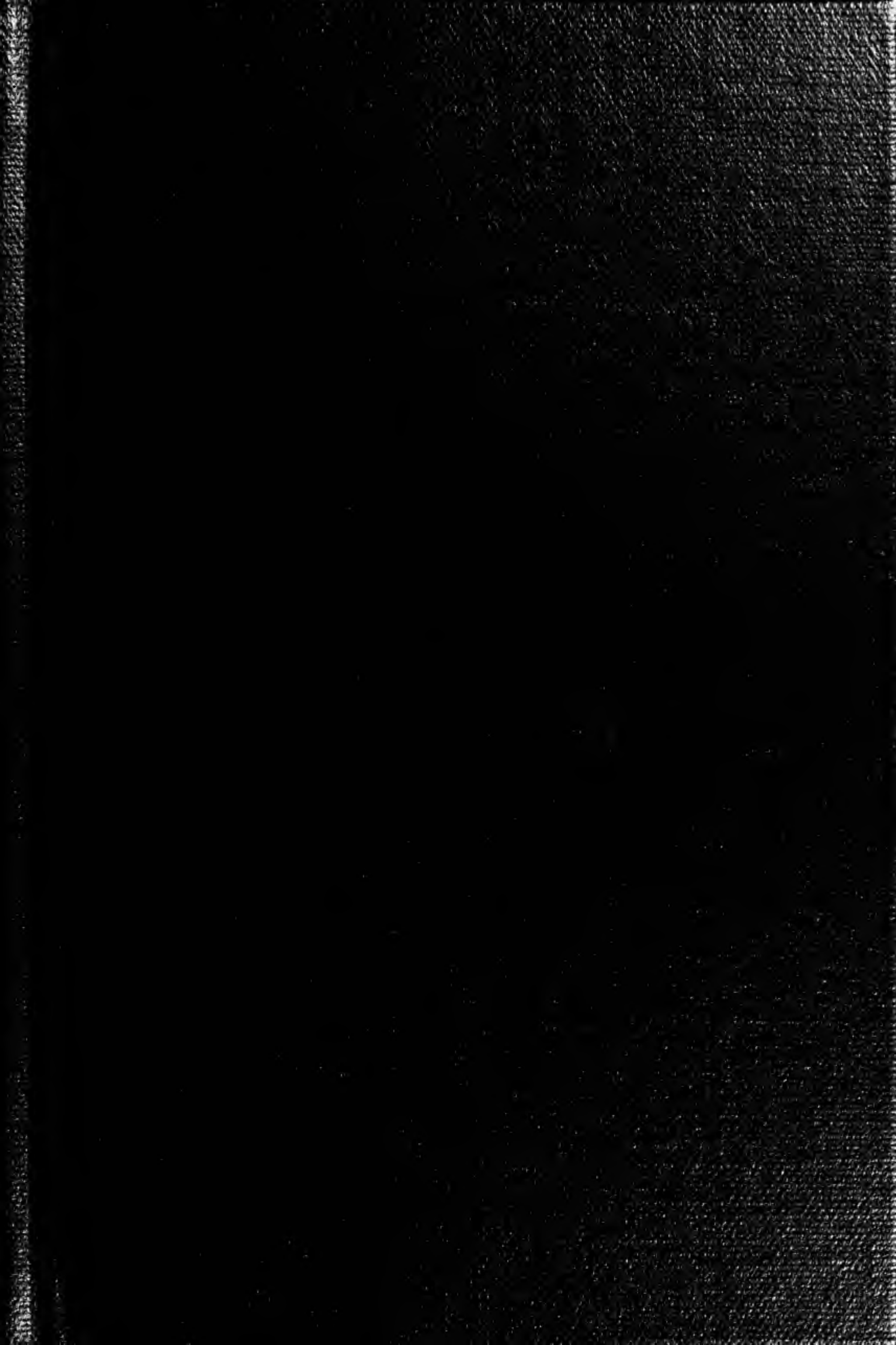

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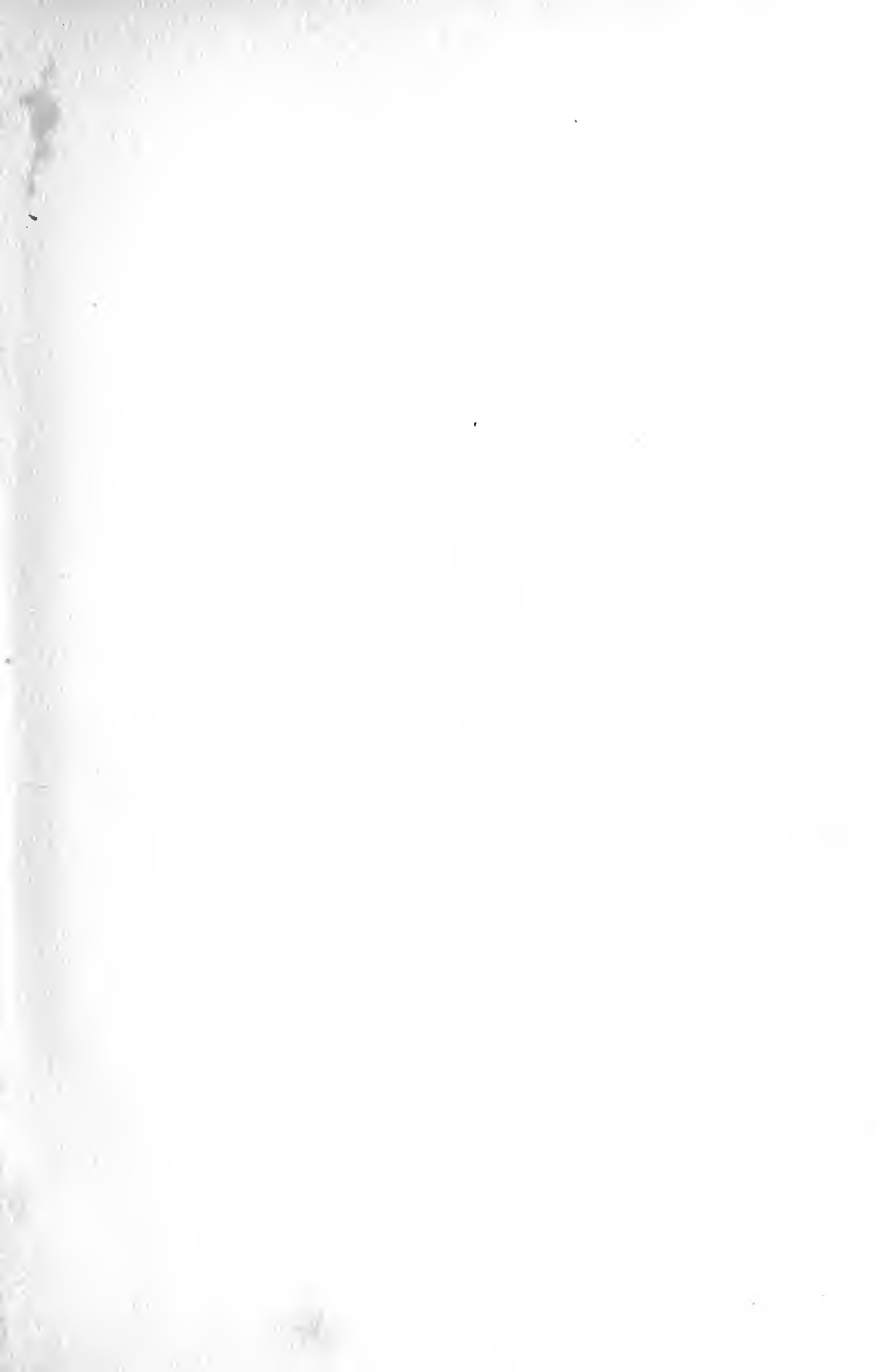

BEHIND THE BATTLE LINE

AROUND THE WORLD IN 1918

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EMMELINE PETHICK-LAWRENCE

BEHIND THE BATTLE LINE

AROUND THE WORLD IN 1918

BY

MADELEINE Z. DOTY

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UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

TO

EMMELINE PETHICK-LAWRENCE

WHO HAS MADE MY DREAM OF GREAT WOMEN A REALITY

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PREFACE

THERE is a great fascination about warring Europe. Across the seas a world drama is being enacted. One cannot keep away. Each year the scene changes. Having seen the first act one must see the next. The call came to me. I had been to Europe twice since the war. This was the third trip. This time I was to go around the world.

I knew that parallel with the physical battle that engulfs us, runs a great spiritual struggle. That was the drama I was watching. I tried to discover the dreams and plans of the women of the future, what the folks at home strove for, where the spiritual drama led. In each country I sought the heart of things. I made no attempt to acquire facts and figures. In superficial details this book undoubtedly has inaccuracies. It is merely a bird's-eye view of a mixed up world, with a glimpse of the new spiritual order which arises out of the muddle.

A very important factor in the consideration of world affairs is the different stage of development of the different nations. To treat of matters internationally when one nation is in the Middle Ages and another in the Twenty-first Century is almost impossible. In Japan, for instance, women are openly sold into industry and prostitution, and a God sent emperor sits upon the throne. In that land to be a member of the Y. W. C. A. was to be a rebel and a revolutionist. Japan socially is in the Middle Ages. When I reached Russia on the other hand I found

that the working people had seized the government and that Maxim Gorky was in danger of imprisonment as a conservative. I had leaped forward into the Twenty-first Century. Then I journeyed on to Sweden and found a king tottering on his throne. Beneath the skirts of a gorgeous palace lay the hovels of the poor, and a mass of restless, hungry people crying out for bread. I had dropped back to the Eighteenth Century.

When I landed in England it was to step forward again to the Twentieth Century. For in spite of a king as a figure head, in England the people are slowly taking possession of their own. Not as in Russia by the force of the bayonet, but through universal education and the intellectual intelligence of the masses.

But this uneven state of world development will not long continue. In every country exists a group of people spiritually awake. They are fighting the fight for the new freedom. In a generation the backward nations will achieve the struggles of centuries and be brought up to a Twentieth Century standard of democracy. Travel, moving picture shows, the mingling of races, the exchange of literature will bring new light everywhere. Fifty years from today kings will have vanished and Parliaments and Congresses be the governing force in each nation. With the dawn of such a day wars will cease and a true internationalism be established. And in this new order which arises women are destined to play a large part. For in those countries which are most advanced women are most active. Above all in new democratic England women are standing forth. The position of women the world over was a fascinating line of investigation. In autocratic Japan the woman was still a *slave*. She had no rights, she

was hardly more than an upper servant. In awakening China she was still *bound*, held by the laws and traditions of the past ages, but beneath her bondage she began to stir, and here and there to break through her chains. In Russia woman was man's comrade and mate. Her womanhood had been cast from her for the sake of revolution. She did not seek to express herself but instead adopted man's methods in the fight for freedom. It is as revolutionists that Russian women are famous. In Sweden women have taken a wholly different line. The Swedish man has refused to let woman be his comrade, has made her instead, as in Germany, his house-frau. The women thrown back on themselves concentrated on each other and on the sex problem and built up a " Müttershutz " program. This concentration on woman's needs, made the women self-expressive and produced the woman genius, Ellen Key and Selma Lagerlöf. In France on the other hand it is neither as comrade or genius that the modern woman stands forth, but as a lover. Through all the ages the French woman has been past master in the art of love. Her work has been achieved through some man. She has made no attempt to speak for herself. All she possessed was given to her lover. Her influence on history has been through her amours. It is when we come to England that we find woman more nearly the complete human being. Here she combines the striking characteristics of the other countries. She is a comrade, mate and lover, self-expressive, and free. She stands forth as the Warrior of the Spirit. It was in England where the Labor Party and the women are coming into their own that I heard in its full strength the glad new song of freedom and brotherhood which I have heard faintly everywhere. I knew then that

whatever the outcome on the field of battle the cause of democracy had been won. And particularly I saw the flowering of the new spiritual beauty among the women, until before my eyes grew a dazzling vision of an army of mothers joining hands the world around, battling for the rights of the world's children, creating a new and better race of men and women, bringing to fruition the kingdom of God upon earth.

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UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

BEHIND THE BATTLE LINES

CHAPTER I

AUTOCRATIC JAPAN — THE WOMAN SLAVE

THE big steamer swung out from the dock at Vancouver. A drizzly rain concealed the beauty of the harbor. My eyes clung to the shore. It was my last glimpse of America. Ahead lay a big adventure.

The ship was crowded. There were three persons in every cabin. People for Russia, India, China, and Japan were streaming across the Pacific. It was the only safe way. Yet even the Pacific has reminders of war. A coat of gray war-paint covers the steamer, making it look like a monster cruiser. But gay music floats from the saloon. A Filipino band is playing a two-step. The passengers are chatting gayly. As we steam down the harbor we take stock of one another. For ten days we must live together.

I find as roommates a Norwegian missionary and the wife of a member of the British Legation in Peking. The missionaries are numerous; they number seventy-two. The steamship people have used them as Bibles, and put one in every cabin. The other passengers are buyers, bankers, merchants, and government officials. It isn't a mixable company. Upstairs in the saloon the missionaries gather about the piano and sing hymns. On the

deck below fox-trots and bunny-hugs are in progress. But the ocean is a great leveler. During the first night we encounter a mountainous sea. In the morning, missionary and merchant lean over the deck-rail in mutual agony. Souls may differ, but stomachs are of one brotherhood.

But the Pacific is not long angry. Unlike the Atlantic, a few hours transform it. The turbulent surface becomes as smooth as a mill-pond. There are days of glowing sunshine. As we steam north the air nips and bites. We scurry from the sunny spots on deck to the tea-room. In the long uneventful hours acquaintance ripens into friendship.

In the cabin across the way is a little Japanese girl. For five years she has been in England and America, and speaks English perfectly. When she came on the ship she was clad in modern European clothes, but as the days slip by and the soft air of Asia greets us, the slant in her eyes grows more prominent, her hair goes up into Japanese puffs, and she appears in kimono and obi.

The journey nears its end — twenty-four hours more and it will be over. But even as we sigh with content, little black clouds appear in the sky. The wireless tells of two typhoons raging off the China coast. Spurts of rain and gusts of wind beat against the ship. Again we toss and moan. We have caught the edge of a storm. But in the evening the clouds break. Far off on the horizon, in a golden sunset, we see the dark blue hills of Japan. The Japanese hurry to the deck. A light breaks through their stolid faces.

That night it is hard to sleep. To-morrow we enter the Land of the Rising Sun.

When I awake in the morning we are already entering the harbor of Yokohama. I climb onto the

berth and poke my head out of the port-hole. Drops of rain fall on my face. I see long, low, wooden docks, and European buildings old and dilapidated. We might be arriving in Hoboken or some equally ugly American port.

I fight down my disappointment. Fortunately there is no time for thought — all is hurry and bustle of departure.

My cabin-mate, the wife of the member of the British Legation, and I decide to travel together. She has lived much in the East and was born in China. To her the strange customs of the Orient are familiar. We collect our luggage and engage two rickshaws. Then I experience my first taste of Japan. I climb into the miniature, two-wheeled buggy, and my little human horse lifts the shafts. It is raining, the cover is up, and a rubber blanket is buttoned securely across the front opening. I feel myself drifting back through the ages. I might be some lady emerging from her harem in her sedan chair, carefully screened from public gaze.

The small man pulling me is full of wiry strength. He wears short, white knee-pants, and a short blue coat. His bare brown legs are shapely. On his feet are straw sandals.

My friend is in a rickshaw somewhere in the rear. As I gaze from the tiny peep-holes in my rubber covering, again I have pangs of disappointment. I see only a narrow street lined with ugly two-story European houses. It is the architecture of America in its beginning — crude, slipshod, and dingy.

The hotel is the same. As I step in I feel myself back in America, in one of the out-of-date hotels of the past generation. The hall is lined with rocking-chairs. The wall is covered with gold-framed mirrors and maps. There is red upholstered furniture

and much tawdry glitter. It is the hotel of the commercial traveler. And this is one of Japan's best. The Japanese are renowned as imitators, but they often produce a third-rate imitation of the real thing. Modern art they do not understand. The things they take from Europe they make ugly.

The next day we leave the hotel to explore. A few days before a typhoon had swept over Japan — the worst in fifty years. There are bits of wreckage everywhere; tiles from house-roofs, smashed windows, and fallen trees. It is not raining, and the rubber cover of the rickshaw is down. It is like riding in an arm-chair on wheels. The whole city is spread out before us. As we turn down a street I realize I'm in a new world. We have reached the real Japan. Crowds of kimono-clad men and women stream past. It is wet, and the men have tucked up their skirts. Bare brown legs are everywhere in evidence among old and young. The bare feet are thrust into wooden sandals that clump-clump with every step. The dominant note in Japan is the clatter, clatter of the wooden sandal, and the thud, thud of the rickshaw man's softly-clad feet. There is no loud talk and rarely any laughter. The Japanese are reserved, steady and charming. Sometimes one longs to ruffle up their stolidity and get beneath the cool, silent, gracious manner.

But the surface life possesses endless attraction. The Japanese streets are lined with one-story shops with sliding latticed windows. By day the entire shop-front is open. Inside sits the shopkeeper on his mat on the floor, while around him are spread his goods. The room is hardly high enough for a European, but if you enter you must remove your shoes and sit on the floor.

Nothing in this district is modern. I say " noth-

ing," but there I err. Coming down the street in gaudy kimono is a tiny child, and on its head is an American red felt hat. Men and children run riot in European hats, but the women still go with uncovered heads.

As we move down the street there is one other bit of modernity — a moving-picture show. Gaudy posters that would do credit to Coney Island wave over the door. We leave our rickshaw and step in. We do not remove our shoes, but instead encase our feet in cloth slippers.

At first we can see nothing, but we hear the steady drone of a voice. A Japanese movie, acted by Japanese actors, and depicting Japanese life is being flashed upon the screen. But a Japanese movie usually has little action, for the Japanese seek to hide their emotions. They sit for hours, merely nodding, frowning or smiling, throughout the most momentous events. To make up for the inactivity, the Japanese have actors and actresses who speak the lines of the silent screen figures. It was this we had heard as we entered.

We find a small bench and sit down. But most of the audience sits on the floor — only foreigners and domestics use benches. At our feet is a family party consisting of father, mother, small son, and maid. The child is bubbling over with fun. He seems devoted to his nurse. He clutches her lovingly. When her foot is nearer than her hand, it is the big toe he grasps. In Japan, feet are as clean and as exposed as hands. The touch of one seems as satisfactory as the other.

Presently Mother grows restless. Then the little maid lights a cigarette, takes a few puffs, and hands it to her mistress. Now it is Father's turn. He is evidently too hot. He loosens his divided, pleated

skirt and removes it. Men in Japan take off their skirts, not their coats, when warm.

Soon Father has had enough. He arises, rearranges all his garments, and, his toilet completed, moves out. His family meekly follows in the rear without question.

When we leave the theater it is dark. Over every shop flashes an electric light, and the street is gay with the many-colored lanterns of the rickshaw men.

We do not linger in Yokohama, but travel the following day to Tokio, the capital city. Here we determine not to endure the agony of an out-of-date European hotel.

With the aid of the Japanese Tourist Bureau we secure the name of a Japanese inn. Down an obscure street we find an unpretentious Japanese building. When the big, latticed front door is rolled back we see our host. He is surrounded by his servants. They all kneel, and with hands upon the ground bow low. Our little kimono-clad maid takes us to our room. It is bright and airy, and spotless. The lattice-screen windows are rolled back. The whole room is exposed to sun and air. Below is a tiny garden. Our room has little in it — a low table which is the right height when we are seated upon the floor, a tiny table writing-desk of the same height, two silk mats to sit upon, and a dressing-table that looks like a doll's bureau.

In one corner is a small alcove. Here stands a vase of flowers, and over it hangs a Japanese scroll. It is the room's one bit of decoration. The simplicity and sweet cleanliness are infinitely restful. We sit down upon our cushions in content.

Our small maid serves our meals in our room. A lacquered tray set with dainty dishes is put before us on the table. The food is appetizing — my friend

eats it all. I confine myself to the cooked fish, roast chestnuts, rice, and delicious tea. We soon become experts with the chop sticks.

At night sliding wall-screens are rolled back, revealing a cupboard. Here our bedding is tucked away. Two wadded quilts are spread upon the floor, and over these a sheet. Then comes the covering — a red silk eider-down puff.

We soon get adjusted to sleeping on the floor. The only real trial at the inn are the toilet facilities. There is a common wash-room, with brass basins all in a row. Here men and women wash at the same time. But our little maid, knowing our weakness, shoos off intruders while we make our toilet. Next the wash-room is the bath. It has a stone floor with a large sink. This sink has a fire under it, and the water sizzles with heat. But you do not step immediately into this tub. You wash yourself thoroughly first at a small wooden bucket. When you have removed every trace of dirt and soap, you take a hasty plunge. You must be careful to be spotless, for the water in this tank is emptied only once a day, and if you leave traces behind, the next one who takes a bath will be indignant.

We return to our room invigorated by the intense heat of the bath, and find our breakfast waiting for us. Our bedding has been tucked away, and the room put in order. The Japanese live in a small space. Life's necessities are hidden behind screens. One room without furniture serves as bedroom, sitting-room, and dining-room. The rooms of the poor as well as the rich are kept spotless. The wooden floors of the halls shine from constant polishing, but beneath the immaculate neatness of the surface lies the refuse. This dirt and the ugly European innovations are the two blights of Japan.

There is an electric light in our room covered with a cheap white shade. Everywhere is the incongruous mixture of ancient charm and modern ugliness. The two streams run side by side in parallel columns, never merging. In school the children sit on ugly uncomfortable benches. At home they use charming floor-mats. In the office men wear ill-fitting European clothes, and when they reach home change to the attractive silk kimono. The Japanese have adopted modern inventions but failed to grasp the civilization and beauty of spirit of the West. They are lacking in democracy. This is seen in their treatment of women. The women are still living the life of the Middle Ages.

In my ignorance I talked of woman suffrage. But suffrage is reserved for a favored few. Only a tenth of the male population has the vote. Japan is an autocracy. It has just emerged from feudalism. Its whole life is built on loyalty to the emperor.

The women are voiceless. They can not attend political meetings. They are the women of Jane Austen's novels — meek and submissive. They obey their husbands as lord and master. It is their duty to serve. In their homes they occupy the position of upper servants. Socially they have no life. When they appear in public they stand, not by the side of their husbands, but to one side. They wear tight kimonos and walk with mincing steps. They can not run away. Woman is frankly considered man's inferior. The girl's education is not the same as the boy's. To-day girls' schools are increasing. There are several exceptionally fine ones — among the best and earliest that of Miss Suda. But the portion educated is small. Few girls go beyond the grammar school, and the typical high school for girls limits the education to sewing and etiquette. The

husband does not wish a companion. He desires a housekeeper.

When the husband enters the house, the wife, kneeling, places three fingers of her hands upon the floor and bows low. The serving-maid, when she waits upon you, must also kneel and bow. Foreign men who travel in Japan, seem to delight in this custom. As a young American facetiously remarked: "This is the place to bring a wife on a honeymoon. Here she learns how to behave."

The marriage customs are degrading. The marriage is arranged by parents or a go-between. Frequently the young couple do not see each other until man and wife. To love one another before marriage is considered immoral. It is a duty to wed. Love and romance must not enter in. Divorce, on the other hand, is obtainable by either party in case of mutual consent, but in practice the wife never gets a divorce. It would be unseemly. But when the husband wearies he always wrings consent from the wife. Then he registers the divorce and is free.

So completely is the wife, man's possession, that queer customs arise. In certain districts women blacken their teeth when married. This makes them unattractive to men. That it may also make them unattractive to their husband is of small moment. Widows often shave the head when the husband dies. Formerly unmarried women had to arrange their hair in one fashion, and married women in another. At a glance you could distinguish their state. This was convenient for men. But industrialism is driving out this custom. Probably employers object to the labeling of their employees. Embarrassing questions might arise. For in spite of woman's low social status she is everywhere working. The pay she receives is a trifle. In one packing-house the

wage for women was $3.50 a month. For man the same labor brought $15. And even the woman's meager earnings are not her own. Before she marries, the wages go to her parents. After marriage, unless she has registered her claim, which she rarely does, the husband receives the wages.

Japan's industrial development has brought increasing trials for women. In certain cases young daughters are literally sold to an employer for a term of three years. They become prisoners. They eat and sleep in the factory, and may never leave it. Physically and morally, conditions are intolerable. So bad are they that it is said that a district can not be recruited for girl-workers more than once. The wrecks who return to their parents are so pitiable that even the most avaricious parents will not consent to the slaughter. Tuberculosis and prostitution claim fifty per cent. Woman's degradation has spread immorality in Japan. In every large city there is a segregated district. Young girls are sold by their parents for a three- or five-year period of bondage. It is contended that many girls enter this profession willingly; that they tire of home life and its restrictions, and think anything else preferable. But these houses of shame have bars. A girl can not get away. A wall surrounds the district, and a soldier stands at the gate. Once inside, there is no escape.

Nor is the fate of the geisha girl much better. She, it is true, is free. She may wander forth. But she enters the tea-house in her 'teens. One night three girls danced for us, gay children dressed in gaudy kimonos with painted faces. They ranged in age from thirteen to sixteen. When the dance was over they went to play with their dolls. These children are the playthings of man. Their life is given

to his entertainment, and if he fancies one of these babies she is his.

Under such conditions women can not prosper. Their welfare is not considered. The mothers of Japan grow old young. They know little about child-hygiene. Often they nurse their young until they are four or five years of age. This ignorance of the mothers results in national disaster. Infant mortality is enormous. Japan will never be a nation of the first rank with such a handicap. She may possess military strength, but internally she is weak. In a prolonged war against a civilized country she could not survive. At home she would crack, crumble, and collapse. Her women could not take the place of men. They have not the will-power or the initiative. They can not stand alone. They have been made a race of obedient servants and children.

But there are women in Japan who are awake. To them conditions are intolerable. They bleed for their sisters. These women are few in number, but their voice grows loud. As yet they are not organized, but here and there one arises to fling out her protest.

The nearest approach to united action is carried on under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. Here Japanese women who have become Christians meet and work together. I was present at a business meeting. The chairman, secretary, and treasurer were all Japanese. They conducted the meeting well. These women are rebels. They long to change their country's customs. Their demands are humble. There is no talk of suffrage. That is an impossible dream when male suffrage does not even exist. They clamor for social and political equality, by which they mean the right to attend political meetings, to appear in public with their husbands, and to be treated as

equals, to be given the same education as men, and, most cherished of all desires, to possess the privilege of choosing their own husbands.

The twenty-five graduates from American colleges find life hard in Japan, but with infinite wisdom the majority devote themselves to the fight for universal education. Occasionally some rebel is not content with such sane methods. She gathers friends about her and founds a society. One such group, comprising fifty or sixty members, is called the " Blue Stockings." Their object is to defy man and refuse matrimony. To remain unmarried in Japan is to be an outcast. Such behavior brings disgrace. There is, however, to-day one old woman who boasts proudly that she is the first " old maid " of Japan. But nature is strong. The " Blue Stockings " do not increase in number. As fast as members join, others are graphically described as " throwing down their pens to become good wives and wise mothers."

But even Japan can not kill the spirit of genius. It will always arise triumphant. That accounts for Asa Hirooka. The strength of her personality broke the bonds of suppression. As a girl she studied and read. The only English books translated into Japanese she could find were on banking. These she devoured. At twenty-four she married. Her family's fortune was then failing. Bankruptcy lay ahead. Then this young woman stepped in, and grappled with the worn-out methods of the old bank. She applied the methods of her books on English banking. To-day the Mitsui Banks, scattered throughout the land, are far-famed.

A woman who can make a fortune is not to be scorned. She was given her freedom, but called a crank.

Nor did her work cease with the bank. She de-

ASA HIROOKA

veloped as well the mining interests of her family. Clad in bloomers and with a pistol in her belt, she went into the mines and ordered the men about. Here was a woman the Japanese man could not defy or tame. Through an interpreter she told me her story. "Japanese women," she said, "need to be awakened. They need to develop strong wills. They are weak. They have no rights — no property rights — no rights even over their own children. But little by little a change is coming. The Japanese man begins to realize that a nation can not be great without the support of its women. Even its military strength will fail. Men laughed at me at first and said that I was crazy, but now they listen. There can be no true Internationalism until women are free. Only when men and women stand shoulder to shoulder can the nations of the world unite."

As I listened to this fine old woman I forgot where I was. Asa Hirooka is 67. Her face is stamped with lines, and her hair is gray, but the slant in her eyes has lost its prominence. There is no meekness in her manner. Clad in European clothes, she might have sprung from any land. Vital energy and a burning spirit are her dominant characteristics.

When I left, we walked toward the door together — she with a free stride and her hands pushed into her coat pockets. I glanced down and found my own hands buried deep in my pockets. The habits and manners of East and West had become the same. We were from no country and of no sex — merely human beings talking together. I looked up at her and smiled. She caught my meaning. Our hands sought each other in a long clasp. A few more such women and Japan will be a new country. I went away with a lighter heart. Such a spirit is bound to bear fruit.

But the day had come for our departure. For two days we journeyed through the land. Our train slid past the Inland Sea — that stretch of vivid blue water, whose shore-line is studded with shapely mountains possessing a beauty almost unnatural. It is an idealized version of beautiful Lake Geneva for mile after mile, until the eye grows weary with such continuous exquisite loveliness. It is just the spot for romance, and one was blossoming in our car before our very eyes. A Japanese train is a miniature affair. It runs on a narrow-gauge track. It fits a European hardly better than a toy train. The cars in form are like those of America — open the entire length, but the seats run lengthwise. When a Japanese enters, he slips off his shoes and curls up on his feet on the seat. Men and women present much the appearance of children kneeling on the car seat to look out the windows. Opposite us was a newly married couple. They were curled up on the seat gazing out of the window. Occasionally they stole shy glances at each other. Their faces at the window grew closer together. Then his face rested against the window-sill. Audaciously she leaned over and dropped a kiss on the back of his neck. Then the guard entered, and they flew apart, to become absorbed in the problem of the window-shade. It was my one glimpse into the heart of Japan. For the Japanese are intensely reserved. However volcanic beneath, the life on the surface is unruffled. Their emotions, like their scenery, are perfectly ordered and planned.

I bade good-by to this dainty land with regret. It has a subtle charm. There was peace in its quaint gardens, with their tiny lakes, miniature bridges, and gnarled and twisted green trees. The smell of sandalwood and incense was in my nostrils. Yet be-

neath its clean, bright beauty I had discovered sore spots. No city in the land has sewers. Its drains are not emptied. At night when the houses are closed foul odors rise. Disease fills the land, and along with the physical vileness goes the moral ill. The women are in bondage.

CHAPTER II

AWAKENING CHINA — THE BOUND WOMAN

AFTER a night of tossing, the small Japanese boat landed us on the Corean shore. Gone was the miniature loveliness, the superficial cleanliness, the smooth running life of Japan. The Corean peninsula is a stretch of flat, sandy waste with mountainous ridges, the little town Fusan, at which we landed, unspeakably dirty, the buildings crude and ugly. The population is a mixture of lean, tall Chinamen in shirt and trousers, the short, black-haired Japanese in kimonos, and the big Corean in long baggy white bloomers and short white Eton-shaped jacket with a hiatus of flesh between trousers and jacket, and a small black hat, one-third the size of a high silk hat, perched on the side of the head. But it was the faces I studied.

The Corean, unlike the yellow men, is brown-skinned with heavily lined features. He looks like an ancient patriarch. That is the outstanding impression of Corea, the expressive faces of its inhabitants. In bearded and beardless faces shines the wisdom of the prophet. It seemed a sacrilege that the pigmy Japanese should be ordering this venerable patriarch about. But Japan intends to dominate Corea. In material achievements she is making great progress. The best railways that Japan possesses are in this peninsula. Besides the daily expresses there is a weekly *train de luxe*. It is equal

to the Twentieth Century Limited between New York and Chicago. There are drawing-room cars, dining cars, observation cars and two berth compartment sleeping cars. Japan itself can boast of no such elegance in travel. Half way up the peninsula is Seoul, the capital. Here I spent a couple of days. The official hotel like the train was superior to any other in the East. It has elaborately tiled bathrooms, smooth running elevators, central heating and electric lights. In addition it has features possessed by no other hotel. In the same corridor with the velvet carpeted bedrooms with their single brass beds, stand rows of typical, paper screened Japanese rooms, empty except for the matting on the floor, a couple of silk mats to sit on, and a low table. Whether you come from East or West your needs are suited. Materially the Japanese are remaking Corea. But the material magnificence will not conquer the Corean spirit any more than Japan can ultimately conquer China. The people of China and Corea are individualists. They think and reason for themselves. The Japanese have become efficient machines. In the East as in the West there is the same struggle of individualism and democracy against mechanical efficiency and autocracy.

It took two days and a night to travel through the sandy wastes and mud huts of Corea. The climate was dry and arid, like our far West. There are few trees.

After we reached Mukden we passed into Chinese territory. Immediately a great change took place. For the Chinese and Japanese are as unlike as the Russian and the German. The neat orderly little Japanese stations with brass basins all in a row on the station platform, where one washed in public, disappeared. The Chinese station was a shack. It was

dirty, but it overflowed with humanity. The air was filled with shrill chatter. The crowd poured into the train gesticulating and eager. It was pandemonium let loose. They had everything to sell from whole fried chickens to preserved fruit on sticks. The sand of the desert sifted over the food, dirty fingers touched it, but rich and poor alike bought and ate. In spite of the dirt and confusion, I breathed again. I felt as I did in 1916, when I escaped from Germany into France. I loved the humanity and democracy of it. I had felt suffocated in Japan. China is big and open and at the core sound. Beneath the superstitions and ancient customs the people are fighting for freedom. The laws and customs are as barbarous as those of Japan. A woman may not see her husband before marriage. The man may have as many concubines as he pleases. Half the women still have bound feet. Legally the woman is everywhere the inferior of man. But in practice these things are becoming obsolete. The change is visible in the new attitude towards women. In the train was a young married couple. The woman talked and flirted gayly with her husband. He lighted a cigarette and gave it to her and she smoked. There was no attempt to keep this lady in the background. The man was humbly attentive.

