

worried than the Yugoslavs. Although with much less to fear in the near future on military grounds, they have more to fear than the Yugoslavs on economic grounds. The Italians are distinctly worried about the economic future of their new ports on the Adriatic, because the economic life of these ports depends largely on the patronage of the hinterland which belongs to their economic rivals. Why should one not suppose that the Yugoslavs, and indeed the Czechoslovaks, Austrians, and Hungarians, will patronize the Yugoslav ports rather than the ports of the Italians, with whom none of these nations is on very good terms? The Yugoslavs tell you triumphantly that such will be the case. The Italians do not hide their fear that it will be, and they

remember a number of significant moves made by the Yugoslavs during the controversy over Fiume. One was the threat that unless the Italians helped the Yugoslavs to get Fiume the latter would boycott the Italian railway feeding that port by preventing the egress of Yugoslav and Hungarian produce.

It is no use ignoring facts. It will help no one for us to hold up our hands and say:

"Horrible suggestion! It is impossible to believe that the Yugoslavs and the Italians, both dear friends of ours, will ever fight each other."

The fact is that both Yugoslavs and Italians are talking frankly about the possibility of fighting each other, and that indications are already visible of the sort of economic warfare which often

leads up to military warfare. There is room on the Adriatic, however, for both Italians and Yugoslavs, and a tragic war can be averted if the Great Powers exert themselves to the utmost to make the League of Nations a vital reality. By the energetic and tactful action of all the other nations which are interested in avoiding another European war it is possible to lead both Italians and Yugoslavs into an adjustment of their difficulties satisfactory to both sides. It is possible, but it is not easy. It would perhaps involve a political mandate to Italy; it would certainly involve the economic freedom of the port; and it might even result in an independent State of Fiume.

Messina, Sicily, June 9.

## CHRISTIANA'S RING

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

*"But she gave Mr. Standfast a Ring"*

### I

I can hear the River  
Singing where she went. . . .  
Here I wait my summons  
Patiently content,  
In my heart the memory  
Of a perfect thing,  
Bright upon my finger  
Christiana's Ring.

### II

Valiant was her soldier,  
Greatheart was her guide,  
Christian was her beacon  
To the other side.  
What a little share was mine  
In her journeying!  
Yet—it was to Standfast  
That she gave a ring.

### III

Heaven can make no richer,  
Earth cannot destroy  
The divine completeness  
Of my slender joy.  
Gold of God's refining  
Pure from his own fire  
Is the finished circle  
Of my soul's desire.  
*I shall cross the River,  
I shall meet the King,  
In my heart her memory,  
On my hand her ring.*

## THE NEW GREAT THING

A STORY OF ADVENTURE

BY KEENE ABBOTT

"IT'S this one, or another one, will some day be getting clean across, I'm thinking, with wings only to go on."

Faded blue eyes looked up from the newspaper headlines which blazoned the daring start of the Australian aviator in that famous effort of his to journey through the air over the Atlantic Ocean, and while Michael Delahunty commented upon this spectacular enterprise his gaze traveled skyward, above the windbreak of glossy-leaved cottonwood trees that were beginning to shed their seeds in languid flurries, like tiny snowflakes idly

balancing. After an interval of museful speculation he added, with conviction:

"A brave lad, surely. And we have to be brave, every mother's son of us that would be poking our noses into adventure for the help of any new great thing that's a-borning."

What new great thing, I wondered, had this man helped into being? It was hard to picture him, now so gray and stooped with toil and years, as one who had "poked his nose into adventure."

At the Delahunty cottage, where I stopped to ask for a drink of water, I had

arrived dusty and leg-weary from my cross-country tramp through a region of Nebraska that had once been the great hunting domain of the red man, the very heart of the buffalo country. And, my thirst having been quenched at the pump, I now pleaded fatigue and the favor of a seat under the box-elder tree, on a bench beside that reminiscent gazer at the blue sky.

