THROUGH STARVING RUSSIA

C. L. BECHHOFER

THROUGH STARVING RUSSIA

C. E. Bechhofer has written:

In Denikin's Russia and the Caucasus, 1919–1920

Russia at the Crossroads

and

(with Maurice B. Reckitt)

The Meaning of National Guilds

Translated:

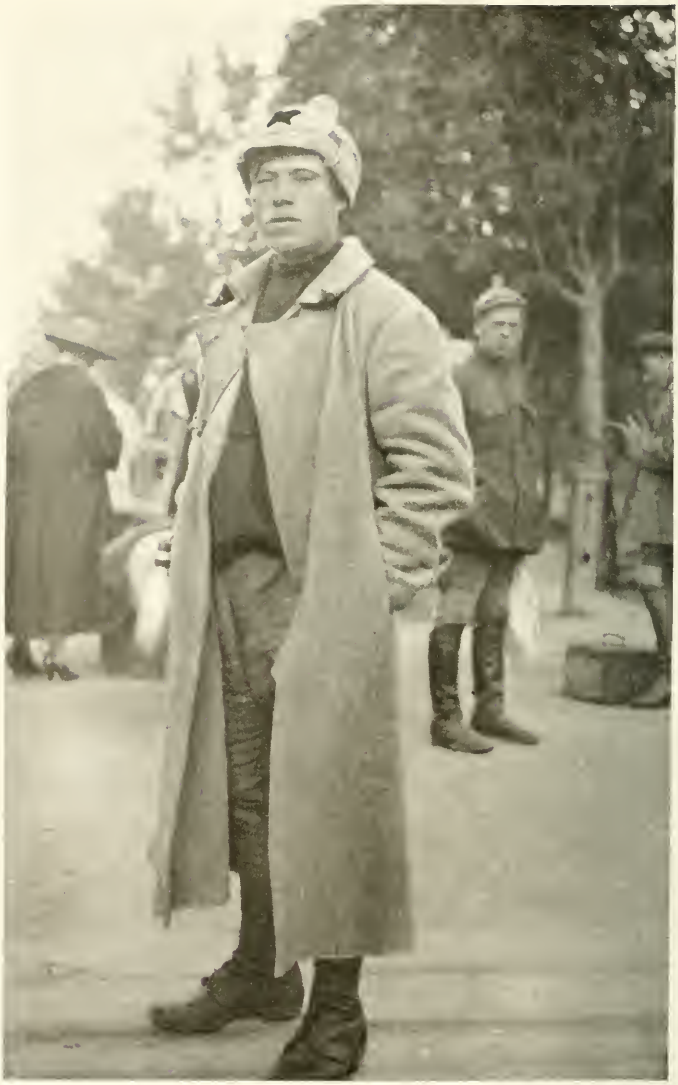
The Twelve, by Alexander Blok

and

Five Russian Plays, with One from the Ukrainian, by Evreinov, Chekhov, Vonvizin, and Lesya Ukrainka

and Edited:

A Russian Anthology in English



TYPICAL RED ARMY SOLDIER. NOTE THE RED STAR ON HIS CLOTH HELMET

THROUGH STARVING RUSSIA

BEING THE RECORD OF A JOURNEY TO MOSCOW AND THE VOLGA PROVINCES IN AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER 1921

BY

C. E. BECHHOFER

WITH FIFTEEN PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

METHUEN & CO. LTD.
36 ESSEX STREET W.C.
LONDON

First Published in 1921

TO

HELEN

AND

BORIS ANREP

CONTENTS

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

INTRODUCTION

IN this book the reader will find an account of a first-hand and entirely independent investigation of the terrible Russian famine. Thanks to considerable previous experience of the country and a knowledge of the language, I was able to cut loose from the guidance and interpretership provided by the Bolshevist Government for strangers in the famine zone, and, as I expected, I found the people in the starving provinces, both officials and civilians, only too ready to welcome anyone who was trying to help them, and to give him every sort of assistance in their power. I was able to satisfy myself that—alas!—not only has the extent of the famine not been exaggerated, but that its horror far exceeds, or must

soon far exceed, even the most deliberately sensational descriptions that have been written of it. It is a calamity more dreadful than any other of its kind that has ever overtaken a European country. Though it has as yet scarcely begun, it is already almost too horrible for comprehension. A huge part of Russia, containing a population of some thirty-five million men, women, and children, has harvested barely a month's supply of food, which is all that they have to support them until next autumn, when the next harvest becomes due. For reasons explained in this book, it is very likely that the 1922 harvest also may be a failure, in which case the extent of the catastrophe will be almost beyond computation. All the European and Asiatic countries bordering Russia may be drawn into the grip of hunger, disease, and disorder.

I went to Riga in August, without the least idea that my journey would take me into Russia. But the opportunity came, and

I took it. The Bolshevist authorities, who at first scouted as absurd the idea that I should ever be allowed by them to enter Soviet Russia, finally decided that I could be relied upon to give a fair and unpartisan account of what I saw in the famine zone—a really remarkable compliment—and gave me permission to go in. I soon decided that officially conducted tours—an amusing example of which, in reference to a gullible English Labour M.P., will be found at the beginning of my second chapter—were not the proper way to discover what the position was ; and, as I have said, I managed to get away on my own. What I saw in the town of Samara, the heart of the famine country, on a journey down the Volga to Suizran on a river steamer, and in the surrounding countryside, will be found described in the second, third, and fourth parts of this book. It will be seen that I had remarkable opportunities to see things for myself without interference, and also that I was fortunate enough to come into

contact with a large variety of typical persons and incidents inside the famine zone.

I happened, moreover, to re-enter Russia just at the moment when the most important political change of the last three years was taking place there. The Bolshevists, after a long and unsuccessful attempt to establish a regime on Communist lines, suddenly decided to scrap the attempt and to revert to what can only be called the orthodox bourgeois economics of private trading and foreign concessions. The immediate effect of this new economic policy has been to turn the whole country in a new direction. Hardly anything remains the same as it was even as recently as in the summer. I think I may claim to be the first who has described the instantaneous results of the new policy upon the life and psychology of the Russian people. These are dealt with fairly fully in my first and fifth chapters, which represent my first and my final impressions of Moscow during this recent journey.

In the fifth chapter also will be found an account of a curious midnight discussion that I had with Chicherine, the Bolshevist Commissary for Foreign Affairs, in which he makes both confessions and claims about the Bolshevist regime that few other Bolshevists would be honest enough to admit. In the same chapter also is included a short review of the present position of literature and the theatre in Bolshevist Moscow.

A portion of this book has appeared in the *Times*, and my acknowledgments are due to the Editor.

C. E. BECHHOFER

77 Parliament Hill
Hampstead
22nd September 1921

THROUGH STARVING RUSSIA

CHAPTER I

THE NEW MOSCOW

A TRAIN runs twice a week from Riga, now the capital of the new state of Latvia, to Moscow. One Monday night I brought my luggage, which consisted principally of food, to the railway station and took my seat in rather a dilapidated but still passable old first-class Russian railway carriage. Besides myself there were three American journalists and one English correspondent, with the last of whom I shared a compartment. I woke up the next day to find myself still in Latvia ; and during the morning I took the opportunity to examine my fellow-travellers. Besides the correspondents there was a German courier with a half-compartment to himself, complaining that the accommodation was scandalous, and

that for the forty-eight "gold" roubles we had paid for our tickets, which is at least three times the pre-War fare, we ought to have been given a better carriage. "A real sleeping car," he said, "goes in on the other train on Thursdays." He was a good fellow and, like the British Commercial Mission courier in the next half-compartment, he gave me valuable information about the state of Moscow to-day. He said that, economically, the position was worse than ever though the political strain has become less. In another compartment was a young Bolshevist official from Lithuania. He was dressed in semi-military dress with high boots, and his face was creased with lines that he evidently hoped would impress us with his proletarian intransigeance and his devil-may-care-ishness. He had a lady with him who was not beautiful. Then came the compartment of the conductor, whom everybody was careful to address politely as "Comrade." During the day he constantly heated a samovar and we gratefully took water from it for our tea. In the compartment next to us were four unclassifiable people, Russians and Germans, whom I supposed to be concession hunters; and, finally, in the last compartment were two Russians

and a Russian American from Detroit, a member, as he announced, of the Communist Party, but also, as his unending conversation revealed, a staunch upholder of the delights and comforts of American civilization. This curious person talked incessantly to his Russian fellow-travellers until three or four o'clock in the morning, apparently instructing them in American politics, for the words "Washington," "American," "Harding," "Detroit," "Hoover" occurred frequently.

At a wayside station, the last stopping place inside Latvia, we all alighted to stretch our legs; we then discovered that Dr. Nansen, the delegate of the International Red Cross, and his mission were in the carriage in front of us. Dr. Nansen was conspicuous by his size and bearing amidst the curious international medley of assistants and secretaries who were accompanying him; he looked like a lion amidst a flock of goats. The way in which some members of his mission trailed themselves before the correspondents, led one of these to remark that we were probably annoying them by not endeavouring to interview them.

"What they want us to do," he said, "is to go up to one of them and say, 'We are correspondents. Please, will you give us an

interview.' Then he will turn round and say : 'No, I cannot give you an interview,' and will walk away happy."

Unfortunately, we were too much occupied with other things to make any approaches.

About noon we reached the Latvian frontier. A letter from the Government saved me from Customs inspection, which in all these countries is much stricter going out than coming in; but some of the other passengers had trouble to show that they were not carrying either food or money into Soviet Russia from Latvia. And then at last we moved forward into Russia. For me it was a solemn moment. For six years I had not been in Moscow, or in any part of Russia actually under the Bolshevist rule ; although I had spent nearly a year in the south in the Denikin days, I felt that this was now the real Russia that I was entering ; I was going again to the centre after having been so long on the circumference.

A little farther on we crossed the small bridge which marks the frontier. We stopped for a few minutes at this point, and I saw the engine-driver hand one of the Bolshevist sentries a small roll of white flour which was gratefully received and immediately eaten, the recipient offering a couple of large ripe apples in exchange for the welcome gift. We

started off again and in a quarter of an hour we came to Sebeja, the first railway station inside Soviet Russia. What did we expect to see? None of us, I think, had any very definite and preconceived notion, but even if he had, it cannot have been quite as unsensational as the truth. Everything was as calm and quiet as could be. There were only a few people on the platform; and, like the station buildings, they were distinguished by nothing except a general air of shabbiness and dilapidation. I walked up and down the platform once or twice and discovered nothing more exciting than that apples were being sold at 400 roubles each. It means nothing that this was equal to £50 in pre-Revolution days, for roubles have long since ceased to bear any fixed relation to other moneys. I had in my bag two and a half million Soviet roubles which I had bought in Riga the day before for £15, but I had no idea what this sum really represented in purchasing power.

We were called back to our train to pass a Customs examination, but the whole Customs staff consisted of a couple of ragged snub-nosed Red Guards and a blue-coated official, who put their heads inside our compartment and took them out again as soon as we said that we were English journalists. Our pass-

ports were already in the possession of the Bolshevist courier. We were told that we should probably have to pass a couple of hours at this wayside station before we moved on, and I descended from the carriage again.

This time I found that a number of people had become interested in us. They were from a long train of trucks which was standing on an adjoining siding. Every truck was full of Lettish refugees and their belongings, who were being repatriated to their own country. They had already been there two days, and I saw them scattered all around the station, walking up and down the road, washing themselves and their clothes in a muddy brook near by, or just sitting and sleeping on the grass. A couple of lovers were lying in each other's arms, oblivious of everything but the occasional scares that their train might go away without them, alarms which brought the refugees running back from wherever they might be. They would scramble up into their trucks, wait there a few minutes, and then, discovering that there was still no engine on their train, they would begin to spread over the countryside again. I noticed two or three rather pretty girls among the refugees, but I decided

that a matter of more immediate importance was to investigate the Soviet arrangements in the station buildings. But Sebeja is apparently not considered an important station, for I could find nothing except a so-called "Agitpunkt," *i.e.* "Agitation Point," where Bolshevist newspapers are kept for the local peasants and railwaymen to read. So I postponed my investigations in this quarter and got into conversation with the three girls. They all wanted me to telephone to their friends in Moscow to say that they had reached the frontier safely and hoped soon to be in Riga. I refused to carry letters with me to Moscow, for fear that this might get me into trouble with the Soviet authorities, but I wrote one of the numbers in my notebook and promised to ring up as soon as I arrived. Then I walked up and down the long sunlit platform with the prettiest of the three, and she gave me a mass of interesting information about Moscow. She was, it appeared, a dancer in the ballet there, while her brother, although not a Communist, was an official of some importance in one of the Soviet offices. She told me that life in Moscow was quiet, shabby and dull, but still tolerable. That is to say, one could just manage to live and to eat.

The Red Terror had ceased, but of course there was no political freedom. Otherwise life was without incidents, except that as a consequence of the new economic policy of the authorities, permitting private enterprise within certain limits, the shops and to some extent the restaurants and cafes were beginning to open up.

While we were talking, her mother came up and drew her away for a moment, to warn her, she afterwards told me, not to talk freely to a stranger. Simultaneously one of my friends gave me the same advice. However, we neither of us considered the other a dangerous person, and we continued to talk, she telling me about Moscow, I telling her about life in bourgeois countries. We once found a mysterious person standing behind us, who seemed to be trying to hear what we were saying. He was dressed in a grey uniform, like some kind of an official, and he had big black glasses and a clay pipe which covered most of his face. Whether he was a professional or an amateur spy I do not know, but a few innocent remarks that I made to my companion about the weather and a fierce stare in his direction seemed to decide him to move away.

I asked a railway official when our train

would start and he told me " in a few minutes, at seven o'clock." But it was now only about half-past three in the afternoon. Noticing my surprise, he explained to me that in Soviet Russia the clock is put on three hours or so in summer to save lighting, so that now it was officially half-past six. I adjusted my watch, and we walked back to the train. A curious Red Guard was standing sentry over our carriage. He was a puny under-sized little fellow with a huge rifle and a ragged uniform, of which the greater part consisted of a tall cloth conical hat with a large red linen star in the centre. He told me that he was twenty-one years old, though I should not have given him credit for much more than half these years. His face was knobbly and cadaverous. Years of malnutrition were probably responsible both for his stature and his general appearance of half-wittedness.

At last, however, our train whistled and we said good-bye. It was getting dark now, and there was little to be seen at the wayside stations that we came to. In the old days the stations would be full of people, and there would be numerous pedlars and often excellent buffets. Now there was no one to be seen but a few soldiers and railwaymen, all

pale, underfed and shabby. The buffets and booths were empty. But the country through which we passed was the same broad beautiful Russia of the old days, a countryside that one cannot see without a strange feeling of latent strength and mystery. The last time that evening that I looked through the window I saw a peasant woman, swathed in a long red shawl, standing on the skyline against the red setting sun. As I watched her, she slowly turned and disappeared into a hut. It was a sight without significance, but to me it recalled so many things from the past when Russia was happy and the War had not happened.

We woke up next day well inside Soviet Russia. There were the peasants tilling their fields in the same stubborn primitive way as ever. The stations were as deserted as on the day before, with a few good-natured but quiet soldiers and railwaymen standing on the platforms. At one station there was a slight uproar, and a few young peasants rushed up with bundles in their hands. But the soldiers on the platform would not allow them to enter our little train of three or four carriages ; they would have to wait for another train. I gathered from their remarks that they had so much trouble

to get permits to travel at all that they ought to be allowed to use any train that arrived. However, they very meekly acquiesced in the orders of the soldiers and we went off without them. At the stations I would stroll up and down reading the innumerable torn proclamations and warnings against disease and disorder that had at some time or other been pasted up by the Agitpunkts, one of which was to be found at every station. But all life seemed without incident, and we looked forward to getting to Moscow.

Punctually at two in the afternoon we reached Moscow and were met by—nobody. There was not a sign of anyone on the platform to tell us what to do or where to go. There was a motor-car for the British courier, another for the Lettish courier, a third for the German courier, and a couple of lorries for the Bolshevist courier, but there was nothing for us. Our luggage was piled on the platform and we waited and waited. We were not the only sufferers, however, for another Bolshevist courier and his luggage were also in the same predicament. Cars and lorries would occasionally come up, but their chauffeurs would have nothing to do either with us or with the Bolshevist courier.

While we waited, an old man in railwayman's uniform began to talk to us. He was leaning against the wall, together with the driver of a broken-down cart that was waiting outside the station. They were both discontented men. The old man told us that life had become intolerable for him, and that the pay he got was "not enough for milk for the cat." He was a grumbling old fellow and we did not take him very seriously. The driver complained that his cart and himself were requisitioned by the government and that he was not allowed to do any private work, and that, worst of all, he was paid by the authorities on piece-work rates, with the result that, as he was at work only two days a week, he got practically no pay at all. Then the porters chimed in with their sorrows, and everybody finished up in the usual post-revolutionary Russian way by praising old times and cursing the present. While the conversation was going on, we had been trying to find a telephone in order to communicate with Weinstein, the head of the Anglo-American department of the Foreign Office, who was, we had heard at Riga, to be our sponsor here in Moscow. At last we discovered that the only telephone at the station communicating with the town

was in the office of the "Cheka"—the *Cherizvichainaya Komissiya, i.e.* the "Extraordinary Commission for Combating Counter-Revolution and Speculation." This at first made us hesitate. We had heard so much of the activities of this huge and all-powerful committee of secret police that none of us wanted to come into contact with it.[1] But we were so tired of waiting that at last I went along to the Cheka Office. I marched through the office into an inner room and asked for the telephone.

"What do you want a telephone for, comrade?"

I explained, and was shown into another

[1] I later discovered a curious similarity between the "Cheka" and the hated old-time Tsarist *gendarmerie.* In the old days there was a branch of the *gendarmerie* at every railway station; its members were responsible only to headquarters, and the local authorities had no control over their actions. It is now exactly the same with the agents of the "Cheka"! This is a striking example of the way in which the revolutionary Bolshevists have modelled their methods upon the very evils which the Revolution of March 1917 sought to root out of Russia.

Not less remarkable, perhaps, is the recent experience of an acquaintance of mine who called on some business or other at the offices of the Petrograd police. He discovered that the very same men were occupying similar positions to those they had held under the Tsar. The explanation is simple. The success of the March Revolution drove them all out of their posts; they immediately looked round for a means of regaining them, and saw it in the Bolshevists, with whom they promptly joined forces. The Bolshevist triumph of November 1917 gave them back their old jobs.

room labelled "Secret Operations Department," where a young man was sitting at a desk. He was in military uniform, had not shaved for days, and was exceedingly grubby. The room was musty and dirty, and seemed to my unpractised eye innocent of anything that could pertain to secret police operations. It seemed to me, in fact, a very ordinary railway waiting-room, as no doubt it was. He allowed me to use the telephone, and I tried vainly to get in touch with the Foreign Office. Nothing happened. Then another man entered, a perfectly typical Russian official, who became extremely friendly when I offered him a cigarette. He shook the telephone decisively and entered upon a long conversation with the girl at the Exchange. She then connected him in turn with three numbers, each of which, judging from the conversation at our end, was anything but that of the Anglo-American section of the Foreign Office. He did get in touch with the Foreign Office once, but was so promptly switched off into a wrong connection with the Kremlin that he had no time to achieve anything. At last he decided upon different tactics. Instead of asking for the Foreign Office, he did what every wise man in Moscow does. He asked

for the " Hotel Métropole," which was the pre-revolutionary name of the building where the Foreign Office of the Bolshevist Government is housed. Almost at once he got through to the Anglo-American Department and I was able to speak with " Comrade Weinstein." I had been warned not to ask for " Mister Weinstein," but either for " Comrade Weinstein " or " Citizen Weinstein." Comrade Weinstein announced that he was glad we had come, and that a car would be sent for us as soon as possible. And so, half an hour later, after two and a half hours of waiting, there arrived a car with a young man with a cloth cap and spectacles, whose unmistakable American accent showed where most of his life had been spent. He invited us " fellers " to accompany him in the car to the Foreign Office, leaving the now thoroughly disgruntled Bolshevist courier, who was a smart young man with excellent clothes, to bring our luggage along with his own as soon as a lorry arrived. We went out to the car and found the chauffeur deep in negotiations with a woman from whom he had just bought some milk. He was a man with a face that could only be described as typically revolutionary. He had high cheek-bones, a curiously receding

forehead and sharp daring eyes. One felt that in any other country, he might have been a great general or a great criminal. It was a curious blend of devilry, audacity and madness. As it was, however, we soon discovered that he was a driver who drove at the highest possible speed and the greatest possible risk to himself and us. At first he demurred at taking more than three of us.

"You were told to take a cab for the others," he said to the young American from the Foreign Office, who had introduced himself to us by the name of Hagen. We were accustomed to hear Foreign Office chauffeurs speak with some respect to Foreign Office clerks, but this was clearly not the rule in Moscow. However, we persuaded the chauffeur to take us all, and off we went breakneck over the cobbles towards the centre of the town. Those of us who had been in Moscow before looked around us with amazement. Everything was so dilapidated, so dirty and so broken. The houses seemed falling to pieces, as indeed a number of them were. The shops were shuttered and barred, the windows broken and plugged with rags or sheets of tin and paper. The doors were hanging from their hinges. And the people, despondent and

unkempt, were in keeping with the rest. After the south of Russia it did not come as a great suprise to me, and somebody said aptly that he was reminded of Lille after the German occupying forces had been driven out. One might have been indeed in a town that had been resisting a long siege, and which had at last surrendered to the inevitable. Soldiers with rifles slouched at the cross-roads. Huge red signs hung on streamers across some of the bigger houses, stating that here was such and such a Soviet institution. To say that the prevailing impression was one of misery would be too much, for there was no such active sensation. Rather one felt hopelessness, dirt, dullness, and slow, slow decay. In the centre of the town we recognized famous streets, now so changed. The Kremlin was there with its beautiful outlines, above which floated a red flag and a few golden eagles, which nobody had yet been found to remove. Arrived at the back door of the Métropole, now the principal entrance of the Foreign Office, we were stopped there, while Hagen explained to one or two attendants whom we were, and got permits from them for us to enter. Then we filed after him up a dark flight of steps and along a passage labelled "Entente Countries

and Scandinavia," until at last we came to the "Anglo-American Department," where we were received by a dark-featured spectacled man with curly hair whose name, it seemed, was Kagan. He, too, spoke English with an American accent, and, like all the others we met in this department, appeared to be actually an American. The language of this department is indeed English, and I rarely heard a word of Russian spoken. His staff consisted of one or two young men like our guide Hagen, and a few dark-featured American girls. Soon we went in to Weinstein. He turned out to be an amiable person with gold spectacles, rather dishevelled and with a cast in his eye. He spoke English excellently with a slight foreign accent. After a few words of welcome, he told us that rooms would be ready for us at the Savoy Hotel, or rather at the house that had used to be the Savoy Hotel, but that we could not enter them until eight or nine o'clock, as they had first to be prepared for us. Meanwhile he asked us what our chief aims were in coming. We told him in a chorus that we wanted to get to the famine area as quickly as possible, and that nothing else interested us to the same degree as this, least of all politics, though we said that we were somewhat

interested in the new Soviet economic policy, which was reintroducing a modified form of private ownership and enterprise. Weinstein now asked permission to put a few questions to us, and made several inquiries about the plans of the American Relief Administration, who had just signed an agreement with the Bolshevist Government, and those of us best qualified to deal with this duly answered. We noticed that Weinstein seemed suspicious of every step that was being taken about Russia and the famine by societies outside, and the American journalists had some difficulty in persuading him that the A.R.A., although its president was Mr. Hoover, a member of the Harding administration, had nevertheless no official connexion with the Government, and was really a famine relief association without *arrière-pensées*. After a while Weinstein found out that we were hungry, and at once made inquiries among his staff about the whereabouts of certain restaurants which were said to have been re-opened recently. Nobody knew where they were, until a young man entered the office who said they were in the Arbat, a street about a mile away. So taking farewell of Weinstein for the moment, we hired a couple of cabs to the Arbat. We had paid the

porters at the station 50,000 roubles for handling our baggage, so we were not surprised when the cabman asked us for 30,000 each cab for the journey. After some haggling we climbed in, and the two cabs drove off at walking pace, with five of us and Hagen piled in. We sat on each other's knees, the cabs being too small to take three passengers comfortably; but there was nothing remarkable about this, as we met other cabs with four and even five people clustered in them. Hagen had tried to induce a Foreign Office chauffeur to take us down in a car, but had met with the usual rebuff which seemed to depress him. We arrived at last at a small corner shop in the Arbat where a few tables were laid out with tablecloths. It was a dreary place, but the proprietress was a good-humoured lady, and we felt that we were in good hands. She offered us the menu, which read as follows:

Soup	6
Roast chicken	20
Beefsteak	18
Sturgeon	18
Rosbif	17
Cucumbers	½
Black bread	1½
Beer	8
Boiled water	2

Coffee . . .	$4\frac{1}{2}$
Ice cream . . .	5
Tea with milk . .	$2\frac{1}{2}$
Plain tea . . .	$1\frac{1}{2}$

We discovered that these prices represented so many thousands of roubles, and translated them into English and American money at a rough exchange of 2d. or 3 cents a thousand. The food was quite good, considering the circumstances, but I had a certain uneasiness in regard to the possible effects upon our health if we ate there, especially in view of the abundance of flies. I looked round at the other diners; they appeared to be chiefly officials and officers, though how they could afford the prices I could not think.