For a day and a night we joggled and bounced over a bad roadbed in our shabby Chinese train. At night a bundle of bedclothes was tossed in and we spread these on the slippery sofas. There were no regular sleeping cars. At ten in the morning we pulled into Peking. My first impression was one of keen disappointment. As I passed under the great wall I stepped into paved streets with European buildings and high walls. No wonder the Chinese fear Europeans. The first mile of their city belongs

to foreign embassies. I stayed at the British Embassy. It was indeed lovely, with its smooth lawns and green trees and low buildings. Like a bit of England dumped down into a high-walled enclosure with Hindu soldiers at every gate. But I had a sense of resentment, a feeling that I was being shut away from the East. I kept asking, "Where is China?" It was not until the second day that I discovered the real Peking. Out beyond the Embassy I journeyed in a rickshaw. We turned into a long avenue that leads to the Forbidden City and the Palace of the Former Emperors. The high wall shut out the palace buildings. But the tiled yellow roofs rose above the wall. They glistened in the sunlight like bits of the sun itself. The impressive gateways were buildings and their dashes of red, blue and yellow tiling lent color and character to everything.

We passed under the great wall through the gateway that separated the palace from the real Peking. Here at last was China. Such life, such activity. Hurrying in every direction were thousands of rickshaws. Down one side of the road ran the little human horses, pulling their light two-wheeled carriages, and up the other side came another stream, and above the sound of the pattering feet rose the shrill cries of the rickshaw men as they warned one another of their approach. On the narrow sidewalk moved throngs of people, men, women and children, all dressed in trousers and shirts. Even the tiny children wore trousers. There is no babyhood stage. There is a jump from swaddling clothes to trousers. In every shop purchaser and storekeeper were bargaining shrilly. One never pays the original price asked. The entire front of the one-story shop is open. The interior is com-

pletely exposed to the public view. One sees the activity of the street, the activity of every house and hears the hum and chatter of thousands of voices. It is a moving-picture show on a gigantic scale. One never gets through looking, looking. Many of the wares for sale are European. There are great supplies of soap, perfumery, powder, clothes, hats, even shoes, tables, chairs, and dishes. For China is more modern than Japan in its daily habits. The Chinese have been sitting on chairs and eating at tables for ages. They still sleep on a raised stone platform called a "kong." In winter this "kong" is heated by a fire beneath it. But the Japanese sit and sleep on the floor.

It is easy for a European to live in a modern Chinese home. There are books to read, couches to recline on, chairs to sit on, tablecloths on the tables, and gay eager talk.

In Japan, on the contrary, one lives in an empty room, sits on a silk mat, gazes at a beautiful scrool or vase, and kneeling bows to a bowing host whose head bumps the floor.

One night I went to a Chinese restaurant. It was one of the best. It stood among the row of shops. On the outside it looked like a one-story brick tenement with an entrance that led into a back alley. All Chinese streets in the crowded districts resemble slum alleys. The first room we entered was the kitchen. Two or three stoves were belching forth heat. The cooks with pigtails were hurrying madly about. One could stop and watch preparations. But it didn't seem wise. There were dirt and flies in abundance. From the kitchen one stepped into a little courtyard. Around this yard were numerous rooms. The arrangement was similar to that of the houses of ancient Rome.

Each party had a dining-room to themselves. There was no general eating place. Our party consisted of a secretary of the British Legation and his wife, four Chinamen and two Chinese women and myself. One of the Chinese women wore elaborately embroidered satin trousers and shirt, while her husband was clad in an ordinary American business suit. The other Chinese woman and her husband wore the garments of the West, but the kind of garments that one buys in the Bowery. Husband had an untieable tie and a celluloid collar. The two remaining Chinamen were dressed in native costumes. One was a professor, the other a student just returned from Columbia University. The whole party talked English fluently. There was little embarrassment and no formality. We were soon in eager discussion. It isn't customary for Chinese women to dine in public with men. But to-day it is being done.

We sat at a large round table. Our seats were elaborately carved stools such as one uses sometimes in America for tea tables. There was a white tablecloth on the table. But it didn't stay white long. We all ate with chop sticks and dribbled the food on the table-cloth. Each course was placed in the center of the table in a big bowl. Out of this you fished a portion with your chop sticks. If you weren't an expert you dropped little tell-tale spots from the center dish to your plate. From your plate to your mouth it was easier. The plate was a foil. It gathered up the flying particles. It isn't polite to put your chop sticks in your mouth. But it's an art not to. Most of us gayly licked them and then placed them back into the center bowl and fished for more. Hygiene is not one of China's virtues. We had everything to eat from chicken and rice to snails and

ancient eggs. There were fifteen courses. When we had finished, a towel wrung out in boiling water was passed around. It was better than a napkin. You could take a good scrub. But ladies with painted faces find it trying. After the meal we withdrew to an adjoining room. Here were cushioned " kongs " to recline on, while one smoked and talked. Throughout the evening the conversation was gay and interesting. China's future as a republic was the chief topic. All agreed there must never be a return to monarchy. The women were rather silent. It was the Columbia student who led the discussion. He turned the conversation to women and the new freedom. He had been impressed with America.

" In America," he said, " I met young women students and talked to them freely. I even called on them and there were no chaperons. It is marvelous."

But despite the young man's enthusiasm for the West, he had returned to his native land. When questioned he acknowledged he had come back to marry a Chinese girl.

" I believe," he said, " that European customs are right, that men and women should know each other before marriage, but I was betrothed to this girl when we were babies. She's been waiting for me ever since. If I don't marry her she'll be disgraced for life. I've never seen her and I won't be allowed to until the wedding day. It's taking a chance, but then all life's a chance. Maybe we'll hit it off and I can educate her. I'll have to follow the customs of my country, but if I have a son, when he is a man it will be different."

It was easy to talk to this young man. He had an open mind. His eyes were directed toward the future. Not so the young Japanese professor who had

come to see me when I was in Tokio. He had called early one Sunday morning while I was stopping at a Japanese inn. According to custom he came directly to my room. I was still clad in kimono and bath slippers. But as that is the height of fashion in Japan, he was not embarrassed. He came in, knelt down and bowed his head to the floor and sat down on his feet. I followed suit and sat on my feet. There was an awkward silence. Then we tried to talk. This man was against all modern ways for women. Acquaintance before marriage was immodest. Woman's place was the home. His mind was directed towards the past. He believed in rigidity and mechanical efficiency, and felt that the Emperor and the favored few should direct the ways of the universe. In the difference between his point of view and the young Chinaman's lay the difference between China and Japan.

The mass of people in China to-day are ignorant, superstitious, and procrastinating, but they are alive and looking to the future. China is beginning to absorb the spirit of modern democracy, while Japan has merely adopted the superficial formalities of the West, material efficiency, militarism, diplomacy, and the law courts. When we left the restaurant we passed again through the kitchen. It was ten-thirty. The cooks had gone to bed. They were stretched out in cots set up in the kitchen. We had to pass among them. They turned over sleepily and looked at us. That front doors lead through kitchens and bedrooms is characteristic of China. On the surface life is crude and ugly. The worst side is put first. From a car window a Chinese town is a mass of grimy walls. The buildings are all one story. The streets are alleys between stone walls. But in the walls are doorways. Once inside those doorways

there is a surprise. If it's a private house, there is a courtyard with a fountain and flowers, and opening onto the courtyard are big, airy rooms. Beneath the dirt and refuse of China you find beauty. On the surface the civilization is that of the Dark Ages. The law courts are primitive. The courtroom perhaps is hardly more than a cellar in a basement. But the judge frequently drops words of wisdom.

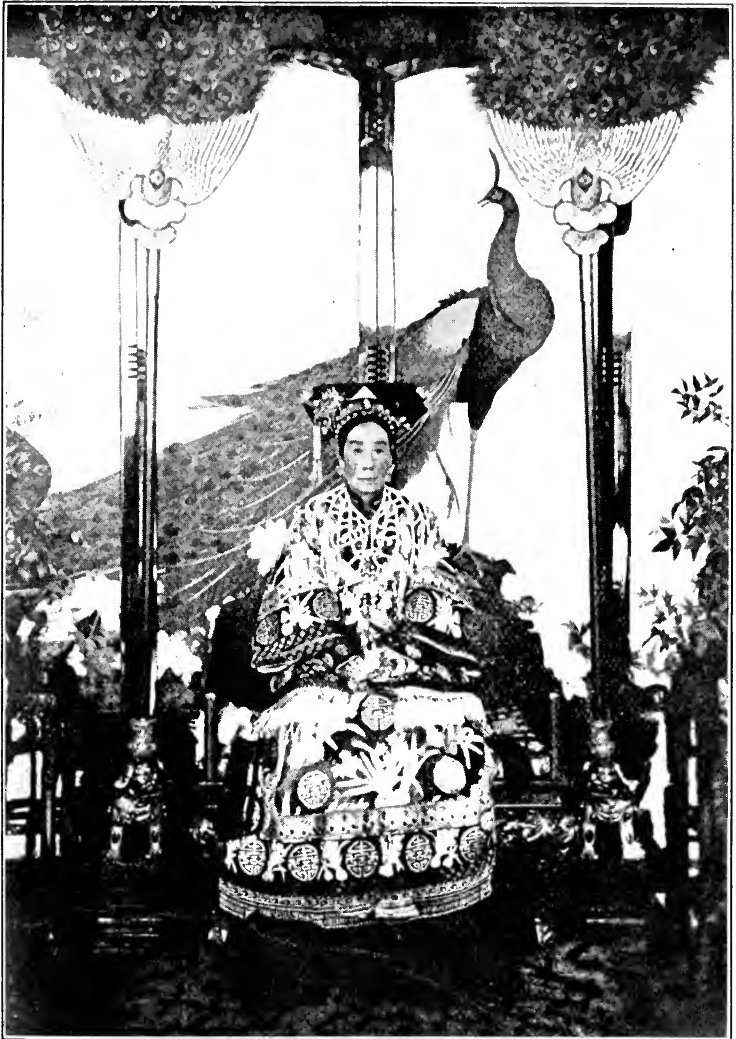
One day I visited an orphan asylum. It is one of the few in China. For as yet there is little social work in that land. The place would have horrified any modern organized charity association. There was no medical examination. Sick and ill were thrown together. Children with frightful skin diseases were spreading their maladies. Once a week all bathed together in a big tank. The children slept together in a row on a raised wooden platform. Those who were old enough were put to work. Children of eight and over were weaving from 7 to 11 A. M., from 2 to 5, and from 6 to 10 P. M. Physically the conditions were atrocious, but actually the children were better off than in many of our up-to-date institutions. No one scolded them. They were never whipped. They talked and played. They were not becoming cogs in a machine. China's needs are material. The land needs sewers, scrubbing brushes, schools and railroads. But when these physical problems are mastered China will shine forth. She has the capacity for freedom and always has had. Even in the days of the great Empress Dowager of China, when heads were being indiscriminately cut off, there was a democracy and freedom unknown to Japan. The Empress Dowager was familiarly called "The Old Buddha." That lady herself, in spite of her belief in her divinity, was extremely democratic. On her last appearance in

public, when she was passing through one of the great gates and looking up saw some friends on the wall, she not only waved but called up gay words of greeting. No other monarch could have yelled to acquaintances in an upper story window without loss of dignity. But the Empress Dowager's dignity rested on something more secure than appearances. She possessed real power. She, like so many Chinese, had an open mind. At the close of her reign she began to make reforms. These were no halfway measures. She had seen the light and did not hesitate to say so. She denounced the old methods of education. Said she: "The ancient system of arguing in a circle has hypnotized us for hundreds of years. We must change if we are to progress. Our empire is clogged by the fatal word precedent." It was she who pointed out that the government should represent the people, saying, "The essential feature of European civilization lies in the fact that real sympathy and understanding exists between rulers and people. Ignoring our real needs we have so far taken from Europe nothing but externals."

If a monarch who believed herself God-sent could talk thus, it is small wonder the seeds of democracy are to be found in every Chinaman. The fact displays itself in all kinds of ways. There is as yet no organized woman's suffrage association. Most women can not read and write. More than half the men do not vote. But as individuals the people are thinking and acting. Some women were so far advanced that they attempted to copy their sisters in England. A handful got together and one day marched on the Chinese Parliament. They threw stones and smashed windows and demanded suffrage. There was no power behind this little group. It did not win the vote. But it shows the freedom and

democracy of China. Such a thing could not have happened in Japan. Another such instance occurred in one of the provinces. Here some women were elected representatives of the local parliament. There never before had been women representatives. It may not happen again for ages. The women of China are not yet clamoring for office. But it shows what can be done. How unbiased the Chinese are! How eager to be in the forefront of progress! It is this courage and capacity to break through ancient customs and precedent that will carry the Chinese far. When they feel a thing they are not ashamed to express it. For instance, the wife in the past has not been considered an important person, while to-day she is often the center of the home. Recently one man who loved his wife very dearly determined, on her recovery from a serious illness, to show his gratitude to the gods by making a journey to a temple in the hills. It was fifteen miles from his house to the temple, but every step of the way he bumped his head upon the ground. His neighbors, who were not emancipated, laughed. They said they could understand it if he had done it for his mother, but to do it for his wife! But the man stood by his guns. He lived what he believed. There is a serenity of soul and a largeness of vision in the Chinaman that is extraordinary. Perhaps it is due to the greatness of his country. For China is built on a magnificent scale. There is no miniature loveliness about it. There are great arid deserts, treeless valleys, stony river beds, and ragged brown snow-capped mountains. The country opens out and up before one.

Often I walked on the great wall around Peking, which is thirty feet high and twenty-five feet broad. At my feet stretched the city. The narrow streets



THE RECENT EMPRESS DOWAGER OF CHINA

swarmed with myriad hurrying rickshaw men, the blue-hooded carts with their donkeys, an occasional automobile or a passing camel from Mongolia, and from this moving, seething, picturesque mass rose the shrill cries and chatter of the Chinese. Nothing is static, all is life and action, and out of this eager life rose the serene temples and palaces of China. Their roofs glisten in the sunlight. The yellow tiles of the Palace shimmer like molten gold, and out beyond the city towers the Temple of Heaven. Its tiles are a deep, penetrating blue, a blue that came straight from the skies. Near to the temple is dingy and shabby. The wood is warped, the paint is chipped from its walls, but its beauty of outline and the color of its roof dazzle all beholders. This is true of all the temples and palaces. Minutely examined, one wonders at their cheapness. But at distance the largeness of design, the beauty of color, is extraordinary. China has grasped the thing beneath, the spirit, and given it expression. Humanity face to face may be petty and ugly, but people thrown together in a mass united by a great ideal, shine forth like some great God. That is why China will live and grow. She has kept the beauty of spirit of the past and is uniting it to the new beauty of spirit of the future. On the surface this land wallows in filth. But even as the blue, yellow and green tiled palace and temple roofs rise resplendent and dazzling in the clear blue sky, so does the human, democratic, freedom-loving spirit of the Chinese break through its bonds of ignorance, superstition, and precedent.

CHAPTER III

ACROSS SIBERIA DURING THE BOLSHEVIK REVOLUTION

I LEFT Peking in the evening. Shrill Chinese chatter penetrated every corner of the train. The next day the walled towns with their narrow alleys disappeared; the hills vanished, the land flattened, mud huts filled the horizon. At Mukden we encountered again the Japanese. There came a night on a Japanese train. It was a train de luxe, an advertisement on the part of Japan of her competence, a sort of "See how good it is to be ruled by us!" I had a compartment to myself and a real bed with dazzling white linen sheets. But this ride was brief. In the morning we arrived at a small frontier town and boarded a dingy, dirty, Russian train. Despite the dirt I felt out of the East, back in the West. The Russian language is as unintelligible as the Chinese, but it has a familiar note, just as the rough log houses in place of mud and stone huts, and the long, belted, fur-lined coat and fur cap instead of the pigtail and shirt, bring one back with a rush from queer customs and mysticism to a crude but modern civilization.

At seven in the evening we reached Harbin and Siberia. Here I was to catch the Vladivostok express for Petrograd. The temperature had dropped 30 degrees; it was dark and cold as I stepped into the large waiting-room. The warmth of the place was grateful, but the relief was momentary, the air

was foul. Sprawled over the floor, on the benches, in the chairs, were hundreds of Russian refugees. There wasn't an unoccupied floor spot. Women and babies lay flat upon their backs with their bags as head-rests. Dirty Russian soldiers sat upon curled-up legs and smoked and spat upon the floor, and littered the place with cigarette butts. Rough-looking Cossacks with unshaven faces, armed and knived, pushed their way in and out of the crowded room. The Russian revolution had descended upon me. I shrank back frightened. All around me was a babble of voices, but not one word could I understand. It was seven, and I had had no food since one o'clock. In the far end of the room was a refreshment counter, but the crowd was too dense to reach it. I searched for a place to sit, but there was none to be had even on the floor. I stood on one foot and then on the other. Two hours crawled by. The bulletin board showed the Petrograd train was many hours late. I could endure the discomfort no longer. I struggled to the door.

It was dangerous to leave the station. Stories had reached me in China of the disorder in Harbin. There had been shooting in the streets, and hardly a day passed without some killing. Chinese, Russians, and Japanese filled the town, no one was in control, the foreign consulates remained under cover. But bad air, hunger, and fatigue drove me forth. Instinct said the Chinaman was to be trusted. I hailed a rickshaw and climbed in. There is one word common to all lands. "Hotel," I said. We slipped out into the dark night. Soon I was at Harbin's one hotel. That place, like the station, bulged with humanity. Beds filled the corridors. Russia was spewing forth an endless stream. Even here my English tongue brought no response till a young man

in European dress stepped forward. I had asked for the British Consulate. "Let me take you there," he said. "I have an automobile." Trust is a prime requisite for travel in warring Europe. I gladly accepted. A quick, breathless ride in the winter night set me before the house of the English Consul. But my reception by the young consular assistant was not cordial. Life was difficult and dangerous, strange women an added responsibility, my supperless condition a vexation, for the young man had nothing to offer. We chatted for a couple of hours. At eleven my companion insisted on seeing me to my train. We deserted the sidewalk and took to the snow-covered road.

"It is safer," said my companion, "for there has been much shooting lately."

It was a mile to the station. The night air bit, and my feet grew numb. When we arrived we learned to our dismay the train was still hours late. It wouldn't arrive before two A. M. I was faint from hunger. I clamored for food. Reluctantly my companion set out with me for the hotel. A hard piece of bread, a stale egg, and a weak cup of tea gave me back a little courage. I begged my companion to go home and to bed. But his sporting blood was up. He insisted on seeing the thing through. We returned to the station. We crowded into the packed building and found standing room near the door. One o'clock came and went. Rough-looking Russian soldiers gazed suspiciously at the neat khaki-clad Englishman beside me and brushed rudely against him. He swung his cane nonchalantly and looked uneasily about. Minute after minute crept by. Two o'clock came, then two-thirty and the shrill whistle of a train.

I bade my companion good-by and staggered up

the steps of a first-class state car. Would my berth reservation be correct? A thick-set man in a Russian blouse unlocked a stateroom door. I was too tired to notice my surroundings. The grimy dirt of the floor, the gray sheets went unheeded. My heart rejoiced at the unoccupied upper berth. I flung off my clothes and dropped into the lower berth. The seclusion and rest were heavenly, but a wave of loneliness swept over me. Was there any one on the train who spoke English? Had the members of the Y. M. C. A. or the American correspondent whom I expected caught this train? Should I find them in a neighboring car? Then I smiled. I remembered the letter an editor of a magazine had given me. It was a letter "To whom it may concern." It was the last sentence in the letter which made me chuckle. It said, "We can vouch for the character of the bearer of this note and will be responsible for her actions and conduct throughout her journey." Poor editor! To vouch for a stray woman in turbulent Russia! I chuckled again and dropped asleep.

It was six A. M. when I awoke with a start. My stateroom door had been flung open. The Russian porter was showing a Cossack soldier into my compartment. I sat up in my berth and let forth a flood of English; I gesticulated wildly, but the Russians only shook their heads. Then the Cossack dismissed the porter, closed the door, and locked it. Tales of Cossack brutality surged through my mind. I felt for my money under my pillow. My heart beat violently. The soldier was distinctly disagreeable. He saw my discomfiture and enjoyed it. He gathered up my scattered garments and flung them into my berth. Then he slowly took off his coat and shoes and climbed into the upper berth. I heard him making his preparations for sleep. I listened breath-

lessly till all was still. Then I stealthily began to put on my clothes. When dressed in my coat and skirt I crawled out of the lower berth and stood up. The soldier was lying above me with eyes wide open. He had a cigarette between his lips. He puffed at it leisurely and grinned at me amusedly. A wave of resentment seized me, but I picked up my comb and brush and began quickly to do up my hair. My hand trembled. Then suddenly I remembered the editor's letter, "We will be responsible for her actions and conduct throughout her journey." My lips twitched; laughter surged up. My strained nerves relaxed, and fear vanished. I gathered up my possessions, unbolted the door, flung it open, and in a moment was out in the corridor. But it was dark night outside. Not until nine A. M. would light appear on the horizon. Every compartment door was closed and locked. At the end of the car the porter snored peacefully in his bunk. I stood in the swaying train corridor and waited for dawn. My courage oozed. I wanted to turn and run home.

At last day came. At ten the doors began to open. I wandered up and down, inquiring, "Do you speak English?" and *"Parlez-vous français?"* At last I found a Russian who spoke French.

"Is there an English-speaking person on the train?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "there are two American boys in the rear car."

Joyfully I hurried back and timidly knocked on their door. In a moment a sleepy American boy stuck his head out at me. I explained my predicament.

"Don't you worry," was the cheery answer. "We'll be dressed in a minute." And presently two boys from New York City and a Serbian soldier who

spoke English fluently were listening to my story.

It was the Serbian soldier who took command. "We three are traveling together for an American firm," he said. "We have two compartments between us. There is an unoccupied berth in mine. You'd better come travel with us." Gladly I consented, and soon my luggage was beside the Serbian's.

When I had washed, we went to the dining-car. There were a few Russian women on the train, but they knew no English. The Y. M. C. A. men and the American correspondent had not turned up. The passengers were Russian merchants, army officers, and soldiers. I fought hard to keep up my courage. The American boys were shy and inexperienced. Petrograd seemed a long way off. Twelve more days and nights of travel — an eternity! It was the Serbian soldier to whom I turned. He was young, only twenty-five. He had black hair and burning black eyes, a pale face full of restless energy. He had been in the Serbian Army since 1912, and in the great retreat. His nerves were spent and jangling. Wounded and nerve-racked, he had been discharged. For a year he had been in America. His friends called him Nick, and I soon followed suit. Nick could speak Russian like a native. From him we learned that my adventures of the night were the subject of conversation. I did not receive much sympathy. To the Russians I seemed finicky. Life had gotten down to the elementals. There was no room for conventions. For a woman to object to sharing a compartment with a man was fussiness. The lady had better stay at home if she is that particular. I swallowed hard and tried to adjust myself to new standards. I strove to drop into the fighting man's world of crudeness, blows, and danger. I could see that even Nick thought me sensitive.

It was a queer, rushing world into which I had come. Even that first day there were wild stories afloat — that Kerensky had fallen; that he had not fallen but was in possession of Petrograd and fighting rebellion. Smoke and talk filled the train. Cigarette butts and ashes covered the floor. The air grew fouler and fouler. People sneezed and coughed, but no one opened a window. There is a prejudice against fresh air in Siberia and Russia. Many of the car windows are nailed down, and not once during the journey was there an attempt at ventilation. At night the air grew cold and rank, in the day hot and fetid. Over and over our lungs breathed this foulness. My throat grew sore; I began to cough. The station stops were a godsend. Flinging on our coats we marched back and forth on the platform. At each stop the entire train turned out. Every man was armed with a tea-kettle. At the stations were huge samovars or big tanks of boiling water. The tea-kettles quickly filled, back rushed the passengers. Then from every compartment floated the odor of tea, the smell of cigarettes, and the babble of voices.

All day and most of the night this went on. When the evening of the first day came I was half sick and utterly weary. The Serbian soldier sensed my fatigue. An understanding light came into his eyes. He began to tell me about his mother and sister. They had been taken prisoners by the Germans. An occasional post-card at intervals of three months was his only news. His heart was torn with anxiety. "You know," he said, "a Serbian places his sister before all others; he stands by her through everything. He never marries until she marries, and he cares for her always." He showed me some presents — lovely silks from Japan — which he was hoarding to take to his mother and sister on the day

when he could go to them. But it wasn't homesickness made Nick tell me of his family. It was his way of making me one of them. When he had finished, he said, "We fellows have decided to bunk in together, or rather one of us will share your stateroom with the soldier, and you can have this place to yourself." A lump came up in my throat. Here was a fighting man, who had killed many, still capable of infinite tenderness. It was with a very thankful heart I locked my stateroom door and delighted in the blessed seclusion.

In the morning I woke with splitting head and aching throat. I could scarcely breathe. When Nick appeared I begged for air. He wrestled with the window and managed to open it a little. But the respite was brief. The porter on our train was an ugly youth, a Social Democrat of the extreme Left, a Bolshevik. To him we were all hateful, capitalists and bourgeois. I knew no Russian words with which to make friends. I had not learned to say Tavarish — comrade. He discovered the open window and slammed it to with a torrent of angry words.

I struggled through the day. At each station we hurried to the platform to learn the news. Conflicting stories poured over the wires. Now it was that there was rioting and bloodshed in Petrograd and Moscow, that the Bolsheviki were in the ascendant. Again that Kerensky had moved on Petrograd with an army and quelled the uprising. When the news for the Bolsheviki was bad our surly young porter grew more and more ugly. He took my drinking glass from me; then he removed my electric light. I began to fear him and sat with my door locked. I had difficulty in keeping Nick from smashing the boy's head.

All the time our train moved steadily forward, and

to my amazement I discovered that Siberia was beautiful. There were hills, and great woods, and rushing rivers. Though it was November, many places were without snow. When we drew near Irkutsk, there were snow-covered mountains and a great lake. Siberia had much of the grandeur of Canada. But the villages were crude, the houses chiefly log huts. The peasant huts have but two rooms. Sometimes as many as twelve people sleep in one room.

The Siberian women, like the men, were strong, rough creatures. They wore rubber boots and short skirts and had shawls tied about their heads. The younger women had the beauty of health and strength. They worked in the fields with men, their labor was the equal of theirs. Sex differences were not considered. There was no woman's question. The men and women were comrades and equals. At one station a Siberian woman boarded our train for Petrograd. She went as the representative of the women of her village to demand that clothing be sent to her town in exchange for the foodstuff being sent to Petrograd. She was full of tales of her village. Two deserting soldiers had just visited her town and raped a young girl. The women had risen up in wrath and beaten the men and thrust them out. It was a crude, elemental world, full of hot passion, into which I was rushing.

As the days went on my cold grew worse, until finally I could only lie in my berth. Through the long, weary hours Nick talked and nursed me. When my cold threatened to go on my lungs, he hunted up a young Russian soldier who was a medical student. They sat beside me and discussed my needs. I began to be quite outside myself, like a third person watching a story unfold. I saw a sick woman and a Serbian soldier rushing on into a great

maelstrom. His nerves tightened and his body strengthened at this new responsibility which had been placed upon him.

Heroic measures were adopted by my young doctors. It was the method of the trenches and soldiers. I was to sweat my cold out. Army coats were piled on top of me, my window closed tight. At the stations Nick bought bottles of boiled milk. This he sternly poured down my throat. Minute by minute my discomfort increased. My body ached; sweat poured from me. But Nick relentlessly stood guard. Then he began to tell me stories — the tragedies of battle. Nearly all his friends had been killed, his best friend before his eyes. A shell severed the head from the body. That friend's body was dear to Nick. Between the bursting bombs he crawled out to the battlefield. Tenderly he gathered up that headless form and bore it back to the trenches. Blood from his friend's wounds infected open cuts in Nick's hands. For weeks he tossed in high fever. But the infected hands and arms were not amputated, and in time he recovered. As I listened to these tales my own suffering seemed small, the endurance of men enormous. Feebly my hand rose to my forehead in salute.

The next morning I was weak, but my cold had broken. Now the stories we heard at the stations grew alarming. It was evident a great revolution had taken place in Petrograd. Still our train rushed on. But the stops grew tense with excitement. Men huddled together and felt for their pistols. The car doors were locked. This express train with its first-class carriages and sleeping compartments was a sign of the plutocracy that had been. Any moment we might expect to have the windows smashed. Nick tried to keep the news from me, but

the American boys came with their stories. I ceased to be afraid. One could not think in terms of the individual, life was moving too fast. But sick fear had crept into the hearts of the Russian merchants. They stormed and raged.

One mean little Russian repudiated his country. "All Russians are cattle," he said. "They ought to be milked and then killed."

Nick came to me white with rage. "That man must be beaten." I held on to his hands and tried to quiet him. "Well," he fumed, "I won't hit him, but next station I'll put him out on the platform and tell the crowd what he said. They'll tear him limb from limb."

"It isn't the way, Nick," I begged, "it isn't the way." Gradually his anger subsided.

"You see," he said, "I'm not good. I'm a brute. I've told you I was." But in the end it was words and not blows that were used with the Russian merchant. What was said I never knew, but thereafter the man walked with bowed head and cringing step.

And now the last day of the trip had come. Russian soldiers had begun to crowd on the train. They slept in the corridors or standing in passageways. But there was no violence. At some of the stations there had been rioting. Windows had been smashed and houses burned. But no move was made against the train, and at six one morning we pulled quietly into Petrograd. There was a great stillness over the station. There were no hurrying porters or calling cabmen, none of the bustle of arrival. We filed silently out into the street. It was like the dead of night. A few people lurked in doorways, but the big snow-covered square was empty.

It was Nick again who came to the rescue. "We had better go to the hotel across the way; people

keep off the street at night." At the hotel a sleepy ported showed us to rooms, but there was no heat, no hot water for a bath, only one electric light, and nothing to eat until nine. We sat in our big cold rooms. From our windows we looked out on the empty square. There was an ominous silence. The place was pregnant with hidden life. Shiveringly we waited for the dawn. What it would bring, we knew not.

CHAPTER IV

TURBULENT RUSSIA — DAILY LIFE

DAWN rose over the city. I waited for what it would unfold. Petrograd was in the throes of revolution. The working class had risen. The extreme left of the Socialists, the Bolsheviki, had gained control.

I sat on the broad window ledge of my hotel window and gazed out at the silent snow-covered square. At seven, two hours before daybreak, the city began to stir. Great lines of people formed. Weary, ragged soldiers stood a block long before tobacco shops. Women with shawls about their heads and baskets on their arms appeared before provision stores. The trams began to move. They overflowed with people. Soldiers climbed to the car roofs and sat there. Women as well as men struggled for a foothold on a car step and held on to one another.

At nine, when the sun came over the horizon, the city throbbed with life. Little processions of men and women passed arm in arm under red flags, singing. There was the beat of drums and some Kronstadt sailors swung into sight. Everywhere there was movement and action, but no violence. People stopped to argue. Voices rose high and arms waved wildly. It was a people intensely alive and intensely intelligent. Every one had an opinion. It was my first glimpse of Russia. My heart leaped up.

These people had not been contaminated by proximity to German militarism. They were not cogs in a machine. In spite of suppression they were not servile. They were alive and free. Continually that first impression was verified. Every Russian I met could talk. Those who couldn't read or write could talk.

But life in Petrograd for a stranger was difficult. The hotels were bourgeois and capitalistic. They received scant help from the working class government. There was no heat in my room and only one electric light. The food grew poorer day by day. Attempts to remedy defects by fees were useless. The waiter pushed back my tip proudly and said, "We don't take tips now." A sign in one restaurant read: "Don't think you can insult a man because he is a waiter by giving him a tip." I saw the world has been turned upside down. The cooks and waiters had become the aristocrats; the lawyers, bankers, and professors, the riff-raff.

I shivered in my room and added coat after coat. The cold — which I had contracted coming across Siberia — grew worse. But there was nothing to do but grin and bear it. The doctors had fled or were in hiding. It was only after a twenty-four-hours' struggle I secured a doctor, and when he arrived he could be of little assistance. The drug stores were closed. It was impossible to have a prescription put up. The chemists had gone on strike. They refused to work under the Bolsheviki.

But in a week the government brought the recalcitrants to terms. It threatened to take over the stores unless the chemists did business as usual.

Life was a continual battle, as it always has been between the people who have and the people who haven't. Only now it was the capitalists and the

employers who were struggling for a foothold and the working class who were ruthlessly censoring, suppressing the press and imprisoning. The first revolution was political, the second economic. The working people had risen. Three things they wanted — peace, bread, and land. The Provisional Government under Kerensky had given none of these things. Instead, war was continued and an offensive was planned. This was too much for the weary Russians. No one wanted to fight. Besides, the Provisional Government failed to live up to its promises. It couldn't. It was torn between two factions, left and right. It never came to an agreement. The land remained undivided: the people went hungry. Then the workers grew restless. They saw their dreams of peace, bread, and land no nearer. Silently they massed, and one night while the city slept one government was wiped out and another took its place. It was done quietly. In the Winter Palace the ministers of the Provisional Government sat and debated. Outside the Bolsheviki (workmen and soldiers) gathered. They barricaded the streets leading to the railroad stations with barrels, wagons and automobiles, and soldiers with bayonets guarded the barricades. Meantime the leaders of the Bolshevik movement assembled at Smolny Institute (formerly an aristocratic girls' school) and made it the new seat of government. Cannons and guns were mounted about the Institute. Then over the wires orders went to the soldiers in the streets.

