

Shady Traders Resent Intervention

ADVENTURERS IN HARBIN CAPTAIN AGAINST ALLIES

Americans Regarded as Greatest of Bourgeoisie, Who Would Rob Siberians of Commerce.

DISCIPLINE ENEMIES MANY

Former Bolshevik, Operating Under Assumed Names, When Uncovered, Get Short Shift.

By Ludovic H. Grandjeu
Special Correspondence to The Journal and The Chicago Daily News.
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Harbin, Manchuria, April 12.—The bands of shady traders here are anti-Bolshevik, because that regime does not offer them the necessary security for their business. But intervention by the allies, which true patriots implore, signifies for these people the re-establishment of an order which they fear and an intrusion which threatens to drive them from the Siberian market.

Everything went so well. The Chinese soldiers drove away the Bolsheviks, and protected their little affairs and their capital from confiscation. Ideally located in a neutral country between Siberia and all the ports of importation, they detested with all their strength a war which could add nothing to their security in China and threatened to demobilize commerce by military transport.

Among many conversations I cite that with the president of a committee of the Harbin bourgeoisie, who strongly recommended to me by the principal priest of the church of St. Sophia as a "true Russian." Like his friends, he is opposed to the presence of the Japanese and Americans in Siberia.

Americans "Greatest Bourgeoisie"

"The Americans and the Japanese," he said, "wish to bring their goods here, exploit the country, and drive out Russian commerce. Americans are the most dangerous. They have come out of the war with small loss and, excepting the Japanese, are the only ones able to resume commerce immediately. They are not Democrats, as they pretend to be, but the greatest bourgeoisie in the world."

"It is not true that the allies have re-established order. On the contrary, every time a Russian has brought about order foreigners have succeeded him. Thus the Czechs, the Poles, the Japanese and the Japanese after Kalmikof and have taken to themselves the credit for the order. The allies have done nothing for us except to occupy the roads and diminish their profit by using the cars without paying for them. Our enemies are strong and soon the happy day will come when they will be able to say to the allies: 'We have no more use for you. Get out!'"

The circle to which this individual belongs is composed of financiers and merchants and is particularly influential in this country, where nothing is free from financial transactions, which are opposed to the Japanese commerce; others prefer it to the "more terrible American menace." All these Russian merchants are influenced in their judgments solely by personal interests. Their action is none the less important.

Other Enemies of Discipline

Then there is also a class of persons, former political exiles, who, without being Bolsheviks, are enemies of all authority—primary school teachers, poor students, ambitious Cossacks, they have revolted as far as possible toward the left without falling into Bolshevism itself. Their sympathy wavers irresolutely between the Bolshevik regime, which they do not admit them as chiefs, and the parties of order. But the dominating tendency gives finally from one extreme to the other. Since the battle of sabers and spears has again made itself heard in the streets their activity has been aroused through their instinctive repugnance to the privileges of caste and to the order which was the soul of the revolution. These are the people who continue to spread their dangerous propaganda against discipline among the soldiers of the new Russian army.

Former Bolshevik, presidents and secretaries of revolutionary committees, unidentified, pass under assumed names. From time to time they are discovered in active propaganda work and then they are turned over to the military police, who drive them away, or to General Semenovoff, who has them shot. Some of them are poor little Jews, whose energy and intelligence caused them to come to the front in the first revolutionary meetings and who were lured by the prospect of power without control and success without bounds. These persons, who were of the old regime, intoxicated by unexpected acclamations and attracted by glittering hopes of vengeance, have had their wings seriously hurt wherever they were.

Brief Authority, Then Shot

Such a person was Arkous, apothecary clerk in Harbin, a small soul and having small intelligence, but lively and noisy. No one knows how it happened, but he immediately came to the front as soon as the Bolshevik movement began to develop here. The soldiers noticed him and remarked that he had the same "thirst for liberty" as they had and besides was ambitious and energetic. The leaders in the Jewish community liked him, but these the soldiers said were as "bourgeois" as the others.

Arkous was made chief of police in Harbin and exchanged his filthy shirt for an entirely new uniform. He pronounced about armed with a large automatic pistol, which every little while he would show under the coat of some "bourgeois." He arrested a number of suspects, extorted money from the "capitalists" and made a great show. But one day, the 29th, Bolsheviks, through whom he received his power, were suddenly disarmed by the Chinese soldiers. The other chiefs, the schoolmaster, Rutine, Slavine and Maloff, were able to save themselves in time. But Arkous found all eyes upon himself. The attention of the scandalous town did not permit him to get away. He was arrested and escorted by a detachment of Chinese soldiers to General Semenovoff, who had him shot.