After dinner, the bill for which for the six of us came to a round quarter of a million roubles, we walked back to the Foreign Office. This part of the town was little different from what I had seen on my way from the station. Many houses were in ruins; some had been gutted by fires; heaps of rubble lay upon the pavements; and many of the façades bore the marks of innumerable bullets. At all the corners there were men and women taking advantage of the new economic decrees to sell little slices of sweet-

meats and rolls. Soldiers, too, stood there with two or three lumps of sugar in the lid of a cardboard box as their sole stock in trade. I noticed that as I approached a corner, the nearest vendor would mutter to me in a doleful voice, then the next would take up the burden, and so on to the end of the row, few of them, however, even troubling to lift their eyes to look at me. From their voices one could tell that some of these poor devils were well-educated people to whom the Revolution and its consequences had meant ruin and misery. They might well have been in many cases the widows of army and naval officers whose pensions had ceased with the triumph of the Bolshevists. At one corner I saw a man sitting on the wall with a little bundle of books beside him. I looked at them and found that they included an excellent copy of Johnson's *Dictionary*, an edition of Saintsbury's *English Literature*, and one or two other books of this nature, all in English. I called the attention of one of my friends to them, but he did not hear me. Instead, the owner said to me in good English, "Were you speaking to me?" I was dumbstruck at this spectacle of misfortune and with an apology passed quickly on.

AN OLD GENTLEWOMAN IN MOSCOW SELLING HER POSSESSIONS FOR FOOD

ONE OF THE PEASANTS IN THE FAMINE ZONE AT SAMARA

A detachment of the Red Army passed by, ragged and dirty and very young, all of them with yellow undernourished faces. I saw other detachments that were in better trim and some that were far worse. But at one place I met a number of young officers, presumably cadets, who were dressed in new uniforms and whose swords had smart red tassels and who were a very fine-looking lot of young men. The Red Army seems to be a much mixed assembly of men. I expected that half a dozen foreigners, comparatively well dressed and well fed, would attract some attention in the streets; but few people turned to look at us. Either the foreign concession-hunters and Communist delegates and members of the rare foreign delegations had accustomed the Moscovites to the sight of strangers, or, as is more likely, judging by my memories of South Russia last year, they were too weary to care who passed by.

Arrived back at the Foreign Office we waited in the usual Russian way for half an hour or so, and then Weinstein dispatched us to the Savoy Hotel. We sent over our luggage in a couple of cabs and walked beside them a few blocks till we came to the broken-down house that had once been the Savoy.

Here we were kept waiting another half-hour while the Commandant was searched for. He came at last, and proved to be a middle-aged officer who had lost his voice. He argued at length with our much depressed Mr. Hagen, and at last agreed to receive us, and gave us a room each, which had long since, as we knew, been arranged for by Weinstein. An orderly helped us to carry our baggage to our rooms, which were distributed on different floors. A few minutes later we discovered that the representatives of the Quakers' Relief Society were in the same hotel, and we were soon sitting down to tea with them. There entered an American Jew with a red badge in his buttonhole which showed him to be a member of the Communist party. I went over to him and found that he was holding forth to two of the Americans about the blessings of Soviet rule. He was saying, and I daresay believed, that democracy was the mainspring of Bolshevism. He denied that Soviet elections were "cooked" and made other statements that any informed Communist would have scouted as absurd. I left to go downstairs and telephone to the address the girl at the frontier had asked me to ring up. Much to my surprise I got through in an instant and

was able to cheer up her relatives at the other end by assuring them that she and her mother had passed the worst stage of their journey. Then I walked round the Kremlin in the moonlight and went to bed.

CHAPTER II

IN THE FAMINE ZONE

THE next day, on my way to the Foreign Office, I passed the famous chapel of the Iberian Madonna at the entrance to the Red Square before the Kremlin. There was nearly as great a number of people entering and leaving the tiny shrine as in the old days, and the same string of beggars sought alms from them. Nobody seemed to care that on the wall of the old Town Hall, overlooking the chapel, was a niche where formerly an icon had stood, but where now there was a Bolshevist inscription—"Religion is opium for the people." A little farther on I saw an old woman standing in a recess in the wall in front of an icon, swaying from side to side and murmuring something in a wheedling voice in an obvious attempt to persuade a reluctant Madonna to perform some unusually difficult task for her. She was alternately blowing her nose and weeping into her handkerchief.

At the Foreign Office we waited for the usual half-hour, and then saw Weinstein, who asked us if we were comfortable at the Savoy. Everybody except myself had spent an angry night with the bugs that infested the rooms, but we all chorused: "Yes, thank you," like a lot of schoolboys. Weinstein seemed pleased, and after a little discussion of international politics, in the intricacies of which his mind moved in erratic zigzags, he informed us that everything was being done to get us away quickly to the famine area.

As I left the Foreign Office I found a motor-car outside flying the British flag. It was the car, the solitary car, of the British Commercial Mission, and soon Mr. Hodgson, the head of the mission, came out with Mr. Leigh Smith, his assistant, whom I met in Novorossisk a year or so ago at the height of the rout of the White Army. They invited me to call at the mission, and drove off.

At the corner of the street I met a curious individual hurrying to the Foreign Office. He was dressed in student's uniform, but he had long hair hanging over his shoulders, bare feet, and a huge bamboo staff in his hand: a young man—he was clearly one of

the strange types that is thrown up by a revolution.

I had lunch at another restaurant in the Arbat, where the food was not so good as the day before. Two of my friends tried the dinner that was officially provided for the residents at the Savoy Hotel, and gave me afterwards an unpleasing description of it. It seems to have consisted principally of watery soup, bad fish, beans, and a tea substitute. At the next table to me in the restaurant there sat a Red Army officer, whose arm was covered with various badges and marks of distinction. The Bolshevists, having abolished epaulettes, have simply transferred the officers' insignia to their arms, which I thought was characteristic of most of the revolutionary changes which they claim to have introduced into the country. This officer seemed to me to be behaving in a curious but indefinably familiar manner, but as his back was turned to me I could not make out what was the matter with him until he had paid his bill and rose to go out. Then I recognized another victim of that scourge of post-revolutionary Russia, Napoleonism. Every young Russian officer who is short and inclined to plumpness, always imagines that he is the reincarnation

of Napoleon, and he models his behaviour upon what he imagines to have been that of his hero. This obsession, unfortunately, is not confined to short plump officers. After lunch I walked round to the British Mission, whom I found in a comfortable house in the Povar Street. They seemed comfortable enough, and I envied them and wished I could exchange my quarters in the Savoy for a room in their pleasant little palace. From them I heard that there are still British prisoners in the Soviet gaols, although the Anglo-Bolshevist Trade Agreement was supposed to have led to the release of all of them. An English lady who had, so far as she knew, been guilty of no crime, had just been found in gaol and released, and was leaving for Riga next day. A Russian officer who had been captured by the Bolshevists while leading one of Kolchak's regiments, but who claimed to be a British subject, was also in gaol ; and there was another Englishman, a Communist, who after ten months' work in the Bolshevist Foreign Office had been arrested together with his chief and thrown into prison ; it was a moot point whether he was or was not entitled to the general amnesty for Englishmen.

Weinstein had arranged to see us all at the

Foreign Office at five o'clock, but he was not there when we arrived, and we left after some time a little angry. One or two had the idea that the appointment had been made only in order to keep an eye on us ; though it may be said against this that there was no sign whatever that we were being shadowed when we walked about the streets, as we certainly had expected to be. Much to the disappointment of one or two of the younger journalists, the beautiful Foreign Office sirens, whom they had expected to find attached to them as spies, did not put in an appearance ; in fact we saw few handsome women in Moscow.

At last, after another day or two, we were told by Weinstein that a carriage had been found for us, and that we should go down to the Volga on the Tashkend express on the following evening. Just after he had told us this another English journalist arrived together with an Englishman who introduced himself to us as " Mr. Jack Mills of Dartford," being none other than that member of the British Labour Party. He had driven straight to the Foreign Office from the railway station and, as we were introduced, he stepped up to me and made the following observation, which I reproduce literally :

" There is complete liberty in this country ! As we drove here from the station we passed the Anarchist Club—have you seen it ?—where they are openly selling literature against the Government. After that, how can anybody say that there is not complete liberty in this country ? "

He added that he was not a Communist himself, but fair was fair, and there was, he repeated, complete political liberty in Russia. He said that he was a delegate from the Hands Off Russia Committee and correspondent of the London Labour newspaper, the *Daily Herald.* I asked him if he had actually seen anybody selling the literature of which he spoke, or if he could have read it if he had seen it. He replied in the negative to both questions, and I warmly congratulated the Bolshevist Foreign Office official who had conducted him from the station on the efficient manner in which he was guiding Mr. Mills in the way he should go.

Our journey from Moscow to Samara, which we made in an old dismantled second-class railway carriage, resembled any other journey through Russia to-day. There were five or six journalists ; our official guide, Comrade Gay—a clever journalist who had spent some time in New York and was, in fact, one of the

pleasantest and most intelligent men I met in Russia, to say nothing of his extraordinary ability as a Bolshevist propagandist which became most marked when he was translating other people's statements to Mr. Jack Mills and the other members of the party who did not understand Russian ; and a lady from the Quakers' Relief Association and one or two other people.

I alighted at all the stations to stretch my legs and to get into conversation with strangers. At one station I made the acquaintance of a tall, bandy-legged, black-bearded man with a suspicious Jewish smile, who was conspicuous with his military rain-coat and his Red Army cloth helmet with the usual large red star on it. I was told that he was the political commissar attached to one of the regiments on the Volga ; but he preferred to pose to me as a military commander, and told me a long story of how he had been until 1917 an organizer in the New York Shoemakers' Trade Union and had then returned to Russia and worked his way up from commanding a small detachment from the Cheka to his present position as a general. Suddenly he saw Gay, and the two of them sneered openly at each other. Gay assured me that the

man was a liar ; and the commissar privately warned me to believe nothing that Gay told me about anything.

We were carrying our food with us, but we were able, at one station, to buy some not altogether unappetizing hot potato cutlets. At most of the stations, however, I saw the militiamen harassing people who brought food of this kind and sunflower seeds and apples to sell to the passengers ; without any very obvious reason they would drive them out of the gates, shouting at them and pushing them with the butts of their rifles.

All that day we passed through districts where, far from there being any signs of famine, it was obvious that the harvest had been extremely good. But everybody I spoke to assured me that when I got to Samara the next morning I should see a woeful contrast.

We arrived at our destination fairly punctually early in the morning—the trains in Soviet Russia, when they run at all, run in good fashion. At this point I decided to cut loose from the rest of the party with whom I was. I had no need of an interpreter, and it seemed to me undesirable that investigations into the famine situation should be carried out *en masse* by a body of people

who were bound to attract public and official attention, and thus run the risk of collecting inspired and probably inaccurate information and impressions. I determined to make a journey on my own, taking advantage of every opportunity of extending its scope that might arrive. My decision was a happy one.

Not only did Mr. Gay raise no objection to my plan of making independent personal investigations—though, I am sure, Moscow would never have permitted this, had it known in time—but all along my route I met with nothing but kindness and assistance from all official as well as non-official personages with whom I came in contact. I had found the authorities at Moscow—always extremely suspicious of foreigners no matter how innocent the latters' intention—rather irresolute what attitude to take up on the matter of the famine, and anxious to counter whatever at the moment seemed to them the political capital that they supposed (often incorrectly) was being made at their expense on this account by the outside world. For this reason, I found that while one official would go out of his way to minimize the extent of the famine, another would conceive it his duty to exaggerate the already sufficiently

SAMARA—THE MARKET WHERE THE REFUGEES SELL THEIR LAST POSSESSIONS FOR FOOD

terrible facts. The same phenomenon was to be seen in the Bolshevist newspapers, which one day would print articles describing the worst horrors of the situation, and the next would declare with equal vehemence that the reports were overstated.

I was glad, therefore, to get into touch with the local Soviet at Samara, because I found that they were only anxious to get the truth out, and had no political campaigns to make or to rebut. We found the Soviet waiting for us in an upper room in one of the official houses of Samara, overlooking the Volga. The President was a middle-aged schoolmaster, who was a native of Samara, but had spent most of his life in the Caucasus. He was a man of a pronounced Russian type, with piercing eyes and a straggly beard. He was sitting at a big desk, faced by two huge photographs of Lenin and Trotsky and a number of smaller ones showing the ceremonies in the town on the occasion of the last anniversary of the Bolshevists' accession to power. Beside him sat a couple of ex-workmen, keen men of more than average intelligence and energy, as I discovered when I chatted with them during the duller moments of the conference. A bearded old peasant with a huge red upturned nose and country

dress—a thick blue blouse, tied with a sash round his waist, patched breeches, and high black leather boots—represented, I presumed, the agricultural part of the district, while the purely administrative side was exhibited in the shape of a young man in a blue semi-military uniform, who looked exactly like any other clerk in any other Russian administrative office under any other regime. Every few minutes clerks would enter with documents for signing, in what was clearly the same way that they had entered the office for many years before and since the Revolution. It seemed to me that little had changed here in the provinces from the old times, except that new blood had replaced the old. The suspicious, eagerly propagandist atmosphere of Moscow governmental circles just did not exist here among these simple Russian souls.

The President gave us much information about the state of the province, which was clearly quite as bad as the worst reports had stated. And it was clear also from his statements that adequate relief had not been forthcoming, and probably never would be. It appeared, however, that the harvest had not everywhere been a complete failure; there had in some parts been a caricature

SOKOVSKY, PRESIDENT OF SAMARA SOVIET,
EX-SCHOOL-MASTER

MR. GAY, WHO WAS TO HAVE BEEN THE
AUTHOR'S GUIDE

of a crop, which only mocked the sufferings of the peasantry by postponing the term of their sufferings by a mere week or two. I knew that I must not expect to find everything at its worst; the sensational reports that have been sent out by some eye-witnesses are often simply a description of the worst horrors of the famine, and the writers have not troubled to add the information that these conditions are not universal. The whole matter, however, resolves itself into a mathematical problem: If the peasants, as the result of the annual harvest, which they always reckon upon to support them until the next autumn (to say nothing of supplies for export, seeds, and stores reserved against a day of need), have harvested only what would normally be enough to feed them for a few weeks at most, how long will it be before they die of starvation?

The coming of the winter, with its appalling frosts, the almost certain epidemics of typhus and other scourges, the rush of refugees to the towns—these are all items hastening the coming of the end; while, on the other hand, there has to be taken into consideration the possibility of relief at the hands of the Government and of the American and other foreign relief associations. But I determined

to leave the examination of this problem until I had satisfied myself at first hand of the actual state of affairs in the provinces.

Leaving the rest of the party to make a combined expedition to some villages in the neighbourhood, the inhabitants of which, according to the Soviet President, had already been visited by some Russian journalists and were, in his words, "tired of being looked at," I packed a small handbag and made arrangements to disappear for a few days. First of all, I went for a walk round the town of Samara itself.

I found it as dilapidated as all Russian towns are nowadays. A man with whom I got into conversation in the street complained that nowadays people go into a house, take no care of it, and, when they have reduced it to a point at which it is no longer inhabitable, they desert it for another. As nobody pays rent, the Government departments least of all, nobody cares how often they change their dwellings; one place is as good as another. Certainly Samara reminded me of the ruins of an ancient Indian city which is inhabited nowadays only by nomads and shepherds. The frequent sight of camels in the street, which have come in from the neighbouring Asiatic country, added to this

TARTAR REFUGEES FROM KAZAN

A CAMEL-CART AT SAMARA. EVEN THE CAMELS FEEL THE PINCH

illusion. However, my interest was not with the city nor with its equally dilapidated inhabitants, but with the sufferers from the famine. These are of two kinds—those who are in the early stages of starvation and those who are in extremities. The first class is represented by nearly everybody in the town. Russian men and women have always been pale, but in Samara in this year they seem yellow with under-nourishment. Even the children, who in Moscow are often so well and cheerful—thanks to the one bright spot in the Bolshevist regime, their care for the babies—in Samara are listless and moody, clearly from lack of good food. I passed by one or two "children's homes"—official institutions where children are boarded, lodged, and to some slight degree taught—and looked through the railings of the gardens at the children sitting on the parched lawn in front of the houses. Most of them seemed to be sickly; many had sores on their heads, which were probably due to bad food; and one or two of the more sturdy of the brats were actually chewing sunflower seeds and, for all the world like their parents, spitting out the husks—a diet which, I am sure, is not a healthy one for them. The nurses in attendance on the children, just

ordinary young women without any sort of uniform, looked thin and hungry. Indeed, in conversation with some of them I discovered that they had in many cases not received rations or had a square meal for months, and that their inability and that of the doctors to carry on their work any longer under these conditions, together with the increasing difficulty of obtaining food for the children, were leading to the closure of the homes altogether. This is a bad prospect, as there is little chance of the children's parents any longer being able to look after them.

But these townsfolk are not the worst sufferers. The immediate victims of the famine are the unhappy refugees who have come into the town from the starving villages.

The refugees are clustering in a dense crowd in two parts of the town—in the square near the station and beside the steamer piers on the Volga. They have concentrated in these two places in the hope of being able to travel away through them from the scene of their sufferings. But the transport is insufficient to cope with them, and there hundreds of families remain, waiting hopelessly day after day. The conditions under which they are living are appalling. Their only shelter consists of strips of rags stretched

REFUGEES IN THE STATION SQUARE, SAMARA

from poles to the sides of the carts in which they have transported themselves and their belongings into the town. Usually there is no protection from the sky whatever. In these uncouth tents the whole family is herded together—old men with emaciated bodies and eyes that scarcely are to be seen in their death's-heads of faces, women hardly able to step from one side of the shelter to the other, and children, innumerable children, sitting listlessly on the ground, too exhausted to move, to talk, or to play.

There is one story common to all these hundreds of people. All through the summer they have watched their soil harden to stone under the rays of the terrible sun, and the few scattered shoots which had pushed their heads through it blacken and perish. They have been living on the tiny remnants of the last year's harvest—which also, it must be remembered, was a failure—eked out with all kinds of surrogates—acorns, bark, lime-tree leaves, pigweed, clay, insects beaten up into a paste, even animals' droppings—anything that will hold a modicum of flour together and cheat them into imagining that they are eating something. Then, when at last every morsel of flour went and there was no longer hope of any harvest this year—for it is by no

means everybody who has gathered in even an infinitesimal crop—they have sold everything that they could find a purchaser for and determined to migrate to some more favoured part of their country. They have got absurdly small prices for their possessions. A horse fetches in the starving villages scarcely the price of a week's supply of flour for an average family. The refugees then harness their last horse to their last cart, pack their few remaining pots and pans and their little store of money in it, lift up the children and the invalids, and set out for the towns, imagining that they will be able to go from there to the fertile soil of Siberia, Tashkend, or even the legendary realms of the "Indian Tsar." Most of them, by the time they decide to go away, are already so exhausted by long months of semi-starvation that they are no longer fit to make the journey, even if it were possible to find a place for them on the crowded and infrequent trains. So they settle down in the open spaces near the station and the piers and gradually use up their little store of money. When this has gone, and it does not last many days, so enormous are the town prices, they sell their horse and then, one after another, the few clothes and chattels that they have brought with them. And all

the time they grow thinner and thinner ; and some of them die and the rest get ready to follow them. On their faces is absolute despair. They are enforcedly idle, nor could they do any real work if it were offered them, for they are already past their strength. They live like brutes ; everything that is human in them is lost in this terrible, slow, public waiting for death.

I get into conversation with them, and they reply without surprise, without resentment.

" One of my children died yesterday," says an old peasant, almost without looking up at me ; " another one died three days ago. We shall all die soon."

The rest of his family look at him without any expression, as if what he is saying is the most natural thing in the world. They have all reached the stage at which it is impossible for them to feel any emotion about their own or anybody else's fate. They are, just as they say, waiting to die.

There are a few, a very few among all those hundreds, who are making one last effort to drag themselves out of this terrible situation. I meet a Tartar soldier, conspicuous with his Mongolian features, sitting with a woman and a boy of the same race and talking eagerly to them. Offering him a cigarette, I sit down

beside him and question him. He has come down the river from Kazan, he tells me, where things are much worse even than here.

He speaks of mothers killing their children that they may not watch them slowly die of starvation, and of others who have thrown their babies into the Volga and drowned them ; of others again—and these are more frequent—who have not the heart to kill their children, but who, unable either to succour them or to endure the sight of their sufferings, have simply abandoned them to fate, and themselves have fled, no one knows where. The Tartar tells me a still more horrible tale of a mass suicide, which he says is not an isolated incident. A whole Tartar family assembled in their house, and the oldest man lit the stove and closed all outlets for the smoke and fumes, with the result that the whole of them, men, women, and children, were suffocated, and their corpses cremated in the house, which at last caught fire.

Typhus, which one had not expected until the winter, has already broken out there, he says, hard on the heels of the cholera epidemic that raged all the earlier part of the summer until the failure of the fruit crop and the drying up of the streams removed the chief channels of its spreading. He tells me that

he is a soldier in the Red Army and is on his way back to Tashkend to rejoin his regiment. But he has brought his wife and his young brother with him from Kazan, thinking to take them with him and save them from the famine. And now he cannot get a permit for them to travel with him on the train. He does not know what he will do at last—whether he will stay with them to the end, or leave them to their fate and go alone to Tashkend and safety. Meanwhile he is hoping that somehow or other he will be able to save all the three of them. But, like a doctor who sees the traces of a disease in an unwitting patient's face, I can see that the boy at least has not long to live. Even if he were to get on board a train the same day, it seems doubtful if he would ever reach Tashkend alive. For his stomach is protruding with the hard swelling that is due to the eating of bad food; the clay ingredients of the refugees' bread are death for the children. I can only wish them luck and pass on.

A noise behind me makes me turn round and I see a little procession of a dozen carts, drawn by skeleton horses and piled high with the ragged bundles of the people who are riding in them. No gipsies in any country were ever so dirty, so tattered, and so obvi-

ously impoverished and undernourished as these people. I make inquiries from one of the men who, begrimed and footsore, are leading along the horses, scarcely daring to pull the bridles for fear the beasts should fall and die. It turns out that these are the survivors from the once prosperous villages of Ukrainian colonists who settled in the fruitful Volga provinces generations ago and who are now trying to make their way back to their own country. A journey of several months lies before them. It is not to be expected that the peasants along their route will welcome these travellers; indeed, judging by the present state of people and animals, it seems to me doubtful that many of them will succeed in reaching the end of their long trek.

