

Moscow Starts Drive Against All Grafters

Passengers Held Up for Food Tips by Rail Workers—Sidetracked Unless They Pay.

Moscow, Dec. 2.—The grafters in Moscow are scared. Fourteen were arrested the other day, and recently the number was 21. Among them were 30 porters, 60 police, 25 passengers, besides waiters, servants and 20 high-ups, conductors, assistant station masters, controllers and inspectors. Passengers after giving information, were at once released.

Dzerinsky is the head of the commission for fighting the graft in transport. This name alone inspires fear, as Dzerinsky was the head of the former extraordinary commission, the dreaded Cheka, which was charged with crushing opposition from the beginning of the soviet regime.

Wholesale Graft. The graft in transport has assumed such proportions that it is impossible to ignore it. You may be traveling "tipshchik"—that is, with several persons in a freight car, with all your baggage under your eye where you can watch it, but unless you pay graft your car will be sidetracked for a day, for two days, for a week or maybe a month. And when you have paid it in a few days your car will be sidetracked again. You may be going, with a group of your friends, in a special (freight) car to Petrograd and back for your vacation, but you will never reach Petrograd unless you take along some butter or some sugar or some flour for the trainmen.

I saw an American on the Moscow Express recover his berth by means of a club, but this is most un-Russian. The Russian method is to submit, or pay a large graft.

Graft in the pinching of baggage has been a gold mine. Every ounce of baggage in Russia is charged for, and only 150 pounds is allowed on one ticket. According to the letter of the law, hand baggage is very limited. With the great impulse to trade now taking place in Russia the temptation to graft in baggage is tremendous.

Graft is "Old Game." Graft is no new thing in Russia. The old regime was well described as "tyranny, tempered by bribery." Zinovieff recently said that much of the graft was without bad motives. Literally much of it was to feed the children; for, as Tomesky, the labor leader, said in addressing his men this week: "The conditions of food and supply have been so miserable that, were statistics to be relied upon, all you workers should have died two years ago. But," he added, "you are still alive." And many of them have openly said they lived only by what they could make "on the side."

But conditions are much better now. Hence the drive on graft. The grafters are scared. There is no friendly haven to which to flee, and if there were the conditions of transport are such that unless you are traveling under government auspices it takes a week, two weeks, often a month to get a ticket, to say nothing of a passport.

The mobilization against graft is certainly on. Some say that a month in jail, with only half a pound of bread a day, will cure the worst. Others speak of long prison terms. Firing squads are frequently mentioned. Conditions have assumed proportions of a national peril. Foreign wars and civil wars, cholera, typhus and famine—Russia has survived them all. Thoughtful men are asking: Can she outlive graft?

Wife Too Rough, Mate Complains

Spouse Beat Him and Made Him Stand in Stable, Says Irishman.

Dublin, Dec. 2.—There is another rebellion in Ireland, but this time it is a domestic rebellion. It's Pat Droarkien's own little rebellion. In fact, Pat is the rebellion.

Christmas Cheerio in New York Hotel

Christmas is coming! (Voice—louder, and funnier) Of course, you know it is almost here but there's no reason why we can't be cheerful just the same.

One of the tragedies of life is its disillusionment. I can't help but recall the memory of my first Christmas. It was on grandpa's farm in Missouri. Grandpa, by the way, won the skillet at the Clinton county fair for being the homeliest man in the county. They say I resemble him.

When Beth, the hired man (there were no "servants" in those days) broke the ice on the pump handle the noise aroused me. Day had not broken. I crept downstairs in my flannel nightshirt and looked at the parlor table.

Fanta had not forgot—lilies his heart. There was a paper-poke of candy, a bright yellow orange and a woolen cap. That was the happiest Christmas I ever had.

Grandma got a knitted fascinator and grandpa got a milking stool. We had steaming flapjacks for breakfast with scorgum molasses trimmings and in honor of the occasion we let Beth eat at the first table and old Shep was allowed to come in from the porch to the kitchen and wag his joyous tail.

In the afternoon Aunt Betty drove in from town with Brother and Hampton and we popped corn over the log fire. What a day!

And this Christmas I'm marooned in a New York hotel with all the palm itching myriads smearing their oily underlings and getting ready for the big gouge.

It is going to be a fine Christmas. I can see that. This year they will "say it with blackjacks."

Yesterday the clerk actually spoke to me. The venerable humdinger who calls the taxis that you don't want at the front entrance is spilling all over his rheumatic self howling as I pass in and out.