"A big labor it was," he presently observed, "a big labor, and risky." His old head wagged solemnly as he went on: "Let you be starting across the ocean for



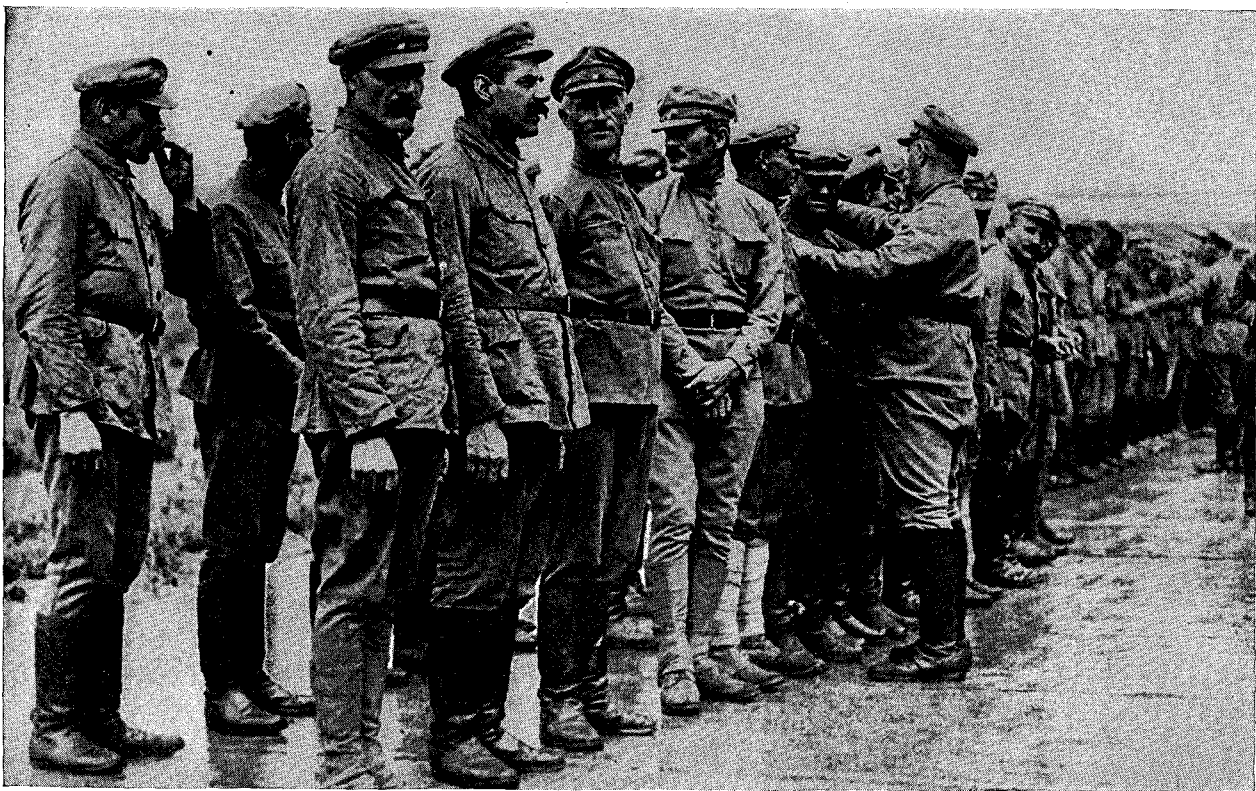
# CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED



(C) Chneclinst, from Press Illustrating Service

## AN ABYSSINIAN MISSION

The three members of this Mission lately visited Washington to congratulate President Wilson on the conclusion of the war. The Mission was headed by his Royal Highness Dedjazmatch Nadao (in the center of picture)



International Film Service

## A CZECHOSLOVAK PARADE

About a thousand Czechoslovak war veterans recently paraded in Washington before President Wilson. They fought in Siberia, and their appearance shows the type of the men who made such marvelous marches through Siberia, fighting the Bolsheviks as they marched