I walk through the town towards the Volga. Before I have gone a hundred yards I come across a man lying across the pavement and groaning terribly. He is in the last stages of starvation, and has clearly but a few hours, if even that, to live. A little farther along is a still more horrible sight. The motionless body of a woman lies huddled up under a fence. Beside her sit two little skeletons of children, mere bundles of bone and skin with feverish eyes. There is no longer anyone to succour these orphans.

I come at last to the filth, the stench, and the flies of the banks of the Volga, which is this year many feet below its usual level. Here are thousands more of the refugees camping in the same horrible conditions. Some have come here from the villages in the hope of getting away by boat; others have arrived from the very places where the first wish to go. The whole position is chaotic. There is no road to safety, and the movements of the refugees, as long as they are any longer capable of journeying, are without plan, and merely serve to hasten the evil term of their sufferings. The only refugees who can be said to have a real plan are the Ukrainian and German colonists, who set out in long caravans of carts to trek back to the country of their forefathers.

You can see any day at Samara or in the other towns of the famine region the corpses of men and women—perhaps I saw four or five every day in Samara during the time I was there—who have died of starvation, sometimes, as their dying struggles and groans showed, in terrible pain, and the added agony of disease.

On one of the piers which serve the river steamers I met a sailor who was remarkable in that his clothes were clean, and his face

still more or less as one remembered ordinary human faces in more usual conditions. I spoke to him, and soon he told me all about himself. A few years ago he was a clerk in a Petrograd establishment. At the outbreak of the War he was conscripted and joined the submarines of the Baltic fleet. After the break-up of the navy under the Bolshevists, he went to Moscow, and there his general smartness got him a post of some responsibility in the Naval Department. But a few months ago he was transferred to the boat which is serving as a floating Courthouse on the Volga. Cases of crime and treason committed by captains and sailors of the Volga fleet are tried on this boat, and he is one of the chief clerks. He told me that for a long time now neither he nor his mates have received an adequate ration from the Government ; his monthly pay is, of course, barely sufficient to buy enough food for a couple of days. I asked him how he lived, and he replied simply, " We all live by speculation." When his boat, or any other of the Volga steamers, goes down the river to Astrakan, the crews buy up quantities of salt, or water-melons, and other articles of this kind, which they sell when they return to the north. In this way they are just

STARVING PEASANTS ON THE BANKS OF THE VOLGA—WATERMELONS THEIR CHIEF FOOD

able to keep body and soul together. But when the Volga freezes, as it probably will in the middle of November, and navigation ceases, he said he did not know what would become of him and all the others. "I suppose we shall die," he said mournfully, "like everybody else."

I found him a very fine type of man—the Russian sailors have always been among the best of their countrymen in intelligence and vigour—and I was very glad when he consented to come and have a meal with me in one of the small fly-infested restaurants which are now reopening in Samara as one result of the Government's new economic decrees permitting certain minor forms of private trading. I might have expected him to eat ravenously, had I not already learned, both in Russia and elsewhere, that for people who have been for some time in a state of semi-starvation, food has no great attraction. However, he ate well, and, returning with me afterwards to the station, he gratefully took away with him a chunk of cheese that I was able to give him. His story was less horrible than that of the refugees I had been talking to, but it was not less poignant.

At the Samara Soviet I had met a Red Army commander, with whom I became on

friendly terms, and he invited me to accompany him down the Volga on a boat. I accepted, and late one evening I went off to his rooms, anxious to visit other portions of the famine area.

The scenes on the quay at Samara are witnesses to the famine horror of the Volga provinces. The old Bolshevist rule, that tickets for the steamers could be obtained only by persons in possession of special Government permits, has just been relaxed, and anybody may buy tickets who can afford them. But the prices are enormous.

Soviet money, with its now smallest practical units of a thousand roubles, has little meaning for the outside world. But for the Russian, who receives perhaps 4000 roubles a month—a high official may, of course, receive much more—there is something terrible in the fact that his month's pay barely suffices for a day's, or in extreme cases a week's, sustenance. The fares on the steamers appear to run from a few thousand roubles for a short journey upwards so that the peasants who are waiting to buy tickets for the steamer are more or less wealthy people : that they are millionaires in Soviet money is doubtless the rule. But they are ragged and half-starved, and

altogether terrified by the dangers of hunger and disease that encompass them. There they are in their crowds on the quay, fighting for a place in the queue at the booking office, where they are taking tickets for places up and down the river at which they imagine that there are food and safety or where they have once lived or sojourned, or where they have relatives who, they fondly hope, are more happily situated than themselves and will not grudge them a share in their food and shelter. Every now and then a peasant breaks away from the head of the line and runs back to his family with the coveted ticket in his hand. They are men of all types. There predominates the pure Russian peasant type—tall, bearded, blue-eyed, clad in a sheepskin coat with the fur turned inside, patched breeches, and sometimes long leather or felt boots, but more often thick woollen leggings and shoes of pleated wicker. But there are also many Mongolian types, Tartars and other local strains, the descendants of the hordes who in distant ages invaded this country and made their home here. And there are many peasants in whose faces one sees traces of centuries of mixed breeding—Russian men with Tartar women, and Tartar men with Russian women.

I watched one old man, a mixed type, running off to where a few women and boys and an assortment of bundles represented his people and possessions in the midst of the general crowd and chaos. He waved the ticket in the air and caught up a huge, corded sack which he struggled under with difficulty as he carried it towards the gangway. His sons, mild, smiling boys, whose faces had the almost idiotic, half-witted look of peasant youths who have been thrown out of their usual environment, grappled with others of the heavy bundles. To my amazement I saw some of the smaller bundles moving by themselves, as it seemed, in my direction. As I looked at them more closely in the dim light of the kerosene lamp that was the only illumination of the crowded quay, I saw that they were little children swathed in all that was left of their wardrobes. Their mothers and sisters clutched some of the remaining bundles, and half dragged, half guided the children to the gangway. There was a long pause as the father tried to produce his ticket to the examining sailors without letting go of the gigantic bundle he was carrying, and at last he went forwards into the bowels of the boat like a cork expelled from a bottle. The others swarmed up the gangway after

him, squealing and wailing. Finally they were all settled down in the stern of the vessel, wedged tight with their children and bundles in a jam of other refugees. It is no wonder, to one who sees how they travel on these boats, that this should have been the most dangerous means of carrying cholera from place to place during the summer.

Other peasants got their tickets and rushed into the boat, and I went and stood on the quay to watch them. There was a lean, lank peasant there who was reflectively rubbing his back against a post, just as a pig rubs itself against the side of its sty. I waited until he had gained a little respite by this means from the vermin which were annoying him, and then I got into conversation with him. I asked him where he was going to.

"Nowhere."

"Why not?"

"No money.

"Where are the others going to?"

"Anywhere. Everywhere. They don't know themselves. Wherever their eyes turn!"

I asked him if it is true that the villages are emptying and the peasants streaming away to the towns and the rivers in the attempt to find a place where there is food.

He told me that this was more the case in the spring and early summer, when the famine first became acute. Thousands went away, he said; but many had remained, despite the tropical weather conditions that promised ruin for the crops, because they still hoped that some change for the better might take place. Now, he said, they had collected a tiny harvest from their wasted fields—often only a tithe of the grain they had used as seed—and this had, for the moment, held up the panic-stricken flight. But in his village, he said, the houses were closing up, as one by one the families went away. He himself had sold his house for food in the early part of the summer. "I ate my house," he expressed it.

I asked him if it is the case now that the peasants are selling their houses and horses to the rich men of the villages, the so-called "fists," or usurers.

"Who'll buy nowadays?" he replied, with a laugh. "The 'fists' are beggars themselves now. Who'll buy a house when you can't get food to eat if you live in it? And who wants to have to feed a horse?"

He laughed in a manner that had a touch of madness in it, and I wondered if he was one of the survivors of the typhus epidemic

which decimated Russia last winter, and which may return with much greater force. So I asked him about the typhus and confirmed my guess.

"We died like flies—yes, just like flies. But what does it matter?—typhus, cholera, scurvy, hunger; we shall all die now."

And he recommenced his fruitless endeavour to obtain some relief from the disease-carrying pests that were tormenting his emaciated body.

At last the boat whistled, and I went on board. We drew away from the quay, followed by the hungry eyes of those who could not afford to travel or had been too late to get tickets. But the vast mass of the refugees, sunk in their misery and pain, did not even look up. We turned round and headed down-stream, and were soon moving along with the current at a rate of not far short of twenty miles an hour.

The Volga, greatest of European rivers, stretched far away before us. Its banks, higher than usual out of the water, rose gently into a mass of foliage which the drought had already turned from green to yellow. The setting sun was reflected in iridescent ripples upon its waters, and there was that air of calm immensity that is so

characteristic of this most Russian of all landscapes. The boat was full of travellers of every class, all of them in greater or lesser stages of impoverishment. The lower decks were chockablock with the fleeing peasants. The upper decks, which had once been the promenades of holiday-seeking Russian aristocrats, were covered with miscellaneous rugs and bundles in the midst of which lay their fortunate owners. I walked round the deck once or twice, but the number of people lying down across them was so great that I gave up the attempt to get exercise, and I entered the saloon to find my friend, the Red Army commander.

The inside of the boat was unpleasant from the stench and dirt that pervaded it. And yet it was better than I had expected. Somehow or other, there seems to be a better system of supervision for these river steamers than for other means of transport to-day in Russia. Formerly, it is true, the steamers ran every two or three hours; to-day there is a service up and down stream twice a day, and this seemed to me, under present conditions, a miracle of organization. Recently somebody decided that, as the boats were the worst carriers of disease, it would be a wise move to strip

them of all the cushions and cloths that were in the cabins. He was probably well advised, but the boats are now as bare of comfort as a raft. The insects remain, and I found my friend gazing distrustfully at the two bare benches in our cabin where we were supposed to sleep. I followed his glance, and we at once decided that, whatever else we did, we would not sleep in the cabin. So we routed out an officer of the boat and suggested to him that he should open the room which had, in the old days, been the dining saloon but was now a propagandist library (usually kept locked), and let us rest in there. After a little argument he opened the door, and we entered. A few scores of badly printed Bolshevist pamphlets and a few cheap pre-war reprints of popular literature were all that was contained in the "library." We pushed them aside, and, setting out our provisions, called in two of our friends. Before I come to them, however, I had better describe my friend, the Red Army divisional commander.

I had first noticed him at a meeting of the Samara Soviet. There he had been conspicuous among the group of decent but rather wordy ex-schoolmasters and ex-workmen who comprised it by his freedom

of manner and intelligent look. He had the appearance of an English farmer—he was a man of about thirty, clean-shaven, with short hair and small side-whiskers; a firm nose and chin and an infectious yawn whenever any of the others became more than usually eloquent were also characteristic of him. All his life, he told me, he had wanted to be a soldier; at school he had studied tactics and generally prepared himself for a military career, but his application for admission to one of the training colleges had been refused, because "we do not admit sons of peasants." So he had joined the Army willingly when the time for his compulsory service came, and he had never forgotten the insult. He had risen to commissioned rank when the Revolution came, and his joining of the Red Army after the Bolshevist triumph brought him a higher command. A natural capacity for military work soon led to his getting higher and higher posts, until at last against Denikin and Koltchak he and his brother both were given regiments. His brother was taken prisoner by Denikin, and my new friend begged me, with tears in his eyes, to try to find out if he were still alive and at Constantinople. At the end of the civil war

he became a divisional commander, his present rank. He was also the president of the Soviet in the town where his headquarters were, and he warmly pressed me to stay on the steamer and see how the place was administered. In this invitation he was joined by his two companions—one an ex-workman, an elderly man with dark eyeglasses and a dogmatic mind, who was the head of the local branch of the Communist Party, and the other a simple typical Russian provincial, who was the representative of the local co-operatives, now, of course, under Government control.

We all sat down in the saloon and made a good meal of the food we had brought with us and some few trifles that the boat was able to provide. Then the commander, who explained that he was a soldier, and could not abide the puritanism of his Government, brought out a bottle of weak vodka—a new Soviet decree permits the sale of drinks up to 14 p.c. of spirit—and we all—even with some misgivings, the Communist leader—drank it. Then the two civilians lay down on a bench to sleep, and the commander and I chatted through the night, until, striking an egotistical vein, he began to talk of himself and Napoleon—the common post-

revolutionary Russian *idée fixe*—and the many things they had in common. However, I managed to stall him off and made him talk of the famine in his district, and tell me to what extent, if at all, it was due to the requisitions that the Red Army had made in the previous year. He admitted that his troops had requisitioned brutally and without regard to the needs and supplies of the peasants. He declared—what I take to be the truth—that the Red Army had had to get corn for themselves and the towns, and, the only way being to take it by main force, they had used this method without there being any organization in existence which could have told them how much they could safely take without ruining the peasants. He admitted that they had plundered the peasants' stores,—I spoke of a peasant who had told me that out of the 300 poods that he had harvested last year, 240 had been taken by the Red Army,—but he claimed, had the present year's harvest been of even average dimensions, the peasants would have been able to re-establish their stocks, especially since requisitioning is now illegal. This also, I think, is true.

He told me also that not all the peasants are taking their misfortunes calmly. Many

bands of robbers are forming along the Volga, rather after the style of the notorious "Green Guards," who, under Makhno and other leaders, have harried the south of Russia during the last four years. The part of the river we were now sailing on was, he reminded me, the reputed haunt in older times of such redoubtable pirates and outlaws as Stenka Razin, and Pugachov. Their example, he foresaw, and I agreed, was likely to be followed pretty extensively during the coming winter among those peasants who were not content to lie down with their neighbours and die. Even if the towns starved—which is likely enough—the peasants will always believe that there are stores of food there, and they may make sporadic attempts to raid them, plundering as they go.

Every hour or so we would pull up at a landing-place, and would see the usual crowd of refugees; some eagerly crowding on board to sail to Tsaritsin and Astrakan, incredulous that these towns too were in the grip of the famine, and would give them a more than cold reception, the others wearily sitting and waiting for death by starvation to carry them out of the world. There were a few more terrible sights. I remember a distraught mother, screaming over the dead body of her

baby and cursing a peasant family, which was sitting near and eating its last crust of bread, for hoarding food when she and her child were starving. The neighbours did not trouble to tell her that they too were at their last gasp; they simply ignored her and her sorrow.

Some of the refugees had a cow or two left of their old herds. These were all out together in a neighbouring meadow, guarded by some of the children. At one pier that we came to we found the place in commotion. One of the boys had run in to say that a cow had been stolen by robbers. The men had gone off to see what could be done, and the women and children were all talking at once, complaining of their loss. It seemed from their lamentations that this was of almost daily occurrence.

While we were waiting for the steamer to move, I saw a horrible thing. Three men were sitting on the top of a low shed eating water-melons. The side of the shed was filthy with dirt and excrement. As they ate their slices of melon they threw the rind into the dirt, and, unseen by them, a little boy would come and pick it out and chew it ravenously. Not far away were women selling rolls of bread and large but unpleasant-

REFUGEES ON THE BANKS OF THE VOLGA WITH THEIR LAST EMACIATED COW

looking sausages ; the hungry child looked at them, and they at him, but at such a time nobody can help anybody else. Besides, such sights as these are commonplaces all through the vast famine area.

At one pier I learned a curious fact. When the refugees from the villages have sold their last horse and cow, speculators approach them and invite them to sell their spare clothes. Indeed, not only the peasants but the townsfolk also are pressed to get rid of their clothes. These are then carried off by the speculators to the east, where corn is plentiful but manufactured goods are extremely scarce. There they exchange these clothes for flour, which they bring back to the famine district, making a handsome profit at both ends. In this way, I was told, Siberia was clothed last year at the expense of the hungry Volga provinces, while this year it is the turn of Tashkend to profit. As for the speculators, they buy up diamonds, and such stocks and shares as are still being kept by their previous owners in the hope that they will one day be of value again, and carpets, and furs, and in fact every kind of article that has an intrinsic value. I had not been in Samara, for example, a couple of hours, before a tall Tartar in a greasy fur

coat and hat came up to me with his hand extended. While we shook hands, he whispered confidentially in my ear, "Do you want to buy a fine consignment of caviare?" I told him that I had absolutely no idea of buying caviare, and he then said, "Diamonds, perhaps?" He was such a friendly and confidential old gentleman that it took me some moments to realize that he was an impudent speculator, the pest of Russia ever since the Revolution. But when I did come to this conclusion we parted hastily.

On the boat I made some inquiries about the state of Volga transport, a vital question in regard to the possibility of bringing relief to the famine refugees. As a result of my inquiries and my own observation, I am inclined to think that the position is critical, and that, while certainly it is not yet hopeless, in the normal course of events the Volga transport service will probably soon break down. The crews are dependent, as has been mentioned above, on what they can make by speculation; but already it is becoming difficult for them to get food even when their speculations are successful. Some of them have already deserted from their boats, especially those, of course, whose route does not take them to the south. Meanwhile

the fuel question is acute. The Baku oil supply appears to be satisfactory only on paper, and I heard ominous rumours that an oil shortage is imminent. If immediate measures were taken to remedy these two dangers, by giving the crews rations and the back pay that has been owing to them for some months, and by guaranteeing the supply of oil up the river, the position could be saved until the Volga freezes in November. When it becomes navigable again in April, it will perhaps be possible to lay in fresh stocks of oil for the summer ; but the crews will need rations all through the winter if they are to be relied upon to work next year.

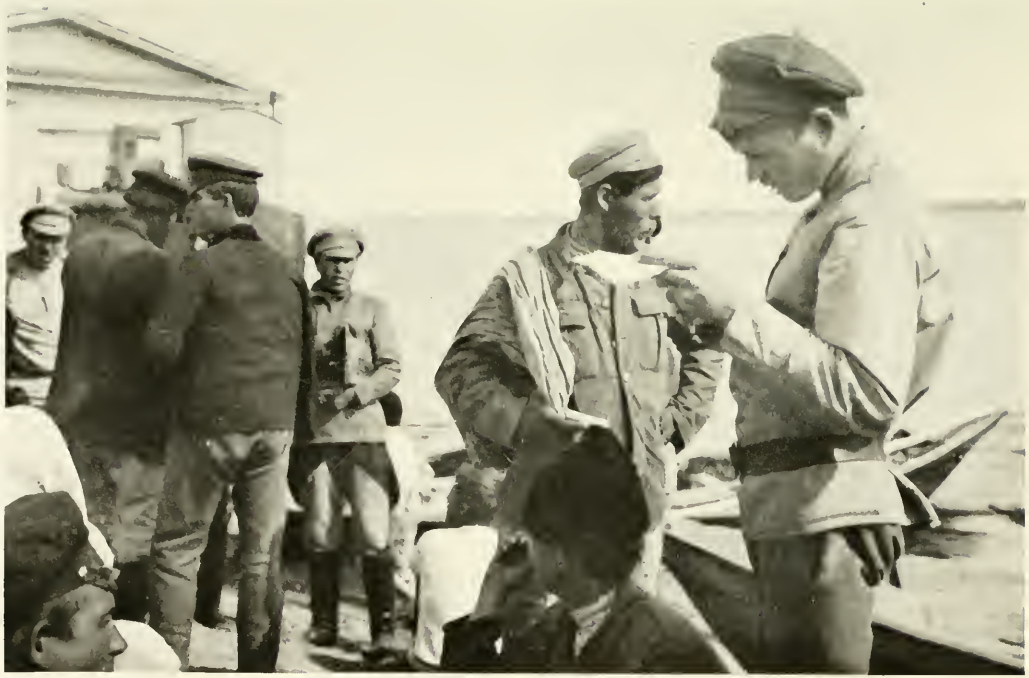
And it must be remembered that the famine on the Volga is going to be far worse next year than it is now, or will be in the next few months, terrible though it is already.

CHAPTER III

A STARVING VILLAGE

I ARRIVED at Suizran on the river steamer early one morning, and at the pier I engaged a cab to take me into the town, which is about three or four miles away from the main stream of the Volga. Whether the little boy whom I engaged to drive me was a refugee I do not know, but he was living amongst them in one of the ramshackle wooden shelters that stood on the cliff overlooking the river. I followed him up the sandy river bank, and waited on the top while he found his horse and cajoled it into letting him harness it.

The sun was just rising, and the light reflected on the waters led to queer visual delusions ; in one place where the river was rather broader, the water seemed to be standing up in the air in defiance of all probability. My boy got his horse between the shafts at last, and off we went over the sandhills towards Suizran. Our road lay up and down



BOLSHEVIK SOLDIERS EXAMINING PAPERS OF REFUGEES FROM FAMINE VILLAGES. THE VOLGA IN THE BACKGROUND

the dunes ; either the horse was straining in the shafts, climbing up almost perpendicular heights, or else we were tearing down them, to the great danger of ourselves and the crazy old vehicle we were riding in. After a time we came to the Little Volga, which is the channel through which the spring floods flow when the Volga frees itself from the ice, and crossed it by a temporary wooden bridge. In spring the river steamers run up the Little Volga on their way to Suizran, but in the summer they berth at the Rakov Island, where I had landed.

Suizran soon came in sight. It had the appearance almost of an Oriental city, with its white buildings and churches with many cupolas, like Mohammedan minarets. The charm of the town, however, evaporated as we came nearer to it, and it disclosed itself as a more than usually dreary Russian country town. The usual dinginess and dilapidation were evident ; there was the usual monotony of windows broken or plugged with rags, of doors hanging open or tied up with rope-ends, of gutters and slates lying loose on the roofs, and of broken pavements. Suizran appears to consist of one main street, which, as in most Bolshevist towns, rejoices in the name of " Soviet Street." A few roads of

houses lie in various other directions, but it was obvious that the main activity of the place is concentrated in this one long thoroughfare, with its two rows of houses and shops, the latter mostly locked and barred, although a few booths are opening on the strength of the new economic decrees permitting "free trade."

The town, or large village, or whatever one is to call it, is as quiet and dull as such places are nowadays in Soviet Russia—it cannot be said that they were very bright even in the old days—and there are few people in the streets. As I drove in, a few officials, chiefly clerks and minor fry of that kind, were walking to their work with the usual hang-dog look of men who have all their lives served disagreeable masters. Some ragged soldiers, with large red stars on their curiously-shaped cloth helmets, slouched at the corners, and a few of the ordinary inhabitants were going slowly about their affairs. It was altogether a depressing place. The only brightness was given by one or two couples of young people in the faded survivals of what had once been smart clothes, who were talking to each other with something like the old Russian vivacity. I noticed that all the young women had

bobbed hair, except those—not a few—who had their heads completely shaved—most, I suppose, as a result of or a precaution against disease, and a few, perhaps, with the aim of looking as masculine and uncompromisingly Bolshevist as possible.

I told my little cabdriver to take me to the local Soviet, and we came at last to a building which bore some large but faded red streamers which announced what it was, and incidentally called to the proletariat of the world to unite and burst their chains, and so on. Suizran being essentially an agricultural district, I was not surprised to find the yard of the Soviet building full of agricultural truck, which another set of streamers proved to be under the charge of the local peasants' organization. I walked into the house, past a dirty porter, and, following his directions, I went upstairs and knocked at the door of the secretary's room. The secretary proved to be a young man from Petrograd, who showed himself unexpectedly alert and helpful. In a few minutes he had shown me where to get a wash and a brush-up, and then he took me to the President of the Soviet. This was an ex-officer named Kozlov, who was now in command of the local Bolshevist military forces, or was an

agitator attached to them—I could not clearly establish which. I asked him if he could give me any authenticated statement about the famine in his district, and if he would assist me to go out and see the villages for myself. Like the secretary, the President was a man of real energy, and I had to confess that the men in the new provincial administration in rural Russia compared very well indeed with those whom I recalled in Tsarist days.

Kozlov showed me his reports from the sub-districts under his care. In all of them things were very bad; in every case the harvest had almost completely failed, and the population were living on whatever they could contrive to bake into their bread, together with their scanty supply of flour. In every sub-district also, deaths due directly or indirectly to famine had been reported. The average yield over the whole district per acre has been this year less than one-twenty-fifth that of normal times. In the summer some thirty thousand of the peasants migrated; and the President told me that he had every reason to suppose that at least a third of the total population were now ready to go. This represented almost the whole of the rural population, the rest being townsfolk.