These disoriented elements agitate in many different ways, but they agree as to one point, and that is the good quality of the young Siberian army. Its soldiers are patriotic and brave, and its officers have all done their duty. And this appreciation is not entirely disinterested. It is but another way of protesting against the intervention of the allies.

Two Unique Alsatian Customs Are Resumed When Huns Kicked Out

By Harry Hanson
Special Cable to The Journal and The Chicago Daily News.
(Copyright, 1919, by Chicago Daily News Co.)
Strassburg, Alsace, April 12.—A strange old custom has come back to Strassburg with the return of the French—the retreat. The retreat is a parade at night with bands, pine torches and ray colored lanterns. Just how it got its name nobody seems to know. It goes back into the dim middle ages and perhaps it had something to do with the ancient custom of conducting a crowd home from social affairs with lanterns. Another custom that has been revived is the wearing of the traditional costume of Alsace, for to the French Alsace is a province, not a country, a girl with great big black ribbons on her head, a beautiful embroidered shawl over her shoulders and a long red or green skirt of generous width, was back to the days before they began to be abbreviated.

Both the retreat and the costumes came back in all their glory to Strassburg last night and, strange as it may seem, they were meant to do honor to journalists from other shores, to whom Strassburg opened its heart and its harbor. As a member of the party of journalists, I can only respond to the question, "Did Strassburg do itself proud?" with the phrase of a Xanthippe, who marched through the streets of Paris in 1917: "Oh, boy!" Strassburg had hung out all the gay-colored bunting available for the occasion. It had likewise on display a great number of American flags, which bore every indication that they had been skillfully made at home.

Proud of Traditions

What was most astounding perhaps to simple writers from the far west was that they were met by great placards posted on the walls of the city calling on the young women and girls to turn out in the national Alsatian costumes for the benefit of their foreign guests—a mark of respect that is perhaps unique in the history of journalism.

At the luncheon of the chamber of commerce and later in the evening at a dinner given by the retiring high commissioner, Maringer, at the place of the best French element among the Alsatians. It was strange to think that for a generation these men, who were born and bred in Alsace and were proud of its traditions, had been compelled to go through its streets as if they were foreigners tolerated by law, but ostracized by the German administration, and unable to teach their children the glories of France. But time brings recompense, and it was with subtle joy that these men dined in a hall where the traditions had been kept alive, using the plate of the stadtholder, including gold-plated and silver service possessing the imperious signs of Germany and drinking toasts to France marked with the imperial crests. For matters developed so quickly in Strassburg that the stadtholder had in his leaving his hand bag and baggage. The Alsatians laughed heartily while they employed the imperial cutlery and later led us into a large reception hall behind the dining room, where, hidden under denim were four great canvas portraits of the former Kaiser and Kaiserin and also of William I and of Frederick the Great.

"Why don't you take them down?" I

asked of a loyal Alsatian, after the crowd had booted them lustily. "Because they are so funny," he replied. And they were.

"We had one of the first Soviets outside of Russia," said a young man to whom I talked. "I was a member. That man opposite us, who is editor of the Freie Presse, or rather, the Presse Libre, as we call it now, was head of the Soviet. We had a bully time," he added and chuckled.

"What did you do?" I asked.

"There were several German regiments here and they were getting disgruntled," he replied. "So we knew that the revolution was about to start. We had frequently expected it, but it had never come. So to anticipate them we started it ourselves in order to save Strassburg from being destroyed. That was before the armistice. The soldiers went over to us. Every officer took off his insignia and the men threw aside their grey coats. We divided up the regimental property between us. Then the armistice came and Strassburg was safe. We sold everything. We sold a captive balloon to a clergyman for 25 marks (\$6.25). You could buy a machine gun for 20 marks (\$5).

Bottom of Many Pranks

"You were a soldier in the German army, then?" I asked.

"Yes, I was a soldier when the war broke out," he replied. "I was unable to desert. The Germans first sent the Alsatians to the Russian border, and when the story of how the Germans were bothered from the inside comes to be written you will find an Alsatian at the bottom of many of the pranks played on the Germans. For instance, for a long time I was stationed at Danzig, where I was engaged as a clerk. An occasion arose when I could conveniently lose the papers which described me as an Alsatian. This I did, so that suspicion was no longer attached to me. Word was passed along to my comrades that I was an Alsatian, so that when an Alsatian came to Danzig and wanted to be helped home or out of trouble I was able to expedite matters."