Shells began to burst over the Winter Palace. The patter of machine guns and the thud, thud of bursting shells broke the night's stillness. The State Bank, the telephone and telegraph stations were quickly seized and the small Cadet Corps guarding them overpowered. A thousand members of the

Cadet Corps and the Woman Battalion guarded the Winter Palace. In a few hours they were forced to surrender and the ministers were seized and sent to imprisonment in the Fortress of Peter and Paul.

At three A. M. Petrograd was in the hands of the Bolsheviki and Leon Trotsky was presiding over the All Russian Soviet (congress of workers and soldiers) at Smolney Institute, and addressing its members as follows: "We are standing before an experiment unheard of in history, of creating a government with no other aim than the wants of the workingmen, peasants and soldiers."

At seven-thirty A. M., when the first sign of the day's activities began, Petrograd presented its usual appearance. Streets were being cleaned, trams began to move, and long lines of people appeared before the provision shops. It was as though the Revolution had never been. But in reality society had turned a complete somersault. On the underside were the monarchists, capitalists, landowners, employers, skilled artisans, bourgeoisie and intellectuals; on the top, the soldiers, peasants and workers. There was a clean cleavage between the two groups. Probably in no other country could there have been such a revolution. For no other country has so consistently abused the working class. The Russian worker had nothing to lose. The peasant has lived from hand to mouth. He has gone without shoes and without meat. He has been flogged and imprisoned. Seventy-five per cent. of the country had nothing to lose and everything to gain, and they turned Bolshevik. They took to the Revolution greedily. Unfortunately in many cases it meant to the individual a chance to get even, a chance to grab, instead of an opportunity to create heaven on earth.

As a result the change in power brought no

spiritual regeneration. Instead each group assumed the character and faults of its predecessor. The capitalists resorted to strikes and sabotage, and in every way impeded and hindered the new government. The proletariat on the other hand became dictators, and retaliated with punishment and imprisonment. One dictatorship gave place to another and the class hatred was as great as before.

Into this maelstrom I had come. What the next moment held no one knew, but each moment a counter revolution was expected.

Truly Petrograd was no place to be ill in. The nights were the worst. As I lay in my bed and waited for the dawn my nerves played me tricks. I couldn't sleep. There was no one to speak to, no one who spoke anything but Russian. If I rang my bell, no one answered. I lay and shivered and waited for street fighting to begin. When the machine guns opened fire, what should I do? I seemed to hear the bullets whizzing through the window. If the soldiers entered to search or loot, would they spare me? How was I to explain I was an American and a worker and not a capitalist?

But as the days passed and no counter revolution came, my fears vanished. Often I gazed from my window and always I saw a great surging mass of people, and the more I looked the better I liked the people. They were so alive and eager. By this time I had made friends with the maid. I learned to say "Tavarish" (comrade). I would point to myself and say Tavarish. It always brought a smile and the most ready service.

This gave me a clew to the way to behave. When you are under a working class government live like the workers.

I decided to give up the hotel and find a home in a working class family. The decision was a wise one. The hotel was very expensive. In the apartment I went to I had more heat, more food and better care for one-tenth the money. From that minute forth I never had any personal difficulty. The soldiers and workers took me into their midst without question. Often I was on the street until midnight, but no one molested me; I had only to smile and say "Amerikanski Bolshevik Tavarish" (American Bolshevik Comrade) to have a hundred hands stretched out in aid. I got caught in great crowds and was unafraid. The average Russian has a dual personality — he is both a brute and an angel. But if you expect him to be an angel he'll be one. Many foreigners experienced great hardship in Petrograd and went home with wild stories, but much of the difficulty was of their own making. You don't wave a red rag at a bull if you want the bull to behave. And it isn't wise to wear a high silk hat, a fur coat and a diamond ring and swagger up to an unfed, illy clothed Bolshevik and tell him he's a rascal.

Every day on nearly every street corner a fur-coated gentleman and a soldier would be in hot argument. In the end it always got down to the same practical basis:

Soldier: "You are a capitalist."

Gentleman: "You are a rascal."

Soldier: "Capitalists are enemies of the people. All must be poor, all must be alike. Where did you get that fur coat?"

Gentleman: "None of your business."

Soldier: "Yes, it is. It is our turn to have the fur coats and we are going to have them."

Sometimes on dark nights the fur coat changed hands, but usually the soldier and gentleman merely parted in hot anger.

One night the correspondent Jack Reid was held up and robbed. But he knew a few Russian words and explained he was an American and a Socialist. Whereupon his possessions were promptly returned, his hand cordially shaken and he was sent off rejoicing. Another night a woman was held up and robbed. She was a Russian and explained pathetically that her home was far distant and she needed car fare. Her appeal had effect. A rouble was returned to her with the following instructions: "If any soldiers start to rob you again just tell them that Comrade So-and-so has already robbed you, but has left you a rouble to get home with."

Certainly Petrograd was not a place to live in if you wanted a peaceful and luxurious life. It was a continual fight to get the bare necessities. The days there was heat there was no light. If the electric light worked and you had heat you ran short of food. There was the intense cold to combat; the temperature stood on an average at twenty degrees below zero. One was thankful to get one thing a day accomplished. The cars were so crowded that frequently one had to walk miles in the snow-covered streets. Daily I grew tougher. The buttons got pulled off my clothes and remained off. I ceased to feel baths were a daily necessity. I grew thankful for coarse but nourishing food. There was plenty of tea, a fair amount of black bread, quantities of vegetables, cabbages, beets, carrots, turnips, potatoes and coarse meat. There was never any sweets or pastry, but sometimes we had butter and usually four lumps of sugar a day. It was a case of survive if you can and if you do you'll grow strong. And there

was one great joy about life in Russia. It was thrillingly interesting. You could not be bored. Every day the Bolsheviki issued some new decree. One day all titles were abolished, the next judges and lawyers were eliminated. They and their knowledge were held to be useless. I confess to a wicked delight on that occasion. I am a lawyer and know how little justice there often is in the law.

But such deeds frightened the Monarchists and Liberals. They would come out from hiding and make a show of resistance and then scurry back. For day by day the Bolsheviki grew in power. All the soldiers were Bolsheviki and they had the bayonets. I used to feel I was living in a dream or had become Alice in Wonderland. In the few automobiles rode collarless workingmen, while on the street trudged an angry and puzzled banker. Petrograd became a city of working people. Duchesses and ladies-in-waiting wore aprons and wrapped shawls about their heads to hide their identity.

In the midst of this passionate life the poor Bolshevik Government had no easy task. It had let loose the brute force of Russia. It was the greedy brute who caused the trouble. He looted gayly and thoroughly while the government struggled desperately to bring about order, and these looting episodes were seized on and magnified by the opposition to discredit the Bolsheviki and spread terror.

My first experience of looting I shall never forget. I had been out to dinner. I had heard shooting at a distance, but hadn't realized what it meant. It was when I started to go home about eleven that the sound of bullets began to beat in on me. My way lay in the direction of the shooting. The fatal thud, thud grew almost unbearable. Then there came shouts and cries of distress. I confess I was a cow-

ard. I was with an American correspondent and his wife and I shamelessly begged them to see me home. I might be willing to die for a cause, but I didn't want to be killed by a stray bullet. With great difficulty we secured a sleigh. The driver was very loath to go in the direction we ordered. He said the shooting came from the Winter Palace, that soldiers were looting the Czar's wine cellar. It was a wonderful night, bright with stars. The sled glided swiftly over the hard snow. It seemed impossible men could be killing one another. Then a sleigh dashed past us. It evidently carried a wounded man, for he kept crying out, "Help, comrade, help." I shivered and held on to my companions. Then we came to the great river Neva, so white and silent in its winter coat of ice. On either side of its banks stood picturesque buildings and a little way below the bridge we were crossing was the Winter Palace. The shots had grown very loud now. We could see soldiers running. Their guns had been taken from them. They were shouting and screaming. Our sleigh passed close by them, but they made no move toward us. My companions said something about going to see the excitement, but I wanted to get home and bury my head under the bed clothes.

In the morning I had more courage. Besides, the shooting had ceased. I walked from my house toward the Winter Palace. When I came within two squares I saw bright red drops on the snow. At first I thought it was wine, but it was too red and thick for that, and there were splotches of red on some of the buildings where a wounded man had been leaning. All over the road and on the frozen Neva were smashed bottles. I picked up a bottle. Its label bore the Czar's coat of arms. It was a

choice brand of Madeira. When I reached the Winter Palace I found it was guarded by a ragged crowd of factory boys in civilians' clothes, carrying bayonets. They were some of the Red Guard. They at least were sober. Wine is hard to get in these days, and vodka unattainable. Consequently the thirsty Russians grow desperate. That is what had happened the night before. Thirty soldiers got into the wine cellar and held an orgy; other soldiers came to drive them out and remained to drink. Quarreling began. Kronstadt sailors and Red Guards arrived, the drunk and half-drunk refused to leave. Firing began. Tempers rose higher and higher and a small battle ensued. In the end the hose of a fire engine was turned on, all the bottles in the wine cellar were smashed, and the place flooded. Three soldiers were drowned in the wine, and between twenty and thirty killed and many wounded. But with daylight order came and shame and repentance. The Russian is always very repentant. He may murder a man, but afterwards he will feed and clothe the child of the man he has murdered.

It was difficult in these swift moving days to see clearly. It will take time to see the Russian Revolution in just proportion. But one thing grew apparent. That is that in a *bloody* revolution where force is the basis, as in bloody war, everything fine gets pushed to the wall. Art, science, and social welfare vanish. The working class fought for power and became dictators. They ruled not by the vote, but by force. They pulled existence down to the conditions of the poorest workingman. They failed to live up to their ideals of beauty, brotherhood, fair play and freedom. Yet, while we condemn, there is this to remember: The Bolsheviki were in the throes of their struggle. Conditions will change

and modify. The Russians are a brave, free-thinking people. They are democrats. They have no taint of German militarism. It is with them America belongs.

CHAPTER V

THE HUSKS OF RUSSIAN ROYALTY

"STOP off and have afternoon tea with the Czarina," said the magazine editor as he bade me good-by.

"Why, yes," I said a little vaguely, "I'd like to, but isn't Siberia rather large?" To American journalists all things are possible. But after twelve days on the Pacific Ocean and twenty days and nights of train travel through Japan, Corea, China, Siberia and Russia, the Czarina looked like a needle in a haystack.

Besides, the Bolshevik revolution had descended upon me. The one hope was to be as plebeian as possible. I destroyed all my letters to people of prominence. A journalist these days must be both a Dr. Jekyll and a Mr. Hyde, a lightning change artist, who will fit with either a king or a Bolshevik.

To associate with the Czarina in Russia was like talking to a member of the I. W. W. on Rockefeller's front lawn. It would have meant off with my head. I decided to let the magazine editor have tea with the Czarina. But if I could not hobnob with royalty I could at least see their dwelling places. The Winter Palace in Petrograd was a disappointment. Outwardly it was impressive, but inside, constant use had robbed it of its glory. There were marks of muddy feet, silk hangings had been torn down to wrap about freezing soldiers, royal bedrooms had been turned into offices; one had the impres-

sion that the Czar was long since dead and buried.

I decided to go to Moscow. The Kremlin, it was said, had remained untouched. It contains perhaps the most gorgeous palace in the world. But to travel in Russia is not easy. Soldiers have precedence. They crowd on and off trains and occupy all the seats. They have even been known, when they passed their own home, to pull the danger signal and hop off. After all, why shouldn't trains be used like automobiles? But it makes travel slow. The trip from Petrograd to Moscow took twenty hours. On each train is an "international wagon-lit." But berths in these cars are sold weeks ahead for a fortune. At the last moment I secured a place for myself and my interpreter in the international car. It was a woman's four-berth compartment. There was a Russian woman in a Red Cross costume in with us, and an unoccupied upper berth. Women travelers are rare, but an unoccupied berth rarer.

Presently a Russian merchant was knocking on our door. He insisted on rooming with us. We blocked the door and refused admittance. He fought for a while, but at length gave in. We were three to one.

By this time the Russian woman had grown very friendly. She said she wore her costume as a disguise, for she belonged to the aristocracy.

We stretched out on the sofas. Berths were not made up. To go regularly to bed was capitalistic. When the Russian woman found I was an American she talked freely. She was very bitter over her fate. "I don't dare go anywhere," she said. "I belong to the landowning class, or did, for everything has been taken from us. Our estate in the country, the land, the house, the furniture, was seized by the peasants. I had some jewels in the bank in Petro-

grad. I went to get them. I thought I could pawn them, but the Bolsheviki had taken the banks. They wouldn't give me my jewels. I have a thousand roubles in cash. It's all I have in the world. My husband is a lieutenant in the army. But the officers have been reduced to the ranks. He has to eat and sleep with the men. He gets a soldier's pay, eight roubles a month. Each day I fear he will be killed."

"But what are you going to do?" I asked. "How can you live?"

"I don't know," she said. "When my money is gone, go out as a domestic. It is the only work I know."

Again I had a bewildered sense of a turned upside down world. I felt I ought to hurry back to New York and get the Charity Organization Society to do work among the nobility.

There was the pathetic case of the first lady-in-waiting to the Czarina. She was still living in her palace. It had not been taken from her, but no one dared associate with her. Skirts were held high when she passed. One day when I was visiting Maxim Gorky his telephone bell rang; it was the first lady-in-waiting. She had telephoned to Marie Andrievna, Gorky's wife. This is what she said: "I am so lonely, no one will speak to me; can't I come and see you?" The Gorkys really believe in brotherhood. They will help any one in trouble, whether it is a countess or a workingman, so Marie Andrievna telephoned back: "Yes, of course, come at once and stay as long as you like." It was this kind of deed that subjected the Gorkys to arrest.

But to return to the train. I reached Moscow safely, though the trip back was not so easy. We had first class tickets, but that meant nothing. All classes are the same these days.

My first visit in Moscow was to the Kremlin. It was formerly as much a holy of holies as the palace of the Chinese Emperor in Peking. It has courtyards within courtyards and buildings within buildings. The great main gateway was shattered to bits by machine gun fire during the revolution, and the walls are battered with bullets. But inside little damage is visible. The Bolshevik commandant of the palace was a scrubby workingman, in a dilapidated suit. He hesitated some time before giving me a pass. The rooms, he said, had been sealed. But finally he scribbled something on a scrap of paper.

The untidy, unshaven little man had ordered Prince Odoviesky to show me about. We made our way to the prince's apartments. It must be trying to a prince to have to obey orders. Still it was probably pleasanter showing off the palace than being interned in the Fortress of Peter and Paul. The prince was a courtly gentleman. I started to shake hands, but he blushed and ignored the outstretched hand. I don't know whether it was because he was a prince, or because since the days of the Bolsheviki he has been an outcast and no one has condescended to shake hands. I almost think it was the latter, for when we left he held out his hand quite cordially. The prince instructed one of the old court servants to take us through the buildings.

First we saw the resplendent little chapel where the Czarina used to pray. Then we went through the gorgeous guest rooms used for foreign ambassadors. They were as they had been, marble baths and all. Nothing had been changed. But now the rooms were icy cold and empty, and there was a bullet hole through one of the windows. That bullet

MAXIM GORKY AND HIS WIFE, MARIE ANDRIEVNA

hole was a mystery. The bullet had never been discovered.

Next we visited the throne room and ball room. The splendor was staggering. Untold wealth must have been wrung from the peasants to pay for it. On the wall behind the throne was a gigantic gold sun whose golden rays extended in every direction. The throne seemed to spring from the sun's center. It made a fitting background for a Czar. Beyond the throne room stretched the long supper hall. Here many gay dinners had been given. In the little alcoves all down the room were piles of elaborate furniture. Beds, bureaus, tables were mixed together indiscriminately. These were treasures taken from other palaces and estates for safekeeping. The Kremlin had become a storehouse. The old retainer who showed us about was very proud of the place. He was eager to explain each item. He showed us the old wing, a portion of the building that has come down through the ages. It was Byzantine in style, with gaudy colors. The equipment was simple. The Czar of those days was satisfied with a bedroom, sitting-room, dining-room and throne-room. None of the rooms was larger than a modern drawing-room.

The personal suite of the recent Czar was not visible. Most of his furniture had been sent to him at Tobolsk. But we saw the Czarevitch's apartments. This was a palace in itself. There was something uncanny about the place. The rooms were still warm. An eiderdown puff lay ready on the royal bed, the clock on the mantel still ticked. Everything seemed ready for the young master's return. One felt each moment there would be a blare of trumpets and the royal party would enter. We asked the old

servant if he liked the royal family. "Yes," he said, "they were good to me. They were kind employers. I have nothing against them."

Before we left we passed the main entrance to the palace. A great marble staircase led from the front door to the main upper hall. Up these stairs had poured thousands of courtiers, ladies in evening dress on their way to a royal ball, or nobility and ambassadors hurrying to the throne-room to listen to a royal speech.

Directly at the head of the stairs facing all who entered was a huge oil painting. It was a picture of the Czar's grandfather, addressing the peasants. In proud and arrogant grandeur he stood there, while before him, bowing low, cringed the peasants, hats in hand, and underneath the picture were written the words of this former Czar, "I am glad to see you. I thank you for your courtesy. When you return home thank my people for me, but tell them not to believe any stupid rumors about the distribution of land and the giving of it to the peasants. These rumors are lies, spread by our enemies. Property is sacred."

What a change had come! By a mighty swing of life's pendulum the land had been wrested from the nobility. Never again would it be called sacred. The unhappy recent Czar has had to pay for the sins of his fathers. It is time we invented some new mottoes. We should change "Think before you speak" to "Think about your great-grandchildren before you speak."

Poor Nicholas II must have had some bitter moments before he was led out to execution. Perhaps it flashed through his mind, "If only father and grandfather had been different this would never have happened."

CHAPTER VI

REVOLUTIONARY JUSTICE

I WOKE to find that judges and lawyers had been abolished. Over-night, legal learning and ancient precedents had been cast into the scrap-heap. It was refreshing to start with a clean slate. Russia was no longer bound by traditions. Still, humanity had not reformed overnight. There were people who would grab and lie and betray their fellows. What was to be done with them?

In the early days of the Revolution there had been a great jail-delivery. Many thieves and murderers, as well as political offenders, were released. Every now and then a man was caught preying upon society. The Bolshevik mob had scant mercy for such a one. They had given him freedom, and this was his gratitude. The culprit should pay the price.

A member of the American Military Control in Petrograd told me of the following incident as one he had witnessed. A woman dashed into the street after a boy of fifteen. "He's stolen my pocket-book; he's stolen my pocket-book!" she cried. A miserable shrieking urchin sped madly down the road in front of her. He was caught by passers-by, and a crowd gathered. Blow upon blow fell upon the defenseless head. Childish shrieks of terror filled the air. The woman, appalled at what she had done, rushed back to the house. Again she made a desperate search, and suddenly in a dark corner she

unearthed the missing pocket-book. Again she dashed into the street, waving her property and calling loudly her mistake. But it was too late: the childish cries were still; a beaten and lifeless body had just been hurled into the canal. Sick shame seized the mob. Rage surged in their hearts. Under the Tsar they had been mercilessly beaten and abused. Brute force had been their instructor. They turned on the woman and applied the only method they knew. They beat her to death and dropped her into the canal.

Dire deeds were said to go on behind the grim walls of the fortress of Peter and Paul. Here ministers and generals languished in cells formerly occupied by ardent revolutionists. Each day a wholesale killing was predicted. But the Government was trying to suppress mob violence. A Revolutionary Tribunal had been created. People's courts with workingmen for judges were administering a crude justice.

With a good deal of difficulty I secured permission to visit the fortress. My permit read for seven in the evening. I took with me a young woman as interpreter. The grim fortress is surrounded by a massive stone wall and stands on the bank of the Neva, opposite the Winter Palace. At the entrance soldiers were gathered about a camp-fire. Camp-fires burn all over Petrograd. Wherever soldiers stand on guard they build a fire for warmth. At night the burning logs make the city bright. It is like an armed camp.

In the firelight the great iron-studded wooden gate of Peter and Paul looked like the entrance to a mediæval castle. About the door, rough-looking soldiers, in long coats that came to their ankles, and shaggy fur hats, leaned on their bayonets. When I

ВОЕНО-РЕВОЛЮЦІОННЫЙ КОМИТЕТЪ
ПРИ
Центральномъ Исполнит Комитетѣ
Совѣта Рабочихъ, Солдатскихъ и
Крестьянскихъ Депутатовъ 2 го
Всероссійсскаго Съѣзда.

СЛѢДСТВЕННАЯ КОМИССІЯ

28 Нояб. 1917 г.
№ 5325
ПЕТРОГРАДЪ
Телеф. 5-36-36.

Коменданту Петропавловской Крѣпости.

Пропускъ.

Данъ сей пропускъ отъ Слѣдственной Комиссіи Военно-Революціоннаго Комитета
гр. [illegible]
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на входъ въ Петропавловскую Крѣпость ~~для свиданія съ~~ для [illegible] арестованныхъ
въ сопровожденіи предсѣдателя Слѣдств. комиссіи
на [illegible] Декабря

Предсѣдатель [signature]
Секретарь [signature]

Дѣйствительно только на то число на которое выдано.

The Permit to the Fortress of Peter and Paul

entered, and the massive gate clanged to, I felt indeed cut off from the world.

Through the darkness of the great yard we made our way to the Commandant's office. He was not

in, but untidy-looking soldiers examined my pass. I must wait, they said. They eyed me curiously and spoke to my interpreter. After a little they grew friendly and invited me to have a glass of tea. They took me into the kitchen — a long, low-ceilinged room, with a great stove at one end. There were ten or a dozen soldiers. They smoked and talked incessantly, dropping cigarette-butts wherever they stood. They were dirty, ragged, and unshaven. We sat down at a long wooden table, with a steaming samovar between us. As I grew in favor, sugar, butter, and some eatable black bread were produced. This was a treat, indeed. It was hard to realize who or where I was in that dingy kitchen in the grim fortress surrounded by rough soldiers. I felt I had fallen asleep and waked up in the midst of the French Revolution.

The soldiers were looking at me curiously. I was an American, and they wanted to know about America.

"Why has America gone to war?"

"Has President Wilson sold out to the capitalists?"

"Will there be a revolution in America?"

These were the questions poured upon me. Some of the men could not read or write, but their knowledge was extraordinary. It was plain that they had but little faith in American democracy. The belief that America had sold out was widespread. This was the work of German propaganda.

I tried to answer the questions. I tried to make them see America with my eyes. I explained that half our country is bourgeois; that there is no working class which corresponds to the Russian workman; that even the unskilled American worker has something to lose; that, in consequence, there cannot be a

revolution in America, such as has occurred in Russia.

They were keenly interested. The majority saw my point. They realized that changes in America are likely to come by evolution rather than by revolution. I told them that the President led rather than lagged behind the opinion of the majority; that he was more liberal and democratic than any president we had had, except Lincoln. But one man, an illiterate, was not to be convinced. There was only one remedy for inequalities. The working class must rise, whether they were a minority or a majority. The capitalists must be beheaded. He himself would like to behead them one by one. In the flickering light I seemed to see him pull out his knife and feel of it. But the other men were against such methods. They suppressed this firebrand. Their intelligence was marvelous. Many had never been to school, yet they knew about conditions in both America and Europe. Their conversation was not confined to wages and food, but dealt with world-politics.

Probably in no other civilized land are there so many illiterates. But even the Russians who cannot read or write can think and talk.

By this time the Commandant arrived, and I was led forth on my tour of inspection. The massiveness of the old fortress was impressive. The walls were several feet thick. No sound could penetrate them. The corridors were like vaults. Here one was buried alive.

My request to interview the prisoners was instantly granted. I was ushered into a cell, and the Bolshevik guard withdrew. It was a room twelve by fourteen feet in size, with a high ceiling. There was one little window far up in the wall. It was im-

possible to see from it, and in the daytime it gave scant light. There was a stone floor, and the walls had been whitewashed. It looked clean, but cold. There was the damp chilly atmosphere of a prison. But the one electric light shone brightly. It stood on a table by the iron bedstead. The only other furniture was a chair.

The occupant of this cell was the former Minister of Finance, a man about fifty, with gray hair and beard. He courteously offered me the chair and sat on the bed. Again I had the sensation of a topsy-turvy world. Workingmen with fixed bayonets stood at the door, while a learned Minister of Finance meekly sat on his prison-bed and talked to me. He was studying an English grammar, for he could not speak English. We talked together in French. He accepted his lot philosophically. He did not complain of conditions. He and the others, he said, were treated as political offenders. They could have food from the outside, and letters and visits from their families, and might read and write as much as they liked.

" It's the psychology of the place that is terrible," he said, as he rose and paced the floor. " We can't tell what will happen. Each moment may be the last. Personally, I am not afraid. I don't think they'll hurt me. But the others are afraid. Every hour they fear a massacre. I do not dare tell my wife this. I tell her we are all right. But it is a frightful strain." It was indeed a frightful strain. Already I was feeling it. The air was charged with intense emotion. The Bolshevik soldiers didn't trust the Minister of Finance and he didn't trust them. Some day the firebrand in the kitchen might be on guard. What would happen then?

I visited other cells. I talked with a Social Dem-

ocrat, a man who has fought for Russian freedom and is a well-known economist. He bitterly denounced the Bolsheviki.

" Go back to America and tell them what is happening here. Tell American Socialists that the Bolsheviki are imprisoning their fellow Socialists.

The Label from One of the Czar's Smashed Wine Bottles

Nine times I was imprisoned under the old régime, and since the Revolution I have been imprisoned ten times. There is little to choose. Both Tsar and Bolsheviki are dictators. There is no democracy."

After this outburst he began to pace the floor restlessly. His eyes had a haunted look. His words were those of the Minister of Finance.

" It's the uncertainty that's so terrible. Personally, I'm not afraid. They don't dare hurt me. But the others — they are afraid. They are going

to pieces. Every day they expect to be lined up and shot. It is unbearable."

In each cell it was the same. There was the queer restlessness, then the fatal sentence.

"It isn't for myself I fear, it's for the others. They are afraid."

Horror seized me. I could bear no more.

The distrust of the prisoners bred distrust in the keepers. Slowly each side was being dragged to disaster. Yet outwardly there was no sign of the inner storm. "Peter and Paul" was run on the most approved prison methods.

In addition to the single cells there were two large dormitories. In these were imprisoned army officers. I was shown these rooms. The men were smoking and playing cards. Here the tension was less. Companionship had eased the strain. In one room a Russian general rose and addressed me. He spoke in French.

"Well, madame," he said, "what do you think of Russia? What do you think of a country that imprisons its officers? I don't suppose America does that sort of thing?"

The men crowded around to hear my answer.

"No," I said, smiling. "Still, America does imprison people. It imprisons men who refuse to fight."

At this there was a delighted laugh, and the general continued: "Here, you see, it's the other way. We are imprisoned for fighting. There should be an exchange of prisoners."

Even the Bolsheviki saw the joke and joined in the laugh. Certainly it was a topsy-turvy world.

As we turned to go, my interpreter spoke to a guard. He had been rude, had pushed the generals aside and slammed the door.

"I hope," she said, "you are good to the prisoners. Remember your own prison days and what it was like."

The man hung his head. He was like an overgrown child. "I do forget," he said, "and I grow ugly."

In that little incident lay the whole story. Power breeds tyrants. No man should have arbitrary control of his fellows. As long as there was belief in retaliation and punishment life would be ugly.

A few days later I visited the Revolutionary Tribunal. I wanted to see how law without law-books and precedents was administered. The palace of the Grand Duke Nicolas Nicolaivitch had been turned into a court house. It is a massive white stone building on the bank of the Neva, near the fortress of Peter and Paul. In the old days it was gay with music and laughter. A broad marble staircase, covered with a red velvet carpet, led to the ballroom. That room was resplendent in silk hangings, a gold frieze, and a gorgeous chandelier. It had a brightly polished inlaid wooden floor. Many gay little slippers had whirled across it. Now it was covered with the mark of muddy feet. Dust, ashes, and cigarette-butts lay everywhere. The red velvet carpet had been pulled awry. The elaborate furniture was piled up in corners. Streams of workingmen and soldiers moved in and out. An excited crowd was arguing in the corridors. The courtroom was empty. The judges had retired, angry, and refused to sit again that day. The story I got was as follows:—

A man named Branson, a member of the ancient Duma, and the secretary of a league for the defense of the Constituent Assembly, had been on trial. The court-room was filled with his friends and sym-

pathizers. When Branson entered, he was given an ovation. The president of the tribunal called for order, but the applause and cheers continued. Then the president ordered the room cleared. Whereupon indignant cries arose. "This is not a tribunal, it is a chamber of torture. We will not leave except at the point of the bayonet."

Again the president called upon the soldiers to empty the hall. Slowly they moved forward, with fixed bayonets, but the public did not stir. The soldiers withdrew into a corner. A workingman sprang to his feet and heaped sarcasm upon the tribunal. The president threatened expulsion, but the man merely cried out, "Shoot me down; you cannot put me out otherwise." The president ordered the man ejected, but he slipped in among the spectators and took a seat. From this vantage-ground he again hurled out his taunt: "Shoot me down; you cannot take me otherwise." The public sided with the man. It was impossible to reach him without violence. The patience of the court was exhausted. In hot anger the president and tribunal left. By this time the soldiers were angry, and expelled the crowd with no gentle hand.

At this point I arrived. There would be no further sitting that day, so I left; but in a few days I returned. This time I had a permit, and my interpreter.

The court was to open at two. We climbed the dirty marble staircase. The air was foul and full of smoke. Across one end of the ball-room was a long wooden table covered with a red cloth. This was the judges' bench. In front were rows of wooden benches for the spectators. On one side of the judges' bench were other seats, for the prisoners,

lawyers, and witnesses. There was no order or cleanliness.

Two o'clock came and went; then three, then four, then five. If Germany attempts to systematize Russia, she will have her hands full. A Russian is never on time. At six o'clock the seven judges filed in. They were all workingmen. They had been elected by the All-Russian Soviet, the Congress of Workingmen and Soldiers. Not one of them could boast of a clean collar. The president wore a dingy business suit. One man's shirt was so dirty that it was impossible to distinguish the color. He was collarless.

No one rose to greet the court. A group of Junkers were to be tried, among them a man named Pouriskevitch, a general in the Tsar's army, one of the men who had aided in the assassination of Rasputin. Pouriskevitch is a monarchist to the backbone, and hated by the working class. He and his companions were accused of forming an organization which was to seize the government and restore the monarchy.

The room was packed. The trial had brought from hiding a number of titled and wealthy people. Most of the women wore Red Cross costumes. This was to hide their elegance. But one family, a mother and several daughters and some relatives, appeared in all their finery. They wore rings and diamond brooches and displayed expensive furs. They crowded on the bench beside me. There was not room for them all, so one of the daughters turned to me. She spoke in German (the language of the Russian court): "Will you move to the back of the room. We want this bench. One of the prisoners is a relative."

I had been in court four hours. I had sat in my seat the whole time, to hold it. I looked up at the

young woman and shook my head. She reddened with anger. Her insolence was intolerable. She seemed to have forgotten that there had been a revolution. She planted herself half on me and half on the bench. She was very beautiful, but her body was as hard and rigid as her face. I found my temper mounting. I understood the rage of the Bolsheviki at the insolence of the autocracy. I drove my elbow with a vicious dig into the young woman. She grew furious, but she no longer had power to order me to a dungeon. She removed herself from my lap, but squeezed in close. I could make no impression and gave it up.

By this time even the aisles were full. Two cooks had come up from the kitchen. Their arms were bare and they were hot and greasy. Two chairs were brought for them by the soldiers. I sat between the duchesses and the cooks. Of the two, the cooks had the better manners.

Then there was a great craning of necks. There was a sound of tramping feet. The prisoners were being led in. In they came, between two rows of Bolshevik soldiers. They were in full regimentals. Their uniforms were covered with gold braid, and they wore a great array of medals. They even had spurs on their shining leather boots. They laughed and joked like schoolboys. The soldiers who guarded them were ragged and dirty. No two had uniforms alike. Some wore caps and others fur hats. Nothing matched. One or two had their feet bound in rags. They looked like the soldiery of a comic opera. They ranged themselves along the wall and leaned on their bayonets. The whole scene was comic.

Again I felt like Alice in Wonderland. I had swallowed a magic pill which had transformed

things. Cooks and duchesses; ragged soldiers and resplendent generals; collarless workingmen and bewigged and begowned judges, had changed places. Even the gaudy ball-room, by a wave of the magic wand, had become a dirty human meeting-hall.

Laughter surged to my lips, but something in the faces of the judges checked it. The eyes of the soldiers were stern. The family next me was making signs to their Junker officer. They jested and laughed. They ridiculed the proceedings. The Junker officer lay back in his chair and stretched his feet out in front of him and grinned. Contempt for the court was in every act and look.

Suddenly I remembered the soldier in the kitchen of Peter and Paul and his words, "The capitalists must be beheaded. I should like to behead them one by one." What were these people thinking of? Didn't they realize their danger?

But now the trial had begun. Pouriskevitch had retained an eminent lawyer as his defender. A gray-bearded man in a handsome frock coat stepped forward. He had all the pomp and formality of bygone days. He was over-obsequious to the judges. Each wave of his hand was an insult.

He bowed low and addressed the tribunal. "Most reverent and honorable sirs," he began.

The prisoners giggled. A smile went around the court-room. But the tribunal listened with wide-open, serious eyes. They struggled to comprehend the learned legal arguments. A puzzled frown crept over their faces. They consulted one another, but the lawyer's eloquent speech flowed on.

"I am sure," he said, "that this great and honorable tribunal wishes to be just; that the learned gentlemen on the bench have no thought but justice."

The biting sarcasm failed to touch the tribunal.

They listened with child-like earnestness. It was pathetic and magnificent.