Kozlov suggested that I should drive out to a village that lay some distance away from the town, in order that I might see the average state of things in the countryside. There were, he said, other villages in a still worse state, but they were practically inaccessible. He told the secretary to accompany me. It was now about ten o'clock, and I heard the secretary telephone to the local head of the transport for a carriage. It appeared that the administrative district of Suizran has not a single automobile within its frontiers, despite frequent applications to Moscow for one for official work. The head of transport promised that a carriage would be sent round at once, and I waited in the President's office.

In a few minutes there entered two men, both of whom, one could tell from their manners, were city people. They were friends of Kozlov's, however, and he introduced them to me as members of the travelling Court which was trying serious offences in the Simbirsk province, of which Suizran is a part. One of them was a Russian of the ordinary intelligent type, with a hint of the officer in him ; but the other was an amazing person, who bore a distinct resemblance (which I suspect he was trying to cultivate) to the usual portraits of the poet Pushkin. He had

a mop of dark, curly hair, and one solitary side-whisker on his right cheek. He behaved like a madman, with accessions of excitement and gesticulation. After they had spoken to Kozlov for a few minutes, the one calmly, the other at the top of his voice, they excused themselves and hurried off to attend a meeting of the local branch of the Communist party, which had, I suspected, no small interest in the conduct of the cases that were to come before them.

After I had waited an hour and a half, I ventured to go into the secretary's room and inquire how our carriage was getting along. He rang up again, and was again told that it was just coming. The secretary pressed the other man for a more definite statement, and he promised the carriage for about an hour's time. I suggested that I would go out and get myself some food, as I had not as yet eaten anything that day, and the secretary recommended me the "Hermitage" restaurant, which was, he said, near by. I walked up the long main street in the direction he had indicated, and soon came to an overgrown wilderness of a garden, which rejoiced in the name of the "Hermitage," and where some tattered posters showed that a Proletarian Theatre had given a few performances not

many weeks previously. But the restaurant was shut. So I walked up the street in search of other restaurants. I came to a small and incredibly dirty shop which announced lunches and dinners, but one sniff inside the doors sent me off along the street again, pursued by some of the flies whom I had unwittingly released from their breeding haunts. I had much the same experience in two or three other self-styled " restaurants," and at last I gulped down a glass of tea and half a piece of bread and butter in the least dirty of them and hurried out. I was afraid that I might keep the secretary waiting, and I took a cab back down the long main street. But I need not have worried ; for, when I got there just after the appointed time, I found that there was no sign of the carriage. However, at one o'clock a carriage did arrive, as the result of several more telephone calls ; but it was obvious that the half-starved horse that drew it could never carry us more than a couple of miles. It was sent back with insults, and after another delay the secretary got in touch with the rural department of the Soviet, which soon provided us with a fairly presentable horse and carriage.

As we drove out to the country past the railway station, something went wrong with

the harness, and I took advantage of the halt to get out and talk to some of the refugees who were gathered near by. There was a fairly large number of them, and in many respects they resembled those whom I had seen at Samara in the streets and squares. Their condition was in every degree as bad. They were cadaverous, verminous, and exhausted. The children sat about dully, sharp-featured, and hot-eyed. I noticed that some groups of the refugees were trying to hold themselves aloof from the others, but it was not clear whether they retained some notion of social superiority or if their action was due simply to fear of contagion and disease. Certainly there was every opportunity for the outbreak of epidemics.

Apart from the state of the refugees themselves, which invited disease, the conditions in which they were living were indescribably unhygienic. It seems as if nothing can save the unfortunate people from terrible typhus in the winter. Typhus is a vermin-carried disease; and here in these camps of refugees at the stations there is so much crowding together, so much filth, and so great a lack of supplies, food, clothes, accommodation, and medical supervision, that it seems certain that the outbreak of

typhus this winter will be worse even than it was in 1919 and 1920, when it raged to a degree absolutely without precedent. Doctors have told me that sometimes a population becomes, as it were, inoculated against typhus after there has been a bad epidemic ; it is therefore just possible that, despite the outbreak at Kazan already, the disease may not be so bad this year as it has been during the last two winters. But in view of the physical condition of the people, I fear that there is little hope of this.

The refugees themselves seemed to be conscious of their danger, for a woman came up to me and told me that she was wearing her last clothes. " The speculators have bought all my other clothes. I have eaten my clothes." As I looked at the mass of poor creatures there, famished and hopeless, of all ages and types, covered with the buzzing flies, clad in rags and tatters, I wondered how many of them would survive the winter ; it seemed to me that famine and typhus or dysentery would account for them all. There seemed no way of escape for them.

We came out into the country at last. Usually it is a smiling expanse of cornfields, the most fertile in all this most fertile of

provinces. But as I saw it, I remembered a jingle of words that had come into my head a few days before as I walked through the country round Samara. It was "not Samara—but Sahara!" I have never seen a cultivated place so bare. In many of the long strips into which the Russian peasants divide their land, giving the country a quaint and beautiful fan-like appearance, there was absolutely nothing to be seen. The crop had simply failed to grow. In others there was wheat about four inches high, and even these dwarf sprouts were thinly distributed. Other crops were in the same case. It was like a Lilliputian cornfield, and we felt like Gullivers when we walked through it. The tiny ears seemed hardly worth harvesting, so infinitesimal was the amount of flour that could be obtained from them. And so in some instances the owners seemed to think, for they had turned out their thin cattle to pasture in the cornfields; in this manner they saved themselves the trouble of harvesting the almost worthless crop, and at the same time their cattle, whose regular pastures had been ruined because the Volga did not flood them this year, received a small amount of nourishment which otherwise they could not have been given.

Other crops had grown long and stringy and, instead of standing up, lay along the ground like brown threads. The foliage of the potatoes and other roots was discoloured and sere, and the roots themselves, as we saw for ourselves by plucking out one or two, were like small, hard filbert nuts. Even the patches of sunflowers were blackened and burnt up by the sun's rays; when even this flower suffered, it is obvious enough what the other crops must have been like. For us it was easy to see why everything was ruined. The sun was burning with an intensity that I have only known hitherto in the tropics. Whirlwinds of dust rose on every side; and the whole earth quivered and swam in the heat. Every few hours the weather grew sultry and suffocating, and storm-clouds gathered in the sky; one expected that at last the blessed rain would fall, but every time, just as has been the case all through the year, a terrific wind blew up, dispersed the clouds and still further ruined the remnants of this pitiable harvest.

We drove on through the wilderness, and met occasional evidence of the effects that the disaster is having upon the peasants and their stock. We frequently came upon carcasses of horses and cows picked clean to the

bone, but whether by famished people, or by the crows that were flying overhead, or by both, we could not tell. Then along the road came a little party of unfortunates. A thin, old, bearded peasant was tugging between the shafts of his cart, in which were piled three or four emaciated and pock-marked children and a few domestic chattels and bundles of cloth and rags. Behind, an old woman and a youth were exerting their little remaining strength in the attempt to push the cart. It was clear what had happened. The horse with which the family had started out from their village had died by the way, and now they had to take its place themselves. They did not make any sign as we passed them; in their faces there was neither resentment nor pleading, but only despair.

A mile or two farther on we met an old couple on foot. They leaned on their staffs, and carried a lean bundle each over their shoulder. The husband was weak and bent; in his youth, perhaps, he had been a fine upstanding fellow; but the Russian peasant ages young, and this man might have passed for Methuselah's age. He was shuffling along, dressed in a thick wadding of rags from shoulder to foot, and on his head was the

REFUGEES FROM STARVING VILLAGES

eternal fur hat of the peasant. The old woman was wrinkled and bent ; in her clothes and her bearing she was a fit companion for her man. I wondered why they did not stay in their village to die ; what impulse could have driven them forth at this age to seek in the towns the food that was denied them in the village ? And then it occurred to me that the Russian peasant is a creature of instinct, who sows when the time for sowing comes, and gets ready to reap at the proper time, and who lives all his life in the manner of many generations of his ancestors, but in whose mind there ever lurks an old urge that drives him—him and hundreds and thousands of his kind—out into the world, when he finds his old habits brutally disturbed by forces beyond his control. This spring, when the famine first became very serious, the Russian villages along the Volga were like an anthill that has been disturbed by a passing cart ; thousands of people were picking up their little possessions and wandering out into the world, they knew not where, in a frantic attempt to get away and built up their homes anew. But this frenzy has passed now. The refugees whom I have seen are a people who have passed the frantic stage and are now a calmer, a more resigned

and, unfortunately, a physically more reduced population than those who led the flight a few months ago. This old couple were the saddest picture of resigned hopelessness that I have ever seen.

Our road was just a track across the countryside. One could imagine it as it usually would be at this time of year, a soft surface running between fields full of busy workers. But now it was a sandy line across a wilderness; where it ran up or down, it was hard as stone, but in the hollows dust and sand were collected so thick that the horse could hardly drag our carriage through. The scorching sun beat down on us, and I began to fear sunstroke. Except for the dustwhirls and the maddening shimmer of the horizon, little was to be seen. Our horse shied suddenly as we came near a carcass by the roadside, from which half a dozen crows flew up when we passed. Then, perhaps an hour later, while we were still dragging slowly through the desert—usually, let me say once more, one of the most fertile spots in the whole world—we met a little procession of half a dozen carts, moving slowly forward towards the town. The same hopeless men were leading the tired horses; the same bundles of children and things were banked

up inside; and the same mothers leaned their tired bodies against the backs of the carts. This was more than the break-up of a single home; it represented one of two things—either a whole part of a village had abandoned hope and was migrating, or they were Ukrainian settlers, or perhaps refugees from the war-invaded Western Provinces, who were setting out on a long journey back to their ancestral country. They did not even glance at us as we passed, so full were they of their own misery; and I had not the heart to interrogate them.

Then, late in the afternoon, we come into sight of the villages towards which we are heading. The first and most characteristic thing that we notice about them, as they rise over the horizon, is the fact that all the windmills, usually so busy at this time of year, are still.

The windmills, like the people, are dying of the famine.

The village which we are entering is much like all other Russian villages of from one to two thousand inhabitants in this part of the world. There are nine or ten long rows of houses, or rather big huts, set wide apart from each other, so that the place seems made up of half a dozen very broad streets. Every

house has a big space around it, and consists of a single storey. Except for the decorative woodwork round the windows, they resemble each other very much, even to the interior. The only difference is in size.

We want to find the local Soviet. After some searching and many obscure instructions from peasants whom we meet, we find it at last at the far end of the village. There is a crooked flagstaff outside, which, for want, presumably, of a red flag, is sporting a small and tattered white one. The incongrous political significance of this does not seem to have been appreciated by the villagers and they are much intrigued when I casually remark upon it.

At the entrance to the Soviet house we are met by the secretary of the local Soviet himself, a tall, big-limbed man with a full white beard. He holds himself so straight and walks so well that it is obvious that he is an ex-soldier. Whether it is the case or not, I get the impression that he is no more a Communist than I am, and I feel that he probably performed his present functions, or their equivalent, in the Tsar's time with just as much energy as he is now displaying. However, he shows a very proper sense of what is appropriate, and addresses my

companion and myself as "comrade" with considerable unction. He invites us inside his house, and we go in and sit down for a few minutes.

We pass through a kind of ante-room and enter the main room of the house. It is large and plain and whitewashed. A partition built across one side makes a recess where there is room for a rough bed, covered with sacking and rags. The huge stove and its chimney occupy, of course, a large proportion of the room ; but this space is not all wasted, since at nights—and even in the daytime, if necessary—the family sleep on top of the stove. In the corner of honour in the room hangs an icon, opposite to which, in curious contrast, is a rough pencil drawing of Lenin, the work, as I discovered, of a local artist, a peasant boy. In another wall stands a mirror which distorts everything that is reflected in it ; but, as if to console it, the family have surrounded it with a border of paper mats, which they themselves have folded and cut. A few documents are pasted on the wall, for the most part lists of local officials.

An amusing Soviet placard, gay in rhyme and colour, depicts the awful fate of a certain peasant who was lazy and sowed his wheat too late, with the result that, when the other

wiser peasants were getting in their harvests, his wheat was only just beginning to ripen ; and instead of wheat-ears, one sees curious little hands at the apex of the wheat, which are making derisive gestures at the lazy peasant. The Bolshevists have employed many clever rhymesters and humorous artists to produce posters of this kind, which, whatever their burden, have usually the merit of being amusing. The only other decoration of importance in the room is a huge geranium in a pot, which occupies quite a sixth of the available space. Round the walls there are benches, on which the three of us sit. We are soon joined by the village Soviet secretary's son, a boy of about fifteen with a cast in one eye. It is clear that he has just been initiated into the privileges of an adult station ; for we notice that his father defers to him as to an equal, and that he clearly expects every one else to do the same. But with the younger sons—and there are six younger than this one, as well as three older than he—the attitude of the father is quite different.

The village Soviet secretary introduces himself as Matvey Ivanich — I forget his surname. He tells us that most of the other men are out in the fields ploughing ; though,

he says, the ground is so hard and they have so little seed coming to them from the town that much of their labour will certainly be in vain. "Besides," says the boy with the cast in his eye, "if we sow our seed, we shall have nothing to eat."

I make inquiries about the famine and find that, while the peasant women are ready to be garrulous and pour out their troubles, the men are inclined to be reticent at first, as if in some obscure way the failure of the harvest is a reflection upon themselves. The association between the present drought and the plundering of their landlords' estates and houses four years ago is clearer to them than it is likely to be to others. I have not suspected this train of thought before, and I am therefore rather astonished when one of the peasants who has now entered the room and joined us leans over to me and murmurs in my ear :

"We are suffering for our sins. We've no longer any respect for God or for friend. We've become like beasts."

I say something reassuring, but the old man goes on :

"Our landlord was a good man. He built us schools and gave us flour when anyone was hungry. We didn't want to sack his house ;

but the peasants from the next village came along and started to sack it, so we couldn't stand by and let them take all. Ah, the peasant's a fool! But we're being punished now."

I counter with the indisputable statement that a drought is a drought, but the old man shakes his head sagely and mutters, "We've sinned. We've sinned. Ah, peasants, peasants!"

Matvey Ivanich and the town Soviet secretary finish their business together, and we all set out for a walk round the village. A few carts, drawn by horses whose bones protrude through their sides, are driving out to the fields or returning. But there is little life in the broad open spaces. The few children whom we see are not playing; they are walking about slowly and miserably, like old people. Live stock is very scarce; we hardly meet half a dozen pigs in the whole village. All have been eaten by their owners, or sold to the towns for flour. The village shop, a hut that was once gay with bright green paint but is now dirty and discoloured, is bolted and barred. Matvey Ivanich tells me that it was open for a few hours the day before yesterday, but only to sell a little salt that had been sent in from the town.

Except for this occasion it has been closed for months.

"Nobody has any money to buy anything with. We're too hungry."

They showed me many houses which are locked and empty. In some cases, they say, the owners went away with their families much earlier in the year, in the hope of getting work in Siberia in some Government factory or mine. These have left their land in the charge of some one of their neighbours, with an arrangement that the latter should sow it and take the greater part of the harvest; in this way they retain their right to their land, and they hope themselves to return next year or as soon as the position improves. If, however, the famine continues, they will probably never come back. Other of the men have gone but left their families in the village, hoping that their wages will supplement the scanty harvest. It is these women and children who are in the worst position, for they are without food, and the help their distant menfolk send them is too little to be of much use. Other houses are those of peasants who remained here to the last, and then, with all hopes of a harvest lost, have trekked to the towns. They cannot sell their land, for the Govern-

ment claims possession of all land in Russia. Some of them sold their houses for fuel, and we see the empty places where some unfortunate has "eaten his house," as the peasants say. Even this is seemingly against the law, for the peasants tell me that their houses also belong now officially to the State.

A young peasant, with luxuriant black moustaches, who turns out to be one of Matvey Ivanich's elder sons, invites us into his house to drink some milk. He, too, is obviously an old soldier, and I am not surprised to find pasted on his walls many fly-blown pages of photographs from an old Russian war-time weekly newspaper, showing the Army commanders of the Allies. "They were our old military leaders," says the young man.

"And here am I," he adds, bringing out a photograph that is carefully wrapped in a napkin. The photograph shows him and two of his brothers in their army uniforms; and he and his father and their womenfolk and children seem to quiver with pride as I look at it. Then they bring out two huge pitchers of boiled milk and a dozen hard-boiled eggs, and beg us to set to. The town Soviet secretary and I drink a little milk and eat a couple of eggs, using even some of the

precious salt ; and then we get up to go. We ask them how much we owe them, but they clamorously refuse to accept anything. However, we leave some notes on the table, which we know would be a welcome present. But it is clear that this family is not yet among the worst sufferers from the famine. Their turn, I calculate, will come about Christmas.

The reader must understand that the famine is not an instantaneous disaster, like an earthquake, or even a cholera epidemic, but rather a slow but inevitable machine of death, gradually taking off its victims, one by one.

I go off with an old peasant away from the others, in order that the presence of two Soviet officials, one from the town and the other from the village, may not embarrass us, although I am bound to say that I have not yet noticed anything intimidating about the behaviour of either of them. We soon come to an empty hut, which my guide points out to me as that of a man who has just died.

" What did he die of ? " I ask. " Did he die of hunger ? "

" He died of eating too much," replies the old man.

And then, with a sardonic look, he explains what he means.

"This man had not eaten anything for a long time; and then his wheat ripened, and he was so hungry that he ate it as he plucked it, husks and all, instead of taking it to the mill and having it ground. And he ate so much that his stomach swelled up—just like this,"—he describes a huge arc in front of him,—"and then he got very ill and died in two days."

I ask why he was permitted to go hungry so long. Could not his neighbours have given him a little food to tide him over until his little harvest was ripe?

"Ah, in the old days everybody helped his neighbour. One helped him with flour or horses or labour or whatever he needed. But nowadays none of us has anything to spare. Just look at the bread I am eating."

He takes out of his pocket a piece of the terrible stuff about which so much has been written. It is a loathly greenish-purply mess, doughy in consistency. Looking at it, I see how its ingredients almost refuse to blend in a single mess. There are traces of flour embedded in patches of clay, and held together by thin, verdigrisy fibres of grass and weeds, the seeds of which also have gone to

its making. I try to eat a little piece of the bread, but I cannot swallow it. My gorge revolts. There is so little of it that is food and so much that is mere ballast for the stomach of these starving people.

The peasant looks at me as I hand it back to him.

"Is that bread?" he says bitterly. "Ah, we shall all die from hunger."

It is horrible to be standing there with him and to realize that what he says is probably true.

"What are you going to do?" I ask stupidly, feeling that there must be some way out of the disaster. This shows that I still do not properly recognize the magnitude of the horror of the famine, for all I am seeing it with my own eyes.

He soon brings me back to my senses.

"What can we do? We shall stay here, and in a month, or in two months, we shall have no more food of any kind, and then we shall die. If we go to the towns, I know we die all the same. So we shall stay here."

He speaks without any feeling, just like a man stating an obvious fact.

A horse is near us, nibbling the hard earth in the search for a few blades of grass. "I don't know how we shall feed the horses. If

we cannot feed ourselves, we can't feed them, that is clear. And without horses the peasant cannot live, even if he survives the famine. Our meadows were not flooded this spring, and we have no food for our cattle or our horses."

We walk towards the vast fenced enclosures where usually the village keeps its hay.

"Usually there is not room for all our harvest," says the peasant; "but this year —look for yourself!"

I see half a dozen scanty mounds of hay, which are lost in the emptiness of the big enclosure.

"It's the same with all our crops," says my guide; "usually there's no room to fan them; there's so much corn that we have no place for it. But this year, just look!"

He points to a peasant who is busy throwing up some grain into the air on a shovel so that the wind blows away the chaff and lets the seeds drop to the ground. He is standing in the midst of the place where the village crops are usually piled, but the place is empty except for him.

We speak to him, and he tells us that he sowed six acres with millet and that he has got back now less than a sixth of the seeds he planted. And he considers himself lucky

to have got even this, when so many have lost everything.

" We are ten souls in our family," he says, " and this is all we have for the winter. After we have eaten this, what shall we do but die ? "

My guide points out to me the long rows of small thatched barns in which each peasant used to keep his own supply of corn, on which he would live until the next harvest.

" In all of them," he says, " there is not one single ear now. They are all empty—empty."

He leads me to a heap of pigweed, an unwholesome-looking plant with a small ear.

" This is what we eat now instead of wheat flour," he says. " But it is hard to get now, for it has all been eaten. Cattle do not like it, but we eat it gladly now."

Passing by a church of the Old Believers, who are plentiful in these parts, we find ourselves back again near the Soviet. My peasant friend pulls his lump of " bread " out of his pocket and begins to gnaw at it for his evening meal, gulping it down with difficulty but without any sign of repulsion. I suppose he has got used to it.

Back in the house I find the two secretaries there, and the boy with a cast in his eye and

the other son of Matvey Ivanich and several other of the villagers. Especially I notice a woman and her little daughter. The girl, who is no more than fourteen or fifteen years old, is clad, like her mother, in strips of filthy sacking. They have both clearly been on the verge of starvation for some time, for they are so thin as almost to be transparent. The girl, I see with horror, is pregnant, as are so many of the young refugee women and girls. The features of the child have fallen in horribly. I have remarked that it is only very small children whose faces change when they are starving into those of wizened old men and women ; when they reach their teens their features do not seem to be transformed so much, and they still look about their right age ; only they show every sign of their awful hunger. These two poor creatures, mother and daughter, have obviously been reduced by want to be the slaves of the village, doing whatever work the others will give them at the price of a little of that "bread." In the towns it would mean prostitution and the filthier jobs of domestic work. Here in the village it means, in addition to this, the incessant carrying of water and heavy burdens and a few tasks out in the fields. Mother and daughter have

become like animals; one can scarcely recognize them as human.

It is clear enough to every one else, if not to them, that they are marked out to be the next victims of the famine. One could foretell almost to a day when there will be no more food of any kind to give them, no matter what work they are ready to perform in exchange for it, and when they must crawl away to die.

I ask Matvey Ivanich how the present famine compares with others he has been through. I judge that he is old enough to remember the famine of 1891, which has until now been regarded as the worst ever suffered by the Russian people. He tells me that the present disaster is incomparably worse than any of the foregoing. In 1906, 1911, and 1913 —he does not mention the years by their name, but I am able to place them from his description—the failure of the crops was considerable, but not to be compared with the present. I ask him to throw back his mind to 1891, and he remembers it, with the assistance of some of the others, as the year when his uncle died of cholera.

"Yes," he says, "that was a terrible year. The famine was great, and the cholera came and killed thousands. But in that year we had potatoes. This year even they are lost."

And all the others, like a chorus, chime in wearily as he finishes speaking. "We shall all die," they say. The peasant outside and some of his friends, all of them munching their bad bread as slowly as possible to make it last longer, shake their heads solemnly and, looking up at me, repeat the words of the others.

CHAPTER IV

AT SUIZRAN: THE POSSIBILITY OF RELIEF

I SPENT the next day or two in Suizran, mostly round the railway station and on the banks of the Volga. In the morning the booths in the market-place were fairly full of meat and butter and pieces of bread, the last sometimes made wholly of flour, sometimes of flour mixed with surrogates. The place was packed with people, few of whom, however, could afford to pay the enormous prices asked for the food. So far as I could judge from a walk round the market, a sale was an exceptional achievement. For anybody who knows Russian life and customs, the most amazing thing was to see pigeons exposed for sale. Until the famine, I fancy, no Russian of any class would eat a pigeon, to which an old superstition is attached. This showed as eloquently as anything else how amazingly the food stocks of Russia have been depleted. It is an historical fact that when the

Cossacks several centuries ago first invaded the Orenburg steppes they were reduced one year to eating some of their number ; several cases of cannibalism have been reported from the same district recently during the present famine, and though no positive evidence is yet to hand, it is by no means impossible that they have really taken place.

I was greatly interested to discover how the railways were likely to weather the storm, for on them, even more than on the Volga steamships, depends the possibility of bringing relief to the famine districts. Both here and in other towns I passed through I got into conversation with many railwaymen, from district chiefs to shunters, and learned that the situation was already very serious.