"On one occasion I and another man expected the revolution to break out soon. We therefore secreted 500 rifles in a forest near a Russian prison camp. The moment the revolution broke we intended to get the Russians out, march them to the forest and make them the nucleus for a rising in Danzig. It happened that the other regiment got suspicious, and my friend came to me and said, 'You are not identified, but they are searching for the conspirator, and I suggest that you hide in the Russian camp.' I went to the camp, put on a Russian uniform and lived there for two weeks. When I came out the trouble had blown over. I was glad it did, for those two weeks almost cured me of conspiring."

Seemed to Know Anyway

"But think how we Alsatians got our hands into everything. A friend of mine worked in the military office where all the troop trains were dispatched and we knew of every move before an offensive. There were days when he would tell me just where the offensive of the Germans was planned. We would pray for a French secret to come so that we might tell him the news."

We laughed and raised our glasses—glasses with the imperial arms—to Alsace.

OFFICERS COMPELLED TO EAT HUMBLE PIE AT ORDERS OF M. P.'S

Insignia of Rank Makes No Impression on Military Police in Performing Their Duty.

Special Cable to The Journal and The Chicago Daily News.
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Coblenz, Germany, April 12.—This is merely a sidelight on the experience of Americans traveling under the surveillance of their own military police in Europe. The scene is Metz. A train without a diner arrives from the zone of occupation and stops an hour and a half. Three officers, eight hours without food, descend unmolested by the M. P. and enter the station toward the where they eat a meal. A few minutes before the train is due to leave they start back to the train feeling at peace with the world. While they have been dining, a squad of M. P., carrying automatic pistols and rifles, arrives at the platform gate.

"Where are your passes?" demands the first M. P. The officers produce their identification papers and passes. "There's no good. How'd you get there without your passes?" "We just walked out and nobody asked us for passes," replied the officers. "Well, you got to get passes when you leave here," insists the M. P. But we have merely come from our train to eat lunch and have not left the station," say the officers, producing railroad tickets and sleeper reservations. "Makes no difference," yuh got to register. Get out of here, quick, now!" shouts the M. P. Others coming up, brandishing their clubs, the officers start to run to the other side of the station toward the registering office. In a few minutes they return with the special slip demanded by the M. P.

"Where are your railroad tickets?" demands an M. P. "We showed you them a minute ago," says an officer. "I have forgotten that," declares the M. P. "You've got to show me again." "Your memory is short," suggests the officer.

The M. P., with the remainder of his gang crowding close, glares at the officers and makes no effort to read the papers. "Read the papers, for we're in a hurry," says an officer. "We don't care whether you miss your train or not," snaps the M. P. "Them's our orders. Understand?" He slowly fumbles the papers and finally hands them back to the officers, who dash for the train.

Making Money Easy

Heilingsdorf, April 12.—(U. P.)—The production of soviet banknotes exceeded \$2,500,000,000 worth monthly, Lenin told the All Russia Trade Union congress.

No Bolshevism, or No Taxes

Berlin, April 12.—(U. P.)—Gelsenkirchen, Germany, has founded a Citizens' league pledged to pay no more taxes until the authorities have suppressed Bolshevism in the district.

Lloyd George Is Named

London, April 12.—(U. P.)—Major Richard Lloyd George, son of the premier, just demobilized, has been appointed director of A. B. Brown, McFarlane & Co., naval architects and marine engineers, of Glasgow, London and New York.

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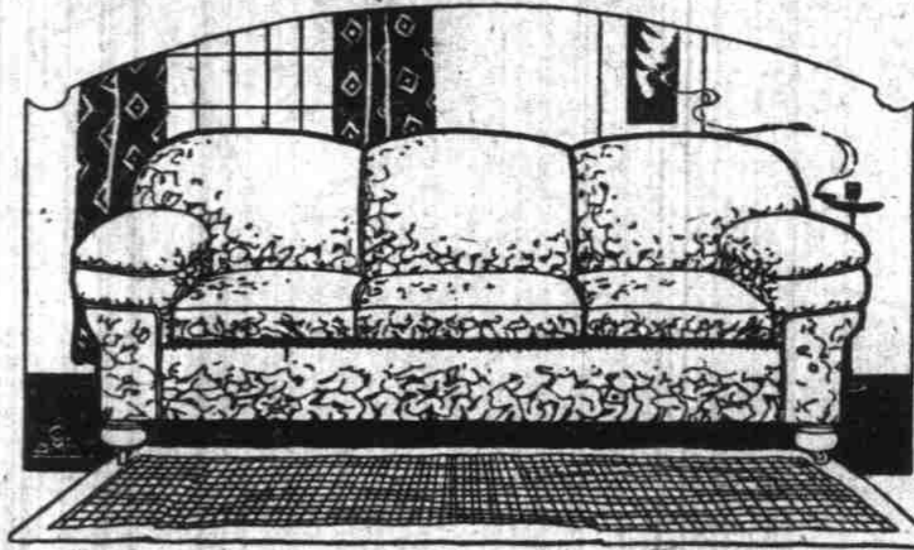
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Powers' Selection of Beautiful Pieces in This Fashionable and Artistic Type of Furniture Is Unsurpassed in the Northwest.