But early in the case there came an interruption. Among the prisoners was a man who was not a Junker. He had been indicted with the group of Monarchists, but he was in reality a Socialist. This man's lawyer, also a Socialist, now rose. He used no blandishments. He upbraided the tribunal. He declared that it was an outrage that his client, a prominent Socialist, should be classed and tried with the despicable Monarchist Pouriskevitch.

It was as if a bomb had exploded. The court-room was in an uproar. Pouriskevitch, red and angry, was on his feet. "How dare a common Socialist consider it an insult to be tried with me? I am a general and a noble."

It was funny and tragic. One-half the court-room glared at the other half. The judges were bewildered. In the end they ordered the Socialist lawyer from the room. They had ignored or failed to comprehend the insults of the eminent counsel, but they understood the taunts of the Socialist. Then the tribunal consulted together. At last the president rose and announced that the court would retire, to consider whether the prisoners should be tried together or separately.

It was eight o'clock. I was faint for want of food. The tribunal might not return for hours, and then it might sit until three in the morning. I decided to leave. As I pushed my way out, I realized again the intense emotional atmosphere of the fortress. Faces were flushed and eyes angry. Hot, eager talk spurted up. There was the same battle of class against class, the same hatred, the same desire on the part of each to dominate. Only the judges had been serene. They were pitiful and

great in their simplicity, their struggle to understand, their attempt to be fair.

From the Nicolai Palace I went to the apartment of Maxim Gorky. A few days before, I had been there and had met the mother of Tereschenko and the wife of Konavello. Tereschenko and Konavello were two of the ministers imprisoned in Peter and Paul. This mother and wife were tortured by anxiety. In their dilemma they turned to Maxim Gorky. He was the one intellectual who had not deserted the Bolsheviki. He was doing the big thing. He criticized, condemned, but tried to help. Each day his paper, *Novia Jizm,* laid bare the faults of the Bolshevik government. Hourly he was in danger of arrest. But his stand made his home the refuge of the oppressed. Workingmen and countesses came to him for aid. Marie Andrievna, Gorky's companion for twenty years, and in all but legal formality his wife, made a charming hostess. It was she who cheered the distressed wife and mother and invited them to tea. It was she who promised to visit the imprisoned men. It was she who told Gorky of Konavello's rheumatism. When Gorky heard this, he went to the telephone. Over the wire he arranged to have his doctor visit the sick man. Tears of gladness and gratitude were in the woman's eyes when they left.

When I reached Maxim Gorky's, after my day in court, I was tired and spent, but they listened to my story with interest. Then Marie Andrievna told me of her day. She had been to Peter and Paul. She had seen the imprisoned men. She had found Konavello very ill. The prisoners had been through a fiery ordeal. In a moment of rashness Konavello had written to a friend denouncing the Bolshevik

government and declaring that Russia was being delivered over to Germany. This letter came into the hands of the soldiers on guard. They were enraged. They cast Konavello into a dungeon, a dark cell in the basement, where the walls reeked with moisture. When the other prisoners heard of Konavello's plight, they took counsel together. It was agreed that Konavello was too ill to survive such treatment. They decided to make a protest. Ministers, generals, and other political prisoners resolved to go on a hunger strike. They were not going to be outdone by militant suffragettes.

The ministers and generals proved effective hunger-strikers. The soldiers grew worried, then enraged. They led the little community out into the yard and lined them up against the wall. "We shoot, unless you suspend your strike," was the ultimatum.

But light came to three Kronstadt sailors. They suddenly stepped forward. "What we are doing is wrong," they said. "It's against all principles of brotherhood. These men shall not be shot, except over our dead bodies."

Their courage won the day. The angel in the Russian soldier rose to the surface. The prisoners were sent back to their cells, and Konavello was released from the dungeon.

"But," said Marie Andrievna when she had finished, "another time it may not turn out that way. My heart sickens when I think of the future."

Since my return to America I have read that two of the ministers in Peter and Paul have been put to death. One, I believe, was the Minister of Finance. The night-guard entered the cells and stabbed the men. It was not an act of the Soviet government, but a deed of that wild, revengeful force which has

been let loose in Russia. The pity of it! For the Russian has infinite possibilities. He can be dominated by high ideals as well as by low. But the Soviet government has no time to teach ideals. In its desperate struggle to survive, in its fight for equality, it uses autocratic methods.

Only the voice of Gorky rises above the maelstrom, pleading for moderation, for patience, for fine *methods* as well as fine *principles* — pleading for spiritual regeneration as well as economic equality. These are his words as they appeared one morning in his paper, *Novia Jizm:*

"The question is, is the Revolution bringing spiritual regeneration? Is it making people more honest, more sincere? or is man's life as cheap as before? Are the new officials as rude as the old? Are the old brutalities still in existence? Is there the same cruel treatment of prisoners? Does not bribery remain? Is it not true that only physical force has changed hands, and that there has been no new spiritual realization? What is the meaning of life? It should be the development of spiritual realization, the development of all our capacities for good.

"The time is not ripe for this. We must first take things over by force. That is the answer I get. But there is no poison more dangerous than power over others. This we must not forget, or the poison will poison us. We shall become worse cannibals than those against whom we have fought all our lives. It must be a revolution of the heart and brain, but not of the bayonet."

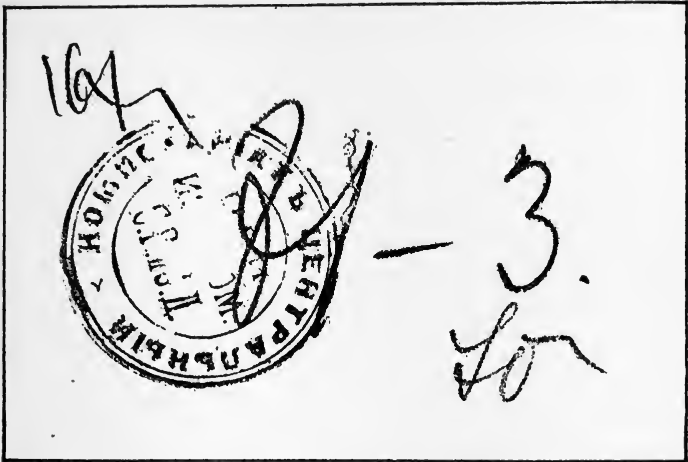
CHAPTER VII

THE SOVIETS — GOVERNMENT BY THE BOLSHEVIKI

SMOLNEY INSTITUTE in Petrograd was a girls' school in the old days. It still kept the ancient title. The ground was deep in snow when I made my first visit. The Bolsheviki had made the Institute the new seat of government. I walked up the straight driveway between snow-covered lawns. A large white wooden building stretched before me. At one end was a chapel. In the colonnaded porch of the center building soldiers stood with fixed bayonets and machine guns pointed threateningly.

Inside the outer entrance soldiers with bayonets halted me. I must have a pass. I fell into line among a row of people. Two young girls with short hair were giving out passes. They couldn't speak English, but I made them understand I was an American and a journalist. With a smile they wrote something on a scrap of paper. The pass was a sheet torn from a tiny note book, stamped with a rubber seal and a date scrawled across it. Any one could have faked the pass. German spies could enter Smolney Institute with ease. Even the Kaiser might have risked it.

The long white corridors were crowded. Soldiers and workingmen moved in and out endlessly. They all smoked and cigarette butts and ashes were strewn over the floor. Only a short time before little girls of the aristocracy paraded these corridors



A Pass to Smolney Institute

arm in arm. The large, clean dormitories were filled with little white beds, the big schoolrooms buzzed with childish talk. Now the fate of a nation was being decided within these walls.

Unshaven, collarless men littered the floor with papers and argued hotly. The schoolrooms had become meeting halls and the dormitories, subdivided by wooden partitions, offices. In the corridors were long tables piled high with radical literature. There were pamphlets on anarchism, socialism, and syndicalism. All the outcasts of society here had a hearing. The place was without formality. It had the atmosphere of trade union meetings and socialist gatherings. It seethed with intense emotion. It was unlike any seat of government ever known.

There had been no time for adjustments. On the white doors down the long corridors large numbers were scrawled in blue chalk. These numbers, with

Военно-Революціон.
Комитетъ
при
ПЕТР. С. Р. и С. Д.

Комендантскій отдѣлъ.

23 Ноября 1917 г.

№ 1242

Смольный Институтъ.

Пропускъ

Дано сіе Madelen Z. Doty

срокомъ по 1 Декабря

на право свободнаго входа въ Смольный Институтъ.

Комендантъ Ф. Дзержинскій

Дѣлопроизводитель

A Journalist Pass to Smolney Institute and the Meetings of the Soviet

the names of the committees occupying the rooms, had been written out by hand on a slip of paper and tacked to the wall. The rooms of the commissares, the Bolshevik ministers, were equally haphazardly designated. Scribbled across a sheet of paper was the simple statement "Commissare Trotsky's Office," and this was stuck to his door with a pin.

Visions arose of the stately houses of Parliament or the prosperous Capitol at Washington, and I smiled.

But the informality was refreshing. You could speak to any one, provided you could hold them for talk. For it was a rushing world. Plots and counterplots were being unfolded. The food was running low, the city was in a state of upheaval. The

Bolsheviki were having a hard fight. Their control was limited to the central government. The soldiers and workers' deputies had become the Russian Congress, or Soviet. But even this body had its difficulties. It was the first to purge itself. All members not Bolsheviki or Social Revolutionaries left. They numbered perhaps a fourth of the whole. Their places were quickly filled by Bolsheviki. The Soviet, which represented all Russia, now consisted of only the most radical elements. Bolshevik ministers were made the executive arm of the Congress, and called the "People's Commissares."

But the Bolsheviki did not control the city government. The Petrograd Municipal Duma had been elected under Kerensky. Most of the members were Cadets — Liberals.

Conflict immediately arose between the city government and the Central Power. The Municipal Duma would not take orders. It refused to recognize the Soviet. The members went on strike. The National power grew angry. They declared the Duma dissolved and ordered a new election. The Commissares issued the following decree:

"All employees of government institutions who strike or sabotage in their work are declared enemies of the people. Their names will be printed in the government paper and in lists which will be posted on the walls of public buildings. All those who won't work *with* the people have no place *among* the people."

The Duma did not take its fate meekly. It refused to dissolve or consent to a new election. It maintained it had been elected by secret ballot and that no one, neither the former provisional government, nor the Bolshevik Soviet could dissolve it. A few members dissented. They were Socialists.

They said public opinion had changed and a new election was just. But they were voted down. In an impassioned speech Mayor Schreider declared:

" We will remain at our post and continue to work by virtue of our right until the expiration of our term of office. We will defend to the last moment and with the last drop of blood, the rights which have been intrusted to us by the people. For us the decree of the Soviet does not exist. We recognize only that law which can be changed or modified by the Constituent Assembly." But the Central Power was not to be defied. Soldiers with bayonets entered the Duma, turned out the members and closed the hall, and a new election was ordered. The irate members were helpless. There were no soldiers to defend them. They met secretly and inserted the following announcement in their paper:

" By order of the usurpers of power, the Duma was dissolved, but it still exists. Immediately after the attack, it united in another locality and continued to work on the question of unemployment. In spite of the violence of bayonets the Duma continues to guard the city's welfare, but the population which elected us must come to our aid.

" Citizens, all the liberties we have conquered are menaced.

" Protest against those who trample under foot our rights.

" The city is in danger from cold and starvation. Organize meetings of protest. Pass resolutions. At these meetings let the following be your watchwords:

" Down with autocratic Commissares.

" Down with stranglers of Liberty.

" Down with the saboteurs of the city administration.

"Long live universal suffrage, direct, equal and secret.

"Long live the legal autonomy of the municipality.

"Long live the liberty of citizens.

"Long live the Constituent Assembly."

But Petrograd did not rally to the support of the Duma. The soldiers and workers remained faithful to the Central Government. The power of the Bolsheviki grew. In every department there were the same struggles. Many officials were Cadets (Liberals) or moderate Socialists. They refused to resign or recognize the new government. They hoped for a counter revolution. But this hope was short lived. It depended on the peasants. They as a body had not joined the Soviet. A meeting was called of the All Russian Peasants Congress in Petrograd. The first business was the election of a president. Chernov received 369 votes and Marie Spiradonova 329. Chernov is a Menshevik, a Social Democrat of the right.

Marie Spiradonova is a Bolshevik, a Social Democrat of the extreme left.

Though Chernov was elected president, it was Spiradonova's faction that grew. A week later, by a large majority, it was voted to send peasant delegates to sit with the Workers and Soldiers Deputies. The Soviet had become a Congress of *Workers, Peasants* and *Soldiers*.

In the winter of 1918 the representatives of 75 per cent. of the population were Bolsheviki. The other 25 per cent., the monarchists, the capitalists, the bourgeoisie and the intellectuals, were without representation. They refused to remain in the Soviet and they had no voice. Chernov at the Peasants' Congress, which still continued to meet as a separate body, cried out: "Newspapers are being sup-

pressed. Tyranny is in the land. But they cannot suppress my voice. I will speak."

He was far too popular and radical for interference. He spoke on, but his power waned. Slowly the working class government took shape. Dumas and Zemstvos the country over were abolished. Local Soviets took their place. There were village, city and district Soviets. They were made up of workers, peasants, and soldiers. The local Soviets were autonomous in local matters, but their decrees had to accord with the fundamental principles laid down by the Central Power. The District Soviets, like the Central, appointed Commissares who could aid and strengthen the small local Soviets of the district.

Meanwhile the national government steadied. It began to issue decrees. Property was the main object attacked. The right to private ownership in land was abolished. Henceforth all land belonged to the nation. It was to be confiscated and parceled out to the farmers according to the needs of each family. The distribution was to be made by the local Soviets. But the Soviets were slow. Some had not been organized. The peasants grew impatient. As in the days of Kerensky they took the law into their own hands. The rough elements seized what they wanted.

One family I visited employed a maid servant from the country. She was a crude little creature, with big rough hands and ill fitting clothes. She worshiped her employers. She kissed the members of the family when they came or went. She guarded their interests as her own. I asked her about her village. Had there been violence there?

"Yes," she said with anger in her tone, "the hooligans seized the big estate. They murdered the

family, even the five year old child. They found wine in the wine cellar and got drunk. They destroyed the house, divided the furniture and seized the land. They had no right to take other people's things. The land belonged to the peasants, but not the house and furniture." She turned to her employer and said, "I work for you. Suppose I took your things. I've no right to them."

Her point of view was interesting. I asked the girl if she cared for her home. Her face became radiant. The tiny strip of land and the two-room cottage were her passion. Every penny earned went to her people. She lived for the annual two months' vacation. "My own home and my own people are the best," she said shyly. I asked her if she was a Bolshevik. "No," she said fiercely, "for they say things with their tongue, but they don't do them."

In another family I ran across another country girl. She had come to the city to be a seamstress. In her village there was a big estate. The owner was popular with the peasants. A meeting was held and it was agreed not to touch him or his possessions. But as time went on temptation grew. When the owner and his family went to the city his land was seized and his house destroyed.

Another interesting decree dealt with houses and apartments. These were no longer private property. But the owner might continue to live in his house provided he occupied only a small portion. The part he retained must not exceed a rental of a thousand roubles. Worked out in practice this limited a family to one room per person.

Such a decree could not be carried out. There was no machinery to enforce it. It was ignored by people in general, but when the Government needed extra rooms they went to a rich's man's house and

took possession. Some householders resorted to tricks. One man invited a trade union organization to occupy the parlor floor. Nightly excited voices arose from the drawing-room. The mahogany furniture was kicked and banged, but the owner kept his house unmolested.

Still another decree dealt with clothing. This was not to exceed a certain amount and a certain value. No man might have more than one fur coat. The number of blankets was limited. Every one was requested to make an inventory and surrender the extras to a soldier at the front or a shivering mortal at home. Of course lies were told. It was impossible to enforce this decree. Occasionally soldiers visited the wealthier homes. They inventoried the premises and carried off the extras. To the property owners such proceedings were heartbreaking. Capitalists and bourgeoisie turned their eyes toward the Constituent Assembly as their one hope. The Assembly was to meet on December 11th. Many members had been elected before or at the time of the Bolshevik revolution. The Constituency represented all classes. The Conservatives determined to concentrate their fight on this event.

Meanwhile the Bolshevik Government grew daily more unfriendly to the Constituent Assembly. That body would be full of Cadets. Cadets were enemies of the people. At first these sentiments were uttered timidly. To supplant the Assembly with the All Russian Soviet would take time. The people had been taught to regard the Assembly as the culmination of all hopes.

The monarchists and capitalists were clever. Secretly they were hatching plots for counter revolution. Kaledine and the Cossacks were to march on Petrograd and seize the Government. But these efforts

except when discovered and exposed by the Commissares, were kept dark. Outwardly the Conservatives asked for but one thing, representation. The Constituent Assembly must meet. Every one must have a voice. Shrewdly they let the radical intellectuals Chernov and Zeretelli do the talking. These men were Socialists. They were Bolsheviki in principle but not in method. They believed in a revolution by the vote, but not by the sword. They were feared by the Commissares. Their power was great. They could not be downed. The peasant was willing to behead the capitalist, but these men were loved.

Several days before the opening of the Assembly meetings were held. One Sunday morning I went to hear Zeretelli. The meeting was in a great circus. The place holds six thousand. It was jammed. Zeretelli is dying of consumption. He has spent seven years in penal servitude and given his life to the cause of Russian freedom. He is pale and thin and his eyes are sunken. No one has ever doubted his honesty and sincerity. He spoke with passion. He declared the time was not ripe for a working class government. There must be a coalition. Socialists and capitalists must unite. All must be represented. The Assembly must meet. The decrees must be made by that body. They must be the product of the vote of the whole people.

This speech brought thunderous applause. But it was not passionate applause. The meeting lacked fire. The audience was made up of doctors, lawyers, bankers, school teachers, and shop keepers. There were no factory workers and only a few soldiers present. Reason was stronger than emotion.

On December 11th there was a parade as a demonstration for the Assembly. The Soviet paper

requested the Bolsheviki not to take part. I was out early and wandered about the streets. At ten the line began to form. Riots were expected. It was feared the two parties would clash. But except for a few bullets fired by an over-excited man, I saw no violence. There were ten thousand in line. A Bolshevik demonstration vould have brought out fifty to seventy thousand. The marchers were all well dressed. They walked and talked quietly. They sang solemnly and sincerely. They were the bourgeoisie and the intellectuals with an occasional capitalist. None of the proletariat and only a few well dressed soldiers joined. The crowd lacked passion. They did not seethe with life. They moved to the Tauride Palace, the meeting place of the Assembly. They swept up to the doors. But Bolshevik soldiers guarded the entrance and they turned back. They marched down a side street. They had no plan. I watched three men with particular interest. They were lawyers or bankers. They wore fur coats and fur caps. They and the others were singing the Marseillaise. Over their heads waved a red flag on which was written "Land to the Peasants." On the sidewalk factory workers and unshaven soldiers stood and jeered. Surely I had gone crazy. It wasn't possible that the moneyed class were marching in the middle of the street under a red flag singing the Marseillaise, demonstrating against the Government, and shouting for freedom.

At two the Assembly was to open. Only 194 of the 800 delegates had arrived in Petrograd.. Of that number three dozen or so presented themselves. Those with certificates or passes were allowed to enter the palace.

The ballroom had been turned into a legislative hall. It was filled with raised seats and desks ar-

ranged in a semi-circle. The handful of members proceeded to convene. Mayor Schreider, the Mayor of the dissolved Duma, took the rostrum:

"I declare," he said, "the Constituent Assembly open."

Chernov was then elected president. He took his place and announced that three Cadets (Liberals) members of the Assembly had just been arrested. A motion was made and carried to make public the following declaration:

"The Constituent Assembly refuses to recognize the brutal force which has arrested its members and declares those members free." Before adjourning it was agreed to meet the next day. In closing, Chernov said:

"When this body meets regularly the power will pass from the hands of the usurpers to us. It is we alone who can make peace and give land and liberty to the people. Long live the Constituent Assembly."

Next day I went back to the palace. Eight thousand soldiers had been placed in neighboring barracks. The palace itself was well guarded. Soldiers with bayonets were at every entrance. Small detachments moved about the buildings and grounds. One company was sprawled upon the floor of a big room. They had their knapsacks for head rests and were fast asleep. Several of the correspondents gathered in a corridor to talk. Immediately soldiers stepped up, and told us to move on. Meantime thirty or forty delegates straggled in. They were the professor type. They wore frock coats. There wasn't a working man among them. They were jostled by the soldiers and not allowed to form in groups. They withdrew to the library. Here they began to hold a meeting. The Commandant of the

Palace appeared. He said their meeting must stop; that the council of Commissaries would announce when they could meet; that first, all Cadets must be arrested. Then a delegate jumped up. "Will you arrest a member of the Assembly?" he asked. "Certainly," said the Commandant. "If he is a Cadet, for they are enemies of the people. They are not Assembly members, only the proletariat can hold such an office."

But the little group refused to retire and the Commandant withdrew. They hadn't a quorum. It was useless to hold meetings until more members reached Petrograd. They decided to publish the following statement:

"People of Russia, do you know how the new despots treat your representatives? All the rooms in the Tauride Palace are closed. It is clear to the whole world that the promise of the Bolsheviki to speedily unite the Assembly is a lie. They make that promise to hold their power. They promise one thing and hope another. When our number increases and we are strong we will return to the palace. We will not give in to the usurpers. Be ready to fight for the Constituent Assembly."

This was signed by Chernov and 109 members. They had hardly finished when the Commandant returned with soldiers. The members were ordered out and one man was forcibly ejected. It was the last meeting in the palace. The Commissaries had taken up the fight in earnest. Trotsky and Lenine were making impassioned speeches. They issued the following statement:

"A handful of people are trying to open the Assembly. They do this that they may declare their counter revolutionary actions legal. All the con-

quests of the Revolution are in jeopardy. The People's Commissaries bring this plot to the attention of the public."

The Commissaries had grown bolder. They began to attack the Assembly openly. They had been successful in the new Duma election. The total votes cast was only one-half of the 900,000 votes of the preceding election, but practically all the votes were for the Bolsheviki. The new Municipal Duma had convened and the new mayor had opened with the following remark:

" I salute the victory of the proletariat over the bourgeoisie. Greetings to the People's Commissaries. Let us proceed to socialize property. Let us carry out the decrees of the Council. Long live the Commune."

Encouraged by this spirit, the Commissaries issued two decrees. One declared all Cadets enemies of the people and demanded they be arrested immediately and brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal.

The other granted the right to a new election on the petition of one-fourth of the electors, and gave the power of recall. At a meeting at Smolney Institute of the Soviet, Trotsky and Lenine defended these decrees and their messages. Said Lenine:

" In the midst of a civil war one must not make a fetich of the Constituent Assembly. It is the bourgeoisie and Cadets who have dragged us into strife.

" Around the Cadets all counter revolutionary elements gather. Shall we then convoke the Assembly as it originally was elected? To do so is to gather together counter revolutionary forces. This must not be."

But such doctrines were not calmly accepted. Instantly a soldier was on his feet protesting.

"You cannot arrest a whole party. If you use these methods with the Cadets you will use it with others. Soon there will be no Assembly."

Then Trotsky sprang to his feet.

"It is impossible to collaborate with elements against whom we are obliged to send troops. Russia is divided into two camps, the bourgeois and the proleteriat. It is not immoral to achieve the fall of the bourgeois. You are indignant at these terroristic methods, but if they are not used, in a month, methods more menacing will be applied. It will become the terror of the French revolution. For our enemies it will not be the *fortress* but the *guillotine.*"

Feeling was now at white heat. Only the Assembly was talked of. To be or not to be that was the question.

An exciting debate was expected in the Soviet or Congress. I determined to attend the meeting. Unfortunately no cars were running. The electric wires had been tampered with. It was thought to be the work of some counter revolutionary. It was four miles to Smolney Institute but I plowed through the snow. The school ballroom was the Soviet headquarters. The white walls and woodwork were growing dim. The hard wood floor had long since lost its polish. But the gay chandelier flooded the place with light. The Soviet delegates were out in full force. They were a serious and earnest body. Intelligence was writ large across their faces. They were without self consciousness. Most of the men were in dingy uniforms for both the factory workers and the peasants are all in the army. The air was thick with smoke. The place hummed with talk. The Commissaries mixed with the delegates. No extra reverence was shown them. Trotsky and Lenine

pushed their way with the others to the platform. It is a genuine working class government. No official receives more than 500 roubles (at the present rate of exchange in Russia $50) a month. He may use the government automobiles, but he has to eat and sleep with the workers.

It was Trotsky who spoke first. He is a man of medium size with a large well shaped head. His hair is thick; his forehead high, his eye bright and keen. His chin is small and weak, but this is hidden by mustache and short beard. He stoops slightly. He is simple and direct in manner and without affectation. He speaks with passion and plays upon his audience's emotion. His feeling about the Assembly was tense. His words came thick and fast.

" The question of calling the Assembly is entirely different from Kerensky's time. The right of immunity of the members is raised. But there is another right that is higher, that is the right of the revolutionary people. In declaring the Cadets our enemies we have only made a beginning. We have not yet executed any one (cries of —" We are against the death penalty "). Yes! That is true, but if the conspiracies of the Cadets and Kaledinists disorganize the country, not one of us can guaranty that in their legitimate anger the people will not turn against the bourgeoisie and the Cadets. No one of us can say that the people exasperated will not raise the guillotine in the public square in front of the Winter Palace."

At this point Trotsky's voice was drowned. The room was in commotion. Every one talked. Then a social revolutionist sprang to his feet. Order was restored and he began to speak.

" However much we believe in fighting, counter revolutionary forces, we cannot declare all Cadets

enemies of the people and refuse to let them sit in the Assembly. To do this will end in excluding the moderate socialists. Finally there will be no Assembly. The peasants and workers look on the Assembly as the final coup, the expression of the national will. They will not understand. It will bring on bloody revolution.

"Lenine and Trotsky after making an end of Cadets will turn against their socialist friends. If in their dreams they see Marat and Robespierre, let them not forget Robespierre's end and that which came after. The Russian revolution can be pushed to the same end.

"In this chamber it should not be only words of hate that are heard, there should also be words of love. Our revolution before all else was waged in the name of justice."

Thus the battle raged. But in the end Trotsky won. The decree declaring all Cadets enemies of the people and excluding them from the Assembly was adopted by a big majority. The Assembly's fate was sealed.

I left before the vote was taken. I knew there would be a battle royal in the Peasants' Congress. They too were debating the future of the Assembly. Another correspondent and myself made our way to the town hall. The cars were still not running. We were both dead tired. By a bit of luck we got a sleigh. It was biting cold, but the four miles back to the Nevsky Prospect was soon covered. We mounted the steps of the Duma building. We went in the back way. We knew the place would be jammed. No East Side Socialist gathering ever equaled that crowd for emotion. The place throbbed with the life of the whole world. The Peasants' Congress still retained Chernov and his

faction. They sat on the right, the Bolsheviki on the left. It was like some great musical drama. The rise and falls, the cadences, the stops, the streams of talk, the bursts of passion. Marie Spiradonova, a tiny wraith of a woman, controlled the left. She is adored by the peasants. Her years of torture in exile have made her a god. She can do no wrong. There were hot words and hisses, but her tiny hand quelled and quieted the great peasants. "Let the other side speak," she kept saying, "let the other side speak."

While Chernov from his side stirred his group to new endeavor, his great head with its mass of hair waved and tossed, his fists pounded the desk. The room when I entered was in the throes of a struggle. Should Lenine be allowed to speak or shouldn't he? He pushed his way through the seething people to the platform. There were hisses, cries, bursts of applause, a maddening uproar. Chernov called loudly for Lenine's ejection. He had no right in the Peasants' Congress. Finally quiet was restored and a vote taken. By a large majority it was voted Lenine should speak. He is a small man. Not at all radical in appearance. The front of his head is quite bald. His face is clean shaven except for a small mustache. His manner is simple. He started in like a college professor reading a lecture. He didn't pound or rant. But in a few moments the crowd was still. His words burnt in. Each one came liquid clear. It was like a stream that started small and clean and grew to a deep swift running river. The man was sincere, a fanatic, but an idealist. I found myself swept along, throbbing and beating with every emotion of the great rough peasants. My reason was against what was being done. I didn't believe

in winning by force. I believed in democracy. I believed every one should have a voice. The bourgeoisie were not all bad, nor the proletariat all good. The *right* could be risked to the decision of all mankind. If the majority were not for it, it would not last. Not a class conscious but a world conscious decision of right was what was needed. Yet in spite of my belief I found myself shouting and clamoring with the left. It was infectious. The peasants were so simple and true. There were no ifs and buts about them. They had been beaten and abused and underfed and left to fight the Germans with naked fists. The moneyed class had betrayed them. The aristocracy had allowed Germany to flood the land, monopolize the Government and seize the business. With a mighty effort this beastly tyranny had been overthrown. Now they were told the Cadets were betraying them, they were like the moneyed class of old. Well then, down with all Cadets. The Assembly must meet, but the Cadets must go. Through all this surge of feeling, gradually the words of Lenine stood out:

" Only people without consciences can say the Bolshevik Government is a menace to the peasants. Nine-tenths of the army is composed of peasants, or to put it another way, the guns are in the hands of the peasants. It is just because the power of the Soviets rests on the mass of the people that no force in the world can go against them. The conspirators, the Kalidinists, are isolated, and they must succumb wherever they are, even if they are members of the Assembly. The people are not made for the Constituent Assembly, but the Assembly for the people. That body ought to consolidate our victory, but it doesn't. It does not reflect the opinion of the

masses. Why then should you hesitate. You have not hesitated to take the land from the capitalist, why should you hesitate to take from him his vote?

"The Soviet will arrest all who do not recognize the Soviet. The Assembly will not be convoked until 400 loyal members have assembled."

For a moment there was quiet. Then came tumult.

As Lenine walked from the room the left rose. They shouted, they stamped, they cheered. It was deafening. The hisses of the opposition were drowned. But Chernov was on his feet demanding a hearing. It took some minutes to restore order. He was irritated. He spoke with heat. Somehow his words missed their mark. His gestures seemed artificial. His oratory after Lenine's simplicity was unconvincing. He seemed to be hurling rocks into a rushing stream. It didn't stem the current. Yet he had reason on his side. His words were applauded by the right, but scorned by the left. What he said was:

"The Commissaries usurp the rights of the Constituent Assembly. They do not openly agitate the dissolution of that body but proceed by underhand means. They arrest isolated deputies. If the Cadets are guilty of a plot, the Assembly itself should suspend their parliamentary immunity. Even in the days of the Czar socialist members were not arrested until the Duma had been asked to suspend immunity. But the Commissaries know no law. They push the Soviet against the Assembly. It is time the Soviet rose and demanded that these dictators, these Commissaries, return to them their power so that they in turn may place that power in the hands of the Assembly."

When he finished men sprang up all over the floor.

Hot words flew back and forth. One peasant on the left cried out: " Long live the Constituent Assembly, but if it goes against the will of the workers it is the last time I will utter that cry."

At eleven o'clock Trotsky entered. But the audience was in no temper for a speech. The left saw to defend him was useless. The right had grown ugly. They hurled taunts at Trotsky. " Down with the drinker of blood. Put him out," they yelled. Then a motion was made to demand the immediate opening of the Assembly. A violent struggle ensued but the motion passed by a vote of 360 to 321.

That night I trudged back to my house full of conflicting emotions. Russia and Russia's problems were not easy to solve. When I reached the Leteiney Prospect I hurried into my door. To be out at midnight was neither safe nor comfortable. There was only one light on each street. There wasn't fuel for more. It would have been difficult to see but for the glistening white snow. I was weary from my enforced walks. I fell promptly to sleep. Then bang, bang. I woke with a start. Another bang. I sprang from my bed and rushed to the window. The street was empty. Then I saw a couple of people running and stooping low. They dashed into the doorway of the telegraph office opposite. Then bang, bang, more shots. Instinctively I knew what it was. The soldiers were looting the wine shop on the corner. If they stuck to the wine it would be all right, but suppose in their drunkenness they besieged our apartment. My heart beat violently. We were on the fifth floor. Surely they wouldn't climb so high. But suppose they began shooting at windows. A fifth story window was a long shot. I went back to bed. The

shots continued but gradually they died out. Excited voices rose from the street. What a tempestuous life it was; so full of good and ill. What would come of it? One must have patience. The changes were too great and sudden to come without violence. By a mighty swing of life's pendulum the land had been torn from the aristocracy. No Czar could ever again declare property sacred.

But the change was too great. The pendulum had swung too far left. It could not remain there. It must swing back, that was a law of nature. Russia had swung clean out of the Twentieth Century. Whether she will come back with a rush and a counter revolution or gradually slow down and stop like the pendulum in the center is a question hard to answer. Only unselfishness and self-sacrifice can save Russia from further bloodshed and turbulence. Progress comes in two ways, by revolution and strife, by jerks forward and back, or a slow and steady march onward. The latter way is the way of an enlightened civilization. But as yet there has been no race of men great enough to achieve it. For it means that a nation must live in the present but work for the future. It means that peasant as well as capitalist must seek nothing for himself. It means that each must give of his home, his country, his life if a fair and decent world is to be built for the children of the future. The peasant in the Soviet who cried out "words of love, not words of hate, should be spoken in this Assembly," struck the right note. What Russia needs to-day is not more force but understanding sympathy, encouragement and love.

CHAPTER VIII

THE GERMANS IN PETROGRAD

SHOULD I wait until they came? I knew the things I had written about Germany made capture fatal. I had no desire to be interned in a German prison camp. Was it a delegation or a whole army of Germans that was marching on Petrograd. No one seemed certain. But it was too exciting to miss. I stayed on. As a matter of fact the German delegation slipped in quietly enough. They made hardly a ripple. There were sixty Germans in all, twenty-five official delegates and thirty or more secretaries and technicians. They were lean and hungry looking and very stiff and funny. They were like posts of wood sticking out of a surging ocean. They bore no resemblance to the throbbing Russian masses. It is important to remember this in predicting future relations between Russia and Germany.