I have thought of several ways of circumventing them. One was to fill my pockets with guns, knives and other Bowery fains and begin action as the first palm is extended. But I have a wife and dog—and if wood alcohol doesn't get me—I want to keep on working and provide a competence.

Christmas in New York has ceased to be a day of spiritual blessings and goodwill. It has become a mere adroit touch. We skip all the year to keep the wolves from whelping on the front step and then we pass out our savings on December 25 to insulting barabodes who run elevators and answer telephones and give you only back talk.

Most of us will forgive absurdly if it is decorated with laughter. But for ordinarily normal people to submit to the indignities of the New York Christmas grafting is unbelievable.

But in my atrocious heart I know that I will not keep the pledge. I fear the sneers and leers of the flying wedge.

What will the bellhops say? Ah, that is a question.

The dimwit seamstress, who toils in a drowsy Bronx one-flight up apartment has an interest in our welfare, will

probably receive a 50 cent handkerchief. And the eldest son of Taran the Ape who snatches my hat every time I enter the dining room will be presented with a \$5 bill.

And, of course, I will want to sneak around the corner and apply the kick-machine and all that but I'll do it just the same.

Ranta has no business coming to New York. He doesn't belong here. A



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trusting soul like he will find some Christmas morning when he comes out of a chimney that they have stolen his reindeer and sid for a joy ride.

The only place to see the Christmas spirit here is in the unreal world of the "stage"—those tear-jerking affairs where Beth, the village heroine, is trying to save the mortgaged home from the smooth city rascal, with the alien voice and metropolitan airs.

She always comes out all right and as the curtain falls you hear the faint cadence of the village choir in the distance.

Last Christmas I made a resolve that I'd at least skin the head waiter. He always sits me behind the orchestra, always from everything. And he has a habit of calling me "Mr. Mackintosh." You know, as if I didn't belong and he couldn't remember my name.

The Well Known Oil. I went into the dining room for breakfast. He was craftily hid in his palmy lair. At my approach he bounded out, sweeping the floor with his face.

"A merry Christmas, M'sso McIntyre!" he purred. And as he led me in, and is really a kind soul who up to a little balcony table, the best

head to his hair.

He criticized the waiters for faultless service. And when I departed he followed me all the way to the roped entrance. And then I fell. I gave him a ten dollar bill. That one I had borrowed from the laundry boy for emergencies on Christmas day.

I would love to see some brave soul like Dead-Eye Tom from Skeleton Gulch spend Christmas in a New York hotel. I'm wondering what he would do as the procession of palms were extended. I would like to think of him as giving a warwhoop and begin shooting from both hips.

But I don't believe he would stand the test. By evening he would be giving away his chaps and rattlesnake belt or I miss my guess.

Somewhere in the world there are going to be happy Christmases, but not in New York hotels.

St. Louis Muni Free Bridge Is 'White Elephant'

Railroads Refuse to Use \$8,000,000 Structure Built to Cut Freight Costs, Claiming It Is Inaccessible.

St. Louis, Dec. 2.—Many years ago—14 or more—agitation was started here to build a municipal free bridge, the main purpose being to break the so-called "arbitrary" charged by the Terminal Railroad association for freight crossing the Mississippi river.

The idea was to divert railroad traffic to the free bridge and to this end one of the largest and most magnificent bridge structures in the country was built at an original cost of \$8,000,000.

Today it stands—as it has for eight years—spanning the mighty waters of the Mississippi, regarded almost with disgust by nearly all St. Louisans and regarded throughout the country as an object for rapturous mirth.

It is one of the biggest "white elephants" ever built, yet its purpose was a noble one. It was built to save the citizens of St. Louis many millions of dollars annually from the fee charged for the hauling of freight across the river.

Refuse to Use It. After being built the Terminal Railroad association, which takes charge of the operation of all trains entering and leaving this city, refused to use the bridge, contending the structure was inaccessible to its freight terminals on both sides of the river.

Completed in 1916, it has been used solely by pedestrians and vehicles. The railroads, if they used it, were to agree not to impose any special fee for river crossing, but to make their charges on the basis of mileage.

Had it worked out as planned many millions of dollars would have been saved annually to St. Louis. Thousands of shippers would daily be profiting by it and ultimately the citizens of this city through a lower freight rate.