" We are too hungry to work," a station-master says to me. " Everybody has forgotten about us ; they are thinking all the time of the peasants, but they forget how much depends upon the railways. For several months now we have received no rations and no pay. We come to our work with empty stomachs, and of course we cannot work as we would like to. I have lived through this year only by selling to speculators everything that was in my possession. And now I have sold my last things ; I have not even got a spare shirt left

to sell. But still we railway officials are doing our best. But the workmen are in a worse state. They are demoralized. They get no pay or rations, and have to live by theft or speculation. And they are beginning to run away. Already the carpenters in the repair workshops at Suizran have deserted, and this means that there will be no repairs of engines or rolling stock in this section of the line, which is a very important one. And, as you know, repairs are our greatest need for the re-establishment and even the upkeep of our transport. They come and promise us food, but it never comes. Agitators have been sent to us and to the villagers to tell us not to run away, but to stay where we are and to wait for relief; but the relief doesn't come. No, they've forgotten about us."

He complains, too, that the supply of oil fuel, which ought to have been put in order, has been neglected.

"They bring the oil up the Volga," he says, "but somehow it doesn't reach us. We used our last stocks to-day to feed the engines that run on oil fuel. We don't know whether we shall have any new oil to-morrow; and this is how we live from day to day."

He declares that speculators interfere with the supplies of fuel, and that they are in

league with the people in charge of the Government stores.

Another railwayman I speak to says simply: "The difference between the old days and now is that then one used to come to one's work fed, and now one comes hungry. I have been practically starving for six months now. I have sold everything to get food. If I am not soon paid some of my back wages or given a proper ration, I shall have to run away. I can't stay here and see my family starve, and starve myself."

There is no need to say anything more. It is clear that, as in the case of the river steamers, the transport workers on the railways have reached the limit of their endurance. Unless some real relief is given them, it must be expected that soon there will be mass desertions on a far larger scale than hitherto; in which case the last hope of relieving the famine-stricken countryside will vanish.

I learn in conversation at the railway station that there is truth in the report I have previously heard that food is being transported from Siberia to Moscow through the famine regions. This is denied at Moscow, but the railway officials at the Volga railway stations

assure me that food trains are going through daily. One understands that the Government is naturally anxious that there shall be no hunger riots in the towns, but still one would have thought that supplies could have been brought in from the central Russian provinces, which have had a good harvest, without touching the eastern stocks, which could go direct to the famine districts. I find a few people in the famine zone angry about this, though it must be said that any organized demonstration of disapproval is now far beyond their mental or physical powers.

Banditism, on the other hand, is by no means ruled out. I am, for example, urgently warned not to try to drive out to the Volga before daylight, as the journey is dangerous. There have been several organized parties of bandits in the country, but they have been easily suppressed by the local divisions of the Red Army. But it will always be impossible to prevent isolated outbreaks of marauding; and I have lately heard of many instances of violence. Officials sent into the villages to collect the food-tax, which is to be paid in kind, have sometimes been set upon by the peasants and killed. This has happened, of course, in places where the

harvest has been sufficiently large to warrant the Government's sending a collector.

From a Russian famine relief official—I am not at liberty to mention his name—whom I met at a railway station on his way back to Moscow after a tour of investigation in the famine districts, I obtained an extremely interesting expression of opinion in this connexion upon the relations of people and Government at the present time.

"In my opinion," he said, "no revolutionary movement is seriously apprehended by the Bolshevist Government. They are taking care that the cities shall be fed, and indeed the position at Petrograd and Moscow is much better in this respect than it has been sometimes in the past three or four years. There is thus little danger of a hunger demonstration in the cities turning into a revolution, as was the case in March 1917. And in the country districts where the famine is at its worst the population is too cowed and helpless to be able to revolt, even if it wished to do so. One must indeed pay a tribute to the local Soviets in the country. They are doing their best, and everybody knows it. They are, of course, composed chiefly of Communists—that is to say, of members of the Communist Party, which extends

throughout the country like a vast Jesuit organization. All power is concentrated in its hands; and its local committees, which are strictly subordinated to the central organization of the party, determine what is to be done in regard to every local problem of importance. Its members are subject to ruthless discipline; a Communist who is found guilty of a crime receives a far heavier penalty than a non-Communist. Here at Suizran the famine is of hardly as great interest now in the eyes of the local officials as is the 'cleansing'—due to start in a few days—of the Communist Party in this district from its undesirable elements. Complaints have been invited from anybody who considers that he or she has been improperly treated by any local Communist or who considers that some improper action towards the State as a whole has been committed by any Communist. The accused will then be tried by their fellow Communists and, if found guilty, will either be reprimanded or dismissed from the party and punished. Those of my acquaintances here who are Communists, and who, it goes without saying, occupy official positions, are hoping to get through the ordeal unscathed. The others hope that one or two of the more

notorious local official speculators will be unmasked.

"I should hesitate to say that all the professed Communists who compose the party are really Communists at heart; indeed, I should be very much surprised if more than one in four of them is. They are 'radishes'—that is to say, they are 'red' outside, but 'white' at heart. Still, their adherence to the party has its advantages, not only for them, but for the population as a whole. It stands to reason that a man who professes to be a Bolshevist, but who is really not one, does not feel called upon to treat the vast non-Communist majority of the population with quite so much severity as a proselytizing Communist fanatic does. Moreover, he gets much nearer to the people than his genuinely Communist colleague, and is able better to understand their trouble. Indeed, I have found that the local Soviets that I have been visiting along the Volga are composed, as far as I can judge, of a very decent set of men. I would even go so far as to say that the local administrators of provincial Russia to-day are superior to the old officials of the Tsar's time. The very opposite, of course, is true of the central cities. Moscow and Petrograd are worse

governed than one would suppose possible. But in the country districts the peasants are satisfied with the *personnel* of their local Soviets, however much they may dislike the central authority whose representatives they are. Therefore I think the likelihood of a revolution as an immediate result of the famine is absolutely ruled out.

"It is, of course, impossible to predict what the results of another year of famine would be, supposing that next year, as a result either of a drought and the lack of horses or of the peasants' eating their seed-corn this year, the famine is not relieved. It is perfectly true to say that as yet there is no other party left in Russia to-day that is either in a position to take over power or enjoys the slightest popularity in the eyes of any considerable portion of the population. But it must be remembered that while the Russian people's political mind has not yet progressed far, it has at least reached the point at which it knows what it does not like. If it ever decides that it wants to get rid of the Bolshevists, and does so get rid of them, there will be assuredly no lack of candidates for popular support. That the co-operative associations will be the backbone of any future Russian economic society seems fairly

well assured, and from this point of view the advantage that the co-operatives have recently taken of the new free-trading decrees of the Government is of great interest. It is true that the co-operatives still remain nominally under Government control, but in actual fact the non-Communist directors of the movement have recovered a certain freedom of action."

This is, I think, a fairly typical statement of the position as it appears to an intelligent Russian to-day.

My own experience also of provincial Soviets in Russia in the famine regions has been favourable. I have spoken already of the President of the Samara Soviet, the ex-schoolmaster with a fanatic's but a fairly practical brain ; of his chief assistants, the ex-workmen, who seemed to me intelligent and honest men enough ; and of the Red Army commander, whom I met with them. He is the head of a Soviet in a small provincial district, and I would be prepared, on the strength of my short acquaintance with him, to guarantee both his energy and sense of justice.

The Suizran Soviet, which I saw still more closely at work, impressed me favourably. The case of some of its chief members is

REFUGEES ON THE BANKS OF THE VOLGA

interesting. When the hunger at Petrograd was at its worst a couple of years ago, these men came to Suizran with their families, because this was the granary of Russia. They soon found that their experience and education distinguished them from the mass of applicants for positions in the local administration, and they speedily came to occupy important posts; but now that the hunger has come to the Volga they want to return to Petrograd, where the harvest has been excellent, and the new free-trade decrees no longer allow the local authorities to interfere with peasants bringing their grain to the town markets and selling it there to the inhabitants. But the Communist Party, which realizes that these men represent a higher standard of ability and honesty than could be expected from officials drawn from the provincial Russians of the neighbourhood, have refused to allow them to leave the neighbourhood or to resign their positions. Thus in one way or another the local Soviets have at their command men of considerable ability and integrity.

That it is not the same, however, in all the posts, I gather from what I have heard in the famine districts. The speculators, often Jewish, in the provinces have fought shy of

administrative positions, and have preferred instead to capture the less arduous and more profitable jobs in charge of Soviet warehouses and stores. The notorious "Soviet mice" who eat the corn in the Government stores, not to speak of other food-stuffs, wares, and goods, still flourish in these provincial places. When I was in Samara a big local trial was taking place, and several of these gentry were condemned to death and others to long terms of imprisonment, while one, curiously, was sent to a lunatic asylum for examination.

The Soviet officials in the provinces, at least the more honourable of them, do not by any means live in luxury. I stayed with one at Suizran, and was able to see at first hand how he and his family were placed. He had heard of my distressing adventures among the fly-blown restaurants of the town, and had very hospitably invited me to stay at his house.

When I came back from the villages, I went and stayed with him. I found that he and his wife occupied two rooms in a flat in a house situated at the back of a building used as a "Children's Home." One room was used as a workroom, and in the other, which barely held a small bed and a table, they ate and slept. For our

dinner we had soup and apologies from the hostess, a small portion of meat and vegetables and more apologies, and then when the famous samovar was brought in—the hostess, of course, did all the cooking and housework herself—I found that still more apologies were forthcoming, since the tea we were to drink was not real tea at all, but the stuff called "Tashkend tea," which consists of dried fruit-blossoms and similar substances, and which, when made, resembles tea only in colour. They had no sugar, but instead they ate little sweets while they drank their tea. The Soviet ration that they receive consists, they told me, only of 15 lb. of rye-bread a month, and a very small quantity of unrefined sugar, and then a little "Tashkend tea" and a few other substitutes of like nature. In order to keep alive, they have had, like everybody else, to sell to speculators whatever they could spare.

I appreciated their truly Russian hospitality the more when I saw how hard it was for them to make both ends meet. They settled me for the night on a comfortable divan in the workroom, and generally spared themselves no trouble for my sake. Two or three families were living in the little flat and sharing the same kitchen; so it was perhaps

as well that no elaborate menus were any longer possible. The overcrowding in all Russian towns to-day is indescribable, Moscow and Suizran being at one in this respect. So many houses have gone out of use as the result of bad treatment and lack of repair, to say nothing of those which have been destroyed by fighting and fires, that the problem of housing is perhaps the most serious with which the country is faced, after those of the food supply, disease, and transport. In the villages this year fires have been phenomenally frequent as an indirect result of the drought. One of the villages that I have visited in the famine zone has had four fires in the last few months, each of which has destroyed an appreciable portion of its houses. And thus one sees new log cabins being busily erected in places where the famine is at its worst.

It would have been cruel, but true, to suggest to the peasants that in a few more months hunger and mass emigration will thin out the villagers more quickly than fires can destroy their dwellings. But the Russian peasant would never look at the situation in that way. He has always been used to build new houses as soon as old ones are burnt down; and not even the great catas-

trophe which has now overtaken him can alter him in this respect.

And now for a few details about the extent of the famine and the possibility of relieving it.

There are certain broad facts about the famine which are indisputable. Nearly a score of provinces are affected, with a population of some thirty-five millions. The Bolshevist Government has to some extent redivided the country into new administrative units, which makes an exact definition of the suffering districts rather more difficult. But the following provinces and their approximate position are sufficiently well known for the extent of the hunger zone to be realized: Perm, Vyatka, the "Tartar Republic"—*i.e.* the country round Kazan and the Chuvash district—Nijni-Novgorod, Ufa, Simbirsk, Samara, Orenburg, Penza, Ryazan, Tambov, the German colonies on the Volga, Saratov, Uralsk, the Kirghiz Steppes, Astrakan, Kherson, the Crimea, and the Don and Kuban Cossack territories. Not all of these parts are equally affected. Some of them have only a few famine districts in their borders, while others have had an almost complete failure of the crops.

The places worst affected are the Tartar Republic, Samara, Saratov, Simbirsk, Astra-

kan, and the German colonies. In all of these the harvest has been infinitesimal in comparison with the needs of the population.

The case of the Samara province may be taken as a fair example of the state of affairs in these districts. In this province in 1913, a normal pre-war year, the harvest amounted to 3,000,000 tons, of which a third was consumed or stored in the province and two-thirds exported to other parts of Russia and abroad. This year the total yield has been less than a twelfth of the average ! It is true, none the less, that a few small and fortunate districts even in this province have had a tolerable harvest, but against these must be reckoned those places where the harvest has simply not been found worth the trouble of collecting, even by peasants who are starving. Taking the province as a whole, the usual yield is at least 30 poods—a pood is equivalent to 26 English pounds, and is the Russian unit of measurement of harvested crops—an acre ; this year the average has been, for the crops sown last autumn $1\frac{1}{4}$ pood an acre, and for the spring-sown crops $3\frac{1}{2}$ poods an acre. Why this has been the case will be better appreciated from the following figures relating to the drought. The three critical months for the crops are, of course, April,

May, and June. During the last twenty-three years the average rainfall for these months has been as follows:

April	. .	21 millimetres.
May	. .	38·8 ,,
June	. .	46·9 ,,

This year it was:

April	. .	1·7 millimetres.
May	. .	0·3 ,,
June	. .	5·1 ,,

In short, instead of the usual rainfall of some 106 mm.—or $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches—the province has had only 7 mm.—just over $\frac{1}{4}$ inch.

Not less remarkable are the facts relating to the temperature of the air and the soil during the three important months. For the last seventeen years, ever since records have been kept, the mean temperature of the air in the Samara province has been approximately:

April	. .	43° Fahrenheit.
May	. .	61° ,,
June	. .	75° ,,

This year it has been:

April	. .	53° Fahrenheit.
May	. .	77° ,,
June	. .	88° ,,

The soil temperatures show a similar abnor-

mality: For the last seventeen years they have been these:

April	. .	45° Fahrenheit.
May	. .	70° ,,
June	. .	88° ,,

But this year they are:

April	. .	61° Fahrenheit.
May	. .	88° ,,
June	. .	104° ,,

These, at least, are the figures that Sokovsky, the President of the Samara Soviet, gave me.

It should be added that the area of cultivation in the Samara province has considerably diminished in recent years. Sokovsky admitted that before the war about 11,000,000 acres out of the 38,000,000 comprising the province were under cultivation. But the cultivated area has now sunk to four and one-third million acres. He explained that this was the result of the "Imperialist war and the blockade"—a Bolshevist *cliché* to explain everything that is wrong inside Soviet Russia. He referred also to the conflicts with the Czechs in 1918 and with Koltchak's forces in the following year, both of which reacted unfavourably upon the state of the province. But he omitted altogether to refer to one prime cause of the diminution of the area under cultivation—

namely, the disagreements (to use no harsher word) between the peasants and the Bolshevist Government, which have led to the latter's requisitioning grain stores in a haphazard and often all too thorough a manner, and the consequent refusal of many of the peasants to sow more land than they thought would suffice for their immediate needs, and the fruits of which they felt themselves capable of maintaining against the raids of the official requisitioners.

According to the estimates that have been prepared by the Samara Soviet, not less than two-thirds of a million tons of grain must be brought into the province at once if even such a ration is to be distributed to the population as would in normal times be considered less than that upon which a man could possibly maintain life, and if a certain quantity is to be set aside as seed for next year's crops.

A similar tale to the above could be told about most of the provinces that are badly affected by the famine. In one or two of them, however, especially in the south, the failure of the grain harvest has been slightly compensated by good crops of other kinds. Fruits, berries, vegetables—all these have served to keep the hunger wolf from the door

for a little time. But they are not very plentiful, and in no case can they really take the place of the absent corn.

It will be seen that the whole of the immense Volga-Kama region is stricken with the famine, as well as the country lying south, south-east, and south-west of it. Every month it is to be expected that more and more districts will find themselves in difficulties, though it must, of course, be remembered that the central and northern provinces of Russia have had a splendid harvest. Judging by reports, the Tashkend harvest, of which so much is being expected, seems to have been enough only to satisfy local needs and leave little or nothing for export to the starving population along the Volga. The Siberian provinces, too, appear to have had a fair harvest, though by no means a very prolific one.

So far we have not considered at all the position of the unfortunate Transcaucasian countries, which, now definitely reunited to Russia, are entering upon yet another year of hunger. Georgia, now a federated Republic, has always been chiefly dependent upon the Kuban for its bread supplies ; this year, of course, on account of the famine, Georgia's needs cannot possibly be satisfied

by the Kuban or any other Russian province. The position of Armenia, also now a part of the Russian federation of republics, is infinitely worse. In the spring of 1920 already in Armenia I saw famine horrors which were far more terrible than anything I have yet seen in the Volga provinces. To be sure, Armenia's sufferings are local, whereas the Russian famine may well have evil effects over a large part of the world; but this should not be the only consideration to be taken into account. Armenia has had no proper harvest since the beginning of the war, and what part of the population still survives these seven years of violence and semi-starvation is in a very bad way. To-day only the Bolshevist Army stands between Armenia and still more attacks from her Mohammedan neighbours; but the Bolshevist Government clearly does not intend to interest itself in the question of food there. Kamenev himself, the President of the Moscow Soviet and the head of the official relief organization, assured me personally that no calculations were being made by his Government with a view to helping the Transcaucasian countries, and he added—a statement I think probably open to question—that no requests for relief have yet been received from these quarters.

On the Volga, however, the Bolshevist Government is endeavouring to bring in grain from the districts where it is plentiful, to those where the famine is raging. Its official propagandists declare that it is succeeding wonderfully in this task, while its opponents tell exactly the opposite story. I, personally, believe neither one nor the other—a safe position to take up in any such case of dispute in Russia to-day. However, the task of affording adequate relief to the victims of the famine is confessedly beyond the ability of the Bolshevists, and foreign relief is bound to be the main hope of the population of the Volga district.

Various foreign relief associations are already at work in Russia, or have sent their representatives there to make preliminary inquiries.

The Quakers, for example, have for some time been working quietly in Moscow, and are now said to have begun relief in a small section of the famine zone. The " Save the Children " Society is now also taking a hand. Of American organizations, the Near East Relief—to call it by its popular name—has done wonders in the Transcaucasus.

But now the work of these and the other organizations at work inside the limits of the

old Empire is overshadowed by the amazing energy with which Mr. Hoover's body, the American Relief Administration (the A.R.A.), has got down to its task. The agreement between the A.R.A. and the Bolshevists was signed at Riga, after much preliminary discussion, on the 22nd of August 1921. But the first party of A.R.A. officials arrived in Moscow barely a week later; the first shipment of goods was dispatched from Dantzig by boat to Riga on the 23rd, and by train from Riga on the 29th, and arrived in Moscow on the 31st or the following day. Certainly when I was coming out of Russia a few days later, I passed train after train of A.R.A. trucks, loaded with foodstuffs, on their way towards Moscow and the famine area.

It is the declared purpose of the A.R.A. to feed only children and invalids, and even in these cases only to supplement the Government ration; neither the Red Army nor official institutions will receive any supplies from them. Whether the Americans will be able to keep within the first of the foregoing limits remains to be seen. It is not clear how the starving parents of the fed children are to fare, nor is the Soviet ration usually forthcoming to be "supplemented." It may be added that another party of the A.R.A.

workers have reached Petrograd, that kitchens have been opened by them in Moscow and Petrograd, that their investigators have reached the Volga district, both from Moscow and from the Black Sea port, Novorossisk, and that the society has made arrangements to bring a number of automobiles to the famine district in order to reach outlying villages which are cut off from immediate help from the towns, the railways, and rivers.

However, the Americans are admittedly tackling only one part of the problem of relief, and that partially. There remains the huge task of feeding the adult population of the famine districts, of taking measures against the spread of epidemics, and of providing sufficient seed corn and fodder to ensure a harvest next year. It is these tasks that are before the European official and unofficial agencies who wish to render relief to the starving provinces. It is well known that Dr. Nansen signed an agreement with the Bolshevist Government towards the end of August, soon after the signature of the A.R.A.-Bolshevist convention. Unfortunately, the document that he signed was in parts sufficiently different from the admirable American one to permit many people, who, from political prejudice or a

false estimation of the position, wished to hinder the Nansen project—which, they declared, would be misapplied by the Bolshevists to the advantage of their own military and official institutions—plausibly to oppose it and suggest that it would be injudicious to send subscriptions. To understand their arguments, it is necessary to compare the Nansen and the American agreements.

In the first place, the A.R.A. agreement contained the definite provision that

> "relief supplies belonging to the A.R.A. will not go to the Army, Navy, or Government employees";

whereas Dr. Nansen's agreement, doubtless by an oversight—for this was always understood—contained no such paragraph.

Moreover, the A.R.A. secured the privilege of choosing their own relief committees in the famine districts, the Soviet Government retaining only the right to appoint delegates to these bodies. But Dr. Nansen's arrangement was more complicated. While it is true that the following clause occurs:

> "In securing Russian or other local *personnel*, Dr. Nansen shall have com-

> plete freedom of selection: the Soviet authorities will on request assist Dr. Nansen in securing such *personnel*";

its critics held that it was likely to be nullified by the structure of the administration of the relief distribution, which was agreed upon as follows:

> "A committee shall be formed at Moscow which shall be called the 'International Russian Relief Executive,' consisting of one representative of Dr. Nansen acting on behalf of the International Relief Conference, Geneva [whose delegate Dr. Nansen was], and one representative of the Russian Government.
>
> "The International Russian Relief Executive shall alone decide with regard to the distribution of supplies sent to Russia by the International Relief Conference, Geneva, or any other organization acting in conjunction with it."

Now, while it was clear that, under this agreement, nothing could be done by the Soviet authorities contrary to the letter or the spirit of the convention without Dr. Nansen's consent, since his representative had equal rights with the Bolshevists' repre-

sentative, it was nevertheless urged by his critics — when, as rarely happened, they actually based their arguments on anything more definite than prejudice—that he also could do nothing without the Bolshevists' consent. The suggestion was, in short, that, as it was impossible to rely upon the Bolshevists' professions of good faith, the whole scheme was rotten.

But it can easily be shown that the Bolshevists, far from having any inducement to break their word in this matter, had, on the contrary, every reason to keep it. It must be realized that the Bolshevists' own political purposes were served by the bringing in of foreign supplies; if the hungry peasants were in part to be fed from abroad, the task of the Soviet Government was made correspondingly lighter. For this reason alone it should have been clear that there was no danger of the relief supplies being officially tampered with, especially as Dr. Nansen in a supplementary agreement had established that foreign inspectors would supervise the distribution of whatever supplies were sent in by their respective countrymen. The reports that were being circulated, that A.R.A. trains were being looted and their contents distributed to the Army,

were, of course, without foundation. It was certain that the Bolshevists would do everything in their power to prevent the looting of stores, especially as under the A.R.A. agreement they were responsible for the replacement of any stores that went astray.

In any case the foreign relief organizations hold all the trumps in their hands. They have the right to stop supplies the moment that they consider these are being misdirected. The A.R.A., following its custom elsewhere in Europe, is not allowing more than a month's supplies to accumulate at any time inside Russia, whereas three months' supplies are stored at convenient depots outside Russia whence they can be easily dispatched to replenish the stocks inside the country. As Dr. Nansen presumably proposed to adopt the same plan, it should have been obvious to his critics that he could hold over the Bolshevists' heads the threat to discontinue supplies and thus ensure that their promises were kept.

There was, of course, an element of politics in the Nansen scheme that was absent from the American. This was due first to the nature of the dual Nansen-Bolshevist direction proposed, which might have been held to be likely to raise awkward points in regard

to recognition, etc.; and, secondly, to the fact that, as Dr. Nansen was proposing to feed not merely the starving children, but the whole population, as well as to provide seed-corn for the next harvest, the task could not be wholly undertaken, as the A.R.A. was undertaking its minor task, by voluntary subscribers alone. Therefore the Bolshevist Government directed Dr. Nansen to approach European Governments in its name with a view to the granting of a credit of ten million pounds, to be repayable in ten years and with an annual interest of 6 per cent. As most of the European countries had suffered from the Bolshevists' repudiation of earlier Russian loans, this request inflamed the prejudice against the Nansen scheme, much to the satisfaction of its critics. Apart from this matter of credits, the critics had, however, no real justification in opposing the Nansen scheme.