The Russians are individualists. They cannot be permanently conquered. Temporary domination will only result in the lid flying off. They are a free thinking race. Their country is full of Republican traditions. In the early days the provinces were ruled by princes elected by the people. The first Romanoff was chosen Czar by the people. It is the Germans who have foisted bureaucracy and tyranny upon Russia. The whole upper stratum of society was of German importation. Even in the days of

Czarism the peasant village life was one of pure democracy. They had their town meetings or mir. They discussed public affairs. They worked things out together. No one man was better than another. That is the reason that to-day even the Russians who can't read or write can think and talk. Contrast this with German life before the war. The German sat in his beer garden fat and content. He lived on time. He took his pleasures methodically. He obeyed those above him. To obey, to be a machine, not to think, to live on time are qualities the Slav does not possess. He eats at all hours, talks half the night, drinks tea incessantly, argues hotly and is a revolutionist at heart. When Slavs and Teutons meet something explodes.

The Russian is the dynamo, the German becomes the scattered remnants. This accounts for the great changes in Russia. The dynamo went off and the Russian bureaucrat and his German brother were wiped off the map. All we need is patience and Russia will revolutionize Germany. But if such antagonism exists between the Russian masses and the German Government why was peace made? There are three reasons:

First because 7,000,000 Russians had been killed or wounded and the country was bankrupt and hungry.

Second because the Russians were too busy carrying on a revolution to wage a war.

Third because Karl Marx was born in Germany and the Russians believed that if peace was made their German Socialist brothers would rise.

This accounts for Brest Litosk. But never for a moment was there friendship between the Russian worker and the German Government. The Russians clamored for a general, not a separate peace,

without annexations or indemnities. The Kaiser listened coldly to such a proposition. He had no use for a Bolshevik Government. The German papers ridiculed Russia. On October 3rd, 1917, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* declared " The Democratic peace proposals of the Soviet are absolutely inacceptable to any German." But hardly had the paper uttered the words when trouble began. The German workers had heard the call of the Russians. There were strikes everywhere; 300 independent Socialists were arrested and imprisoned. In Austria there were 80 manifestations and the watchword was " Not another bullet, but immediate peace." In Budapest 150,000 people took part in a demonstration. The Kaiser was frantic. The jig was up. His days were numbered. But then he had an idea. He loathed the red flag of revolution, but if he made friends with the Bolsheviki he could fool his people. He could make them believe he wanted peace. And another brilliant idea dawned on him. If he played with the Russians he could perhaps get them to disband their army. When the soldiers had left the front and the country was disorganized he would turn and deal Russia a swift blow. He would tear down the red flag which threatened his throne and put back the Czar. So reasoned his imperial majesty. Deliberately with malice aforethought he held out a hand to the ragged fiery revolutionist. At first he egged the Russians on in their clamor for a general peace. The Central Powers wanted a general peace on their own terms. Each day internal conditions in Germany grew worse. Thus it was that the Kaiser went out to meet the Bolsheviki. It was like Goliath going out to meet David. It was funny and tragic. At Brest Litosk the two delega-

tions met. The Russian delegates were scrubby unshaven tired workingmen. They wore blouses, faded uniforms and dilapidated business suits. They were met in state by Leopold, Prince of Bavaria, General Hoffman and other dignitaries, clad in resplendent uniforms with leather boots and clinking spurs, and shining medals. This imposing array stood rigidly heel to heel and hand to cap. But the Russian worker, unabashed, stepped forward with outstretched hand and said "brother." It was like a clap of thunder. The earth shook. The Teutonic officials nearly lost their dignity. Such freedom was scandalous. It must be kept from the people. Large automobiles hurried the Russians to a hotel. There they were carefully hidden away. Soldiers were stationed about the hotel. No delegate was allowed to walk out or talk to the people. The delegates were made prisoners but royal prisoners. Everything was done to entice and corrupt them. "Will you walk into my parlor, said the spider to the fly?" They were given suites of rooms with baths. Each bathroom ostentatiously displayed a cake of soap. There was writing paper and cigarettes on the tables. But the Russian was incorruptible. He loves freedom. Physical comfort counts for little. He didn't like riding around in an automobile with a German soldier as nurse. He grew restless. He began to ask embarrassing questions. "What about Liebknecht?" "Why had 300 independent Socialists been arrested?" "Why couldn't they meet the German people, they didn't want to talk to officers?" At last the ill assorted group settled down to business. The Russians began at once to talk peace. But the stiff and haughty Germans shook their heads. Only the

heaven-sent Kaiser could talk of civil affairs and peace. They had come merely to discuss the *technical details* of an armistice. " Oh, very well," said the bored Russians, " here's our program.

" (1) Suspension of hostilities.

" (2) No renewal of war except with 3 days' warning.

" (3 No transference of troops from the Eastern front.

" (4) The space between the trenches to be neutral territory. In the neutral territory fraternization to be allowed, but no wine to be sold or drunk and no penetration of enemy trenches under pain of being made prisoner."

After much study and shaking of heads the Germans said they must have time to think the matter over.

" Very well," said the Russians, " but while you're thinking why not call all the belligerents to make peace? You say you are and always have been ready to make peace. Well then, state your terms and call on the world to join."

But the Germans, confused and embarrassed, hurried away. Before they left, Kameneff, the chief of the Russian delegation, fired a parting shot. He didn't put his finger to his nose, but he did the same thing in words. This is what he said, looking straight over the heads of the Germans:

" All our proceedings are to be open. In giving out our reports we wish the mass of the German people to comprehend that we have not come to Brest Litosk to confine ourselves to an accord with German generals, but to demand of the German worker over the generals' heads that they join their voice with ours to engage the people in a fight for peace."

Meanwhile in Petrograd, Lenine and Trotsky were getting out the following manifesto for distribution in the German trenches:

"Brothers and soldiers, we invite you to help us fight for peace and Socialism, because only Socialism will insure to the proletariat a solid peace and heal the wounds caused by the war.

"German brothers and soldiers, the great example of your leader Liebknecht, the fight which you carry on in meetings and in the press, and above all the revolt in your navy is a guaranty that the fight for peace among the working class is ripe.

"Brothers, if you will hold, peace is assured at least on the European Continent. All the other powers will join in a just and democratic peace. If you will help, we can establish Socialism in Russia, which for us to do alone is extremely difficult. Your capacity for organization, your experience, will give us the necessary means to bring about Socialism. Our soldiers will not advance one step if you will take the flag of peace in your hands.— Long live peace.— Long live International Social Revolution."

But alas! Neither this appeal nor Kameneff's words reached the German people. The Kaiser took good care of that. The German people knew only that their government was making peace with Russia and they were content.

In the Reichstag Count Hertling was saying:

"We Germans follow with greatest sympathy the tragic events in Russia. Germany hopes for the return of normal conditions there and dreams of the reëstablishment of the ancient neighborly friendship, especially in *economic relations*," and then he added, "The Russian proposals for an armistice seem possible, the looked-for peace ought soon to be an accomplished fact."

About this time a big meeting was held in the Alexander Theater in Petrograd which has an auditorium as large as the Metropolitan Opera House. It was a meeting of the clans. The members of the All Russian Soviet, the representatives of the Peasants' Congress and delegates from the factory workers, soldiers and Red Guard were present. The place was packed. A pass was necessary to enter. I had only the statement from the American Embassy that I was an accredited correspondent. That document had an impressive red seal. I waved this pleadingly before a soldier. He let forth a flood of Russian and barred the way. But my inability to understand and my patience finally won him. He beckoned and I followed. He led the way down passages and through many doors. He was trailing his gun while I followed meekly in the rear. In a few moments I discovered we were in the rear of the theater, behind the scenes. The soldier said something in Russian and moved on. In another second we were out upon the stage. The curtain was up, the place was jammed, the speakers were already upon the platform. But this didn't trouble the soldier. Straight across the stage he went, right in front of Commissare, Trotsky, Mlle. Spiradonova, Madame Kolontia, and the other speakers, and I trailed along behind. Each moment I expected to hear jeers from the gallery. But the Russian is used to eccentricities and informalities. No one paid the slightest heed to us. When we were safely across the platform the soldier deposited me in the front row of the orchestra where the correspondents were assembled and I settled down to watch proceedings. It was like a state convention, a presidential campaign, and a Fourth of July rolled into one. The audience buzzed with talk. These people knew what

they were after. They were tremendously in earnest, intent, alive. When Trotsky spoke he was interrupted by questions and comment. This is what he said in part about the peace negotiations:

"We cannot but regret that events do not proceed as rapidly as we desire. But the same causes which brought about a revolution in Russia will cause uprisings in the other countries sooner or later. Certainly our situation would be better if the people all over Europe would rise and if we could talk, not with General Hoffman and Count Czernin, but with Liebknecht, Clara Zetkin, Rosa Luxemberg, and other German Socialists. That we cannot do so is not our fault, and I wish to declare that we have talked to the German officials as one talks to *enemies* and that we have not only not lost hope, but are more convinced than ever that the peace negotiations will become a powerful weapon in the hands of the German people to fight for peace. Our voice will penetrate to the heart of the working masses, and we will obtain conditions that will make a durable peace. But if we are mistaken, if our call is answered only by cold silence, if propositions are made to us which are detrimental to the revolution, if the Kaiser finds the means of marching against us, then I do not know whether we have the strength to fight, but I think we have, for we will let the old tired out men return home and we will send out a cry of alarm. We will say that our honor is at stake, and we will raise a strong army of young soldiers and red guards who will fight to the last drop of blood. We certainly haven't overthrown the Czar and the bourgeoisie at home to kneel before the German Kaiser and implore for peace. But if because of economic conditions we are not able to carry on the war and must renounce our fight for the ideal, we will say to our

foreign comrades that the battle for our ideals is not finished, it is merely suspended, as in 1915 when the battle against the Czar was not won, but was merely put off."

This speech brought hot debate. The meeting was unlike any other I had attended. There wasn't the thrill and surge of the masses. These were harassed, determined men struggling with a gigantic problem.

Before the meeting adjourned a resolution was passed by the entire assembly. Copies of the resolution were to be distributed alike among the Central Powers and the Allies. This was it, in part:

"This meeting addresses itself to you German workers, you who are equally against the German Imperialistic acts of brigandage, as against the conquests of an imperialistic Russia. You must help us. The eyes of all are turned towards this struggle of Russia for a just and equitable peace. Will you fight to die on the Yser rather than the Vistule? In the cities, in the villages, in the factories and the trenches you must engage in an active battle for peace, and prevent the imperialists from miscarrying the peace parleys.

"All alone the representatives of the workers of Russia cannot bring about a general peace. You must demand that your representatives, the representatives of the workers, take part. But that is not enough. You must not be content with a peace which will reaffirm ancient injustices and forge new chains and make the weight of war fall on the shoulders of the workers. We wish a people's peace, a democratic peace, an equitable peace.

"Not only Russia but all countries must send to the peace conference, not capitalists and militaristic representatives, but representatives of the masses. The

reunion of all the representatives of all the Russian workers, peasants and soldiers calls to you workers of all lands, to battle for a general armistice and a general peace, a peace without annexations or indemnities, and with the right of self-determination for all people.

"Long live the international revolution of the workers, peasants and soldiers."

Such a manifesto was worse than a deluge of bombs to Germany. The German officials received it smiling blandly but they never let it reach their people. They offered eagerly enough to distribute it in the land of the Allies. But the time was not yet ripe for the German Government to show the cloven hoof to Russia. They wanted their delegates to reach Petrograd. So they continued their outward friendship. But each day they grew more worried. The fraternization at the front was not at all to their liking. The germ of revolution was spreading. German officers threatened to shoot their men if they talked to the Russians. Picked Germans were sent out to meet the Russians; young officers and pan-Germans who could not be corrupted.

Finally the day come for the arrival of the German delegation in Petrograd. The first delegation of sixty members with Count Kaiserling at its head was to deal with the exchange of war prisoners, and to discuss the military and naval details of an armistice. They were to be merely an adjunct of the commission at Brest Litosk. The delegation was lodged at the Hotel Bristol. Straight away trouble began. The Hotel Bristol was an apartment hotel. Meals had to be taken at the Astoria, a hotel which had been requisitioned by the Bolshevik Government. The Germans didn't like the arrangement. They began to order the servants about. The hotel em-

ployees were petit-bourgeoisie. They did not rebel. They received the scoldings of the Germans with trembling knees. They were completely terrorized. The chief of the expedition, Count Kaiserling, was a close friend of Von Tirpitz. Moreover he had relatives in Petrograd whom he promptly sent for. As a representative of the German Government he had lived for four years in Petrograd before the war. He had been presented to Nicholas II. He had assisted at an interview between the Czar and the Kaiser. It was at the personal request of the Kaiser that he had come to Russia.

But the Bolshevik Government had a surprise for the Germans. They had made out plans for the delegation according to German method. Each hour was arranged for, where they should go, whom they should see, what they should eat. Soldiers were stationed at the hotel and the delegation rigorously supervised. This was too much for the Germans. To escape from Germany only to be Germanized was more than they could bear. They uttered violent protests. They raised such an uproar that in the end the Bolsheviki gave in.

On the day of Count Kaiserling's arrival he was interviewed and said:

"We were told on our journey that it was dangerous to go to Petrograd, that there was famine here, but that has not prevented our coming because the German Government deemed it necessary that I myself, who have lived four years in Petrograd, should give an account of conditions here."

He was then asked about the causes of war and the prospect of revolution in Germany, and burst out:

"The Germans were forced to take up the glove which England threw down. All talk of a revolu-

tion in Germany is a lie. There is no thought of revolution. Germany is outside of politics. She abides by military regulations. I admit there is a weariness of war, and that the people struggle for peace as they have done from the beginning of the war. But we will only accept a favorable peace. We are strong. Our submarines can handle the American fleet. We do not fear America. As to the conditions in Russia we have decided not to mix in internal affairs. We do not know much about the Bolsheviki."

"But don't you know," he was asked, "that the Bolsheviki represent only one party in Russia and that there are others?"

"That," said Count Kaiserling, "does not concern me. It is a question of internal politics. We are only concerned with peace."

"But aren't you afraid?" he was asked, "that Bolshevism will break through the German frontier and add to the discontent that already exists in Germany?"

"Why," said Count Kaiserling with irony, "do you think Bolshevism presents a danger for us that it will not first spread to the countries of the Allies, to France and England? How little Russia knows about what is happening in Germany!"

"But you cannot deny," it was urged, "that Russia is the country nearest to Germany and that already the revolution has not been without its effect on the masses. You cannot deny there has been trouble with the navy."

"It is true," said the Count with a bored gesture, "that there has been trouble on certain boats, but it was quickly suppressed. The guilty ones have already been punished. Your insinuations in general about Germany are wholly untrue. With us, all goes

for the best. We enjoy full constitutional liberty. For lack of liberty England is the most abominable of all nations. Even the United States may well envy us."

It seemed useless to question the self-satisfied Count further. But he was asked if he had met Trotsky.

"No," he said, "I have not had that pleasure. I have tried several times to obtain an audience. I desire to grasp him warmly by the hand, but up to the present I have not had a reply to my request."

The commissaries paid scant heed to the German delegation. The day of their arrival Zalkind, the Assistant Minister of Foreign Affairs, called at the Hotel Bristol to inquire after the health of the delegation.

When Count Kaiserling heard of this he immediately considered it an official call and set out promptly to return it.

When he arrived at Zalkind's office he explained the nature of his visit. Wheron the Assistant Minister cried out:—

"Excuse me, Count, those are ancient customs and traditions. We represent the new democracy. We do not recognize any ceremonial."

Five minutes later the discomfited Count found himself in the hall. This was only one of many surprises the Germans experienced. At times it was difficult for them to keep their temper. One member remarked: "The conditions we endure are those which would be imposed if Germany were a defeated nation." To which the Soviet, when it heard the remark, replied: "We are strong not by the force of the bayonet, but because of our revolutionary enthusiasm."

The Bolshevik officials were a great disappoint-

ment to the Germans. Count Kaiserling after an introduction to Dybenko, the Minister of Marines, a sturdy, rough sailor with no education, exclaimed: "Is it possible that this is the Minister of Marines? He cannot speak two words. He is perhaps a brave man, but for a minister he is altogether impossible. It is the strength of the plebeian. It cannot be."

Similar remarks were made of the others. Only Trotsky was considered a man of affairs. Lenine they had not met.

A few days later, the second delegation of Germans and Austrians arrived. It consisted of forty members who had come to arrange the economic relations between Russia and Germany. Count Mirbach was the head of the commission. This delegation was also to lodge at the Hotel Bristol. But Count Mirbach would not hear of it. "I must have my comfort," he blustered. "To live in a hotel without a restaurant is impossible." After lengthy discussion it was agreed to accommodate the delegations at the Hotel Angleterre and the Grand Hotel. These hotels had the best food in town. They were full of French and English. Some Frenchmen were asked to give up their rooms to the Germans. This they refused to do, so the Government requisitioned the rooms. Enraged, the entire body of French and English in both hotels left as a protest. The day the commission arrived the streets were packed. Germans had become as much a curiosity as animals in a zoo. All the entrances to the hotels were guarded. When Count Mirbach saw this he was very angry. He immediately telephoned to Trotsky and asked that the guard be withdrawn. The Count was given two rooms. Thirty automobiles were placed at the disposal of the commission. The second delegation, like the first, was familiar with

Petrograd. Many of its members had lived in Russia as heads of industrial enterprises.

Shortly after arrival a conference was held at which both delegations were present. Count Mirbach presided. He opened the proceedings with a flattering eulogy of Russia. He spoke of the humanity and generosity of the Russian peace terms and said it made a new era. But the gush didn't go down with the Russians. A fiery revolutionist was promptly on his feet demanding, "What about German humanity? Why are you arresting Socialists?" For a moment the Count was unnerved. Then his arrogance came to the rescue. With a superior air he said stiffly: "We cannot deal with civil affairs here. Our business is confined to technicalities. Besides, the arrests alluded to are probably rumors." It was a lively session. The hottest debate centered about the right of the delegation to freedom of action. The Russians rubbed it in that they were treated like prisoners at Brest Litosk. But the Bolshevik Government, unlike the German, had nothing to conceal from its people. It agreed to give the commission liberty on condition that its members did not enter into private business enterprises.

One day I went to the Grand Hotel for lunch. I was curious to see the Germans. The leaders of the delegations were not in the main dining-room, but the secretaries and under attachés sat at a long table. They were lean and hungry looking. There wasn't a fat German among them. There were no protruding stomachs. They wore frock coats and were stiff and serious. They were like wooden images beside the tempestuous, passionate, vigorous Russian. There was chicken and rice for lunch, with a thick, rich sauce. I remembered the scanty and greaseless boiled food of Germany in 1916. The Germans

also remembered it. They did everything but lick their plates. They couldn't get enough. They kept ordering more. Once some official came into the room and the men at the long table rose stiffly, heels together and hand to head. It was so unlike the Russians, who lolled in chairs, cigarette in mouth, called each other Tavarish (comrade) and spoke with passion.

The Sunday after the arrival of the delegates, a peace parade was ordered. It was a demonstration of the power of the Bolsheviki. The Soviet asked the populace to turn out. As early as ten o'clock the streets swarmed with people. When I reached the Nevsky, which is twice as broad as Fifth Avenue, a solid mass of people reaching from curb to curb were pouring through it. Once caught in the crowd, it was impossible to get out. I was swept along with the surging mass. They were all working people, women with shawls over their heads and men in shabby clothes. There were many companies of soldiers, sailors, and even Cossacks. Not less than sixty or seventy thousand were in line. Sometimes this mass joined hands and sang, sometimes they talked. They were never still. They breathed emotion, passion, rebellion. They were like a great on-rushing river. To stop them was like trying to stop Niagara. It could not be done. If some were hewn down or pushed aside, the stream would still flow on. These were some of the inscriptions on the banners borne in the processions: "Long live the Revolution of the Workers." "Down with international Imperialism." "Long live a general democratic peace." "Long live the power of the Soviet." "Fight without mercy against the Saboteurs." "Down with the conciliators." "Long live the liberty and fraternity of the Russian people."

"The Constituent Assembly must recognize the power of the Soviets." "The Cadets are enemies of the people." "The enemies of the people must not have a place in the Constituent Assembly." "Malediction to all people who sabotage the Revolution." "Long live the union fraternal of workers, peasants, sailors, soldiers and Cossacks."

The German delegation had been taken to rooms on the Nevsky Prospect. From the windows they could look down on this surging mob. There must have been panic in their hearts. It was what the People's Commissaries had counted on. They wanted the Germans to see the strength of the people. It had its effect, but an effect far from helpful. The Germans were more determined than ever to prevent the spread of revolution. That glimpse from the window had revealed what an uprising in Germany would mean. The delegation saw themselves mercilessly shot down. Orders immediately went forth to keep all Russian news from Germany. In violation of their agreement fraternization at the front was stopped and the Russian soldiers were given cognac and vodka in exchange for bread. Everything was done to spread disorder and drunkenness. German propaganda flooded the land. Russian soldiers were told to hurry home, that the land was being distributed and they wouldn't get their share. But the Soviets worked steadily on. They made desperate efforts to get the revolutionary news into Germany. Printing presses were set up at any odd spot. Soldiers lugged tons of literature on their backs to the front. It was dropped by aëroplane into the trenches.

The Russian Soviet began to get out a daily paper in German. It was called *Die Fakel*. It was a passionate appeal to "Our brother German Social-

ists to join in the Revolution." Such talk was fatal to Germany. It must be stopped at all costs. A great wagon load of *Die Fakel* was seized at the front by the Germans, and the wagon and papers burned. This enraged the Russians. There was an indignation meeting at Smolney Institute. But the peace negotiations were going forward favorably at Brest Litosk. The Russians did not wish to impede them.

The peace negotiations at Brest Litosk had opened with all the pomp and formality the Germans could command. Prince Leopold of Bavaria had opened the proceedings. The Turkish Ambassador made an address of welcome in which he said, "I salute the Russian delegates who had the courage in the face of the whole world to talk of peace in the interests of humanity."

Next it was Von Kuhlmann who was saying sweet nothings. He remarked, "It is a great honor for the country which I represent to meet with the Russian delegates and put an end to war. The conference will work out in smallest detail the basis and conditions on which pacific and friendly relations can be renewed, particularly in the *cultural* and *economic* life, and will deliberate on the best way to heal the wounds of war. Our conference will be full of the spirit of humanity and mutual esteem. But to be on firm ground we must consider the events of history, as well as the new principles which we are here to discuss."

Even this opening speech had its little back fling. That allusion to the "events of history" boded ill. There was an *arrière pensée* to all the Germans said. They were trying to get everything and give nothing. When it was seen that the Allies would not join in the negotiations, and that the Ukraine and Finland

had split from Russia, the Germans grew haughty and superior. Still they continued to negotiate. It was imperative they have peace with Russia. They wanted to send their soldiers to the western front. But the Russian delegates saw what they were after. Said Kameneff:

"I can say frankly that to arrive at a separate peace the German generals are willing to make large concessions. But that is not what we have in mind. We went to Brest Litosk with the conviction that our words would pass over the heads of the German Generals to the people; that our words would enable the people to take the guns from the Generals, by means of which they are now being led around by the nose."

But the hope of a revolution in Germany daily grew less. The German press abounded in stories of the chaos in Russia. Russia was said to be falling to pieces from riots and bloodshed, that no man's life was safe.

Along with this picture of a broken Russia went the tale of the secret treaties. The secret treaties were published broadcast. It was pointed out that the Allies had aggressive designs, that England meant to take Persia, France possessions in Asia Minor, and Italy towns of Austria. The German Government used this evidence to intimidate their people. Said the press:

"Beware of revolution; if there is revolution in Germany the country will become like Russia, a prey to the whole world. The Allies will seize upon the Fatherland and divide the spoils."

Fear entered into the hearts of the people. Strikes died down. Once more the Germans rallied to their flag. When the officials saw this they breathed again. They took new life. They grew

domineering. They began to flirt with Finland, Courland, and the Ukraine, and bring them under the German sway. The Ukraine Rada, after having taken large sums of money from France, sold out to Germany. Only the Russian workers, the Bolsheviki in the Ukraine, fought desperately against the intruders. In Finland and Courland it was the same. The whole upper stratum of society in both countries was German. They held out welcoming hands to the conquerors. When the Russian Soviet realized what had happened, they were enraged. They expressed themselves in no gentle terms. But the Germans only smiled sweetly and said:

"We are not annexing territory. We are merely giving the people of Finland and the Ukraine aid; as to Courland, Poland and Lithuania, they want us to govern them. They have called and we have answered."

When events reached this stage a great indignation meeting was held at Smolney Institute. I went to the meeting. The excitement was tremendous. Kameneff had come back from Brest Litosk to make his report. In conclusion he said: "Our discussion rests on Poland, Courland, and Lithuania. Shall they be given the right of self-government without intervention of German bayonets. They must be. We will not give in on this point. We will have peace, but I repeat it is not at the moment to be found in the pocket of any of us. Be firm and have faith in our cause; in time that will bring peace, but when, no one can say."

That night affairs looked black for the Germans. The members of the Soviet were stirred to a frenzy. Through the dense tobacco smoke men kept springing to their feet and hurling oaths at the Germans. The majority of the Assembly wanted to arm and

fight. A volunteer army of men, fighting for freedom, should go out and annihilate the despots. But then came reports on the state of the Russian army. In some places there were no shoes, in others no food. Everywhere transportation had broken down. The Assembly grew desperate. Men faced each other grimly. Finally one man sprang to his feet and suggested that at least the German delegation could be given a lesson. Those men were in their power. Why not proceed to their hotel and take the delegates out, one by one and cut their throats and drop them into the canal? This suggestion caused no horror. It was even applauded. A little more and the Assembly would have acted on it. For a moment the fate of the German delegation hung by a thread. It is small wonder that Count Mirbach has since been murdered. The only wonder is that the deed was not done before.

Hourly the tension between Germany and Russia grew greater. But the Russians believed themselves helpless. They had no army, no equipment, no longer a front. They signed the German peace proposals. If the Bolsheviki fail, it will be because they made this fatal mistake. Representatives of great ideals can never compromise. The seriousness of what they were doing they knew well. Said Trotsky:

" History will say we dealt with capitalists while our comrades in Germany, the independent socialists, were arrested. Our only moral excuse is that we are arresting the capitalists in this country. We showed the German bourgeoisie their fellow Russian bourgeoisie in prison, but they made no protest. If we treat with German bourgeoisie it is as strikers deal with their employer. We act as though this were the final peace parley, but the time will come

when we will talk to Liebknecht at the head of a revolutionary Germany. I am sure if the Russian bourgeoisie were in power they would make a shameful peace with Germany in order to strengthen their power at home. But we are stronger really than any other country, because the soldiers are with the government."

So do all politicians argue. Evil is done that good may come. But an idealist cannot so reason. He must die for his cause, even as Christ was crucified.

This compromise with Germany, the suppression of the press, the arrest of moderate socialists, and like intolerant acts were causing dissension among the Bolsheviki. It was making a break that may prove fatal to revolutionary Russia. Said one Russian in answer to Trotsky's speech: "Cure yourself. You denounce the arrest of German socialists, but we hear to-day that Chernov, once a representative of this Soviet, has been arrested. Such acts provoke greater indignation than the arrest of Liebknecht." At this point the speaker was silenced. He was yelled down by cries of fury. But he had laid bare a weak spot. The idealist must preach ideals with clean hands. Nor would a failure to sign the peace terms have left Russia any worse off. Germany could have done little more than she has done. She might have marched to Petrograd and taken possession, but beyond that she could not have gone. Russia and Siberia together are as big as all Europe and the United States. To conquer such a territory Germany would have had to move all her troops from the western front. She could handle the west or she could handle the east, but she could not handle both together. If a small army of Germans had attempted to invade Russia, they would merely have

had their throats cut and been dropped into the canal. Had the Russians had the faith to refuse to sign undemocratic peace terms, the war might have been over to-day. But however much we may regret this failure of the Bolsheviki to hold to their ideal, it is not for us to judge. Let us turn our eyes to the future. Let us recognize the power of the Russian workers. If they were not strong, Germany would not have treated with them. That Germany recognized the Soviets meant that in January, 1918, the mass of the people were behind the Soviets.

Whatever we think about the Bolsheviki, whether we believe them all good or all bad, we must let them work out their own salvation. We have expressed our faith in a new creed. We believe in self-government. We believe in it even for convicts. Surely then we ought to believe in it for the Bolsheviki. Little by little Russia will right itself. Given freedom and a chance to breathe and she will stabilize and grow strong. Beside a strong, free Russia, imperialistic Germany cannot stand. It is not Germany that will conquer Russia, it is Russia that will revolutionize Germany.

CHAPTER IX

THE WOMEN OF RUSSIA — THE WOMAN COMRADE

TO study the woman's movement in the midst of a revolution was difficult, particularly difficult in Russia, where there is no feminist group. For Russian women do not stand out as women. They have not struggled for their own emancipation. Their fight has been the man's fight, their life the man's life. They have endured years of exile in Siberia. They have fought for the revolution. They are good comrades. It is here the woman's strength lies. Her own needs and the child's have been subordinated. The home, the child, the school, the vote, social welfare, to these things — except in individual cases — she has not devoted herself. She is not a good housewife. There is no regularity in the home. Meals are never on time. It is difficult to discover when a Russian family doesn't eat. I visited one family at eleven, at two, at four, at six, at eight, and they were *always* at the table. If they weren't eating, they were drinking tea. Over the steaming samovar the men and women discussed the affairs of the universe. In the country as in the city woman is man's mate. The peasant woman works in the fields. The farmer views her work with respect. The Russian woman is a man in petticoats. She hasn't given her life to personal service and social welfare, but to man's fight for political free-

dom. This life with man has made her frank and natural. She is quick to understand and full of energy. Her endurance is marvelous.

Early in November, 1917, the workingmen and soldiers, the Bolsheviki, captured the government. But this did not change the position of women. They were as much in evidence as ever. The streets were packed with soldiers and with women with shawls over their heads. Even the wealthy women wore shawls and aprons, to hide their identity. Petrograd became a city of working people. There were no private sleighs or Parisian costumes, and the few automobiles were used by the workingmen of the Bolshevik government. The women trudged through the snow. They asked no favors. They jumped on and off street-cars while they were in motion. They fought for a foothold on a car step and clutched a soldier's arm to keep from falling. They were good-humored and unafraid.

It was they who kept the city going. In blinding snowstorms they shoveled snow off the car tracks and tended the switches. The thermometer was twenty degrees below zero, it was light only from nine to three, but in the biting cold and stinging storm the women worked hour after hour. They were indomitable.

When a feminist movement does arise, nothing can stop such women. What they can do has been shown on one or two occasions. In the first days of the Revolution, when Kerensky and the Provisional Government were in power, the question of woman suffrage arose. Did the program of the government include votes for women? The Constituent Assembly was to be elected on the basis of universal suffrage. Did that mean women? The Russian women believed it did. It never entered their minds

that men might betray them; they were men's comrades and equals. But when the question was asked, the men were silent. A terrible doubt crept into the women's hearts. It was not to be borne. All over Russia there was a spontaneous uprising. The All Russian League of Women's Enfranchisement, which corresponds to our American suffrage organization of which Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt is president, was swamped. Women poured into the offices night and day. Meetings were held, and a great manifestation was organized. In March, 1917, 40,000 women marched to the Tauride Palace where the Provisional Government sat. At the head of the procession rode women on horseback. They kept the way clear and acted as police. Behind them on foot was the great women's army. In their midst, in an automobile, rode Vera Figner, a woman who had spent twenty years in Siberian exile. The spectators went wild with enthusiasm. They threw flowers at Vera Figner and urged the women on.

At the palace a delegation entered to interview the president and vice-president of the Council of Workingmen and Soldiers' Deputies. These gentlemen said they must confer with their committees. They talked and argued long, but the women outside the palace never moved. At last the vice-president appeared and said, "For your just demand we will struggle." But this did not satisfy the women. They demanded that the president of the Council address them. Again there was a long wait. Still the women did not move. Their patience was extraordinary. The manifestation had begun at 10 A. M. It was now late afternoon. Pools of water stood in the street. The women were wet and hungry, but they would not disperse. At length the president appeared. Then Mrs. Shishkina Yavein,

the president of the Woman Suffrage League, made a speech which ended with these words:

"Women have been the faithful comrades of men in their gigantic struggle for Russian freedom. Women have gone to prison and marched to the gallows. The best of us, like Vera Figner, have looked into the eyes of death without fear. We are convinced of our right to equality in the new, free Russia, for the creation of which we have given our all. You have said the Constituent Assembly shall be convoked on the basis of universal suffrage. We hope and believe this means women as well as men, but the experience of our western sisters has shown that men have used the word 'universal' as applying only to one-half of the population, themselves, and have classed women with criminals, idiots, and children. Therefore we have come on behalf of the Russian women to demand that the word 'universal' shall be interpreted to include women, and that the Constituent Assembly shall be elected by the will of the whole people and not by half of it. *We will not leave this place* until we have received the answer that women as well as men shall have the right to vote in the Constituent Assembly."

The president of the Council of Workingmen and Soldiers saw that he was beaten, and capitulated. He assured the women that he was with them and advised that a delegation be sent to Prince Lvoff, the then president of the Council of Ministers. This was done, and still the patient crowd in the street waited. But victory came in the end. Prince Lvoff formally declared that universal suffrage meant women as well as men.

On March 19, 1917, political freedom was granted Russian women, but as soon as the battle was won, Russian women flowed back into the general life.

They did not stay together as women; they merged their entity with that of the men. When the Bolshevik Revolution came, some women were for it and some against it. The cleavage was that of the men. The wealthy women, the intellectuals, the bourgeoisie, sided with Kerensky and the Provisional Government; the peasant women and factory workers were with the Bolsheviki.