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Similar to illustration, except for the wing back, which is not shown in the picture. Built in cushion effect, with deep spring seat and back. The most luxuriously comfortable piece of furniture you can well imagine. Completely covered back as well as front, with handsome tasestry. Three excellent patterns to choose from.

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- \$31.75 Loose-Cushion Tapestry-Covered Rocker in a very fine pattern, \$26.50
- \$52.50 Karpen Quality Velour Arm Chair at \$39.75
- \$59.75 Velour Spring-Seat Arm Chair in an exceptionally fine design, \$48.85
- \$34.50 Tapestry-Covered Arm Chair in a very attractive pattern at \$18.40
- \$45.00 Tapestry Upholstered Arm Chair in one of the fine Karpen patterns, \$21.25
- \$37.50 Large Size, Luxuriously Comfortable Rocker reduced to \$27.80
- \$51.75 Large Size, Luxuriously Comfortable Rocker in damask, \$45.85
- \$37.50 Karpen Tapestry Overstuffed Chair with spring arms, reduced to \$27.50

\$49.75 Spring-Cushion, Wing-Back Chair, upholstered in handsome damask, \$37.75

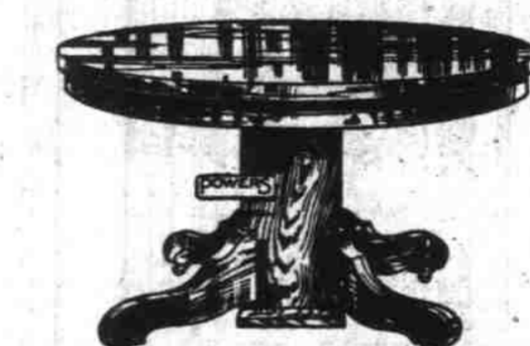
\$57.50 Luxuriously-Cushioned Rocker in damask, \$45.85

\$37.50 Karpen Tapestry Overstuffed Chair with spring arms, reduced to \$27.50

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Regular \$34.75 Oak Dining Table, as pictured at top. Massive pedestal and top, shaped legs, at \$27.65



Regular \$31.50 Square Top Table, as illustrated, with handsome platform base and five pedestal supports, at \$24.75

Regular \$27.50 Oak Table, as pictured at side, heavy scroll base and massive pedestal, at \$19.90

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Refrigerator

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Victrola VI Outfit \$50.35

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- Victrola VI, Large Size Record Cabinet, Six Double-Face Records (10-inch size, 12 selections), Needles for Playing.

The Cabinet and Victrola are finished in selected oak. A very handsome outfit, altogether.



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For the Best Name for Our Quality Cotton Felted Mattress

A name suggesting comfort and quality in mattresses. Send your ideas to the Powers Furniture Co., Advertising Dept. Your name and address should accompany your suggestions. Each competitor is limited to five names.

Contest Closes April 30

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Children's Cribs—Special

\$12.75 WHITE ENAMEL WOOD CRIBS Daintily finished, with drop sides, the most convenient style for both mother and baby \$10.85

\$7.99 NATURAL WOOD FINISH CRIBS A pretty, well constructed crib at a very moderate price. Drop sides. Good finish..... \$4.95

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Regularly \$13.75 Priced \$9.90

Your choice of two good, comfortable styles for \$9.90. Both are of excellent design and good construction, built for wear as well as for comfort and good looks. Deep spring seats upholstered in Spanish Leatherette. Frames of fine selected oak stock.

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For Your Spring Dressmaking—This \$56.50 Sterling Rotary

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You will find this machine a tremendous saving in time and energy. It is light running to a degree that will prove a delightful surprise. All of the latest and most desirable features, too. This special offer comes just in time for the spring dress making season. Buy your machine tomorrow. Pay for it on convenient terms.

Buy Your Sewing Machine at Powers—Pay for It by Installments.



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The right tools for every kind of garden work at the right prices. It will be easy to keep your lawn in order, and your garden ship-shape with the proper implements.

For Easter

New Apparel for Men and Young Men

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Smart, brisk models for the young man; conservative styles for the man of more moderate tastes; types and weaves for every man who likes to wear good clothes.

The stock this week will be at its best. Make your selections early in order that they may be in complete readiness for Easter day.

Eighteen to Fifty-Five Dollars

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The Master Merchant Is the Specialty Man.

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