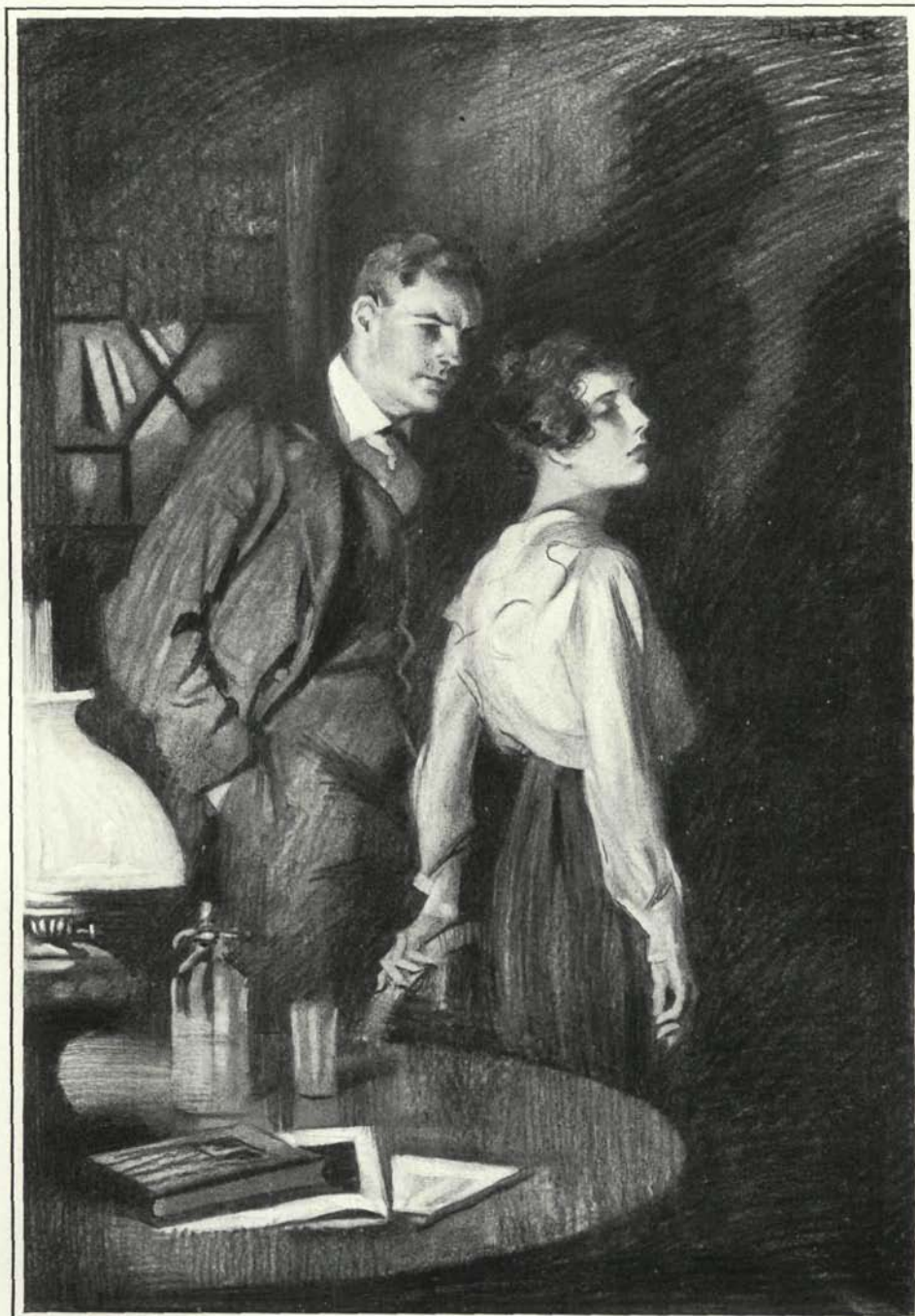
"WE CAN'T HAVE THINGS COVERED UP BETWIXT YOU AN' ME"



Drawn by Wilson C. Dexter

Engraved by L. Leinroth

"SAY, DO YOU PEOPLE EVER GET TO NEW YORK?"



Drawn by Wilson C. Dexter

Engraved by Frank E. Pettit

"WELL, THEN," REPLIED STILES, "I ASK YOU TO STAY"