When I reached Petrograd it was a city of peasants and workers. Even the intellectuals were in hiding. Catherine Breshkovskaya, "The Little Grandmother of the Revolution," who had spent so many years in exile, was not to be found. It was said she feared imprisonment. The women who came to the Bolshevik meetings were peasants and factory workers. They were straight, slender creatures with short hair, boyish manners, and burning eyes. They rarely rose to speak. They were at ease with the men, but they let them be spokesmen.

Only one government position was given to a woman — Madam Kollontai was made Minister of Social Welfare. She is the first woman minister the world has had.

I interviewed her one day. There is nothing radical in her appearance. She is slender, with light hair and blue eyes, a cross between a school teacher and an English woman of birth. Yet she has spent nine years in exile and for twenty years has been a revolutionist. We were soon in hot debate.

"Why," I asked her, "when women have the same rights as men, are so few coming to the front?"

She paused before answering and then said: "Women are shy. They don't yet want public positions."

"Perhaps," I suggested, "there aren't so many

Bolshevik women as men. Perhaps women are more conservative."

Quick as a flash came her reply: "No, that isn't true. Women who earn their living are as radical as men. It's only the women who stay at home, the mothers, who are conservative."

"And what work are you doing?" I asked.

She frowned and sighed, and then said: "Very little yet. I'm having great difficulty. The clerks in my department are employees of the old régime. They won't recognize me. I can't make them obey. I want to open up children's institutions and look after the orphans, but it will take time."

"Why," I asked, "do you believe in a dictatorship of the working people? You didn't believe in a dictatorship of the Czar?"

She flushed and then said quickly: "I don't believe in a dictatorship; I believe in a representative government. I want the Constituent Assembly called. But meantime the Bolsheviki have to be dictators. Really, you know," she added earnestly, "the people are much more violent than the leaders. The people are angry; you cannot hold them in check."

After my interview with Madam Kollontai I tried to get in touch with Marie Spiradonova, the other Bolshevik woman who stands out in great prominence. She is adored by the peasants. She is a tiny slip of a person probably not more than five feet tall. She wears her hair in a braid bound tightly about her head. She is pale, with great circles under her eyes. Under the Czar she was horribly abused. She was a revolutionist and killed the Lieutenant-Governor of a province, who was flogging and brutally ill-treating the peasants. For this she was im-

prisoned for years and finally exiled to Siberia for life. During her imprisonment she was abused by the keepers. Her body was beaten with sticks and burned with the soldiers' lighted cigarettes. To-day she is hardly more than a wraith, but her power over the peasants is enormous. As she stands before them on the platform at their great meetings, she can stir the sturdy peasant to a frenzy of passion with a sweep of her hand, or quiet him as though he were a child.

I met Spiradonova at Smolney Institute and stopped her for a talk. I asked her the same questions I had asked Madam Kollontai.

"Women," said she, "are as great idealists as men. The reason more Bolshevik women aren't prominent is because they haven't the strength or the training and they aren't practical. But it will come one day; there will be no difference between men and women."

The Russian woman has courage. It makes no difference in what grade of life she may be. Whether a peasant or a countess, a factory worker or an intellectual, she is a fighter.

I met a very wealthy woman who had been a Red Cross nurse. In the early days of the war many of the women of means became nurses. To be a Red Cross nurse in Russia is a dangerous business. Unlike other countries, the Russians often put their hospitals directly at the front. This woman had lived in a dugout. Many of the nurses lived in dugouts. Daily they were exposed to death. One day a shell struck the dugout in which this woman and eight other nurses were. Seven were instantly killed. This woman was bitter against the Bolsheviki. She felt her country was going to ruin.

A wealthy woman who was caught in the Bolshe-

vik machine was the Countess Panin. It was through her inspiration that Noradny Dome was built, an amusement resort for the people. The entrance fee in January, 1918, was half a rouble, about twelve cents, the cost of admission to the theater and opera-house comparatively small. While a place of amusement, it is also a place of education. The best that Russia has to give the people, the plays of Tolstoi and Gorky, are acted in the theater. During the days of Kerensky and the Provisional Government the Countess Panin was made an assistant minister in the government relief work. While in office she raised 92,000 roubles for her work. When the Bolsheviki came into power the Countess was deposed and the money demanded. But the Countess refused to surrender the money. She said she held it in trust for the people and that the Bolsheviki didn't represent the people. One day soldiers appeared at the Countess's house. She was arrested and led to the grim old fortress of Peter and Paul.

While I was in Petrograd the Countess Panin was tried. In the Nicholai Palace, before a solemn row of workingmen, appeared the Countess, delicate, gentle, modest, but unafraid. The judge who sat in the middle acted as president and opened the proceedings.

The Countess Panin was charged with sabotage. In retaining the ninety-two thousand roubles she was accused of impeding the work of the Bolshevik government. The Countess denied her guilt. Her lawyer in defending her said: "As judges, the Tribunal must be impartial. Forget party differences and the class struggle. Say to yourselves it is not the Countess Panin who appears before us, but Citizen Panin, who has consecrated her life to the service of the people. Judge her according to your con-

science, and remember you have before you a woman who has given her all to the people." When the lawyer ceased speaking an old man among the spectators staggered to his feet. He uttered a despairing cry: "I can bear no more, I can bear no more. How can one judge such a woman?" Then he fell fainting to the floor and was borne from the room. He proved to be the old director of Noradny Dome, the People's House founded by the Countess.

It was some minutes before the court-room settled down. When order was restored a workingman from a munitions factory arose. "Comrades," he said, "I come not to defend the Countess Panin, whom I do not know, but the benefactress known to all Petrograd, to all Russia, to all Europe. There are many countesses and duchesses, but only one has held out her hand to the people. She has gone among the workers without disgust at the smoke and dirt; she has brought to the workers instruction. The workers' children find in her a mother. The Countess is not a traitor to the people; she is not a counter-revolutionary. I pray you judge her as a citizen. The eyes of the world are upon you. It must not be said the Revolutionary Tribunal is a wild beast which hurls itself upon its first victim. We shall be criminals if in the person of the Countess we take revenge on the class to which she belongs."

There was a mad burst of applause. But instantly another workman sprang to his feet. His words came hot and fast: "Beloved comrades, the people must sweep aside all that blocks their way. Do not let yourself be moved by the generosity of the Countess, but judge her as she deserves. Much has been said of her generosity, but bandits can be generous. Do not let hysterical cries trouble you when the fu-

ture of the working class is at stake. Judge the Countess as one who by her acts wishes to make the people rise against the new government. Countess, what have you done with the ninety-two thousand roubles?"

The Countess had grown white; her lips were pressed together, but when the man sat down, she arose: "I think it is the soldiers who will best understand me. Like a sentinel I cannot abandon without proper authorization what was given me to defend. I cannot abandon the money of the people. It was the people who placed me in the ministry of public welfare, and it is to the people I will give back the money. I will render it to the Constituent Assembly on the first day that that body meets, but not to the Bolshevik Government."

Still white and trembling, the Countess sat down. Then the judges withdrew. They were absent a long time. When they returned, the president arose and pronounced sentence: "We sentence," he said, "the Countess to the Fortress of Peter and Paul until she delivers over the ninety-two thousand roubles to the Bolshevik Government."

Such was the fate of the Countess. But feeling ran high about her imprisonment. Before I left Petrograd she had been released on bail on condition that she deliver the ninety-two thousand roubles to the Constituent Assembly the first day it met.

Whatever Russia's future, in it women will play a big part. Under the old régime they had little chance to express themselves. They gave themselves wholly to the fight for the revolution. They accepted man's methods. They forsook the things nearest their hearts, and when the Bolshevik Revolution came, the working women flung themselves into

it. Again they accepted man's methods. But what was needed was the woman's spirit; the mother half of the race preaching tolerance and love.

Had that element been powerful the Bolsheviki might not have gone on the rocks. The mothers would have been in the forefront of the working class movement clamoring for the child of the future. They would have fought against imprisonment, brutality, suppression of the press, and all the old evils of capitalism.

Undemocratic peace terms would not have been signed if the chief purpose of men and women alike had been to make a decent world for the child to come. And if the man insisted that these things could only come through force, then was the time for the woman to show that only force based on love has value. When the man said for this we must fight, let the woman whisper, yes, for this you must *give* your life, but you must not *take*. For beauty is founded on beauty and right upon right, and real democracy springs from a free and enlightened people and is not achieved by dictatorship.

CHAPTER X

SWEDISH WOMEN — THE GENIUS

HOW to get out of Russia, that was the question. My passport had to be viséd by the Bolsheviki and the British military authorities. It was like mixing oil and water. Who to go to first? I decided on the Bolsheviki. My career as an Amerikanski Bolshevik Tavarish (an American Bolshevik Comrade) was satisfactory. The long line of visé seekers was pushed aside. My passport was quickly stamped, but then, oh, then! I asked to carry out papers. "Certainly," said the amiable Bolshevik Foreign Office. "We'll make you a Russian courier. You can take what you like." I tried to smile appreciation, but my heart sank. What would the British say? I hurried around to their office. "Of course," I said, "I won't be a courier if you don't want me to. But," I added, smiling, "it's only as far as Sweden and between there and England you can search me as much as you like."

He was a friendly English captain and he saw my point. "I suppose," he said, smiling, "if you weren't the courier some real Russian Bolshevik would be, and of the two you're probably the least harmful." So I tucked my package of papers covered with many red seals into my bag and made ready.

It had taken a whole week to get the visés. Besides the British and the Russian, I had to go to the

American, French, Swedish and Norwegian embassies. It meant waiting hours in dingy rooms among struggling and desperate people. Often I felt I should have preferred the front line trenches. Each year the regulations grow worse. A correspondent's life is particularly pitiful. He is always suspected. It has become a religion to suspect correspondents, so I take pride in my passport. Each visé indicates good conduct or clever strategy.

The train for Sweden left at 8:40 A. M. There are no short cuts from Russia these days. One couldn't go to Helsingfors and thence by boat to Stockholm. Instead, one had to go to the northernmost corner of Finland, cross a river and then down the length of Sweden. It was a journey which took five days and nights from Petrograd.

I left in a driving snowstorm. At 8:40 A. M. it was still black night. At such an hour it was like hunting for a needle in a haystack to find a sleigh, but at last I secured one. I was thankful I had no trunk, only two bags and a carryall. The sleigh was open. I was beaten and buffeted by the storm. The snow drifted down my neck and up my sleeves. At home we would never have ventured out in such a gale. It would have been called a blizzard. The thermometer was 20 degrees below zero, but in war time one cannot bother about trifles. Conditions must be accepted and you either live or die. The train was two hours late in starting. A snowplow went ahead to clear the track. Two hours after we left we were out of Russia and in Finland. At once I began to notice a difference. Things began to be orderly. A dining car was put on. The food was scanty but well served. I felt of the white tablecloth and napkins with exquisite pleasure. It was so long since I had seen clean linen. The Bolsheviki do not need

capitalistic luxury. But the waiter troubled me. He was servile and hung around for tips. I preferred the self-respecting Bolshevik brand. But we didn't keep our dining car long. Even in countries where there is neither a revolution nor a war, railroad travel is slipping back to the discomforts of the Middle Ages.

At night we stopped at a railroad station for dinner. We were allowed fifteen minutes. At these eating places the food is put on a long table. You buy a ticket and help yourself. That is, you help yourself if you can. The men on the train rushed the dining-room. They were as thick as flies. You saw no table, only backs and legs. It was tantalizing. There was no slipping a head or arm in anywhere. At every meal throughout the journey it was the same. I should have died of starvation before I reached Stockholm if it hadn't been for a young American Y. M. C. A. man. He must have been a football player before he joined the Y. M. C. A. He was six feet tall and had a mighty muscle. Brute force and tips won. He and I always got food. The next day we were many hours late. We arrived at eating stations at ungodly hours, ten, four, and six. Outside, the storm still raged. We reached the end of Finland late at night, too late to cross to Sweden. Our train pulled up on a siding and there it stayed. That night there were no sheets, but we were given a blanket. I had become hardened to sleeping in my clothes. I needed them for warmth. I rolled up tight in the blanket.

In the morning we were still on the siding. By nine it was light. At ten the hungry men were fuming for their breakfast, but we were in the middle of snowbanks. An engine house was the only visible building. The thermometer stood at 40 degrees be-

low zero. But the Y. M. C. A. man appeared, radiant and smiling. "I have a plan. Come along. We'll get breakfast." He tried to open the train door, but it was locked. We were prisoners until we reached the station and our passport had been examined. But my companion was dauntless. He made for the last car. The door to the rear platform was open. We climbed up over the rail and jumped into the snow. Then we ran to the engine house. Inside we found the engineer. Several kroners produced the desired effect. He oiled up and the Y. M. C. A. man helped me on to the engine. I sat beside the engine driver and he pulled the whistle. With a puff-puff we moved out of the building. It was a joyous but chilly mile ride to the station. We bumped into a freight car on the way and took it along. We had a great breakfast and three cups of coffee, the first coffee in many a day. We were very superior when the other passengers arrived.

All morning we wrestled with the Finnish authorities. When we had been examined and passed, we collected our luggage and got a sleigh. Torneo, Finland, is, I imagine, like some town in Alaska. It consists of a vast stretch of snow, a few wooden buildings and a church. The Finnish sleighs are like beds. There is no seat except for the driver. The bed part is covered with straw. On this you lie, three in a row, covered by a great fur rug. It is the only way to keep from freezing. By this time the temperature was 50 degrees below zero. As we sped along I peered out from the fur rug. My eyebrows were instantly white with frost. We were crossing the frozen river which separates Finland from Sweden. There was nothing to see but a flat white world.

At the Swedish border we filed into a long wooden

building. Here we encountered a surprise. In Russia and the Anglo-Saxon countries you are examined for dangerous literature. But Sweden is chiefly concerned with the body. She is like Germany. We were shown into a speckless room with an operating table and a doctor and nurse in white. After a hunt for germs we were passed on. Modern science in a snow wilderness seemed queer. System and order had descended upon us. But in Sweden, like Germany, if the orders get mixed things go wrong.

Our berth reservations were for the preceding night. The Finnish train had missed connections. We found we were berthless. Tips and the Y. M. C. A. man got me a place, but the majority of the passengers had to sit up for three days and two nights. Among our number was an English family fleeing from Russia, a young mother with three children under six. They had no nurse. Their Russian nurse had been a Bolshevik and refused to accompany them. Besides this family there was a middle-aged French woman, frightfully ill. She wished to die in her native land. The journey brought on horrible paroxysms of pain. All the afternoon and evening we waited for trains. We were crowded together in a dingy waiting-room. The time was spent ministering to the sick woman or consoling a child who had fallen from a bench. There is a law in Sweden that the car temperature must be 60 before the train is allowed to start. But fuel these days is scarce. The wood was green. The heat would not increase. The train was scheduled to leave at 7 P. M. It was one before we were permitted to get on board. The wooden benches in the waiting-room had grown unbearable. The sick woman moaned with pain. I dropped into my berth

exhausted. The Swedish train was beautifully equipped. It was as perfect as any Pullman. Gone were the days of Russian fleas and dirt. But at six in the morning we were awakened by great excitement. The sick woman was dying. A doctor was demanded. This woman was in the car next to mine. In the night the steam pipes in that car burst. For hours the passengers had been without any heat. We were all ordered to get up. The thermometer in our car was only 40, but we were ordered to take in the passengers of the other car. There weren't enough seats to go round. Most of the day I stood in the swaying aisle of the train. That night the heat in our car gave out. Before we reached Stockholm the heating system of every car, including the baggage car, had broken down from the cold. We had to take on a whole new set of cars. The constant delays made the food problem difficult. We arrived at stations at the wrong hours. One night we had dinner at six and then nothing to eat until three the next day. But everything comes to an end. On the fifth day at one in the morning we reached Stockholm. When we stepped out of the station we were in the middle of the beautiful city. It lay there rigid and still under the shining stars. There was not a sound nor a human being visible. Gone are the days of taxis and sleighs. Horses and petrol have given out. The tram cars had stopped for the night. Finally a hotel porter appeared with a hand sled. He piled our bags upon it and we trudged off in the hard, glistening snow. Stockholm is crowded these days with refugees from Russia and Germany. It was hard to get rooms. But ten of us found accommodations at the Strand Hotel.

The next morning when I woke it was some mo-

ments before I realized where I was. Then I lay and exulted. The bed was so soft; the sheets smelled so sweet; the room was so clean. It was marvelous to have a telephone that worked; an electric light that turned on; a bell that brought a smiling maid in white cap and apron. I felt like ragged Cinderella turned into a princess. No longer should I have to sleep in my clothes; go without baths; be covered with fleas, and hear rifle shots and machine guns in the street below. Turbulent Russia was a thing of the past.

I had my breakfast in bed. For twenty-four hours I reveled in peace, beauty, and order. Then I began to look beneath the surface. On the street life was so still. Every one dressed alike. The men wore frock coats and high silk hats. They were pompous and funny, like wooden images. Their faces were set or smiled blandly. What was the matter? Weren't they alive? Had passion died out? I grew hungry for the dirty Bolsheviki. They could think and talk. They were not made in a mold. I missed the crowd; the passionate street corner arguments; the pulsating life. Was there no happy medium? Couldn't one be clean and orderly and yet alive? Mightn't physical things be systematized but the human soul left free? One day I sent off a cable. The telegraph girl shook her head over it. "Is this a *t* or an *l?*" she said severely, handing the message back. I saw that in crossing my *t* I had inadvertently crossed the *l.* The word was *battle.* There could be no doubt about the *l.* I meekly said so. "Don't you know," she continued severely, "that you oughtn't to cross your *l?*" I nearly cussed. Russian messiness suddenly seemed heavenly.

Average life in Sweden has become mechanical.

It is tainted with Germanism. The tentacles of organization are strangling the fight for freedom.

The opening of the Riksdag or Parliament occurred while I was in Stockholm. It was held in the Palace and the King made a speech. Through the courtesy of the American Embassy I was given a card of admission. When I arrived at the Palace two or three hundred people stood in the snow waiting for the great gate to open. The crowd was visibly excited. They were going to see the King. Again I had the feeling I was living in a dream. In Japan, where one is a rebel and a radical if one is a member of the Y. W. C. A., I felt myself back in the Middle Ages. In Russia, where Maxim Gorky was considered a conservative, I had leaped to the twenty-first century. Now in Sweden I was back to the days before the French Revolution, and about to see a king on his throne. No wonder the world is at war. You can't run monarchies and democracies side by side any more than the stage coach can compete with the express train. The old must give place to the new.

When the Palace gate opened there was a rush for seats, but the seats were few. Most of us stood at the end of the long hall opposite the ermine-covered throne. I noticed the people I was with. They were old retainers, servants, clerks, the boot-lickers of the aristocracy. The galleries were filled with the élite. The front rows of the balcony, either side near the throne, were reserved for the embassies.

After a wait of an hour the members of both houses of Parliament filed in. They occupied seats on either side of the long hall. The embassy parties had already arrived. It was eleven o'clock in the morning, but the ladies wore evening dress and the

gentlemen dress suits. Then there was a flare of trumpets and the royal family appeared in their box. The Queen wore a very low-necked black velvet evening dress, a diamond necklace and diamond headdress. After the royal party was seated there was another flare of trumpets and a lot of generals and courtiers arranged themselves around the throne. Then there came a burst of music, and the King's bodyguard followed by the King marched in. The soldiers formed two long lines down the hall. I could look straight between them to the King. They were dressed in chamois skin and wore great shining coats of mail and helmets. They looked exactly as though they had stepped out of the British Museum. They drew their swords with a great flourish from their scabbards and held them solemnly below their faces.

The King stood on the platform before the throne and bowed. Then he sat down and every one rose and the King read his paper.

I had come too recently from Russia. The change was too great. I couldn't take the proceedings seriously. I began to chuckle inside. I wanted to walk down that row of soldiers and bang away on their old tin armor. I longed to snatch the ermine mantle from the throne and upset the kingly dignity. I had an insane desire to say, " Run along, old man. Hop down from the throne. Your days and the Kaiser's are over."

The ceremony didn't last long. In an hour we were out in the street. What is it that makes countries so different? Each great city has broad streets and fine buildings. In externals there is little to choose. The difference lies in something subtler; in the spirit behind. Japan, Germany, and Sweden are monarchies. They are run for the benefit of the

aristocracy. They are militaristic and mechanical. System and obedience are placed higher than individuality. They produce spotless towns but stupid people. On the other hand, Russia, Norway, Denmark, England, France, and America, in spite of a few superfluous kings, are democracies. Individuality means more than comfort and order. In Russia I knew not a word of the language, yet through gestures and smiles I could go anywhere and get anything. In Sweden it was hopeless. It took a page, written in the Swedish language, to get to a building around the corner. The war has been a tragedy for Sweden. Much of her physical luxury has had to go. Fuel and food are scarce. In the hotels only one electric light is allowed in a room, and the temperature kept at 60. With the food it is even worse. Sweden has reached the stage of Germany in 1916. There is little fat or food that has substance. Two hours after eating I was hungry. Yet Sweden still clings to luxuries. It was possible to buy at exorbitant prices poor pastry, cream for your coffee, and a tiny bit of candy. There was no butter; the supply of bread was low, and all the necessities rationed. The rich were thriving at the expense of the poor. The great palace tells the story. It dominates the city. It stands on one of the great canals facing the Grand Hotel. At its feet lies the splendid city, the opera house, the banks, and the great business buildings. Behind the palace, tucked away beneath its skirts, are the dark and ugly streets of the poor. The tenements are close together, and the alleys narrow. Light rarely penetrates to the lower floors. In winter it is dark at three. From then on through the long night the poor remain in utter darkness. The fuel has to be used for heat, not light. But beyond, the palace lights blazed. There was the

sound of music and laughter and people went about clad in velvet.

Such a state of things cannot last. Slowly underneath the mass moves and stirs. The women were among the first to rebel. Long before the war they denounced the materialism of Sweden. A strong feminist movement grew up. It was different from those of England and America. The Anglo-Saxon women have concentrated on political freedom — "votes for women." In Sweden and Germany the feminist movement has centered on the "protection of motherhood," or "Mütterschutz." Both movements are important, but one deals with women as human beings, the other with women as sex beings. In Sweden the need for sex freedom was great. The Swedish women, like the German, were treated as house fraus. They were owned first by their fathers and then by their husbands. Their lot was intolerable. There was no hope for political freedom. The country was not a democracy, so the women ignored the vote and concentrated on sex problems. With Ellen Key as inspirer and leader, they struggled to reform the marriage laws, the divorce laws and the laws relating to illegitimate children. Ellen Key originated the "Mütterschutz" idea. She demanded that the ascetic conscience give place to the eugenic conscience. She held that the child was of prime importance, that the child must be born of the mother's desire, that there must be volitional breeding, not accidental breeding. "Thou shall not propagate, but elevate the race." She stood out for a new morality. She declared that chastity consisted in harmony between the soul and the senses. A marriage without love was immoral. She said that the *conscience union* of George Eliot

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and George Henry Lewes, which lasted for twenty years until Lewes' death, was as moral as the legal marriage of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning.

But such doctrines are revolutionary. They are not declared with impunity. The men and the government grew angry. Ellen Key was called the seducer and corrupter of youth. She was harried and bullied, but she fought on. Her fine personal life and her doctor's degree helped her. The women rallied to her standard. In the end she triumphed To-day the government bows before her. As a mark of appreciation it gave her a beautiful stretch of land on a great lake in the center of Sweden where she lives. But the laws that have been passed, the freedom that has come, are the greatest testimonials to Ellen Key.

To-day (1) young women receive the same education as young men. Universities and schools are open to both sexes.

To-day (2) divorce may be had by mutual consent a year after the demand.

To-day (3) the illegitimate child has a father. The paternity is sought and the child given the father's name. The illegitimate child inherits from both father and mother and must be supported by the parents according to their means. Further, the father must support the mother during her confinement and the nursing period.

To-day (4) there is a state maternity insurance for the wage-earning mother. For two weeks before and six weeks after confinement the mother is cared for. But here the reforms end. They do not extend to the woman who works at home. The legally married non-wage earning mother is badly off.

She is still hardly more than the husband's property. When the war came Germany extended the maternity insurance to the soldier's wife. This was the reason it gave — *to relieve the soldier's mind.* Not to relieve the mother in the agony of childbirth, with her husband at the front, but — *to relieve the soldier's mind.* This callousness, to be found in the Swede as well as the German, made the Swedish women turn to one another. From each other they drew love and inspiration. They are bound together by an indissoluble bond. When I went to Sweden I wondered why the Swedish women were so prominent. Of the half-dozen world famous women, two come from Sweden, Ellen Key and Selma Lagerlöf. Sweden hasn't national woman suffrage and the country is not a democracy. Why then has it produced the woman genius? In a short time I had the answer. It is because the women were forced to rely on themselves. Driven in a corner by the men, they have turned to one another. They have concentrated on women's problems. They have done their own thinking, worked out their own solutions. They haven't copied men, they have expressed themselves. No man could have written the books of Ellen Key or Selma Lagerlöf. They are the woman's gift, the result of her belief in herself and her problems. Anglo-Saxon women too often try to copy men. They think freedom consists in the right to think and act like the man, but the thoughts and acts of man may not express the woman. The essential thing is the power to think and act for oneself. The woman genius arises only when this is the case.

Because women have copied men instead of expressing themselves is one of the reasons why there are so few great women writers and artists. I rev-

eled in the Swedish women. I wasn't a stranger. I was one of the great sisterhood. I felt the love that comes from the kinship of motherhood.

To tell of the individual women is difficult. I met so many who are doing original work. There is Elin Wägner, a novelist of many novels who began her career as a reporter. And there is Eva Anden, a woman lawyer, who handles the cases of women and children. She studied in the university, although any one can be a lawyer in Sweden; it requires no training, only pluck. A two years' practice in court plus an examination qualifies one to be a judge, but no woman of course will ever be judge until there is universal woman suffrage.

Then there is Anna Lenah Elgström, a young mother who has just written a book called "Mothers." This is the letter Anna Elgström wrote when she sent me her book:

"We women are revolting against state mechanism, against an age of materialism, which is dragging down the individual soul, robbing it of reverence for life, deflecting it from the purpose of life, purity, love, knowledge. I have tried to give voice to the pains of motherhood, a motherhood which recognizes these purposes, which venerates life.

"War is not the only destructive force. The age is material. Life is turned into a struggle for money. It is a game, a pleasure. It becomes mechanical and this breeds war. Women are to blame as well as men. We ought to possess enough mother conscientiousness, mother responsibility, to rise up and stop this life of materialism and mechanical organization. I am not hopeful that this can come quickly. I am not sure we have entered on the last war. I believe in evolution and evolution comes slowly. But it will

come in time. I believe in the future. I believe in the women of the future. It did me good to meet you, to meet the women the world around who are awake. Your presence made me feel the kinship and sisterhood of all women."

Before I left Sweden I felt I must see and clasp the hand of Ellen Key, the founder of the great "Mütterschutz" movement. I wanted also to talk to Selma Lagerlöf, but the two women live at opposite ends of Sweden. I could make but the one trip. I decided it should be to Ellen Key. Ellen Key is the preacher and teacher, Selma Lagerlöf the artist. Selma Lagerlöf is not a fighter. She has not struggled for reform, but she believes in the "Mütterschutz" program and in suffrage. She writes from this standpoint. Her work is fiction. She makes her contribution to the woman's cause through the imagination. In 1914 she was elected to the Swedish Academy, the first and only woman to receive such honor. Her books have been translated in many languages. Reluctantly I gave up seeing her, but I turned my face southward to Ellen Key. I had to change trains three times to reach Strand, Alvastra. It is a half day's journey from Stockholm. I arrived at seven in the evening. It had been dark many hours. When I left the train there was only a small boy on the platform. I couldn't speak Swedish and the trainman and the small boy couldn't speak English. By gestures I made the small boy understand I was hungry. I gave him my bag and we trudged off in the deep snow. It was a tiny village with a few wooden houses and a church. We turned in at a farmhouse and a friendly woman with a lantern greeted us. Soon I was drinking hot coffee and eating sand-

wiches. I had learned one Swedish sentence. This I began to repeat over and over:

"Kan Damen talar Engliska?" ("Can any one speak English?")

Evidently no one could. After earnest consultation there was a great shaking of heads. Then I tried again. "Ellen Key," I said, and repeated the name over and over. Light dawned in the small boy's face. In a few minutes a horse and sleigh were at the door. There was but one seat, so I climbed up beside the driver. The sleighing was good. We dashed along a well traveled country road, but after a couple of miles we veered off across a field. The horse floundered in snow up to his middle. Many times we nearly upset. It was very cold. I had wrapped a blanket tight around my head and shoulders. It was a beautiful night. The stars shone brightly. The horse pulled the sleigh through the deep snow up across the field, and suddenly a great lake stretched below us. It was so vast it had no beginning or end. The water sparkled in the starlight. The snow-covered fields reached to the water's edge. The whiteness and the radiance were unearthly. The lapping water, the great peace, the magic brightness thrilled me.

At the top of the hill we left the sleigh. Beyond half-way down the hill on the other side, among evergreen trees, nestled a white house. I followed the driver. We plunged into snow over our knees. No path had been cleared. It was a hard pull to the house. When we reached the front door there was no light and all was still. My heart sank. But presently there was the sound of hurrying feet. A smiling, wholesome young maid greeted us. In a moment she had gone for Ellen Key. I waited in the dim hall and wondered. Then a woman, neither

small nor large, with white hair and dressed in gray, came toward me. It was her eyes that held me. They were the eyes of youth, full of passionate eagerness. Ellen Key is sixty-seven, but you do not think of her age, she is so alive. Her manner is gentle and without self-consciousness. Her thought was all for me. Was I wet? Was I cold? How had I gotten there? Yes, she had had my telegraph but the operator or the hotel concierge had been so stupid. The telegram had come without name or address. She couldn't send me word, but she was very glad to see me. Only there was no fuel. Since the war it had been impossible to keep the house warm. There was wood enough to heat her room, that was all. She mustn't let me sleep in an unheated room. Then she turned to the driver and poured out a flood of instructions. I was to be taken to a house down the road. There they had wood. I was to have a fire in my room, many blankets and something hot to drink before I went to bed. In the morning early I was to come back to her. We could have the whole day together. I fell asleep that night with glad dreams of the morrow. I awoke with a thrill. Ellen Key greeted me at her front door. By daylight the youth in her eyes was even more apparent. Her body might grow old but her spirit never would. She led me to the open fire in the big living-room. She felt of my stockings to make sure they were dry. There is so much mother love in Ellen Key. She ought to have had a dozen children. Soon we were deep in talk and I was telling of my trip around the world, and presently I felt Ellen Key's hand on mine and tears were in her eyes and welled over as she said:

"Oh, I am so glad you're a woman who understands. I was afraid you might be the other kind

of American and then I should have had to say things that would hurt you."

I had come to Ellen Key out of the unknown. She had never heard of me before, but in a few minutes it was as though we had known each other a thousand years. Our hearts beat for the same purposes and the same end. We recognized each other as part of the great woman's movement which we loved.

It was a day of sheer gladness. I seemed to be living among the stars. Ellen Key showed me all her big and little treasures. The living-room was huge, a sitting-room and dining-room thrown in one. It faced on the shimmering lake. It was bright and spotless with the softest colors and rows of books. Directly overhead was Ellen Key's bedroom. It was as sweet and shining as a nun's sanctuary. In it was the small chair and desk of her childhood. Over the washstand with its simple bowl and pitcher was a reproduction of a painting of a naked baby, with golden curls, standing on the top of the world with little head thrown back and little arms outstretched to the sun. Under it were two words, "The Light." Outside the bedroom door in the cheery hall stood Ellen Key's big work desk. It was piled high with letters and pamphlets and books and magazines in half a dozen languages. In the hall downstairs Ellen Key stopped to read me the lettering over the front door. It said, "Remember to live," and then she turned me about to read the lettering on the opposite wall. That said, "Live to-day." It was impossible not to live in that house. Each moment was packed with meaning. At luncheon the cheerful maid of the night before waited upon us. She is Ellen Key's sole companion. They are good friends rather than mistress and maid.

"She is a very unusual person," said Ellen Key.

"Last night when you had gone we talked of you and I asked her how old you were. This was her reply: 'I don't know. She had had so much spirit in her eyes I couldn't tell whether she was young or old!'"

But the spirit in my eyes was the reflection from Ellen Key's. The reflection of the spirit of all the great women I had met. For the womanhood of the world is awake. It is blazing forth in unimagined splendor. Along with the physical struggle that engulfs us there is a great spiritual battle and in that spiritual battle the women lead.

It was of this we talked, for Ellen Key believes in the woman warrior but not the woman soldier. She is against militarism and all physical violence. She loathes Prussian militarism and has said so. This has cost her her popularity in Germany. To be disliked saddens her, but she does not waver. "It is love, not force that will remake the world," said Ellen Key, and added sadly, "I fear for the hate that will come after the war." Then it was my turn to utter words of hope, and I spoke of the greatest of women the world around, and suddenly Ellen Key rose up and put her arms around me and held me close and from her tortured heart came the cry, "Oh, little girl, you will live to see it, but I shall not."

Yet who knows? Swiftly and surely the spiritual fight goes on. In a few short years the woman's position in Sweden has completely changed. Ellen Key's faith spreads and grows. It has extended to Norway. That land has outsripped its teacher. It has swallowed the "Mütterschutz" program whole. This was comparatively easy, for Norway had already come in contact with the Anglo-Saxon woman's movement. In 1907 Norway led Europe by enfran-

chising its women. Norwegian women have both political and moral freedom. Of these things I spoke, of the spirit of motherhood that is permeating every phase of life. The light came back to Ellen Key's eyes. When lunch was over she raised her glass of crystal clear spring water. " See," she said, " how beautiful it is. Drink with me to the love that shall some day overcome force." Our glasses clicked. It was a rare moment, a consecration to a life of truth and love.