It is, of course, impossible for Dr. Nansen or anybody else to save the whole population of the famine zone; but every day lost means death for more and more of the people, and a constantly lessening chance of helping to provide an adequate harvest next year for the survivors.

CHAPTER V

RUSSIA REVERTS

THE whole position in Russia has been immeasurably altered this autumn from what it has previously been under the present regime. The Bolshevists have issued new decrees—the culmination of a gigantic output of Government commands—which are, though they refuse to admit it, in absolutely an opposite direction to all their previous endeavours. Briefly, one may say that the effect of these new decrees is to re-establish private property, private trading, and private enterprise in Russia. Of course the position is not quite as simple as this. They have made innumerable reservations with which I shall have to deal later, but, broadly speaking, this is what an impartial observer would say had taken place. The immediate results of the publication of these decrees go to confirm this judgment of them. The whole course of Russian life, which for the last three or four years has been hampered

in every conceivable way by the Bolshevik determination to see what the people are doing and to tell them not to, has now turned back upon itself and, if one were to use the slogans and watchwords that are so dear to the official Bolshevik agitator, one would sum up the position in this phrase—"Russia reverts."

To picture the new situation in Moscow one has to imagine a gigantic prison in which the warders are inconspicuously few and the prisoners include practically everybody in the country, and of which the doors have suddenly been thrown open and the people allowed once more to go about their own business. If you walk through the streets you will find that the people who, until quite recently were listless and despairing, are now moving about in a buzz of suppressed excitement. Each one is wondering what is going to happen next, and that despair, in which they have lived for so long, and which one would have thought had overwhelmed every other trait in their minds, has now given place—with a curious fatalism that is inherent in the Russian—to a feeling that inexhaustible possibilities now lie before them.

No longer is it necessary to commit an illegal crime in order to supplement one's scanty and often non-existent official rations.

No longer is it necessary to exercise " the food card of a wide acquaintanceship " and to get one's meagre dinner after long and unprofitable negotiations with official and semi-official speculators. No longer is it necessary to go to one's back door, if one still has a back door, and haggle in a whisper with the Red Guards, workmen, and peasants who come there to offer bread or eggs or ham or other food-stuffs. You can now go straight out into the streets and walk to either a market or a shop and buy whatever you want, if only you have the money to pay for it.

When I arrived in Moscow in August there were practically no shops open ; at least I found only one in a quarter which is usually one of the busiest in the whole town. Here I was able to buy a few post cards, and while I was doing so I asked the owner how it was that he managed to keep his shop open.

He said : " You see, I live here and therefore I am entitled to open my door. But, of course, most people who do this and have done it during the last few years have had the Bolshevists come round and requisition all their stock. But, fortunately for me, the Bolshevists do not, at present at any rate, require picture post cards, and so I have been left in peace."

The post cards that he sold me, he said he had obtained from private "collectors" who were now selling their old post-card albums—just as everybody sells everything that he has kept—in order to buy food.

A little farther along the same street I came one day to a new restaurant that was just opening its doors. I inquired from the lady who served me on what conditions she was able to trade. She told me that she and three other ladies had formed a private co-operative association and had got into negotiations with the authorities, who had told her that if she liked to do repairs to the shop she could open her restaurant without hindrance, thanks to the new economic decrees. But it seemed that no sooner was the place open and in working order than a new decree appeared—or, if not a decree, anyhow an order—by which she was informed that she must pay eighteen million roubles a year as rent for her shop; and she thought it very likely that she and her colleagues would have to pay a very large proportion of their profits to the Government in addition to this.

It is not surprising that, in such circumstances, the early enthusiasm of the people when they heard of the new decrees permitting private trading, has been somewhat

checked when they have endeavoured to take advantage of them. However, this sort of thing will no doubt soon be regulated by a flood of new decrees, and then, perhaps, people will know a little better where they stand.

A week later, walking down the same street, I found no less than four more restaurants open, and, in addition, one or two provision stores, and then a shop in the window of which were displayed three or four fur collars. It need hardly be said that to have opened shops of this nature, even a month ago, would have been a ridiculous proposition, entailing, as it would have done, an immediate requisition of the goods by any official who happened to see them and could raise the necessary authority to take them away, and also the imprisoning and, possibly, even the prosecution of the salesmen for " speculation."

The public markets of Moscow have always been a characteristic part of the town. I am told by people who have been in Moscow during the whole period of the Bolshevist regime, that these markets have never really ceased to function. Private trading, of course, being illegal, the transactions in them have always been conducted under a cloud. There was a possibility that at any moment the market-place would be surrounded by a

detachment of Red Guards and militiamen, and everything in them requisitioned without payment, not to speak of the customary arrests for the same crime of " speculation." It is curious to note that, even now, some of the minor officials of the State cannot reconcile themselves to the new decrees. Many instances are known where individuals, taking advantage of the new decrees, have been arrested and seen their wares requisitioned by Red Guards and others who refuse to accept the explanation that this kind of trading is now permissible.

Still, despite these vagaries, the feeling is now general that trading is safe, and one has only to walk about Moscow to-day to see how readily everybody is taking advantage of the new situation to bring out their goods and to sell them before the old restrictions are put into force again, if they ever are.

The same feeling of regaining a certain degree of liberty is now evident in other connections also. For example, I called recently at the house of a man, a friend of mine, who, although no Bolshevist, occupies a post of no small importance in one of the Bolshevik Ministries. In conversation with him, I discovered that in his opinion the whole

social atmosphere had been perceptibly lightened by the new more moderate policy of the Government. He said that it showed that the worst phase of Bolshevism had passed, and that now at least there was hope that people would "be able to live." While I was drinking tea with him, a neighbour of his came in, and, after being reassured about my neutrality in the matter, this friend brought out some old share certificates in a Baku oil well, and offered them to us at a price which, though much less than it had used to be, was still not much less than the shares are being offered at in London and Paris. From what he said, it appeared that this trade in stocks and shares, as in everything else, has been going on illegally during the whole period of Bolshevist rule. To have been caught doing it meant death, of course, unless one succeeded in bribing one's way out of the prison in which one was confined.

Even midnight cafés and cabarets are beginning to open, though, to be sure, the puritanical conscience of the more fanatical Communists looks at these with great suspicion—a fact that usually leads to their suppression after a short but vivid existence.

Moscow is encircled by boulevards along

which, in the old days, crowds of Muscovites would promenade in the evenings. As everywhere in Russia, social life in the city has been moribund under the Bolshevist regime, but just lately—thanks to the new hopes that have been roused in the people—things have to some extent begun to liven up again.

A few days ago I saw a Chinese juggler performing his antiquated tricks in one of the boulevards to a delighted audience of Red Guards, ragamuffins, and passers-by. A little farther on there was another crowd, composed of the same elements, surrounding a blind cripple who was singing and accompanying himself on a concertina. All these are straws that show the way the new wind is blowing in Russia.

The general appearance of Moscow is still, of course, rather horrible for anyone who remembers it as it was in the old days. The streets are almost empty, and the people one sees in them are ragged and haggard. They wear the most amazing variety of clothes. Few of the people one meets have coats to match the rest of their garments, and to see a man in an old torn pair of tennis shoes, patched grey flannel trousers, an amazingly shabby frock coat and a greasy official cap,

is as usual as the sight of an erstwhile aristocrat walking round despondently in a British private soldier's uniform—the last in a state which even the most careless of corporals would never permit any of his men to do even the dirtiest work of the camp in.

The buildings are in as bad repair as the people and their clothes. Many of them are a wilderness of broken windows, broken doors, broken roofs and broken gutters. Very, very few of them look any longer like dwelling-houses. Seven years of neglect and impoverishment have broken them as completely as an earthquake or a bombardment could have done. True, there has been no lack of fighting in some parts of the city, still further to reduce some of the houses to ruins. In the Nikitskaya Square, for example, one big house which commanded this place is now merely a heap of rubble; another big apartment house behind it has been gutted by fire; and the other houses round the square are pitted inches deep by rifle and machine-gun bullets which were fired here, apparently in thousands, during the last desperate attempt by some of the Loyalist troops to withstand the Bolshevist triumph four years ago. Elsewhere, as one walks along the street, especially if it be

at night, one is liable to be suddenly stopped by two stiff barbed wires—one of them catches you on the shin, the other in the pit of the stomach—which thus warn you that the piece of pavement that is enclosed by them is a dangerous place to walk in, because at any moment part of the roof or wall of the house beside it, weakened by some structural defect or the results of fighting near by, may drop off and fall on your head.

Needless to say, the cobbled roadways of the pavements are in the very worst of states ; you walk along them gingerly and, at night, with considerable trepidation, because you never know when you may fall headlong over a displaced stone or, on the other hand, when you may drop into the hole that this stone once occupied.

The shop windows—though, as has been said, a few of them are now beginning to show signs of private trade—are for the most part still commandeered, like the shops they belong to, by official departments of the Bolshevist Government. It need hardly be said that most of these shops are perpetually locked. However, in their windows you will come across an unending number of Bolshevist propagandist photographs, posters and pamphlets. Dirty, fly-blown, and dis-

coloured by rain and water that have leaked through, these exhibits are as often as not undecipherable. In any case nobody any longer cares to look at photographs of Lenin and Trotsky, and the thousand and one other Bolshevist leaders ; and it is only the stranger who is likely to trouble to read the often very witty and well-drawn propagandist posters. The pamphlets, of course, nobody ever has read, or will read, because, in addition to their extraordinary dullness and redundancy, they are printed with such bad ink and on such bad paper that no one in his senses would waste time in trying to peruse them.

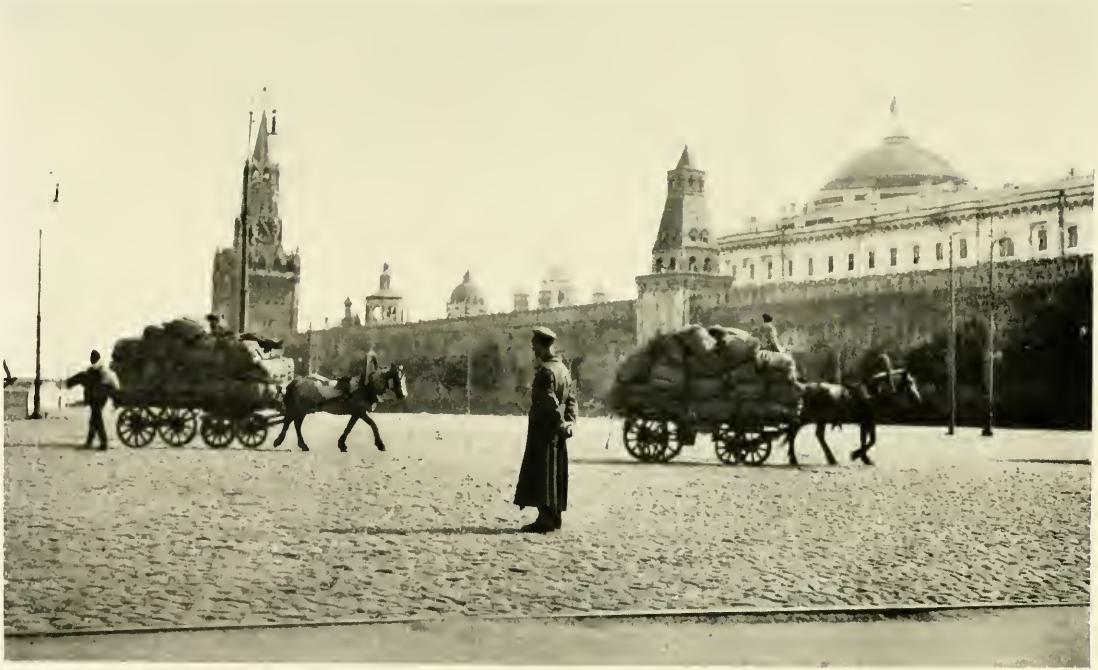
Through a few of the huge plate-glass windows one sees sacks piled up in the unswept shops containing some kind or other of official Bolshevist stores. These stocks, however, seem as neglected and cobwebbed as the things in the other shop windows, but occasionally the persons of a few rapscallion guards and even—that most unusual phenomenon—an open door through which people are actually passing, suggest that something is really being done in regard to them. It must be understood that the general sentiment in Russia is that under the Bolshevist regime nothing of any positive

value is ever done ;. consequently these signs of official activity have a significance all of their own.

Apart from the ragged, weary people and the dilapidated streets and shops, there are other sights in the streets which attract the attention of the visitor. Most amazing of all, perhaps, is the sight of the cabs which still ply their trade to a certain restricted degree, but with prices that make the extortions of their fellows in other countries seem trivial. The high rates of cab hire in Moscow—which amount to twenty thousand roubles for a very short journey and up to eighty thousand or one hundred thousand even for a good hour's use (amounts which, even with the present exchange of a hundred and twenty thousand roubles to the English pound, are by no means to be treated lightly)—are, of course, to be explained by the great difficulty that the cabbies have in getting food for their horses and themselves, for they do not even receive a promise of rations from the Government, and also, no doubt, the difficulty and expense they have had until recently in buying off the demands of officious public individuals who must have attempted to threaten them with the consequences of speculation.

Quite a number of the *izvozchiks* still retain their padded blue or green uniforms of the old days, and their leather belts divide them, as before, into two spheres of extraordinary rotundity ; and often on their heads one will see the famous top hats with the widely curved brims—greasy survivors of happier days.

But to my mind the saddest sight in all Moscow is the " proletarian poodle." I was walking one day from the Moscow Soviet building—which in the old days was the Governor's house — down to the Theatre Square, when an amazing apparition met my eye. It was a poodle which a few years ago must have been carefully frizzled and shaved and generally barbered at the command of an admiring owner. But to-day its hair has grown all over its body. The long black curls are now clotted with the dust and mud that has collected on them for months ; the poodle's face is covered with a mask of hair and dirt. Even its tail is weighed down by the filth that it has accumulated and drags along behind it, giving the unfortunate animal an appearance of despondency that is certainly confirmed by its general demeanour. This proletarian poodle is only too symbolical of Moscow to-day.



RED ARMY CARTS PASSING THE KREMLIN. (NOTE RED FLAG ON DOME)

It was not easy to get used to the Bolshevist summer-time of four hours ahead of the real time. A sundial on the wall in the so-called China Town near the Kremlin was in the same predicament, and showed me at noon that the time was really only eight in the morning. I was already getting used to the shabby, depressed atmosphere of Moscow, the only cheerful thing in which seemed to be the constant sight of fairly merry girls with bobbed hair, many of whom were wearing red enamel Communist flags in their blouses. The number of Jews in the Foreign Office and the Soviet institutions I called at, is extraordinary. It is exceptional in Moscow to find anybody there in an at all responsible post who is not of that race. The trams are running; they are not very frequent, but they move quickly and are crowded with people, with festoons of them hanging on behind and around the entrance. I inquired from a stranger how I could reach an address in the suburbs of the city. He told me that the best way to go was by tram, but that I could not use the tram during the rush hours unless I had a card certifying that I was employed in a Government office.

The brother of my friend at the frontier called on me the same day. He told me

that he was what is known in Russia as "sovbu," that is, "Soviet bourgeois." He was not a Communist but a "non-Party" man. He told me a good many things about conditions that I had already suspected to be the case, but he confessed that he saw no immediate alternative to the present Government. He said that the people were slowly becoming accustomed to their rulers, and that it was probable that these would so change their programme, as indeed they have recently done in regard to economics, that there would soon be no Communism left, but the Soviet bourgeoisie would continue to rule the country as a dictatorial bureaucracy. The elections to the Soviets, as he proved to me by various examples which had come within his own experience, were a farce. This is, of course, a thing that no honest Communist denies; he would say that it is necessary for the maintenance of the revolutionary Bolshevist Government that no members of other parties should be allowed to take any serious part in the administration. But, unfortunately, there are fools both inside the Communist ranks and among their sympathizers who still do not recognize that the Bolshevists distrust and despise "bourgeois democratic" methods of election.

When I returned to Moscow, one of my first actions was to scour the town for the latest books that had been published. It was not difficult to find bookshops, because they represent perhaps a quarter of the few shops which were then open. After a little searching I found one on the Tver Street, which a huge signboard stated to be conducted by a Writers' Artists' League. Applying inside, I found that the two or three men and women behind the counter were themselves writers, who had been forced by economic circumstances to devote themselves to the sale, rather than, as in old days, the writing of books. Getting into conversation with them, I was glad to find out a good many details with regard to book production in Bolshevist Russia during the last few years. They told me that publishing had been made the monopoly of the Government, and that, strictly speaking, nothing had been allowed to be published except books, pamphlets, and papers which had secured the approval of the Communist Party, and which expressed a definite agreement with their policy. However, they told me a certain number of people had taken the risk of punishment, and had ventured to publish their works, even during this period; in

some cases the Communist Party had suppressed the publication and imprisoned the authors, while on other occasions their defiance of the official decrees had been winked at. It need hardly be said, of course, that no political treatises have been published in opposition to Bolshevism ; in fact, Russian prose has practically ceased to appear. Only poetry and a few plays have been published.

Most of the best-known Russian writers are no longer writing ; or, if they are, their work is not appearing. Many of them are abroad. The names of Merejkovsky and his wife Zenaida Hippius, Demitri Philosofov, Ivan Bunin, Balmont, Alexey Tolstoy, Peter Struve, " Teffy," Igor Severianin, G. K. Lukomsky, Arkady Averchenko, Milyukov, Savinkov, Kuprin, Andreyev (now dead), and others were mentioned among the emigrants. The news had just come through that Remizov and Amfiteatrov had succeeded in escaping from the country. Many writers—Artsibashev (whose old house I visited, but whom I could not find), Korolenko, Sologub, Potapenko, and other well-known prose writers—were still in the country, but were writing little or nothing. Alexander Blok had just died of cancer, accelerated by under-nourish-

ment ; Andrey Biely was said to be dying of consumption. Maxim Gorky's position is well known ; he is now a semi-political personage, suspect to some degree by Bolshevists and anti-Bolshevists alike ; he too is now producing nothing of literary value. Shmeliev, the novelist, remained in the Crimea after the failure of Wrangel, as also did Voloshin the poet. Kuzmin, the best of the decadents, is in Petrograd, but I have seen nothing from his pen. Anna Akhmatova, whose latest book of poems, *The White Flock*, was reviewed abroad a year or so ago, is still in Petrograd or in Tsarskoye Selo. She is the best of the younger women poets in Russia, but nothing of hers has reached Moscow for some time. Nikolai Evreinov, the author of *The Merry Death*, and perhaps the most promising of the younger Russian dramatists and producers, has now made his way to Petrograd from the Black Sea, where he was last year ; but I gather that illness and the general state of affairs are preventing him from doing any work. It is possible, though I have no evidence of this, that in Petrograd, which has certainly remained the literary centre of Russia, some new books of literary interest have appeared ; but unfortunately they have not yet arrived in

the Moscow shops or come into the possession of the poets there. Vyacheslav Ivanov, the poet, is now in the Caucasus, lecturing, it is said, at the University of Baku. I have seen nothing of his lately. Vladimir Tardov, the author, known also as the translator of Rabindranath Tagore, is also in Baku.

There remains a handful of poets. Chief among them, of course, is the veteran Valery Briusov, who has been in the fortunate position of finding himself more or less able to agree with the Bolshevists. Of the younger poets the following are writing : Mayakovsky, Yessenin, Kliuyev, Mariengov, Shershenevich, Kamensky, and one or two others. With the exception of Briusov, these are all poets of an extremely advanced school. They call themselves " Imaginists," and those of them I met asked me many questions about their English and French forbears, the " Imagistes."

At the same time I was told that, of my two best friends among the younger Russian poets, Sergey Gorodietsky had just died in Baku, while Nikolai Gumilev was in prison in Petrograd.

I was able to buy at this shop, at prices running into thousands of roubles, or, in other words, twopences, the latest work of the Imaginists, as well as those of Blok,

Gumilev, Bielev, and the others. Needless to say, the Imaginists' books were in a vast majority.

One evening, a little later, I discovered a café in the town called "The Café of the Imaginists," where I met, among others, Yessenin and Mariengov. These told me the terrible news that Gumilev had just been shot in Petrograd, together with sixty other people, including thirteen women, on some charge, which seemed to be mostly false, of forming a conspiracy with the Finnish and American Secret Services. Gumilev is the first Russian poet to have been executed by the Bolshevists.

I found that Yessenin and Mariengov were living quite comfortably in Moscow—comfortably, that is to say, according to present standards there. A little time ago they published a proclamation "mobilizing" all writers and artists to protest against the Bolshevist control of literature. For the publication of this appeal they were both put in prison. Released soon afterwards, they posted up a "demobilization" order, for which offence they were promptly sent back to prison, but, as they explained to me, going to prison means nothing nowadays in Russia. Nearly everybody has suffered

this experience, in many cases on several occasions.

The topic of the day in what remains of artistic circles in Moscow, they said, was the case that their colleague Mayakovsky was then bringing against the publishing department of the Government. His charges were, first, that he was being insufficiently paid for poems contributed to Government journals; secondly, that even this pay was not forthcoming; and thirdly, that these officials were not treating him and other poets with proper respect. It seemed to me typical of Russia that such a case as this could be heard and taken seriously at the present time. But actually the case came on before a so-called "Popular Court," at which any of the public is at liberty to examine the witnesses; and, to the delight of my friends, Mayakovsky won his case.

Poets contributing to the official papers are paid by the line, and I noticed that Mayakovsky had cultivated the modern habit of making a line consist often of one or two words only, so that, I felt, on economic grounds at least, the Bolshevist authorities had had a certain amount of provocation. However, the result of this comic-opera

case proved that in the public's eye the poets were right.

Yessenin gave me the manuscript of his new play *Pugachov*, which deals with the adventures of the famous Cossack bandit of that name; now an official hero of the Bolshevists, he flourished in the Volga provinces in the eighteenth century, leading a revolt there in the guise of the dead Emperor, Peter III.

Another well-known Russian writer, Boris Zaitsev, has just come into prominence as a member of the ill-fated non-Party Famine Relief organization, which was called into existence by the Bolshevists and promptly suppressed by them a few weeks afterwards, as soon as it showed signs of taking up an independent attitude.

Just before I left, the Bolshevists issued a decree which professed to permit the publication of books by any registered society of writers and publicists. The effect of this decree is not as important as it appears; it merely legalizes what was previously being done semi-legally, as the Russian saying is. Books will still not be permitted to be published if they are in any way disagreeable to the Government; nor will those writers, who have hitherto braved the displeasure of the

Bolshevists by publishing their poems, be any more secure against imprisonment and the confiscation of their works than has hitherto been the case. Further, as a symptom of the new moderate policy of the Bolshevist Government, the new decree is of some interest.

The position of the theatre in Soviet Russia is not nearly so flourishing as the outside world has been led to believe by Bolshevist propagandists and their naïve friends. I am not familiar with the position in Petrograd, which is conceivably better than that in Moscow, although politically Petrograd is suffering under a much stricter tyranny than the capital. In Moscow only a few theatres are still open. I heard that in 1920 there were three or four official theatres grouped under the general direction of the famous *regisseur* Meyerhold, who is either a Communist or a so-called "sympathizer." But now the three theatres are to be joined into one for economy's sake. I did not gather that the performances at these theatres, none of which were taking place when I was in Moscow, were of any great merit, nor that, except in the political views they advocated or proved, did they show any advance of the pre-revolutionary

Russian theatre; in fact, I was assured that the very opposite was the case. The other theatres have, until recently, been under strict official supervision. During the period when they were nationalized, one of their managers informed me, they were forced to produce "tendencious" proletarian performances, but now this unpleasant obligation has been removed.