Agitation after agitation on the bridge question was started by various organizations from time to time. Hardly would one plan fall through for a solution of the problem that today is still vexing the city when another movement would be pushed by some other civic body.

Bond issue proposals and vituperative controversies have kept the matter alive for years. Mayors have fought for it, but today railroad freight traffic comes to and from St. Louis as it did before the citizens put their hands deep into their pockets and expended their millions.

Annuity Considered. The Chamber of Commerce has appointed a committee to devise some plan for yet pushing through the original idea. One suggested plan is to pay the railroads, or rather the Terminal Railroad association, an annuity to use the free bridge in place of the Ends or Merchants bridges, which are owned by the association.

The city, under such a plan, would complete satisfactory approaches to the bridge both on this side and on the east side in Illinois. These approaches would connect with the terminal's general freight yards, making the bridge accessible to freight traffic and being an end to years of controversy.

This would mean the floating of another bond issue of about \$6,000,000 to pay for the construction of these approaches and also to pay off an existing debt on the structure of some two or three million dollars.

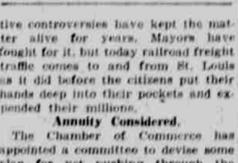
Autos Kill 295 in L. A. Los Angeles, Dec. 2.—In a report made recently by Coroner Nance, the cause of 2762 deaths investigated by his office for the fiscal year were as follows:

Automobile accidents, 295; suicides, 231; homicides, 114; miscellaneous accidents, 256; and natural causes, street cases and railroads, 1,719.

Shakeup Reported on Liquor Horizon



There is a report going the rounds in official Washington that Representative Andrew Volstead of Minnesota, author of the enforcement act, recently defeated for re-election, may replace Roy Haynes as prohibition commissioner.



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Bobbed Hair Death Knell Is Sounded

Pioneer of Marcel Wave Predicts Return of Old-Fashioned Coiffure.

London, Dec. 2.—According to M. Marcel, pioneer of the Marcel wave, the death knell of bobbed hair has been sounded. At the Hairsdressers' exhibition just opened in London, many variants of the style which will supersede the "bob" during the coming season are shown.

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The enemy of every woman's charm

Vivacity—animation—the radiant charm that comes from perfect health—Every normal woman can possess them. Yet thousands lose them through neglecting to keep the body free from poisonous waste.

Many seek relief by using cathartics—never realizing that in time drugs actually weaken the intestinal muscles and render the body unable to function normally.

Unlike drugs, Fleischmann's Yeast actually removes the cause of the trouble. The fresh, living cells of Fleischmann's Yeast contain a natural food—with the very elements which help the body perform its two vital functions: (1) Remove regularly all of the poisonous waste; (2) Build up the living tissues from day to day.

Like any other plant or vegetable, yeast produces the best results when fresh and "green"—not dried or "killed." Fleischmann's Yeast is the highest grade living yeast—always fresh. It is not a medicine, it is a natural food. Results cannot be expected unless it is eaten regularly.

Everywhere physicians and hospitals are prescribing Fleischmann's Yeast to correct constipation, skin disorders and to restore appetite and digestion.

"So thin I weighed only 94 pounds"

"For twenty years," writes a California woman, "I have been bothered with gas and constipation. White of egg, wheat biscuits, and malted milk was all I could eat. I became so thin I weighed only 94 lbs., and I am 5 ft. 5 in."

"Then I began to eat two cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day. I gained 10 lbs. in four weeks, and now weigh 110. Constipation has completely disappeared, and I can eat almost anything."

Eat two or three cakes a day regularly—plain or spread on crackers, or mixed with water or milk. If you prefer, get six cakes at a time. They will keep in a cool, dry place for two or three days. Begin at once to know what real health means! Be sure you get Fleischmann's Yeast. All grocers have it.



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"We got her

—what'll we do with her?" "Fetch her in," said Peewee. "Up the back stairs." The girl who had dared to follow the sinister workings of these bootleggers to their source was carried up the narrow stairs. She heard a key turn in the lock; pushed stumbling into the room, the door slammed behind her.

Who but Carmel Lee would receive a warning from the most powerful ring of perverted politicians that had ever terrorized a small community—and choose to stay? Who but Clarence Budington Kelland could tell this story of her struggle against a ring so powerful that the governor of a state had declined to listen to the evidence against it?

A queer mixture of motives good and bad; love and hate; goodness and greed. "Contraband" is but one of sixteen rattling good stories and features in The Red Book Magazine for December; at all news stands now. Price 25 cents.