The day came to an end. It was time to go. But as I climbed into the sleigh my heart sang. New richness had come into my life that no man could take from me. In Sweden there would be Ellen Key working and striving. In each country there were great women working and striving. Never again need one be faint of heart. As the train chugged along I had much time for thought. There was no light to read by, for there was no fuel. One solitary candle illumined the car. I snuggled down in my corner and in the flickering candlelight while the train rushed on through the snow-covered country I thought and thought.

In Russia women had given themselves and their all to man's cause. They were comrades and mates. They had died in his fight, but they had not tried to express themselves. In Sweden on the contrary it was the other way. Women had drawn apart from men, they had concentrated on one another, on the woman's problems, on self-expression. They had produced the woman genius. But neither method was perfect. It was the combination that was needed. Woman must think for herself, express herself, live her own life, but live it shoulder to shoulder with man, be his comrade and mate. It is woman's contribution plus man's, generated by love

for one another that makes the perfect whole. This was the ideal to work for.

At nine o'clock I got out to change cars. The train that was to take me from Sweden to Norway was due at midnight. But 12 o'clock came and went, and no train. I sat in the little waiting-room with two or three men and women who snored peacefully in their hard chairs. The minutes rolled by. Each bulletin made the train later. It was 3:30 A. M. before it arrived. I tumbled into my berth, tired and spent. But somehow physical comforts had ceased to matter. I was still filled with dreams of the future. I seemed to see women the world around joining hands to meet the new day that had dawned.

CHAPTER XI

VITAL NORWAY — THE WOMAN PIONEER

I HAD reached Norway. Two-thirds of my journey around the world was over. But the danger was not past. To reach England I had to cross the North Sea. Submarines filled those waters. Daily the papers told of ships sunk. Germans filled the land. They poured into Denmark, ate up the food, and drifted to Norway. They bought Norwegian hotels under a Swedish name. Weary Russians and English and Americans homeward bound lived at these hotels and discussed their woes. The bland proprietor listened and reported to the German Government. The Germans knew when the boat left for England. The English kept the date of sailing a secret. The passengers were in darkness. But the Germans sat on the seashore and watched proceedings. It was very disconcerting. The sense of danger and intrigue was nerve-racking. Norway was intolerable. The people were hungry. The Allies had stopped supplies, and the Germans had nothing to give. The friendly little land had grown ugly. She begrudged her visitors each mouthful of food. She charged outrageous prices for vile accommodations. A room in a boarding house cost $5.00 a night. There were few vacancies. Germans, Russians, English, Americans occupied every available spot. The lack of food, the physical discomforts, the sense of spies, the necessity of waiting

for a boat, made Norway a prison. I hurried through the land. But my trip from Christiania to Bergen came to a halt. Fifty miles above Bergen a snow avalanche had crashed down the mountainside. Two houses with their occupants had been caught and crushed by the rolling snow and swept into the fjord. The railroad track was destroyed. Fortunately the train escaped injury. But it was two days before we could proceed. When I reached Bergen the boat for England had left. It would probably be a week before another went. I was in despair. Bergen dripped moisture. The land was covered with melting snow. The streets were sheets of ice and streams of water. The houses were damp. They had the foul, cold smell of prison. It was impossible to get a square meal. There was no butter, no sugar, and little bread. Daylight lasted from eight to four. Bergen was as ugly in winter as it was enchanting in summer. For Norway is a land of extremes. Ice-bound in winter, it has in summer a long delirium of golden sunshine.

In July the sunset lingers on the horizon at midnight, and two hours later the birds announce the coming of the dawn. Between such extremes of bleak cold and dazzling sunshine the people live their lives. The scenery is as diversified as the climate.

Christiania lies in a smiling, hilly harbor. With its islands, its hills, its vivid, green pine-trees and brilliant blue water, it rivals in beauty the golden gate of San Francisco. But Christiania is unlike any American city. It has the earmarks of age and Bohemia. It has all the charms of Paris. Sidewalk cafés abound. But while Christiania and Bergen present the graciousness of European cities, the mountain districts and the farms scattered along some great

waterway are lonely, grim, and barren. Often a dwelling clings to a mountain like a great rock, every moment in danger of being hurled to the valley below. A steep trail cut in the rugged mountain is the only path, and up beyond the farm the towering summit is never reached. What lies on the other side of the snow-capped top is unknown. The people in one valley live in ignorance of those in the next. There is something almost sinister in the grandeur of such scenery. To the stranger it is overpowering. This mighty contrast in scenery and climate has had its effect on the nation. To pass in a day from deep, mysterious fjords, towering mountains, and mad, racing torrents to smiling, friendly Christiania leaves deep, clean-cut impressions. To vibrate between the long, warm, sunshiny summer days to the short, dark, cold, shut-in ones of winter produces equally intense and varied emotions.

The Norwegians are people of deep passions. They are very different from the easy-going, stolid folk of the low-lying, fertile countries. Their lives are built of extremes. In summer passions mount high. Life is lived to its fullest; there is a bursting of pent-up desires. Through the long, bright days the harvest of emotions is reaped. Then comes a period of burial, a time of solitude when the soul catches up with the joys of the body. The world of thought and dreams unfolds. It is from such surroundings and emotions that the crude, strong, vital literature and art of Norway have sprung.

It was natural that Henrik Ibsen and Björnstjerne Björnson had birth in such a land. In both these men there is the depth, strength, and vividness of Norway. They deal in fundamentals.

The literary greatness of both these men lies in their intensity and sincerity. The spirit of Viking

warriors flowed through their veins. The same spirit is visible throughout modern Norwegian art. The modern art galleries of Christiania are unusual. Nearly every painting and piece of sculpture has meaning. They challenge the imagination. These works of art have been created not for a superficial loveliness, but because they held inner significance. One of Norway's greatest modern sculptors is Gustav Vigeland, born in 1869. In all of his work it is the inner personality he depicts, the struggle of mankind toward greatness

One of his most interesting statues is that of Camilla Collett. It was the first statue erected to a woman in Norway. Camilla Collett was born in 1813. As a girl she was very beautiful and prominent socially for her charm and her intelligence. At forty she had published a book anonymously, called "The Daughters of the Sheriff." It dealt with social problems, and was far in advance of the thought of the day. It created a great sensation. It soon became apparent that Camilla Collett was to be the leader in Norway of the women's struggle for freedom. The last twenty years of her life were spent fighting for suffrage. When she was born women had no political rights; they were treated like children. Until 1863, unmarried women were under tutelage; no woman could carry on any business without the advice or consent of some man. But in 1907, twelve years after Camilla Collett's death, woman suffrage had become a reality. This great victory was in large measure due to her dauntless courage and persistency.

After her death the suffragists urged Vigeland to depict her heroic spirit. This he consented to do, and in 1908 her statue was unveiled. It stands on a little plot of ground in the small park in front of the

VIEGLAND'S STATUE OF CAMILLA COLLETT

royal palace. Vigeland's conception of Camilla Collett was that of an old woman buffeted and bent by the storm, but still fighting on. Even the railing around the figure is torn and twisted by the gale. But one wishes the head had been made erect, as Camilla Collett must have held hers. Otherwise Vigeland has created a magnificent figure of struggling womanhood.

Another Norwegian sculptor possessing even greater renown than Vigeland is Sephan Sinding. His work is also full of originality and freedom and is concerned with the struggles of humanity. The woman's problem has fascinated him. One of his most striking figures is a barbarian mother bearing her dead son from the field of battle. Another depicts a mother with hands tied tightly behind her, struggling to feed the baby which lies at her feet. Then there is the "Zwei Menchen," the love embrace of a man and woman, almost as famous in its way as Rhodin's "Baiser."

Perhaps the great strides of the woman's cause are largely due to its advocacy by such master artists as Ibsen and Sinding. Anyway the Norwegian woman is in the vanguard of the movement. She is the pioneer. Norway was the first European country to grant suffrage. Woman has risen from a state of tutelage in the days of Camilla Collett to full equality with man. This equality is many sided, it is physical, mental and spiritual. All through the country one sees women clad in knickerbockers climbing mountains with the ease of men. No war was needed for them to take up men's works. For some years Norwegian women have been chopping wood, building houses, holding office and even smoking small cigars. Norway has absorbed the Mütterschutz program of Sweden, and the fight for political

equality of the women of England. In that brilliant, crude and rugged land, the very soul of mankind is emerging. With the courage that comes from a lonely and isolated life, amid towering mountains and mysterious fjords, the Norwegian spirit has stepped forth naked and vivid. But to-day its splendor is overshadowed. The tragedies of war menace it on every side. The land is full of spies. Norway grows ugly. I wanted to get away. The people were as dreary and cold as the bleak winter days. Nature and man had become sodden. One's stomach clamored for food, one's spirit clamored for sunshine. But it was days before the boat left for England. I settled down at Voss, a village two hours by rail from Bergen. There Englishmen returning from Russia doggedly smoked their pipes and waited. It was a lucky choice. I made friends with a Canadian doctor and an English correspondent. They, like myself, were desperate. They had been away two years. They counted the hours to home and England. For ten days we faced Norway together. We discussed every subject in heaven and earth, and related our adventures. We never mentioned the trip ahead and the submarines. But underneath lay a silent dread. One day when conversation ran low, an American fluffy ruffles turned up at the hotel. She was stamped all over chorus girl. There was no doubt about the type. She had blond hair, very short skirts, and many diamond rings, and she was exceedingly pretty. Her husband, an Englishman, had gone to Russia leaving her to return to England. The English correspondent and the Canadian doctor immediately took new interest in life.

"Look here," they said, "she's a countrywoman of yours. Speak to her and introduce us."

"That's all very well," I said, laughing, "but where do I come in?"

The correspondent was a true sport. "I'll tell you what," he said, "I'll give you a day out of my life to do with just as you please, if you'll introduce me."

I thought a moment. "Done," I said, "I'll hold you to that," and up I jumped.

Soon fluffy ruffles was sitting beside the correspondent exchanging coy glances. I chuckled. I knew what he was in for. I went off for a long walk. When I returned he was sitting disconsolately in a corner. "What's the matter?" I inquired. "My God!" he said, "such a face and nothing in the upper story." He quoted a little of her conversation. I confess I blushed for America. One of her speeches was "I wear all these rings for convenience. If a chambermaid or a servant is good to me, I give 'em one."

"When I heard that," said the correspondent, "I thought of offering to black her boots. Perhaps she'd give me a diamond ring. I haven't a cent to get home with."

"Anyway," I said, laughing, "I have that day out of your life." From then on we three spent our time planning out *my day*. *"Der Tag"* we called it.

Among the people at Voss was a little Russian girl. She was fleeing from Russia. She had been a Red Cross nurse at the front. She had gotten as far as Norway and wanted to go on to England. But she wore her hair short; she smoked cigarettes and looked like a revolutionist. England would not let her pass. She was heartbroken. She didn't want to go back to Russia. Her grief was pitiful. "I know," I said to the correspondent, "what I'm going to do with my day. You shall marry the Rus-

sian girl. They'll let her into England as your wife. It's the only way. For twenty-four hours I kept him in suspense, but I had to relent. He was so miserable. It was evident he was not fitted for matrimony. But everything comes to an end; frivolity and danger alike. One day word came to pack our bags and hurry to the boat. In a few hours we were at Bergen and tucked away on shipboard. But to my sorrow I found I had been separated from the doctor and the correspondent. They were on one boat and I on another. Two ships were being sent over escorted by two cruisers heavily armed, with guns pointing in every direction. I went on shore for a moment and met my friends. We interviewed the ship's agent. "You see," I said, "it's very important we should be together for this man (pointing to the correspondent) has promised me a day out of his life, and if we sink he'll have to save me."

The agent laughed but such trifles are not considered in wartime. We had to go our separate ways. The ships kept fairly close together. I could see the correspondent on the top deck. He had promised to stay there and fling me a rope and life preserver in case of need. But we neither of us were on deck long. The English boats are small and the North Sea very rough. When we got out of the fjord we began to toss like an eggshell. I had crossed the ocean without seasickness, but in a few seconds I was leaning over the rail. Then I staggered to my berth and flopped. For thirty hours, during the entire trip, I never moved. I didn't care how many submarines attacked us. The more the better. With two exceptions every one was ill. England ought to make money out of those trips. No one ate a mouthful.

Not until we were steaming into a Scottish har-

bor did I have strength to rise. Then I crawled on deck. It was nine in the evening and very dark. Only a few lights shone along the waterfront. But the smell of England came to my nostrils. The air was soft, the bleakness of Norway had vanished. The smoke from soft coal fires poured from the funnels. Something within me broke. The strain was over. I was safe at last. Here people spoke my language. In London friends were waiting for me. The dangers of the trip were past. Meanwhile the other boat slipped up beside mine. The doctor and the correspondent were calling to me. I would land first. As soon as I was examined I was to rush to the hotel and secure rooms. The hotel was just across the way. I left the examination shed and stepped out into the street. It was pitch black. A friendly policeman offered to lead me to the hotel entrance. At the door a flight of steps led upstairs. Evidently the hotel was on the second floor. That seemed queer, still I entered. At the head of the stairs was a large room. It was flooded with lamplight. The long supper table in the center was spread. At one end of the room burned a soft coal fire. A weatherbeaten man with a very red face and nose and two maids in black dresses and white caps and aprons sat before the fire chatting. The maids also had red cheeks and noses and several of their front teeth were missing and they dropped their "h's." It was like a scene from Dickens. But I was too tired and hungry to think. I sat down and fell to. The tea, the bread and butter and jam were delicious. I was half starved. Food had been poor and scarce in Russia, worse in Sweden and utterly lacking in Norway. It wasn't until I had eaten a good meal that I began to consider the hotel. Why hadn't my friends turned up? Where was the rush

of travelers? I proceeded to ask questions. It was of course the wrong place. I was in a seamen's resort. Life in Russia and Norway had lowered my standards. I paid a shilling for my supper, picked up my bag, shook hands with my new friends, and went off. Very quickly I unearthed the doctor and the correspondent. They were reveling in coffee, cigars, and English newspapers. I didn't like the brilliance of the palatial hotel. I felt out of place in the velvet carpeted drawing-room. I suddenly grew conscious of my Chinese fur hat, my coat that had seen the wear and tear of the Revolution, and my felt lined black velvet Chinese shoes that kept out the biting cold. But my companions were in gay humor. Before we went to bed I planned out " der tag " with the correspondent. I had an inspiration. He was to take me to the spot in London where the greatest moment of his life occurred and tell me about it.

In the morning we took train for London. The Canadian doctor now that he was on native soil grew assertive. " See here," he said, " why can't you let me look after you? Do for once be a dependent female."

" Why certainly," I agreed. " It's nice to be cared for." So he bought the tickets, made the plans and superintended the baggage. But alas for his masculine pride. When we reached London my bags could not be found. I had traveled through Japan, China, Siberia, a Russian Revolution, Sweden and Norway, without the loss of a penny. But between Edinburgh and London the doctor lost everything I possessed. I wouldn't refrain from teasing. I suggested the male was more in need of protection than the female. It was three weeks before my bags

were discovered. They were in different cities, in lost property rooms.

But ragged and dirty as I was, possessing only the clothes I stood in, my friends gathered me to them. I felt like Ulysses after his wanderings. Nothing was too good for me. I reveled in the beauty and peace of England. My spirit as well as my body was healed. For England to-day is a wonder. A spiritual revolution has swept through the land. The average work-a-day man and woman are reaching new heights. Not what can *I grab* but what can *I give* has become their faith. And in the forefront of the spiritual battle stand the women. But all this is another story and must be told in another chapter.

CHAPTER XII

INSPIRING FRANCE

I. PARIS BOMBARDED

TO reach France the channel had to be crossed. It was full moon, a bad time for crossing. A time when submarines reap their harvest. They see and cannot be seen. But the trip was short. I spent the night on deck, wrapped in a blanket. In the morning we were in Havre. Old men in blue blouses helped us disembark. The broad streets were lined with little sidewalk cafés. I was in the land of friendliness and charm. But the cafés and streets were deserted. Companies of soldiers marched past and little children and old men walked the streets. The train from Havre to Paris was packed with soldiers. I had suddenly been flung into the world's war. Until then I had seen little of war. In the countries through which I had traveled, except England, there had been but three topics of conversation, food, clothes and heat; how to live without freezing or starving. But here it was different. The battle field was a few miles away. Hospital trains moved back and forth. The newspapers had flaring headlines. Women in black filled the land. Yet curiously enough in this land of conflict the civil population throve. Physically France was better off than any of the other countries. Paris had plenty of food.

It was the first of March when I reached there.

Snowflakes still scurried through the air. The hotel rooms were chilly. But mid-day brought the warm spring sunshine. It was a strange Paris, or rather, a Paris of strangers. Italians, Serbians, Moroccans and, above all, American boys in khaki crowded the cafés. Life moved hot and fast. Taxis flew hither and thither; women packed the stores and soldiers occupied every sidewalk chair and smoked and talked. One heard every known language. At night as I walked home through the darkened streets I would hear a voice behind me saying, "Gee! how I'd like to see Broadway — say — wouldn't the lights look good?"

In the restaurants I continually ran into one of our boys, struggling desperately with the menu, and when I brought my French to his rescue we fell into conversation. If he was just over he was homesick. He would show me a picture of sweetheart, wife or mother and give me messages for the folks at home. But Paris has a subtle charm. Few can resist it. Certainly the American boys do not. After a few weeks, loneliness vanishes. You hear a different story. Quite a typical case was that of a young lieutenant who sat next me at dinner: "Well! how are you getting on?" I asked. "Great! say, this is the life. You know we fellows will never be the same after this war. The little Western town I come from looks pretty dull. No grinding ten hours a day for me. I want to travel. And say, these French women are corkers. I have a girl at home but — well — I wonder what she'll seem like when I get back." That the French women are charming, there is no doubt. They are particularly charming to the Americans. Their men have been taken from them. There are about ten French women to every American boy. However, the young lieutenant of-

fered me candy and invited me to go automobiling. "It is so good," he said, "to see some one from the U. S., some one you can talk to."

But American women need to face a big fact. The intensity of life in Europe produces a psychological change. When you sit next to a man in a moving picture show while bombs drop outside, you are drawn together in a deep, real way. The stuff you are made of is laid bare. It is what you are that counts. Who your ancestors were and whether you are wearing white kid gloves is not only trivial but absurd. We must go deep into life if we are to keep pace with the men and women of Europe. This brings me to the hectic days in Paris when the whole community was swept together by the daily danger of air raids and bombardments. I hoped when I left England to escape them. But not so. Early in March the big drive began and the Germans turned their attention to Paris. Nearly every evening the air raid signal sounded. When I went to my room to dress for dinner I would say to the little elevator boy, "Will the Boche come this evening?" and he would smile gayly back and answer, "I think so, madam." Often the enemy didn't get across the barrage. But on moonlight nights between eight and nine the alerte came. It was a relief when the orgy came. At eight-forty the fire engine dashed past, blowing its shrill siren and every one rushed to cover. The subway trains stopped; the people crowded into the metro stations, and the street lights went out. In the hotel we hurried into the underground cellar. Little children were dragged from their beds and wrapped in blankets. The first night I found myself in a dim recess with six Moroccans, guests of the hotel. The gas had been put out to prevent explosions. The little sub-cellar

room was dimly lighted by a candle. My companions had brought their bright red floor rugs. On these they sat with their bare sandaled feet curled up under them. They were dark and swarthy, almost negroes in color. They wore long flowing robes and great white turbans. It was so weird I forgot the air raid. I imagined myself a heroine in a melodrama, imprisoned in a cellar with six ruthless Turks. Then I began to wonder what would happen if a bomb struck the hotel. My companions were nervous and excited. Somehow a sub-cellar with six Moroccans did not seem safe. I decided to risk my life on the floor above. In the front hallway were two or three American soldiers. It was their first air raid but they were very cheerful. We pushed open the great front door. A bomb crashed to earth. There was a great flash of light. Very loud was the steady boom, boom of the cannon.

We hastily stepped back into the hall, but after a little our courage rose again. We peered out into the bright moonlight sky. The French aëroplanes came low. They skimmed over the top of the houses. Then they rose and hurled forth balls of fire. These bright spots of light were like shooting comets. They darted about clearing the sky of enemy aircraft.

Between eleven and twelve the fire engine again dashed by, this time sending forth a gay triumphant bugle call, the notice that all was well. Immediately there was wild rejoicing. The world poured up from underground. Supper and drinks were in order and a pæan of thanksgiving went up.

In the morning there was a mad rush for the papers. But the papers never tell where a bomb has dropped. To find that out one must explore.

Fortunately few bombs fall on buildings. One

can travel the entire length of London and Paris and see no sign of damage. Notre Dame and Westminster Abbey gaze as proudly up at the skies as ever. Most of the bombs drop in open spaces. Windows are smashed but buildings remain uninjured. It is factories or apartment houses in outlying districts that have suffered most. When a cheaply built tenement house is struck, the bomb crashes through to the ground. Only the people in the cellars are saved.

This forced exodus to the cellars Paris treats as a joke. With characteristic pluck and good humor the French dressmakers are designing models for underground wear; fur lined silk negligées, that can be slipped on at a moment's notice. Even underground moving picture shows and restaurants are in order.

In such an atmosphere of thrills one is never at a loss for conversation. The restaurants hum with talk. If you have been near the scene of an explosion and have secured a flying piece of shrapnel, you exhibit it and a crowd gathers. They listen breathlessly to your story. Life in Paris is like life on ship board. Introductions are dispensed with.

But to return to the air raids. The methodical Germans had them timed and planned. The signal came regularly between eight and nine. Then some Boche got original. At one o'clock we were routed out of bed by the alerte. We could no longer sleep in peace. At all sorts of unexpected hours the warning came. This got on our nerves. We grew cross from want of sleep. In the morning, frazzled people emerged, their clothes covered with white dust where they had leaned up against a cellar wall.

Then for a couple of nights there was a lull. We breathed again and slept late. It was in the interim

that I lunched with a French family. The lunch had reached the coffee stage. We were discussing air raids of course. The hostess had just risen. When Bif — Bomb — Bang — The building shook and rocked — the long French windows flew in; the hostess screamed, the guests fled from the table. We had but one thought, a bomb had dropped almost on top of us. My host and I remained seated. We waited. Would another come? Finally we moved to the window. Down in the street the people were screaming and gesticulating but there was no sign of damage. Above, the sky was a smiling blue. No enemy airship sailed there. What could have happened? We reassembled in the drawing-room and telephoned to the war office. Then word came that a great factory had been blown up. On the way to my hotel, I saw countless smashed windows. The Avenue de l'Opera was a mass of broken glass. That evening in the restaurant I sat next to an American Y. M. C. A. man. He was looking very white. "I went to the scene of the explosion," he said. "It's beyond the city limits. There wasn't a stick of the factory left. The building was razed to the ground. If it hadn't happened at the noon hour, thousands of lives would have been lost. The houses all around were destroyed."

The day after the explosion the air raids began again. It was late one night before the signal came that all was clear. I stepped out into the deserted streets and walked across a bridge over the Seine. The stars were shining, the moon was up. The city lay before me peaceful and silent. The serenity and beauty brought inner calm. I went back to bed. It was past midnight. Anyway I thought there will be quiet until another night. But my eyes had hardly closed, when — bomb — bomb — bomb.

I turned over sleepily. I was frightfully annoyed. It was 7 A. M. But the third thud stirred me to consciousness. Excited chatter rose from the street below. Then the fire engine went tearing by. The Germans must be flying over Paris. I sprang from my bed and stepped out onto the balcony. It was a glorious Spring day. The birds had begun to sing. The sun was already warming the great boulevards. It couldn't be possible the enemy was flying over Paris in broad daylight. Then there came another thud. It was near. There was a crashing sound.

The people in the street below scurried into doorways, windows were slammed to and iron shutters rolled down. In a moment Paris had sprung back to her night clothes. I shut my window and dressed hastily and ran downstairs. Guests were hurrying from their rooms; women in negligées with hair twisted into hasty knots, and nurses carrying half dressed babies ran downstairs. It was a disgruntled crowd. They were angry rather than frightened. It was an outrage to be gotten out of bed before *petit-déjeuner*. The Germans were going too far. It was all very well to be raided at night but to be bombed before breakfast was unbearable.

The cellar was damp and moldy. Moisture oozed from the walls. The babies began to cry. But the little company settled down stoically and ordered *café au lait*. Presently I went upstairs to the dining-room. Even here it was not cheerful. The iron shutters were down and the electric light sent out a feeble radiance. The thuds came regularly, with twenty- or thirty-minute intervals. After a little we ventured to the front door. The warm sunshine streamed in. It was a heavenly day. "Damn those Germans, they should not spoil it! We would enjoy life in spite of them." We stepped out onto the

sidewalk. On the Avenue de l'Opera people were already moving back and forth. On the street corners little groups gathered to gaze up into the shining blue. Far above white specks moved. We felt they must be French airmen still we didn't know. All day with each thud we eagerly scanned the sky. We never dreamed a long distant gun was bombarding Paris.

I had a morning engagement. By ten thirty I was dressed and walking up the Avenue de l'Opera. The stores were closed and the shutters down. Transportation had ceased. The metro trains were not running. The officials still believed an air raid was on. But many people were on the street. When a thud came we paused a moment, shivered and then walked on. A few taxi drivers were carrying on trade as usual. I finally secured a car. We went tooting across the Place de la Concorde, over the Seine, past the Chamber of Deputies to the house where I had my appointment. When I alighted the taxi driver stopped me for talk. "Aren't you afraid, Miss?" he asked. I shrugged my shoulders. "I suppose I am," I said. "But there isn't much use. You see, I'm an American, traveling about the world, and there is still the ocean to cross. *C'est la guerre, que voulez-vous.*" He smiled appreciatively. Again the intensity of life had removed barriers.

The people I had come to see were out. The servants had fled to the cellar, and the family taken refuge with neighbors in a first floor apartment. But after a hunt I found them. Soon the daughter of the family and I were walking back across the Seine to keep a luncheon engagement. We paused on the bridge and leaned over the balustrade to gaze at the city. The water danced and sparkled, the

magnificent buildings stood out proudly, and beyond and in front of us stretched the great Tuileries Garden. Then Bang — the earth shook. It was a terrific thud. We knew the explosion was near. Later we learned the Tuileries Gardens had been struck. We shook ourselves and straightened up. It was uncanny, unreal. It couldn't be true that under that bright blue sky, bombs were dropping on that serene and lovely city.

That night at dinner I sat next to an American Y. M. C. A. man. He had been close to the Tuileries Garden at the time it was struck. "I was standing in a doorway," he said, "and the force of the explosion sent me staggering back. Afterwards I went to see what damage had been done. There was a hole in the ground the size of a dining-room table. Fifteen feet from the explosion a soldier was asleep on a bench. The noise woke him, but he didn't get a scratch. Some dirt was thrown into the eyes of a baby in a baby carriage fifty yards distant, but not a soul was injured."

It was marvelous how little damage the big gun did that first day. The toll was ten killed and a few injured.

With the setting of the sun there came a respite. But at nine the alerte sounded. It was midnight before the raid was over and we went sleepily to bed. But with daylight came the bomb — bomb — bomb. But now we knew a long range gun was bombarding Paris. We did not fear it as we did the air raids. A bomb from an airship comes down straight. But the big gun hit sideways.

It acted in the dark. The chance of its striking you was infinitesimal. The second day of the bombardment, Paris went about its business as usual. Stores were open, the trains ran, and side-

walk cafés were as crowded as ever. I went to the Grand Hotel for breakfast. I had my coffee at a little table on the sidewalk, facing the Opera House. It was ten o'clock, people were streaming in and out of the metro station, soldiers moved to and fro and taxis flew in every direction. Then suddenly there came a terrific explosion. A shot had landed in rue Victoire behind the Opera House. For an instant action ceased. The earth seemed paralyzed. But this was only for a second. Then the laughter and talk spurted out as before. Not by a quiver of an eyelid was Paris going to show it cared a cent for the big gun.

An American officer took me to see some of the places hit. There was a good size hole in the ground in Place de la Republic; in front of the Statue of Liberty, the Statue which America gave to France. The worst damage was done to a house on the Boulevard des Italiens. It hit the fourth story of a six-story building. One room was completely destroyed, others injured and all the glass shattered. The Paris papers were humorous. They took to giving the Germans good advice. They suggested a gun six times the size to do really effective work.

On the second day of the bombardment we had no air raid. We enjoyed a long peaceful sleep. But Sunday morning the big gun began again. But by this time we were hardened. I went over to the Tuileries Garden to sit in the warm sunshine. Several of our American boys were playing baseball. Their lean, strong, young bodies assumed true professional baseball curves as they pitched swift straight balls. A little crowd of Parisians, old men, young girls and children, gathered. They gazed open mouthed and with wide-eyed admiration at our supple, vigorous, energetic lads. When a ball went

wide of its mark a child would dash after it and bring it proudly back to the Americans. The boys were chewing gum and ragging one another, but they always paused to smile and give the French kiddie a reassuring pat. This American game of baseball was more interesting to the spectators than the great gun. Perhaps the Germans realized how little commotion they were creating, for on Sunday the shots died down.

But it is not easy to live always in the presence of air raids and bombardments. The tension gets on one's nerves. To daily face death one needs courage and sanity. These are qualities the French possess. They rise above their environment. In spite of danger and death they keep life normal. The ordinary affairs of life run smoothly. Clothes are laundered. In Siberia, Russia, Sweden and Norway, and in Germany in 1916, the impression was that of a world running down hill. Nothing was kept up. For four years, houses have gone unpainted, cars unrepaired, nothing has been renovated. The world is slipping into the state of an abandoned farm. But this is not so visible in France. That it isn't, is due largely to the women, which brings me to a consideration of French women.

II THE FRENCH WOMAN — THE LOVER

The French women have poured themselves into the business of war as the Russian women flung themselves into the Revolution. They have done the drudgery. They are the bulwark behind. The essentials of life are performed with swiftness and ease. They have tilled the fields, preserved the food, mended and repaired, and kept charm and grace alive. But these physical services have drained women. The spiritual life has not prog-

ressed. The women have not dreamed and planned for the future. They have not like the women of England built up a new order. Perhaps it was impossible. The war has been in their dooryard. The men kept coming back to them. They have had to fetch and carry. Yet there is another reason. The French woman does not express herself. She is content to seize a man and work through him. There is no *great* feminist movement. In this respect France and Russia are alike. But the feminist movement is non-existent in Russia because women copy men. They are men in petticoats. They are comrades. In France, on the contrary, women are wholly unlike men. They are extremely feminine. But this femininity doesn't express itself outwardly. It is directed inward and flows into a man. Neither as comrade or lover can woman achieve self-expression. To do that she must be both and more. She must stand on her own feet and live and express her own life.

Slowly the French women are awakening to this. They have been past masters in understanding men. They have made him their instrument. Their melodies have been expressed through him. But now this instrument is at the front. They can play but one tune upon it — war. All the aspirations and hopes for the future must be left unsaid. The soldier has no time for these, and slowly but surely the need for self-expression is arising.

It is showing itself in odd unexpected ways. One of the surprises of Paris was the strike of the Midinettes. The Midinettes are the women workers in the great dressmaking establishments. The majority are young and pretty. They dress well. They make their own clothes. They are the pride of Paris. They are called Midinettes from midi (noon

hour) when they throng the streets. They are not organized. They do not belong to trade unions. But since the war they have grown restless. It has been all work and no play. Prices have gone up and their wages have not. The proprietors of the big establishments were reaping vast fortunes. It was not to be borne. One day the Midinettes rose up and walked out. There was no plan. Some one started the thing and the rest followed. They marched the streets arm in arm. They sang naughty and enchanting songs. They stopped the soldiers on the street and embraced them. They filled Paris with delight. The populace cheered. The whole city rose to their aid. They won their strike with a song. In somewhat the same way suffrage will be won. The suffrage movement is not vigorous. French women do not work together. But as one French woman said "We will get suffrage before the war is over. We will win it with a smile," and they will. The French woman's power is enormous. She is alive and intelligent and little by little she is learning the value of sex collectivity. The working women are trying to bring women together. They hold their suffrage meetings in the evenings. On one such occasion the following manifesto was issued:

"*French Women, Demand Your Rights.*

"If you wish to see the reign of justice, if you wish your children to be free and happy,

"If you wish never again to see the horror of war without distinction of class or opinion,

"*Unite.*

"Only the vote will change the political situation. Is there a woman who does not feel the need of social reform? It is for France to proclaim the equality of the sexes and the fraternity of individuals.

" French women, unite, organize and demand the enfranchisement of women."

But though the women of France haven't yet organized, do not know how to organize, as a nation France is singularly united. This is particularly true since the war. Common danger has laid low all barriers. Paris is at once the most enchanting and nerve wracking of cities. It is nerve wracking because of air raids and the big guns. Yet this very torment is the enchantment. Every one you meet is your friend. You are bound together by the menace of death. Life is no longer a thing of the surface.

A few nights after I reached Paris I went to the Théâtre Français. I went with Valentine Thomson, who edits *La Vie Feminine,* the one feminist magazine of France. The play was one of Anatole France's. At the end of the first act Valentine Thomson introduced me to Anatole France. He is a gray-haired, gray-bearded old man over seventy. But his eyes are still young. He suffers and lives for France. It was a great honor to shake his hand. He was much absorbed in his play. It is one that has been given before. But its truth is as great to-day as ever. It presents the struggle of a mother and daughter. The mother is a Catholic. Her faith is that of the past generation. She wishes her daughter to forsake life and become a nun. But the girl is young. The world is sweet. Her lips have touched her lover's. She is torn between longing for him and the wish to obey her mother. The frail young life breaks under the strain. She tastes of love and kills herself. The play personified the struggle between life and religion, but to me it was symbolic of another struggle: of the struggle between the new generation and the old. The struggle

between the woman who believes her duty extends to the whole world and all the children of the future, and the woman who finds duty limited to the four walls of her house. It is this struggle that rends French women to-day. Shall service be limited to one man or extend to all humanity?