The most prosperous of the theatres are perhaps the Kamerny Theatre and what remains of the old cabaret, the "Bat" (the better part of which, under the direction of the old proprietor, M. Nikita Balief, is now performing in the West). The Kamerny Theatre was founded soon after the beginning of the War, if I am not mistaken, as a counterbalance to the Moscow Art Theatre, whose over-produced effects were leading to a reaction in the artistic world of Moscow. Its revolutionary methods, which in fact mean nothing more than a return to the simpler psychology of the theatre, have found favour in the eyes of the Bolshevists—with whose approval of them I find myself in sympathy though for different reasons—and the Kamerny Theatre has been the most favoured among the not strictly official theatres that have been functioning

in Moscow during the last three or four years.

I was much intrigued to discover that the "Bat" was still giving its performances in the famous underground cellar off the Tver Street. I called in there one evening, and discovered that a second M. Balief, a brother of the former proprietor, was now in charge, and he cordially invited me to witness the performance, offering me one of the seats which are reserved nowadays for officials of the Extraordinary Commission for Combating Counter-Revolution and Speculation, just as in the old days they used to be reserved for the Chief of the Police. I found that the show was not very different from that which has been given with so much success by other members of the original company in Paris and London. Some of the numbers were indeed exactly the same, and except that the scenery was in rather a tattered condition, that the audience was composed of rather a different public, and that one missed the genial personality of Balief as *conferencier,* one might have been watching the show in the Champs Elysées or Piccadilly Circus.

The much-described "proletarian theatres" do not appear to be any improvement upon

the " people's theatres " of the old Tsarist days ; in fact, the performances that I used to see at the latter, with the assistance of such artists as Chaliapin, were so greatly superior to anything that I have seen on my present visit to Moscow, that I imagine that exactly the contrary is true. Optimists may hold that the social uproar in Russia is bound to have a favourable effect sooner or later upon national art, but so far there is no evidence in support of this supposition. Instead, one may say of art in Soviet Russia, as of every other independent work of the people, that it is, if not dead, at least moribund.

It is impossible to understand the position in Russia unless one endeavours to understand the working of the Bolshevist mind. Even to oppose a man successfully it is necessary to be able to see things from his angle ; otherwise one is arguing at cross-purposes, and both sides will feel, rightly or wrongly, that they have proved their points. To illustrate how the Bolshevists think, I would like to take three examples from the innumerable conversations that I have had with them. I cannot do better, I think, than start with an account of an interview I had some weeks ago with Chicherine, who is the

people's Commissary for Foreign Affairs—in other words Foreign Minister. He sent me a message the night after I arrived in Moscow, saying that he would like to see me at midnight that evening. I arrived at his apartment, which is on the top floor of the dilapidated building, once the Hotel Metropole, in which the Bolshevist Foreign Office is now housed; and, after the customary three-quarters of an hour's delay, I was taken into his room.

Chicherine turned out to be in appearance a good type of the old aristocrat. It is well known that he began his life in the Russian Diplomatic Service, after which, becoming a Socialist, he sacrificed his position for his ideals, resigned his post, distributed all his property to his peasants, and came to live in England in poverty. He is a middle-aged man, polished, intense, rather bent and exhausted with overwork, brown-bearded, keen-eyed, fairly well-dressed, and, what is best, he possesses a sense of humour. He speaks English fairly well, and we spoke in this language. On the lapel of his coat he wore an enamel badge—a red flag—a symbol of the Communist Party. His opening remark to me was that he was glad to see me in Moscow because "you are not like the other

journalists here, who want only to see the surface of things ; but you want to analyse affairs also." He reminded me that he had first known me, though not in person, when he was a refugee in England in the first year of the War and I was writing articles on Russia for a weekly review. We had even had a controversy then upon some question of fact or other. I acknowledged the compliment he had paid me and also the additional compliment of allowing me, who had written so much against the Bolshevists, to enter Russia. He replied by telling me, as his assistant, Litvinov, had already mentioned to me when giving me my visa, that he liked a book I had written about Denikin —with reservations. He denied, for example, a statement I had reported, namely, that German officers were serving with the Red Army staff against Denikin.

We then entered upon an extraordinary conversation. Not only did Chicherine admit most of the charges I brought against the Bolshevist regime, but he did not shrink from making also the most damaging admissions about its mistakes and crimes. But he excused them all as a result of the circumstances in which the Bolshevist Government is placed.

We discussed the new economic policy of the Bolshevists, which, he explained to me, was that of leasing concessions to foreign capitalists for various terms of years, roughly from thirty to sixty, after which time these concessions would revert to the State; the workmen all along having, he claimed, a direct interest in their control. On the other hand, Russian capitalists would be allowed to return to their old enterprises, not as owners, but as managers — in his words "technical advisers"—at a salary. But in the case of small undertakings, absolute private ownership was again to be permitted.

"In Lenin's words," he said, "we are now entering upon a period of State Capitalism."

I asked him if he thought the Bolshevists would be able to dispossess the foreign capitalists to whom concessions were now being granted when their leases had expired.

"If we can survive the forty or fifty years which must elapse before this question arises, it will not trouble us very much," he said.

In answer to some other questions of mine, Chicherine said that the strength of the Bolshevist regime lay in its dual character. There was, on the one hand, the decentralizing influence of the Soviet system, and, on the

other hand, the as rigorously centralized organization of the Communist Party.

I put it to him that these two tendencies were bound to clash. "For example," I said," when the local Soviet returns a non-Communist majority, is it not dispersed by the local Communist Party with the aid, if necessary, of Red Guards?"

Chicherine admitted that this is so, but excused it on the ground that the opponents of the Bolshevists—the Socialist-Revolutionaries and "my former friends, the Menshivists"—in wishing to establish a form of Parliamentary government in Russia, are failing to take into consideration the universal and all-pervasive power of international Capitalism.

"The works of your Belloc and Chesterton in England," he said, "have shown that Parliamentarism is equivalent to the rule of a Capitalist oligarchy; in fact it means the Servile State."

I corrected him by saying that, on the contrary, Mr. Belloc's definition of the Servile State is identical with the very State Capitalism which, as he had just said, the Bolshevists are now endeavouring to initiate.

"Yes, then we are building up the Servile State," said Chicherine.

"Do you consider yourselves," I asked, "as the stabilizing influence upon an inevitable popular revolutionary movement in Russia, or as the driving force in that movement?"

He replied that the Bolshevists regard themselves as the rider of the revolutionary storm, but he admitted that they could not expect to be acquitted of a part in the responsibility of the break-up of the Russian Army in 1917.

"We told the Army not to fight for Imperialistic aims; but you must recollect that we also told them to stand firm to defend the new social structure that we were calling into being."

"You also told them," I said, "that if they did not hurry home the landlords' estates would be distributed without their getting their share."

Chicherine admitted this, but added that only centuries of oppression could explain why the good-hearted Russian peasants had been changed into the men who had murdered their officers and generals and committed so many atrocious acts of cruelty.

"The Communist Party," he said, "is constantly struggling to purify its ranks from scoundrels and adventurers who had entered

it in order to take advantage of its power for their own evil ends.

" Remember that the vast majority of the Intelligentsia of the country is against us, and it is too much to expect that bad and foolish things will not be committed by the new men who serve us but have no practical experience of the problems with which they have to deal. I do not think that you sufficiently realize the new spirit that is growing up in our ranks. You have not seen the fine new life that is being created. It is as when the sun melts and the old grass is found dead underneath it, but beneath this ruin there are the young, new shoots."

The famine, he admitted, was in part due to the intolerable requisitions made by the Red Army in 1919 and 1920. " The only way we could beat Denikin was by putting more men in the field than he had. At times," he added, " the position in the field was such that at Moscow the Bolshevist leaders did not know who would be the victors, so involved was the position and the strategy of Tugachevsky and the other Bolshevist Army leaders. There was one moment when we did not know whether Denikin would take Moscow or whether we should take Rostov."

This bore out my own observations when I was at Denikin's headquarters.

When I asked Chicherine if he would give me the privilege of absolute freedom of movement inside Russia and permission to return there from abroad as often as I wished, he told me that he could not say anything that would amount to a promise.

"It is all," I suggested, "apparently a matter for the Cheka"—the notorious Extraordinary Commission for Combating Counter-Revolution and Speculation. Chicherine's hesitation proved that this was really the case.

"Counter-revolution," he said, "lurks behind every bush, and we dare not relax our vigilance."

I noticed with Chicherine, as with most other Bolshevist leaders with whom I have come into contact, that they do not appear to do anything decisive on their own responsibility, and I suspect that the Cheka has the last word in all important matters. If, as is generally understood, the Cheka and the Communist Party are much the same thing, the stern Bolshevist Party discipline somewhat explains their hesitation to act independently.

Chicherine's psychology seems to me to be

typical of that of the better class of genuine Communists, and it may be set out as follows : The only thing in the world that matters is the destruction of Capitalism—in other words, " Social Revolution." For the furtherance of this end, any method and weapon, no matter how evil, is justified by the fact that one is dealing with a powerful and unscrupulous name.

I suggested to Chicherine that these arguments would be sounder if only the Bolshevists were really displacing Capitalism. " But," I said, " this new call of yours to foreign capitalists to come and restore Russia's economic position seems to me, and to most people, really nothing more than a surrender to Capitalism and an admission of the failure of Communism. In short," I said, " the Bolshevists have sacrificed so much in Russia in an attempt that has proved a failure." The failure of the Bolshevists to carry their programme into Central Europe had really sounded the knell of Russian Bolshevism, and I quoted Lenin's last book in which he said that Russian Communism would always be as backward in any comparison with Communism in any European State as Capitalism had always been backward in Russia.

Chicherine replied to this that he and his

colleagues still think themselves able, even with their new economic policy, and even because of it, to withstand the attack of international capitalism, and eventually to vanquish it.

"You think then," I said, "that you can go thus far and no farther?"

"Exactly," he replied, "thus far and no farther."

It was now almost three o'clock in the morning, and I left Chicherine after more than an hour and a half's argument, with a warm invitation from him to come and see him again at any later date.

Chicherine, as every one who has met him admits, represents the best type of convinced Communist. Secluded as he is within the Foreign Office, where he works wholly at night, rarely going out into the streets, he simply does not understand the situation as it actually is. I have met other Bolshevists who are as sincere as he is, but who have not his excuses for being ignorant of the situation. A description of my talks with two of them, whom I will classify as, first, a decent type of Communist, and, secondly, an intellectually unscrupulous type, will perhaps show the difference in their psychologies.

The first man I am thinking of was a

curious individual I met in a train. He was a small, alert-looking man with keen eyes ; I fancy that he is rather modelling himself upon Lenin ; but in appearance he was chiefly remarkable to me because his chin was covered with a thick, neatly-trimmed beard, while his upper lip was clean shaven —a curious combination. He was a very skilful dialectician and, as he looked at everything from the rigidly Communist point of view, I am bound to say that in the argument, so long as we discussed matters from his starting-place, he had things all his own way. He talked of Ireland as an example of the conflict which was due principally to the class struggle, and the problem of which would therefore be solved only when Soviet governments rules the whole of Europe. He had a fund of half-true information about every country in the world, and he set aside as superficial any points that I put forward to suggest that his explanation did not really cover the ground. I always envy the convinced Communist, like this man, because his attitude is so simple that nothing can disturb his intellectual self-satisfaction. When he spoke of India, also in terms of the class struggle, I asked him if he really thought that British rule had not brought peace to a

country where hundreds of hostile peoples had for centuries previously waged internecine warfare. He replied blandly that this was undoubtedly a phase in the class struggle; there was no question, he said, that international imperialism is sometimes called upon to play a beneficent part in the progress of humanity towards Communism. "Marx foretold this," he said, quoting that inexhaustible source. "But," he assured me, "only a stern dictatorship of Communist States can ever bring peace to the world."

I put it to him that a Communist dictatorship would probably be even more disagreeable to the majority of mankind than any other dictatorship; but this criticism, I need hardly say, did not appeal to him.

I asked him what precisely "Communism" meant to him. He replied that he saw the Communist programme as a series of problems which had to be solved. The first problem, he said, had been the creation of the Red Army! And the second, he declared, was now the re-establishment of Russia's economic position with the aid of foreign capital!

We parted on good terms, each of us quite satisfied—and wrongly so—that he had made

the other think in directions that had previously been strange to him.

Now I come to the third type of typical Communist. I am thinking of a man I met in the train on his way abroad to represent the Soviet Government in some capacity or other. He was a swarthy man with an abundance of dark hair ; I suspect that he was probably a Georgian. His attempts to justify the Bolshevist regime in terms of Western Liberalism, were at once pathetic and amusing.

We had been discussing the Bolshevist regime for some time, I taking up a critical attitude, he assuming the defensive. I touched upon the question of the liberty of the Press, and complained that the Bolshevist Government allowed no papers to be published except those which expressed its own point of view.

" But that is not so," he answered excitedly. " We do allow other papers to be published. The Left Socialist-Revolutionaries publish their paper once every two months. Besides, as you know, we allowed the unofficial famine committee to publish two issues of a paper which criticizes us very strongly."

" Come, come," I said, " you know that you suppressed the latter paper as soon as it

was published, and that the programme of the former differs so little from your own that you do not trouble to suppress it. But you know that you do not allow any daily paper to be published which is in opposition to your policy—or rather to your Party, as your policy changes so frequently."

"But then you see," he explained, "we are so short of paper!"

I asked him what he considered was the attitude of other countries towards the Bolshevists, and he assured me that the whole of Europe was trembling before them. When I assured him that whatever fear we may have had a year or two ago about the possibilities of Bolshevism spreading throughout Europe, the West now certainly looked at Russia with pity and contempt rather than with fear. He and his friends burst into a roar of laughter and assured me that I was wrong.

The most notable thing about all these Bolshevists — perhaps the only quality common to all Bolshevists—is the amazing manner in which they are prepared to alter their whole course of thought and argument at the command of the Central Committee of the Communist Party. Now that the Party has, in my opinion at least, abandoned Com-

munism for a more or less modified form of Capitalism, every Bolshevist throughout Russia—there are, to be sure, only 600,000 recognized members of the Party—is now asserting that the new economic policy is the true path towards their ideal of society !

This extraordinary intellectual discipline, not to say tyranny, and the relatively small numbers of genuine Communists even inside the Party, are the best guarantees that the now seemingly inevitable transition from Communism back to *bourgeois* economics will be effected with little friction. A few of the intransigent Left Wing may grumble at the changes ; they may even continue to signify their discontent and emphasize the remnants of their power by the discovery and summary punishment of more dubious " conspiracies " ; but what can so few men do to withstand the will of the moderate majority in the Party, who are seeking to mask the failure of their hopes by a return to all that they, and not only they, have for so long opposed ?

PRINTED BY
MORRISON AND GIBB LTD.
EDINBURGH

A SELECTION FROM

MESSRS. METHUEN'S PUBLICATIONS

This Catalogue contains only a selection of the more important books published by Messrs. Methuen. A complete catalogue of their publications may be obtained on application.

Bain (F. W.)—
A DIGIT OF THE MOON: A Hindoo Love Story. THE DESCENT OF THE SUN: A Cycle of Birth. A HEIFER OF THE DAWN. IN THE GREAT GOD'S HAIR. A DRAUGHT OF THE BLUE. AN ESSENCE OF THE DUSK. AN INCARNATION OF THE SNOW. A MINE OF FAULTS. THE ASHES OF A GOD. BUBBLES OF THE FOAM. A SYRUP OF THE BEES. THE LIVERY OF EVE. THE SUBSTANCE OF A DREAM. *All Fcap.* 8*vo.* 5*s. net.* AN ECHO OF THE SPHERES. *Wide Demy.* 12*s.* 6*d. net.*

Baker (C. H. Collins). CROME. Illustrated. *Quarto.* £5. 5*s. net.*

Balfour (Sir Graham). THE LIFE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. *Fifteenth Edition. In one Volume. Cr.* 8*vo. Buckram,* 7*s.* 6*d. net.*

Belloc (H.)—
PARIS, 8*s.* 6*d. net.* HILLS AND THE SEA, 6*s. net.* ON NOTHING AND KINDRED SUBJECTS, 6*s. net.* ON EVERYTHING, 6*s. net.* ON SOMETHING, 6*s. net.* FIRST AND LAST, 6*s. net.* THIS AND THAT AND THE OTHER, 6*s. net.* MARIE ANTOINETTE, 18*s. net.* THE PYRENEES, 10*s.* 6*d. net.*

Blackmore (S. Powell). LAWN TENNIS UP-TO-DATE. Illustrated. *Demy* 8*vo.* 12*s.* 6*d. net.*

Campbell (Norman R.). WHAT IS SCIENCE? *Cr.* 8*vo.* 5*s. net.*

Chandler (Arthur), D.D., late Lord Bishop of Bloemfontein—
ARA CŒLI: An Essay in Mystical Theology, 5*s. net.* FAITH AND EXPERIENCE, 5*s. net.* THE CULT OF THE PASSING MOMENT, 5*s. net.* THE ENGLISH CHURCH AND REUNION, 5*s. net.* SCALA MUNDI, 4*s.* 6*d. net.*

Chesterton (G. K.)—
THE BALLAD OF THE WHITE HORSE. ALL THINGS CONSIDERED. TREMENDOUS TRIFLES. ALARMS AND DISCURSIONS. A MISCELLANY OF MEN. THE USES OF DIVERSITY. *All Fcap.* 8*vo.* 6*s. net.* WINE, WATER, AND SONG. *Fcap.* 8*vo.* 1*s.* 6*d. net.*

Clutton-Brock (A.). WHAT IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN? *Fifth Edition. Fcap.* 8*vo.* 5*s. net.*
ESSAYS ON ART. *Second Edition. Fcap.* 8*vo.* 5*s. net.*
ESSAYS ON BOOKS. *Third Edition. Fcap.* 8*vo.* 6*s. net.*
MORE ESSAYS ON BOOKS. *Fcap.* 8*vo.* 6*s. net.*

Cole (G. D. H.). SOCIAL THEORY. *Second Edition, revised. Cr.* 8*vo.* 6*s. net.*

Conrad (Joseph). THE MIRROR OF THE SEA: Memories and Impressions. *Fourth Edition. Fcap.* 8*vo.* 6*s. net.*

Drever (James). THE PSYCHOLOGY OF EVERYDAY LIFE. *Cr.* 8*vo.* 6*s. net.*
THE PSYCHOLOGY OF INDUSTRY. *Cr.* 8*vo.* 5*s. net.*

Einstein (A.). RELATIVITY: THE SPECIAL AND THE GENERAL THEORY. Translated by ROBERT W. LAWSON. *Sixth Edition. Cr.* 8*vo.* 5*s. net.*

Other Books on the **Einstein Theory.**

SPACE—TIME—MATTER. By HERMANN WEYL. *Demy* 8*vo.* 21*s. net.*
EINSTEIN THE SEARCHER: HIS WORK EXPLAINED IN DIALOGUES WITH EINSTEIN. By ALEXANDER MOSZKOWSKI. *Demy* 8*vo.* 12*s.* 6*d. net.*
AN INTRODUCTION TO THE THEORY OF RELATIVITY. By LYNDON BOLTON. *Cr.* 8*vo.* 5*s. net.*
RELATIVITY AND GRAVITATION. By various Writers. Edited by J. MALCOLM BIRD. *Cr.* 8*vo.* 7*s.* 6*d. net.*
RELATIVITY AND THE UNIVERSE. By Dr. HARRY SCHMIDT. *Cr.* 8*vo.* 5*s. net.*

Fyleman (Rose). FAIRIES AND CHIMNEYS. *Fcap.* 8*vo. Ninth Edition.* 3*s.* 6*d. net.*
THE FAIRY GREEN. *Fourth Edition. Fcap.* 8*vo.* 3*s.* 6*d. net.*
THE FAIRY FLUTE. *Fcap.* 8*vo.* 3*s.* 6*d. net.*

Gibbins (H. de B.). INDUSTRY IN ENGLAND: HISTORICAL OUTLINES. With Maps and Plans. *Tenth Edition. Demy* 8*vo.* 12*s.* 6*d. net.*
THE INDUSTRIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND. With 5 Maps and a Plan. *Twenty-seventh Edition. Cr.* 8*vo.* 5*s.*

Gibbon (Edward). THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE. Edited, with Notes, Appendices, and Maps, by J. B. BURY. *Seven Volumes. Demy* 8*vo.* Illustrated. *Each* 12*s.* 6*d. net. Also in Seven Volumes.* Unillustrated. *Cr.* 8*vo. Each* 7*s.* 6*d. net.*

Glover (T. R.)—
THE CONFLICT OF RELIGIONS IN THE EARLY ROMAN EMPIRE, 10*s.* 6*d. net.* POETS AND PURITANS, 10*s.* 6*d. net.* FROM PERICLES TO PHILIP, 10*s.* 6*d. net.* VIRGIL, 10*s.* 6*d. net.* THE CHRISTIAN TRADITION AND ITS VERIFICATION (The Angus Lecture for 1912), 6*s. net.*

Grahame (Kenneth). THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS. *Eleventh Edition. Cr.* 8*vo.* 7*s.* 6*d. net.*

Hall (H. R.). THE ANCIENT HISTORY OF THE NEAR EAST FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE BATTLE OF SALAMIS. Illustrated. *Fifth Edition. Demy* 8*vo.* 21*s. net.*

Hawthorne (Nathaniel). THE SCARLET LETTER. With 31 Illustrations in Colour by HUGH THOMSON. *Wide Royal* 8*vo.* 31*s.* 6*d.* net.

Herbert (A. P.). THE WHEREFORE AND THE WHY: NEW RHYMES FOR OLD CHILDREN. Illustrated by GEORGE MORROW. *Fcap. 4to.* 3*s.* 6*d. net.*

LIGHT ARTICLES ONLY. Illustrated by GEORGE MORROW. *Cr.* 8*vo.* 6*s. net.*

Holdsworth (W. S.). A HISTORY OF ENGLISH LAW. *Vols. I., II., III. Each Second Edition. Demy* 8*vo. Each* 15*s. net.*

Inge (W. R.). CHRISTIAN MYSTICISM. (The Bampton Lectures of 1899.) *Fifth Edition. Cr.* 8*vo.* 7*s.* 6*d. net.*

Jenks (E.). AN OUTLINE OF ENGLISH LOCAL GOVERNMENT. *Fourth Edition.* Revised by R. C. K. ENSOR. *Cr.* 8*vo.* 5*s. net.*

A SHORT HISTORY OF ENGLISH LAW: FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE END OF THE YEAR 1911. *Second Edition, revised. Demy* 8*vo.* 12*s.* 6*d. net.*

Julian (Lady) of Norwich. REVELATIONS OF DIVINE LOVE. Edited by GRACE WARRACK. *Seventh Edition. Cr.* 8*vo.* 5*s. net.*

Keats (John). POEMS. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by E. DE SÉLINCOURT. With a Frontispiece in Photogravure. *Fourth Edition. Demy* 8*vo.* 12*s.* 6*d. net.*

Kidd (Benjamin). THE SCIENCE OF POWER. *Ninth Edition. Crown* 8*vo.* 7*s.* 6*d. net.*

SOCIAL EVOLUTION. *Demy* 8*vo.* 8*s.* 6*d. net.*

A PHILOSOPHER WITH NATURE. *Cr.* 8*vo.* 7*s.* 6*d. net.*

Kipling (Rudyard). BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS. 215*th Thousand. Cr.* 8*vo. Buckram,* 7*s.* 6*d. net. Also Fcap.* 8*vo. Cloth,* 6*s. net; leather,* 7*s.* 6*d. net.*
Also a Service Edition. *Two Volumes. Square fcap.* 8*vo. Each* 3*s. net.*

THE SEVEN SEAS. 157*th Thousand. Cr.* 8*vo. Buckram,* 7*s.* 6*d. net. Also Fcap.* 8*vo. Cloth,* 6*s. net; leather,* 7*s.* 6*d. net.*
Also a Service Edition. *Two Volumes. Square fcap.* 8*vo. Each* 3*s. net.*

Kipling (Rudyard)—*continued.*
THE FIVE NATIONS. 126*th Thousand. Cr.* 8*vo. Buckram,* 7*s.* 6*d. net. Also Fcap.* 8*vo. Cloth,* 6*s. net; leather,* 7*s.* 6*d. net.*
Also a Service Edition. *Two Volumes. Square fcap.* 8*vo. Each* 3*s. net.*

DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES. 102*nd Thousand. Cr.* 8*vo. Buckram,* 7*s.* 6*d. net. Also Fcap.* 8*vo. Cloth,* 6*s. net; leather,* 7*s.* 6*d. net.*
Also a Service Edition. *Two Volumes. Square fcap.* 8*vo. Each* 3*s. net.*

THE YEARS BETWEEN. 95*th Thousand. Cr.* 8*vo. Buckram,* 7*s.* 6*d. net. Fcap.* 8*vo. Blue cloth,* 6*s. net; Limp lambskin,* 7*s.* 6*d. net.*
Also a Service Edition. *Two Volumes. Square fcap.* 8*vo. Each* 3*s. net.*

HYMN BEFORE ACTION. Illuminated. *Fcap. 4to.* 1*s.* 6*d. net.*

RECESSIONAL. Illuminated. *Fcap. 4to.* 1*s.* 6*d. net.*

TWENTY POEMS FROM RUDYARD KIPLING. 360*th Thousand. Fcap.* 8*vo.* 1*s. net.*

SELECTED POEMS. *Cr.* 8*vo.* 5*s. net.*

Knox (E. V. G.). ('**Evoe**' of *Punch.*) PARODIES REGAINED. Illustrated by GEORGE MORROW. *Fcap.* 8*vo.* 6*s. net.*

Lamb (Charles and Mary). THE COMPLETE WORKS. Edited by E. V. LUCAS. *A New and Revised Edition in Six Volumes. With Frontispieces. Fcap.* 8*vo. Each* 6*s. net.*
The volumes are :—
I. MISCELLANEOUS PROSE. II. ELIA AND THE LAST ESSAY OF ELIA. III. BOOKS FOR CHILDREN. IV. PLAYS AND POEMS. V. and VI. LETTERS.