It was a momentous evening. As if to emphasize the struggle within, a battle raged without. In the middle of the second act, there were two heavy thuds. The Gothas were over Paris. Bombs were falling. The explosions were so severe the theater rocked. It was the worst air raid Paris had experienced. With the first thud there was a murmur. People rose all over the house. Then one of the actors came to the front of the stage.

"If you are willing, we will continue with the performance. Those of you who have children and feel you must leave are of course to do so."

There was a little pause. The mothers stood up. Such a moment united the mothers of France. When they had left, the play continued. Anatole France sat serenely on in his box. The play held us more deeply than before. With each thud we breathed a little quicker and leaned closer together. We drained to the full the tragedy and wonder of life. At the close of the play bombs were still falling. We assembled in the foyer and talked together. Presently I left Valentine Thomson with her family and went to the front entrance. It was utterly black outside. An occasional flash from a bomb or cannon was the only ray of light. I stepped out into the street. My hotel was only two blocks away. But I could see nothing. The outline of the buildings was undistinguishable. I couldn't tell where the sidewalk ended and the road began. I was utterly lost. A man brushed against me. I

VALENTINE THOMSON

spoke to him in French. I asked him the way to my hotel. " If you'll permit me, I'll see you there," he said. I slipped my arm into his. In three minutes we were at my door. I have no idea what my companion looked like, whether he was clean shaven or bearded; whether he was a day laborer or a professor, but I held out my hand in gratitude. All Paris is kind these days. Every one is to be trusted.

It was from Valentine Thomson I got most of my insight into French women. She herself is typically French. Her father was for many years a member of the French Government. Their house is a rendezvous for both political and literary leaders. We had many chats. We dined together in her apartment tête-à-tête. Once bombs were falling. Another time the big gun was shelling Paris. We opened our hearts to one another.

" You're right," she said, " in your diagnosis of French women. Our whole life is centered in some one man. We give everything and expect everything and we're very jealous. That is the reason women do not get on together. The reason there isn't a feminist movement. We are jealous of one another. For four years I've run *La Vie Feminine.* It's been frightfully difficult. The women simply aren't interested."

" But surely," I said, " you have women friends. Who is your best friend? "

She laughed. " An American whom I met in America. No, I haven't women friends in the sense you mean. We rarely talk together as I'm talking to you. We keep everything for the man."

" It seems a pity," I said, " you would make such wonderful friends. You understand so completely. You know me; in a way I don't know you. You'd know if I had a headache or heartache; I shouldn't.

I'd have to ask. Or if I discovered I'd blunder out 'What's the matter? Can I help?' You would never do that. You'd know what to do without asking."

She had grown intensely interested. "You're right," she said, "it's something I've thought a lot about. It's the difference between French and American women. I remember meeting an American girl who was engaged and much in love. Her fiancé asked her not to invite a certain man to dinner. But she invited the man. She did it to show her independence. A French woman wouldn't have done that. She would have pleased the man she loved. She would have kept her independence but she would have employed subtler methods. She would have made her lover worship her."

It is as a lover the French woman shines forth. She is a great lover. From babyhood she studies man. Each turn of his head she comprehends. Love with her is an art. It is worth studying. French women have been famous for their saloons. There they have molded men. The greatness of French history is largely due to the power women exerted over men.

The Frenchman's achievements have always been his, plus a woman's. If the French woman had expressed herself, instead of working through a man, there would be many more famous women to-day. Even as it is the French women come continually to the front. And it is always as women. "Jeanne d'Arc though she wore armor and went to battle is essentially a woman. She is not an amazon. She is worshiped as the Maid of Orleans; the mystic; the saint, the woman.

Anglo-Saxon women have much to learn from France. Charm is a treasure. Nearly all French

women possess it. Not only women like Valentine Thomson who have youth, beauty, and adorable clothes, but the everyday average woman. I dined with a school teacher, a woman of forty, married, and the mother of a child. We ate at one of the little middle class restaurants. Yet the occasion was a fête. The dinner was ordered in courses. Each one was a secret. Something I would particularly like. The salad was dressed by the hand of a connoisseur. The coffee was served as if it was a precious liquid in gold cups. There were gay words, and laughter. I found myself thrilled. As happy as a child, flooded with a sense of well being. Next week I invited my friend to dine with me. I looked at the menu and frowned. I was helpless. Finally I blurted out, " What will you have, beefsteak or roastbeef? " I simply hadn't the gift; I didn't know how to be charming. But that sort of thing is worth cultivating. It makes the routine of life delightful. It robs life of its drudgery.

It is this capacity of the French woman to understand and make life beautiful that has given the Frenchman his courage to fight. At home he has a sense of well-being. Nothing is neglected. Everything is as it was before the war. The woman comprehends him and his business. She does not make mistakes. Her courage is unfaltering, her patience endless. Without the women of France that land could not have survived. After four years of war there is still vitality and beauty. This is due to the ability of the women to do their work with a song and face tragedy with a smile. We have much to learn from them. It is essential we should. Our boys are in France. They find French women fascinating. One can not blame them. One can not help enjoying the person who understands, who is

gay, who has charm. I thought of some of our ugly home towns, of the homely houses, the hideous decorations, the dull lives some of our boys lead, and I wondered would they be satisfied when they returned. Perhaps we can surprise them. Perhaps we can create new beauty, cease to be crude and become great and interesting lovers. For the ability to love and understand is the power that makes the world go round. We are ahead of French women in our social welfare work, in our women's organizations, in our program for the children of the future. But the French woman is intelligent. Her intelligence and power when the war is over will make her master of these things, and in the meantime she possesses the secrets of the heart. She is the inspirer of man.

CHAPTER XIII

THE WARRIORS OF THE SPIRIT — DEMOCRATIC ENGLAND

ENGLAND! the very word thrills me. Three years ago I shrank from England's blatant intolerance. But to-day it is different. A spiritual revolution has swept through the land. A new England emerges. And at the center of this new world stand the women. Olive Schreiner's teachings are bearing fruit. She it was who pointed the way, and English women have followed. To-day one of her dreams is a reality. It is the one which symbolizes the new woman and is called Life's Gifts.

"I saw a woman sleeping. In her sleep she dreamt life stood before her and held in each hand a gift—in the one Love; in the other Freedom, and she said to the woman 'choose,' and the woman waited long and she said '*Freedom.*' And life said, 'Thou hast well chosen. If thou hadst said Love I would have given thee that thou didst ask for, and I should have gone from thee and returned no more. Now the day will come when I shall return. On that day I shall bring both gifts in one hand.' I heard the woman laugh in her sleep."

Not turbulently with blood and with sword, but superbly, with laughter on her lips and love in her eyes, the modern woman steps forth. She is both comrade and lover, she is free, self-expressive, a mother. All over the world she arises and nowhere so evidently as in England.

My three weeks in London were days of radiant

spiritual delight. Neither black dresses nor shortage of butter and sugar nor all the anguish of the great world battle could blot out or suppress this triumph of the spirit. Life was no longer a thing of days or even years. It had leaped beyond into the ages, and down the dazzling pathway of the future shone victory and triumph. I felt it in all sorts and kinds of women, in the factory worker, the teacher, the stay-at-home mother, the suffragist, the woman preacher and artist. Each had left self and personal gain behind.

One night I had dinner at a social settlement in a dingy dirty part of London. There were ten of us at the dinner table, social workers and suffragists. "What," I asked, "is the first thing you're going to work for now that you have the vote?" There was a little pause and then each answered in turn, "Prohibition," "Easy Divorce," "Mothers' Pensions." Mothers' Pensions had seven of the ten votes. "But behind each suggestion lay the same object," said the Prohibitionist, "the children of to-morrow must be fine and strong — drink breeds poverty and disease."

Said the advocate of easy divorce —"no mother must be forced to have children, the children of the world must be love children."

Said the advocates of Mothers' Pensions — "Mothers must be free. They must be freed from poverty that they may feed and rear their children."

These women accepted the vote humbly. They desired no glory for self. To them suffrage was merely a weapon with which to improve the race of to-morrow.

Miss Anna Martin, the head of the settlement, who has devoted her life to the mothers of the by-ways and alleys, told us their story. Said she:

" Eighty per cent. of the female population support themselves before marriage, but when they marry they burn these bridges. Among the upper and middle class, dependence on the husband may work out fairly well, but for the wife of a laborer it is often a tragedy. The mother and her children must depend upon the man for maintenance. But the man often drinks or gambles, or loafs and smokes half the week, and destroys his constitution by dissipation. There is an idea that in such cases the law provides a remedy, but only the smallest proportion of ill-used wives ever bring their wrongs before a court. To get a separation allowance a woman must leave her husband's roof. This she may not want to do, or if she does, she may have no money and no place to take her children. When the grievance is merely non-support few cases come before the court. When there is physical violence as well the mother is sometimes driven to court. There are 6000 separation orders yearly. But the woman's path in such instances is strewn with difficulties. She must produce a witness of her ill-treatment, or show actual marks. But men are not apt to beat their wives in public, and ill-treatment does not always consist of bruises. Even when the separation allowance is finally obtained, it is often a farce. The husband pays for two weeks, then misses a week, and finally suspends payments altogether. He hopes in this way to starve his wife out, a conclusion often justified. There is in truth no sweated labor in the world as bad as the labor of great masses of working-class wives, and no employers so utterly ruthless as thousands of working-class husbands, and even when the husbands are reliable, illness and other causes may so diminish wages that it is impossible to adequately feed the child." So spoke

Miss Martin. And surely she was right. By what stretch of conscience can one justify an unfed, uncared-for baby? Even the tiny seed we put in the ground we nourish. We give it sunshine and fertilizer. Surely no human baby should be dependent for existence on the goodness or badness or health of the father or on the relation between the parents.

Only the endowment of mothers can protect the race to come. Vividly have the women of England brought home this truth. The campaign for Mothers' Pensions spreads like wild fire. In the middle of war Judge Neil of Chicago was invited to England to lecture on what America has done for mothers. Mass meetings were held all over the land. At one such meeting George Bernard Shaw was the chief speaker. It is only a question of time when every mother will have adequate support.

But this is only one of many spiritual battles.

One day I attended a meeting held at Denison House, a large social settlement. The subject of discussion was "The Problem of Population." The text for the meeting was taken from the great psychologist, Havelock Ellis. "In the eyes of the new morality the ideal woman is no longer the meek drudge, but the free instructed woman, trained in a sense of responsibility to herself and to the race, determined to have no children but the best." These were the topics discussed—"Should the birth rate be restricted?" "The Love of the Sexes." "The Responsibility for Children," and "What are Women For?" A woman doctor, a woman preacher, a leading suffragist, a woman laborer, and Olive Schreiner herself took part in the debate.

Wherever I went it was the same. Women had cast aside their personal needs. It was the race of the future for which they struggled. I visited a

great manufacturing town. I spent the night in a workingman's house. The father and daughter worked in the mills from early in the morning until late at night. The mother cared for the home. The town itself was ugly. An unending mass of grimy two-story houses, and huge factory buildings and great smokestacks from which poured masses of dingy black smoke. There were no flowers, no trees, no open spaces. On the surface the place was like some black and burnt-out hell. But inside the worker's cottage a fire burnt on the hearth, a tea kettle sang, a snowy white tablecloth was spread on the table. Pictures of great men and women hung on the wall, and beneath the tired body of the worker shone an awakened spirit. It was the mother who was chairwoman of the big meeting I attended. There were a thousand factory workers, men and women in the audience. The subject of discussion was "A Democratic Peace." But again it was the child of to-morrow that was the goal. The world must be made a decent place to live in. Peace when it came must be permanent. This must be the last war. For the sake of the unborn there must be no compromise. With furrowed brow and halting tongues these working women plunged into the intricacies of diplomacy. In such a topic they had no interest but they meant to understand, that the coming race might be free. When President Wilson's name was mentioned and his advocacy of the Russian peace terms of no annexations, no indemnities, and self-determination, set forth, cheers shook the roof. Women waved their handkerchiefs and tears streamed down cheeks. Already these women have organized themselves in a great Woman's Crusade. They paraded through the streets of their town, 1500 strong. So dominating was their spirit that

the men stood respectfully on the sidewalk, hat in hand, and occasionally uttered a cheer. These women are symbolic of the great woman's crusade arising everywhere. I can hear the tread of their feet coming from every corner of the globe, an army of mothers, through whose bodies the entire human race passes.

One of the great women of England to-day is Emmeline Pethick-Lawrence. Life came to her with two gifts, love and freedom, and she chose freedom, and later life returned with both gifts in one hand. Mr. and Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence have worked together shoulder to shoulder. His name was Lawrence and hers Pethick. They bound it together and made it Pethick-Lawrence.

Mr. Pethick-Lawrence represents the new man. He flung himself into the suffrage struggle. He put his wealth and his legal learning at the service of the cause. He paid out thousands of dollars in fines for windows smashed by suffragettes. Both he and Mrs. Lawrence went to prison for the vote and endured the agony of forcible feeding.

The two names that will go down in history as the famous leaders of the militant movement are Emmeline Pankhurst and Emmeline Pethick-Lawrence. But Mrs. Pankhurst was the body, Mrs. Lawrence the spirit. When the militants took to smashing store windows and burning houses Mrs. Lawrence protested. She would give her life for the cause, but she would not hurt others. Her way of winning was through the spirit. It was the woman's way. She left the organization. To-day she continues true to those ideals. Her method of service in the great world struggle is through the spirit. She urges women to be warriors of the spirit. She goes back and forth through the land speaking. I heard her

many times and wherever she went hearts were unlocked and leapt to meet hers, and there came a great determination to die if need be for the race to come. This is the gist of what she said:

"Along with the physical battle that engulfs the world, goes a gigantic spiritual struggle, and day by day that spiritual battle wins new victories. We see it in the enfranchisement of women, in the fight for Mothers' Pensions, in President Wilson's speeches, in the democratic peace terms, in the overthrowing of the Czar in Russia. These are victories that can never be lost. Whichever army advances on the field of battle the fight for freedom will be won. The spirit arises triumphant. Come, join this army of the spirit. Be a soldier of life."

Not only in her impersonal life but in her personal does Emmeline Pethick-Lawrence spread inspiration. She has two homes, one in the city, the other in the country. The city home is in Lincoln's Inn. In the quaint old Inns of Court where the lawyers sit among their musty, dusty law books, a floor of offices has been transformed into an apartment. In the great cool rooms with their plain green floors and white woodwork and open fireplaces one feels buried away in the heart of ancient London. No sound from the city penetrates the old courtyard, and at night the great iron gate clanks to and is locked. From the windows one sees an ancient church that has stood peacefully in that spot hundreds of years. The only evidence of the present day tragedy are two large newly cemented squares in the roadway. Here German bombs dropped. But an unseen power lent protection, for not a speck of the church or the sturdy old houses was injured.

Not less attractive is the Pethick-Lawrences' home in the country. The house is called the "Mascot."

It is in Surrey, not far from George Meredith's old home. It is a white house with lattice windows, out of which Kate Greenaway might have looked. There is a high green hedge around it and smooth green lawns, and when luncheon time comes a table is spread out of doors. All the story book pictures of England come true here. Inside, the house is all white and there are gay colored chintzes at the windows, and bowls of flowers everywhere. It is a sort of fairy book house, and the spirit of the place fits the surroundings. Everywhere in this little home there is gladness and song. The birds sing outside and the maids in the kitchen sing within, and one's spirit mounts and mounts until it touches the stars, and there grows in the heart a determination to make the beauty and wonder of life a reality.

Mrs. Lawrence's children are the world children, for she has none of her own. But never was there a greater mother. She cherishes with passion all who come to her. She is like the earth, warm and radiant. Big and little people feel the depth of her spirit. One day a tiny child of seven sat upon her knee with arms wound tight around her neck and a little voice whispered in her ear, "Shall I tell you what you are like to me? You are as tiny as a daisy and as big as the whole world."

A stone's throw from the "Mascot" stands a little cottage, a children's cottage; it is called the "Sun Dial." This miniature house the Pethick-Lawrences built for the waifs and strays of London. They come in groups of twelve and stay two weeks, and go back with rosy cheeks and glad hearts. This work goes on though the Lawrences have long since given up their automobiles. But then no one in England to-day has an automobile except for official business. Laboring men and earls and duchesses ride side by

side in the motor busses. A new and democratic England arises. Mr. Lawrence spends his time urging the government to conscript his wealth. He believes that with conscription of men must go conscription of wealth.

People who will surrender all material possessions for the sake of the spirit are rare. But they grow in number. Those spiritual warriors are not yet appreciated. Man has unstinted praise for the woman who acts as motorman, or lays railroad tracks, or digs in the fields, or works in a munition factory, or runs an ambulance at the front, or nurses the wounded. But he needs equally the women warriors of the spirit; women who are determined that not one drop of blood shall have been shed on the battle field in vain; women who have left man's side and in spirit crossed the front line trenches and penetrated into the camp of the enemy; women who are undermining militarism and materialism at its roots; women who know that a victory on the field of battle may be transitory, who recognize that only spiritual victory can be permanent. Such is the battle the women wage. They seek to create a new and better world, a world in which each new life will be born unfettered. This was the message Emmeline Pethick-Lawrence sent to the International Woman's Congress:

"The safety of the future of the world depends largely upon the entrance into world politics of the free woman. Wherever women are held in subjection democracy is not real. Until women become free, the children of men will be held in bondage. The attainment of the vote is not the end. It is only the beginning. The right of self-government won, the work of emancipation can begin. Women as citizens must make good their claim to freedom. They

must determine the conditions of marriage and child-bearing. They must exert a direct influence over all matters affecting public health, education, and the guardianship of children. They must insist that in all dealings with human beings the law of growth shall take the place of the rule of force. They must show the tragic waste of a system of repression, punishment and revenge whether applied in the nursery, the schoolroom, the prison, or in dealing with undeveloped races. They must see to it that children are not enslaved by a system of commercialism and militarism, and made merely cogs in a machine. They must enthrone life about machinery. They must keep the sacredness of human personality inviolate. They must restore the balance which has been upset by generations of male ascendancy. The hope of the future lies in the release of the woman-spirit: so that henceforward masculinism and feminism may combine to make one great spirit of Humanism. When women awaken to a sense of their collective responsibility for the happiness of the human family there is no force or tyranny that can withstand them, and if we are called dreamers and sentimentalists be not discouraged. Remember our struggle for the vote. That vision to-day is a commonplace reality. Let us have faith in our prophetic dreams."

It was to such an appeal that the German women made answer. For while men have failed to wring from German men except in the case of a few Socialists a protest against tyranny, many German mothers have responded to the call. They have aligned themselves with the great woman's crusade. They have joined with women of the allied nations in a determination to root out everywhere Kaiserism and militarism. When suffrage was won in England this was the message that came through from the German

women to the English Woman's International League:

"Although we German women have at present no ground for rejoicing over the progress of our cause at home, we have followed with all the greater joy and the warmest sympathy the great successes of our sisters in other countries. Not only because they are the victories of our common cause which links us together, in spite of all the horrors and sufferings of the world war, but also from pardonable selfishness, because these successes promise us final success.

"We have greeted the victory of English women as specially significant for the women of the whole world, coming as it does to reward them for the struggles of half a century.

"We rejoiced also with the brave Russian women, to whom the storms of the world war and of the Revolution have brought full citizen rights all at once, and with the newly enfranchised women of Canada and the American States.

"To them all we offer our heartiest congratulations. Like the dawn of a newer brighter day, hope arises for us women and for tortured humanity, after the night of unspeakable, immeasurable suffering; whenever responsibility for national and human welfare is in our hands, in the hands of the mothers, there can never be a return of the awful experiences of the present. May this hope and mountain-removing faith animate us in this new year!"

The Kaiser and his generals may well tremble before such a spirit. But they heed not the women. They are intent on a physical victory. But while they fight on slowly the spiritual conquest triumphs, until one day around the entire globe will stand an army of mothers hand in hand. Before this army tyranny and greed will crumble. The mothers of

men will have made permanent the freedom for which men fought. How mighty and sincere is the spirit which dominates women was illustrated in the first suffrage celebration in England. It was held not in a hall but in a church. At two o'clock one afternoon I climbed the steps of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. It is an old church that stands at the top of Trafalgar Square. Outside was all the rush and roar of the city. Motor busses were tooting, soldiers were streaming back and forth, orators were haranguing at the foot of the monument. But a thrilling silence filled the church. Women with grave glad eyes poured in, rich women, poor women, factory workers and writers. The place was filled to the last inch. There was a pause and we all rose and eyes were turned toward the door. Then the organ burst forth into triumphant music, and singly down the main church aisle came the women leaders of the different suffrage organizations, and each woman bore in her hands the banner of her cause. At the altar steps the little procession halted and the bishop came forward and into his hands each woman reverently surrendered the trophy of her struggle, and the bishop turned and tenderly laid the woman's badge of freedom against the altar until the chancel was a mass of women's flags. Then the bishop stepped forward and in the tense silence read the names of the great women now dead who gave their lives for the day that had come and we all knelt and chanted a new litany written by women:

For the good success which has crowned the efforts of these who have sought the enfranchisement of women
We thank Thee, O Lord.

For the new power entrusted to women for the shaping of the national life
We thank Thee, O Lord,

For the passing away of ancient tyrannies and prejudices and the growth of a new spirit of comradeship and respect between men and women
We thank Thee, O Lord.

For the clearer expression in the ordering of our common life of the spiritual equality of the sexes
We thank Thee, O Lord.

For the removal of hindrances to the coming of Christ's kingdom
We thank Thee, O Lord.

For all who have toiled and suffered for the enfranchisement of women
We thank Thee, O Lord.

For grace to persevere in the face of difficulty and delay
We thank Thee, O Lord.

For the joy of comradeship in a worthy cause
We thank Thee, O Lord.

For the hope that fills our hearts as we look forward to the future
We thank Thee, O Lord.

and when our prayer was ended with streaming eyes we stood, and from our hearts in mighty unison we sang:

By thy patient years of toiling,
By thy silent hours of pain,
Quench our fevered thirst of pleasure,
Shame our selfish greed of gain.

Ah the past is dark behind us
Strewn with wrecks and stained with blood
But before us gleams the vision
Of the coming brotherhood.

See the Christlike host advancing
High and lowly, great and small,
Linked in bonds of common service
For the common Lord of all.

With the last words of the hymn I turned to Emmeline Pethick-Lawrence who stood beside me and I saw she was white to the lips. We had seen a vision that dazzled mortal eyes. Our hearts had touched the heavens beyond, our lives had been consecrated to the service of God and Truth. In the years to come when the war is over, women of every land must meet together. In great international groups they must discuss the problems of mothers and babies, and when these women return to their homes they must live and fight for these plans and dreams, and then at the end of a year or two years return again to recount triumphs and failures. Until finally through the inspiration of organized motherhood — each baby that opens its eyes will open them to a world rid of war and to a life of freedom and love.

CONCLUSION

A DREAM

I SAILED for home in a French boat. It left from the South of France. There was a thin, drizzly rain. The sea looked gray and desolate. We paused at the outer harbor for gun practice. For a day we attacked imaginary submarines. The long wait was varied by a life-saving drill. We strapped on life preservers and hurried to our respective life boats. Cabin passengers and steerage mingled indiscriminately. War travel removes social barriers. Our boat was a second-class steamer, but to-day one takes any boat gratefully. The cabin passengers consisted of the Countess De Breyas and her sister, 500 Spanish day laborers, some French and Italian officers and a dozen American Y. M. C. A. men. Silk sweaters and ragged coats, white sport shoes and clumsy leather clogs walked side by side. As we looked into each other's eyes there was but one question in our thoughts. "Are you afraid of submarines?" "Are you a free man or a coward?" In my cabin I found for room-mate a fashionable French dressmaker, a gay little person without purpose or plan in life, an outrageous flirt: but she had charm and a bit of inner serenity that shone out under the stress of danger.

I lay in bed in the morning and watched her dress. It was as good as a play. The art with which she powdered her nose, the gay little song when she

jumped out of bed, her saucy words. Submarines lost their terror. I picked up her tiny, high-heeled boot, and placed it beside my heelless rubber-soled boy's shoe. "Look," I said. She caught my meaning and laughed gayly. When she left the cabin I lay thinking. How different we were! How much we needed each other! I needed her charm, she my seriousness. And suddenly we symbolized the whole world, the difference between individuals, between groups of individuals and between nations. The need of each for each and the fundamental goodness hidden beneath every exterior. My trip around the world spread before me like a book.

I saw Japan, socially in the 16th century, struggling against autocratic power, and Russia fled into the 21st fighting the bloody fight of Revolution. I saw in each nation those who believed in democracy contending with those who believed in autocracy. I saw in each individual the fight of the spirit with the forces of greed. I remembered the words of an Englishman, a member of the British official staff, who journeyed out of Russia with me who had said: "The thing for England to do is to *combine with Germany and police Russia,*" and I shuddered. And I thought of the words of a group of wealthy French people traveling in a first-class carriage who had said: "It's all very well this talk about democracy but America is going too far. The Czar was the best person in Russia and we might better have peace with the Kaiser than with the German people," and again I shuddered. But then I smiled, for a picture of an American boy, laying down the law to a British soldier, flashed before me. The boy had said: "I've come over to fight for democracy, and your king has got to go. Say, what's his last name

anyway?" And I turned the pages of my imaginary book to the meeting of the English women in St. Martin-in-the-Fields the day they dedicated their hard-won suffrage to the service of the truth.

And beneath all the struggle and the differences, the good and the ill, I saw the spirit slowly emerging triumphant. And my own spirit arose, steadied and grew calm. When I went on deck we made preparation to put out to sea. A friendly gray cruiser dashed up beside us. Then it hurried on beckoning and challenging us to follow. All day we sped over the gray sea, the steamers so close to each other one could call from deck to deck. Then night came. Every port hole was darkened; not a glimmer of light showed on deck. To walk about was impossible. One bumped into chairs or felt the mysterious touch of another human wanderer. For long I leaned over the rail watching the cruiser, dimly outlined, as she rode by our side. She too was dark and mysterious. At last I gathered up my blankets and wrapping them about me stretched out in my steamer chair. By my side lay my life preserver. But fear had gone out of my heart and wonder entered in. Wonder at this great onrushing world with its incessant upward striving. All night I lay there and sometimes I slept and when I slept I dreamed.

In a far distant country I saw a group of women gathered about a council table. And the women came from all lands, and they were of all ages and nationalities. But in the eyes of each was understanding, tenderness, and inner vision. And their talk was of children, of the children of their day and of the race to come. And no woman spoke of *my* children but only of *our* children. From their talk it grew plain that strife was still upon the earth.

Kings had vanished, internationalism had come but class fought against class. From time to time, a man would burst into their council chamber and waving his arms shout, "Come, comrades, you must not sit here. We too have your ideals but this is a time for action, not ideals. Come, fight with us the bloody fight of revolution. Draw your sword and slay the monster greed." And from their midst some woman would rise and answer: "This man is right, class must fight against class. Those who have not must slay those who have. There is no other way to rid the earth of lust and greed." But wiser women shook their heads. They wept as the man and his sister went forth. They knew the high idealism in the heart of each but they knew the sword in their hands would in time breed again the greed and cruelty they sought to slay.

And one woman far down the council table rose and began to speak. Her body was frail, great circles lay beneath her eyes, but her spirit shone out in every gesture, so attuned was the inner and outer being that she seemed hardly more than a shining light. "We have come," she said, "to the final struggle. Up through the ages man has toiled. Sometimes he made excursions into the material world, sometimes into the realms of the spirit. Each generation records his achievements. But in his onward march he used any means to gain his ends; he divorced body from spirit. He kept love in bondage. But we know that this is not the way, that ugly methods will turn and rend fine ends. The world for which we strive is one of love and it can be built only through love, through union of body and spirit, union of man with woman, of men with men and women with women and race with race. To women this is clear. Through us all new life

passes. The tiny creature at our breast is more than a baby form. It is a bit of God, the temple of the spirit. This we must teach men; that life is sacred; that he may give life but must not take; that the body must be the instrument of the spirit; our physical acts the expression of the soul. Our revolutions and reforms must be based on fine deeds. When we are persecuted body as well as spirit must go dancing to jail. For only through the complete identification of the outer and inner world do we achieve mastery of earth, and then indeed may we seek new kingdoms."

And then I awoke, and I saw the stars had come out and the cruiser was plainly visible. And we sped on through the quiet night. The white foam dashed about us and the steamer rose and fell, and the ship's bells rang out, and I closed my eyes and slept again. And this time I dreamed I was in a land of sunshine. The sky was bluer than I had ever seen it. And about a pool danced some naked children. And drops of water stood on their firm and supple little bodies, and laughter shone in their eyes, and they tossed their golden curls and stretched their tiny hands to the sun, and tried to capture the sunbeams. And they were like the flowers, straight and beautiful, and they looked at each other with joy and wonder, and they knew no evil for body and spirit were one. And under a great tree where the sunlight filtered through the leaves sat a young man and a young woman. And their arms were about each other and they did not hide their love. They touched each other with reverence, for they were as gods to one another. The look in their eyes, the words of their mouth, the touch of their hands was sheer music; the singing music of the spirit, which pours itself out through the finger tips onto the keys

of a piano. And I walked further on and I saw an older man and woman working together over an airship, and the light that came from them was blinding. For in this land with age, people grow ever more resplendent; for graven on the human form is the spiritual growth of the years. And I asked them what they were doing. And they said they were building an airship in which to sail to the stars. "You see," they said, "we have learned the secret of love, the union of all things, and now we know we no longer need to die. Already death has lost its sting. There is no tearing of the soul from the body; matter expresses only spirit and now we hope to sail away and not come back to earth again. Even as the worm bursts its chrysalis, and emerges a shining butterfly, so we, having made earth heaven, hope to spread our wings and fly into another world."

Then I woke, and daylight had come. And the sunlight made a pathway on the waters, and the cruiser had turned back and was steaming toward France. We were far out at sea and each moment the danger from submarines grew less. And I looked at my fellow passengers with new interest. And in some I saw that the body had conquered the spirit, that their faces held coarse and sensual lines and blankness was in their eyes. But in others in the gesture of a hand, in the flash of an eye, in the laughter of a baby, I caught the body expressing the spirit. And the world became a new wonder, and I knew that the dream I had dreamed was a great truth.

THE END

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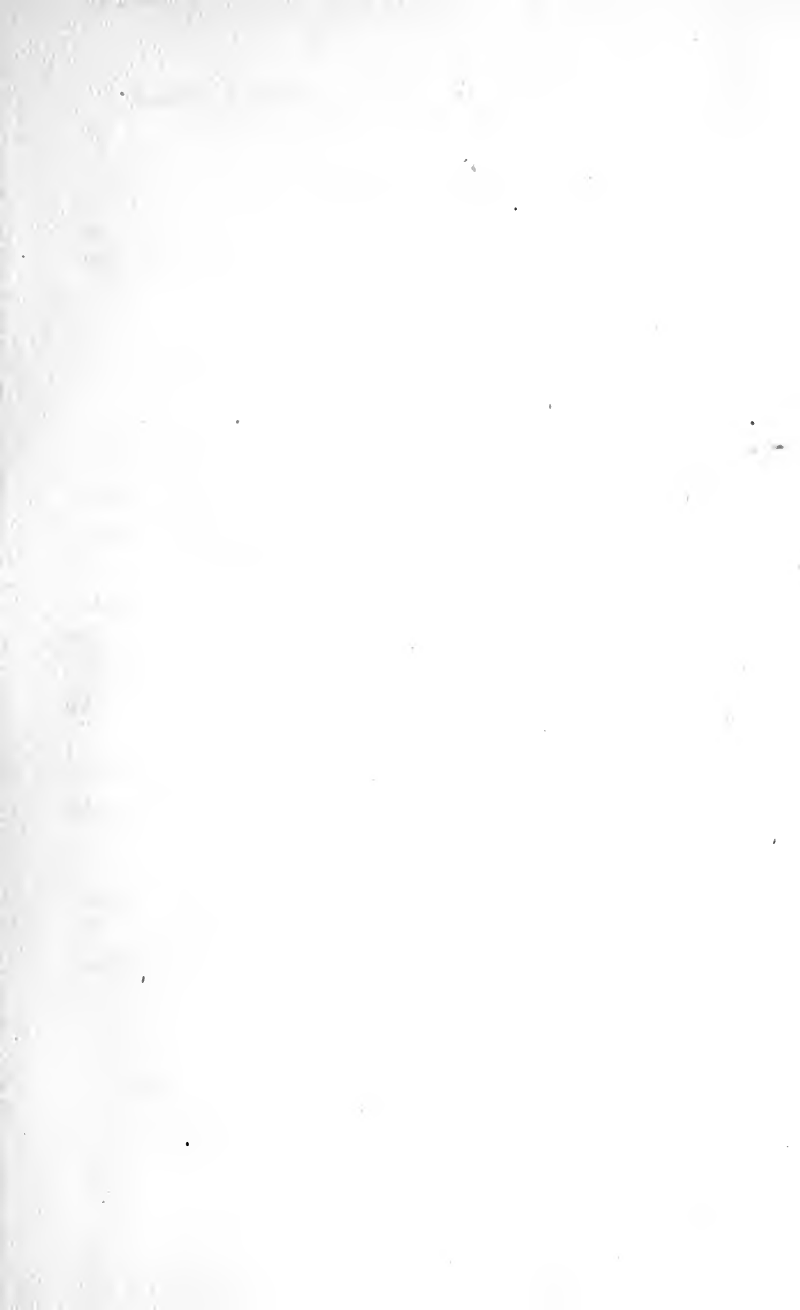

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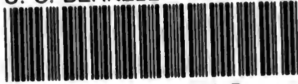

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