THE ESSAYS OF ELIA. With an Introduction by E. V. LUCAS, and 28 Illustrations by A. GARTH JONES. *Fcap.* 8*vo.* 5*s. net.*

Lankester (Sir Ray). SCIENCE FROM AN EASY CHAIR. Illustrated. *Thirteenth Edition. Cr.* 8*vo.* 7*s.* 6*d. net.*

SCIENCE FROM AN EASY CHAIR. *Second Series.* Illustrated. *Third Edition Cr.* 8*vo.* 7*s.* 6*d. net.*

DIVERSIONS OF A NATURALIST. Illustrated. *Third Edition. Cr.* 8*vo.* 7*s.* 6*d. net.*

SECRETS OF EARTH AND SEA. *Cr.* 8*vo.* 8*s.* 6*d. net.*

Lodge (Sir Oliver). MAN AND THE UNIVERSE: A STUDY OF THE INFLUENCE OF THE ADVANCE IN SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE UPON OUR UNDERSTANDING OF CHRISTIANITY. *Ninth Edition. Crown* 8*vo.* 7*s.* 6*d. net.*

THE SURVIVAL OF MAN: A STUDY IN UNRECOGNISED HUMAN FACULTY. *Seventh Edition. Cr.* 8*vo.* 7*s.* 6*d. net.*

MODERN PROBLEMS. *Cr.* 8*vo.* 7*s.* 6*d. net.*

RAYMOND; OR LIFE AND DEATH. Illustrated. *Twelfth Edition. Demy* 8*vo.* 15*s. net.*

Lucas (E. V.)—
THE LIFE OF CHARLES LAMB, 2 *vols.*, 21*s. net.* A WANDERER IN HOLLAND, 10*s.* 6*d. net.* A WANDERER IN LONDON, 10*s.* 6*d. net.* LONDON REVISITED, 10*s.* 6*d. net.* A WANDERER IN PARIS, 10*s.* 6*d. net* and 6*s. net.* A WANDERER IN FLORENCE, 10*s.* 6*d. net.* A WANDERER IN VENICE, 10*s.* 6*d. net.* THE OPEN ROAD: A Little Book for Wayfarers, 6*s.* 6*d. net* and 2*s. net.* THE FRIENDLY TOWN: A Little Book for the Urbane, 6*s. net.* FIRESIDE AND SUNSHINE, 6*s. net.* CHARACTER AND COMEDY, 6*s. net.* THE GENTLEST ART: A Choice of Letters by Entertaining Hands, 6*s.* 6*d. net.* THE SECOND POST, 6*s. net.* HER INFINITE VARIETY: A Feminine Portrait Gallery, 6*s. net.* GOOD COMPANY: A Rally of Men, 6*s. net.* ONE DAY AND ANOTHER, 6*s. net.* OLD LAMPS FOR NEW, 6*s. net.* LOITERER'S HARVEST, 6*s. net.* CLOUD AND SILVER, 6*s. net.* A BOSWELL OF BAGHDAD, AND OTHER ESSAYS, 6*s. net.* 'TWIXT EAGLE AND DOVE, 6*s. net.* THE PHANTOM JOURNAL, AND OTHER ESSAYS AND DIVERSIONS, 6*s. net.* SPECIALLY SELECTED: A Choice of Essays. 7*s.* 6*d. net.* THE BRITISH SCHOOL: An Anecdotal Guide to the British Painters and Paintings in the National Gallery, 6*s. net.* ROVING EAST AND ROVING WEST: Notes gathered in India, Japan, and America. 5*s. net.* URBANITIES. Illustrated by G. L. STAMPA, 7*s.* 6*d. net.* VERMEER.

M.(A.). AN ANTHOLOGY OF MODERN VERSE. With Introduction by ROBERT LYND. *Third Edition. Fcap.* 8*vo.* 6*s. net. Thin paper, leather,* 7*s.* 6*d. net.*

McDougall (William). AN INTRODUCTION TO SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY. *Sixteenth Edition. Cr.* 8*vo.* 8*s.* 6*d. net.*

BODY AND MIND: A HISTORY AND A DEFENCE OF ANIMISM. *Fifth Edition. Demy* 8*vo.* 12*s.* 6*d. net.*

MacIver (R. M.). THE ELEMENTS OF SOCIAL SCIENCE. *Cr.* 8*vo.* 6*s. net.*

Maeterlinck (Maurice)—
THE BLUE BIRD: A Fairy Play in Six Acts, 6*s. net.* MARY MAGDALENE: A Play in Three Acts, 5*s. net.* DEATH, 3*s.* 6*d. net.* OUR ETERNITY, 6*s. net.* THE UNKNOWN GUEST, 6*s. net.* POEMS, 5*s. net.* THE WRACK OF THE STORM, 6*s. net.* THE MIRACLE OF ST. ANTHONY: A Play in One Act, 3*s.* 6*d. net.* THE BURGOMASTER OF STILEMONDE: A Play in Three Acts, 5*s. net.* THE BETROTHAL; or, The Blue Bird Chooses, 6*s. net.* MOUNTAIN PATHS, 6*s. net.* THE STORY OF TYLTYL, 21*s. net.*

Milne (A. A.). THE DAY'S PLAY. THE HOLIDAY ROUND. ONCE A WEEK. *All Cr.* 8*vo.* 7*s.* 6*d. net.* NOT THAT IT MATTERS. *Fcap.* 8*vo.* 6*s. net.* IF I MAY. *Fcap.* 8*vo.* 6*s. net.* THE SUNNY SIDE. *Fcap.* 8*vo.* 6*s. net.*

Oxenham (John)—
BEES IN AMBER; A Little Book of Thoughtful Verse. ALL'S WELL: A Collection of War Poems. THE KING'S HIGH WAY. THE VISION SPLENDID. THE FIERY CROSS. HIGH ALTARS: The Record of a Visit to the Battlefields of France and Flanders. HEARTS COURAGEOUS. ALL CLEAR! *All Small Pott* 8*vo. Paper,* 1*s.* 3*d. net; cloth boards,* 2*s. net.* WINDS OF THE DAWN. GENTLEMEN—THE KING, 2*s. net.*

Petrie (W. M. Flinders). A HISTORY OF EGYPT. Illustrated. *Six Volumes. Cr.* 8*vo. Each* 9*s. net.*
VOL. I. FROM THE 1ST TO THE XVITH DYNASTY. *Ninth Edition.* (10*s.* 6*d. net.*)
VOL. II. THE XVIITH AND XVIIITH DYNASTIES. *Sixth Edition.*
VOL. III. XIXTH TO XXXTH DYNASTIES. *Second Edition.*
VOL. IV. EGYPT UNDER THE PTOLEMAIC DYNASTY. J. P. MAHAFFY. *Second Edition.*
VOL. V. EGYPT UNDER ROMAN RULE. J. G. MILNE. *Second Edition.*
VOL. VI. EGYPT IN THE MIDDLE AGES. STANLEY LANE POOLE. *Second Edition.*
SYRIA AND EGYPT, FROM THE TELL EL AMARNA LETTERS. *Cr.* 8*vo.* 5*s. net.*
EGYPTIAN TALES. Translated from the Papyri. First Series, IVth to XIIth Dynasty. Illustrated. *Third Edition. Cr.* 8*vo.* 5*s. net.*
EGYPTIAN TALES. Translated from the Papyri. Second Series, XVIIIth to XIXth Dynasty. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Cr.* 8*vo.* 5*s. net.*

Pollard (A. F.). A SHORT HISTORY OF THE GREAT WAR. With 19 Maps. *Second Edition. Cr.* 8*vo.* 10*s.* 6*d. net.*

Pollitt (Arthur W.). THE ENJOYMENT OF MUSIC. *Cr.* 8*vo.* 5*s. net.*

Price (L. L.). A SHORT HISTORY OF POLITICAL ECONOMY IN ENGLAND FROM ADAM SMITH TO ARNOLD TOYNBEE. *Tenth Edition. Cr.* 8*vo.* 5*s. net.*

Reid (G. Archdall). THE LAWS OF HEREDITY. *Second Edition. Demy* 8*vo* £1 1*s. net.*

Robertson (C. Grant). SELECT STATUTES, CASES, AND DOCUMENTS, 1660–1832. *Third Edition. Demy* 8*vo.* 15*s. net.*

Selous (Edmund)—
TOMMY SMITH'S ANIMALS, 3*s.* 6*d. net.* TOMMY SMITH'S OTHER ANIMALS, 3*s.* 6*d. net.* TOMMY SMITH AT THE ZOO, 2*s.* 9*d.* TOMMY SMITH AGAIN AT THE ZOO, 2*s.* 9*d.* JACK'S INSECTS, 3*s.* 6*d.* JACK'S OTHER INSECTS, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Shelley (Percy Bysshe). POEMS. With an Introduction by A. CLUTTON-BROCK and Notes by C. D. LOCOCK. *Two Volumes. Demy* 8*vo.* £1 1*s. net.*

Smith (Adam). THE WEALTH OF NATIONS. Edited by EDWIN CANNAN. *Two Volumes. Second Edition. Demy 8vo. £1 10s. net.*

Smith (S. C. Kaines). LOOKING AT PICTURES. Illustrated. *Fcap. 8vo. 6s. net.*

Stevenson (R. L.). THE LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Edited by Sir SIDNEY COLVIN. *A New Re-arranged Edition in four volumes. Fourth Edition. Fcap. 8vo. Each 6s. net.*

Surtees (R. S.)—
HANDLEY CROSS, *7s. 6d. net.* MR. SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR, *7s. 6d. net.* ASK MAMMA: or, The Richest Commoner in England, *7s. 6d. net.* JORROCKS'S JAUNTS AND JOLLITIES, *6s. net.* MR. FACEY ROMFORD'S HOUNDS, *7s. 6d. net.* HAWBUCK GRANGE; or, The Sporting Adventures of Thomas Scott, Esq., *6s. net.* PLAIN OR RINGLETS? *7s. 6d. net.* HILLINGDON HALL, *7s. 6d. net.*

Tilden (W. T.). THE ART OF LAWN TENNIS. Illustrated. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s. net.*

Tileston (Mary W.). DAILY STRENGTH FOR DAILY NEEDS. *Twenty-seventh Edition. Medium 16mo. 3s. 6d. net.*

Townshend (R. B.). INSPIRED GOLF. *Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.*

Turner (W. J.). MUSIC AND LIFE. *Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*

Underhill (Evelyn). MYSTICISM. A Study in the Nature and Development of Man's Spiritual Consciousness. *Eighth Edition. Demy 8vo. 15s. net.*

Vardon (Harry). HOW TO PLAY GOLF. Illustrated. *Fourteenth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 5s. 6d. net.*

Waterhouse (Elizabeth). A LITTLE BOOK OF LIFE AND DEATH. *Twenty-first Edition. Small Pott 8vo. Cloth, 2s. 6d. net.*

Wells (J.). A SHORT HISTORY OF ROME. *Seventeenth Edition.* With 3 Maps. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

Wilde (Oscar). THE WORKS OF OSCAR WILDE. *Fcap. 8vo. Each 6s. 6d. net.*
I. LORD ARTHUR SAVILE'S CRIME AND THE PORTRAIT OF MR. W. H. II. THE DUCHESS OF PADUA. III. POEMS. IV. LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN. V. A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE. VI. AN IDEAL HUSBAND. VII. THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST. VIII. A HOUSE OF POMEGRANATES. IX. INTENTIONS. X. DE PROFUNDIS AND PRISON LETTERS. XI. ESSAYS. XII. SALOMÉ, A FLORENTINE TRAGEDY, and LA SAINTE COURTISANE. XIII. A CRITIC IN PALL MALL. XIV. SELECTED PROSE OF OSCAR WILDE. XV. ART AND DECORATION.

A HOUSE OF POMEGRANATES. Illustrated. *Cr. 4to. 21s. net.*

Yeats (W. B.). A BOOK OF IRISH VERSE. *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 7s. net.*

PART II.—A SELECTION OF SERIES

Ancient Cities

General Editor, SIR B. C. A. WINDLE

Cr. 8vo. 6s. net each volume

With Illustrations by E. H. NEW, and other Artists

BRISTOL. CANTERBURY. CHESTER. DUBLIN. EDINBURGH. LINCOLN. SHREWSBURY.

The Antiquary's Books

Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net each volume

With Numerous Illustrations

ANCIENT PAINTED GLASS IN ENGLAND. ARCHÆOLOGY AND FALSE ANTIQUITIES. THE BELLS OF ENGLAND. THE BRASSES OF ENGLAND. THE CASTLES AND WALLED TOWNS OF ENGLAND. CELTIC ART IN PAGAN AND CHRISTIAN TIMES. CHURCHWARDENS' ACCOUNTS. THE DOMESDAY INQUEST. ENGLISH CHURCH FURNITURE. ENGLISH COSTUME. ENGLISH MONASTIC LIFE. ENGLISH SEALS. FOLK-LORE AS AN HISTORICAL SCIENCE. THE GILDS AND COMPANIES OF LONDON. THE HERMITS AND ANCHORITES OF ENGLAND. THE MANOR AND MANORIAL RECORDS. THE MEDIÆVAL HOSPITALS OF ENGLAND. OLD ENGLISH INSTRUMENTS OF MUSIC. OLD ENGLISH LIBRARIES. OLD SERVICE BOOKS OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH. PARISH LIFE IN MEDIÆVAL ENGLAND. THE PARISH REGISTERS OF ENGLAND. REMAINS OF THE PREHISTORIC AGE IN ENGLAND. THE ROMAN ERA IN BRITAIN. ROMANO-BRITISH BUILDINGS AND EARTHWORKS. THE ROYAL FORESTS OF ENGLAND. THE SCHOOLS OF MEDIEVAL ENGLAND. SHRINES OF BRITISH SAINTS.

The Arden Shakespeare

General Editor, R. H. CASE

Demy 8vo. 6s. net each volume

An edition of Shakespeare in Single Plays ; each edited with a full Introduction, Textual Notes, and a Commentary at the foot of the page.

Classics of Art

Edited by DR. J. H. W. LAING

With numerous Illustrations. Wide Royal 8vo

THE ART OF THE GREEKS, 15*s. net.* THE ART OF THE ROMANS, 16*s. net.* CHARDIN, 15*s. net.* DONATELLO, 16*s. net.* GEORGE ROMNEY, 15*s. net.* GHIRLANDAIO, 15*s. net.* LAWRENCE, 25*s. net.* MICHELANGELO, 15*s. net.* RAPHAEL, 15*s. net.* REMBRANDT'S ETCHINGS, 31*s.* 6*d. net.* REMBRANDT'S PAINTINGS, 42*s. net.* TINTORETTO, 16*s. net.* TITIAN, 16*s. net.* TURNER'S SKETCHES AND DRAWINGS, 15*s. net.* VELAZQUEZ, 15*s. net.*

The 'Complete' Series

Fully Illustrated. Demy 8vo

THE COMPLETE AIRMAN, 16*s. net.* THE COMPLETE AMATEUR BOXER, 10*s.* 6*d. net.* THE COMPLETE ASSOCIATION FOOTBALLER, 10*s.* 6*d. net.* THE COMPLETE ATHLETIC TRAINER, 10*s.* 6*d. net.* THE COMPLETE BILLIARD PLAYER, 12*s.* 6*d. net.* THE COMPLETE COOK, 10*s.* 6*d. net.* THE COMPLETE CRICKETER, 10*s.* 6*d. net.* THE COMPLETE FOXHUNTER, 16*s. net.* THE COMPLETE GOLFER, 12*s.* 6*d. net.* THE COMPLETE HOCKEY-PLAYER, 10*s.* 6*d. net.* THE COMPLETE HORSEMAN, 12*s.* 6*d. net.* THE COMPLETE JUJITSUAN. *Cr. 8vo.* 5*s. net.* THE COMPLETE LAWN TENNIS PLAYER, 12*s.* 6*d. net.* THE COMPLETE MOTORIST, 10*s.* 6*d. net.* THE COMPLETE MOUNTAINEER, 16*s. net.* THE COMPLETE OARSMAN, 15*s. net.* THE COMPLETE PHOTOGRAPHER, 15*s. net.* THE COMPLETE RUGBY FOOTBALLER, ON THE NEW ZEALAND SYSTEM, 12*s.* 6*d. net.* THE COMPLETE SHOT, 16*s. net.* THE COMPLETE SWIMMER, 10*s.* 6*d. net.* THE COMPLETE YACHTSMAN, 18*s. net.*

The Connoisseur's Library

With numerous Illustrations. Wide Royal 8vo. 25s. net each volume

ENGLISH COLOURED BOOKS. ETCHINGS. EUROPEAN ENAMELS. FINE BOOKS. GLASS. GOLDSMITHS' AND SILVERSMITHS' WORK. ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS. IVORIES. JEWELLERY. MEZZOTINTS. MINIATURES. PORCELAIN. SEALS. WOOD SCULPTURE.

Handbooks of Theology

Demy 8vo

THE DOCTRINE OF THE INCARNATION, 15*s. net.* A HISTORY OF EARLY CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE, 16*s. net.* INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF RELIGION, 12*s.* 6*d. net.* AN INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF THE CREEDS, 12*s.* 6*d. net.* THE PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA, 12*s.* 6*d. net.* THE XXXIX ARTICLES OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND, 15*s. net.*

Health Series

Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net

THE BABY. THE CARE OF THE BODY. THE CARE OF THE TEETH. THE EYES OF OUR CHILDREN. HEALTH FOR THE MIDDLE-AGED. THE HEALTH OF A WOMAN. THE HEALTH OF THE SKIN. HOW TO LIVE LONG. THE PREVENTION OF THE COMMON COLD. STAYING THE PLAGUE. THROAT AND EAR TROUBLES. TUBERCULOSIS. THE HEALTH OF THE CHILD, 2*s. net.*

The Library of Devotion

Handy Editions of the great Devotional Books, well edited.
With Introductions and (where necessary) Notes

Small Pott 8vo, cloth, 3s. net and 3s. 6d. net

Little Books on Art

With many Illustrations. Demy 16mo. 5s. net each volume

Each volume consists of about 200 pages, and contains from 30 to 40 Illustrations, including a Frontispiece in Photogravure

ALBRECHT DÜRER. THE ARTS OF JAPAN. BOOKPLATES. BOTTICELLI. BURNE-JONES. CELLINI. CHRISTIAN SYMBOLISM. CHRIST IN ART. CLAUDE. CONSTABLE. COROT. EARLY ENGLISH WATER-COLOUR. ENAMELS. FREDERIC LEIGHTON. GEORGE ROMNEY. GREEK ART. GREUZE AND BOUCHER. HOLBEIN. ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS. JEWELLERY. JOHN HOPPNER. Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS. MILLET. MINIATURES. OUR LADY IN ART. RAPHAEL. RODIN. TURNER. VANDYCK. VELAZQUEZ. WATTS.

The Little Guides

With many Illustrations by E. H. NEW and other artists, and from photographs

Small Pott 8vo. 4s. net, 5s. net, and 6s. net

Guides to the English and Welsh Counties, and some well-known districts

The main features of these Guides are (1) a handy and charming form; (2) illustrations from photographs and by well-known artists; (3) good plans and maps; (4) an adequate but compact presentation of everything that is interesting in the natural features, history, archæology, and architecture of the town or district treated.

The Little Quarto Shakespeare

Edited by W. J. CRAIG. With Introductions and Notes

Pott 16mo. 40 Volumes. Leather, price 1s. 9d. net each volume
Cloth, 1s. 6d.

Plays

Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net

MILESTONES. Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblock. *Ninth Edition.*
IDEAL HUSBAND, AN. Oscar Wilde. *Acting Edition.*
KISMET. Edward Knoblock. *Fourth Edition.*
THE GREAT ADVENTURE. Arnold Bennett. *Fifth Edition.*
TYPHOON. A Play in Four Acts. Melchior Lengyel. English Version by Laurence Irving. *Second Edition.*
WARE CASE, THE. George Pleydell.
GENERAL POST. J. E. Harold Terry. *Second Edition.*
THE HONEYMOON. Arnold Bennett. *Third Edition.*

Sports Series

Illustrated. Fcap. 8vo

ALL ABOUT FLYING, 3s. *net*. GOLF DO'S AND DONT'S, 2s. 6d. *net*. THE GOLFING SWING, 2s. 6d. *net*. QUICK CUTS TO GOOD GOLF, 2s. 6d. *net*. INSPIRED GOLF, 2s. 6d. *net*. HOW TO SWIM, 2s. *net*. LAWN TENNIS, 3s. *net*. SKATING, 3s. *net*. CROSS-COUNTRY SKI-ING, 5s. *net*. WRESTLING, 2s. *net*. HOCKEY, 4s. *net*.

The Westminster Commentaries

General Editor, WALTER LOCK

Demy 8vo

THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES, 16s. *net*. AMOS, 8s. 6d. *net*. I. CORINTHIANS, 8s. 6d. *net*. EXODUS, 15s. *net*. EZEKIEL, 12s. 6d. *net*. GENESIS, 16s. *net*. HEBREWS, 8s. 6d. *net*. ISAIAH, 16s. *net*. JEREMIAH, 16s. *net*. JOB, 8s. 6d. *net*. THE PASTORAL EPISTLES, 8s. 6d. *net*. THE PHILIPPIANS, 8s. 6d. *net*. ST. JAMES, 8s. 6d. *net*. ST. MATTHEW, 15s. *net*.

Methuen's Two-Shilling Library

Cheap Editions of many Popular Books

Fcap. 8vo

PART III.—A SELECTION OF WORKS OF FICTION

Bennett (Arnold)—
CLAYHANGER, 8s. *net*. HILDA LESSWAYS, 8s. 6d. *net*. THESE TWAIN. THE CARD. THE REGENT: A Five Towns Story of Adventure in London. THE PRICE OF LOVE. BURIED ALIVE. A MAN FROM THE NORTH. THE MATADOR OF THE FIVE TOWNS. WHOM GOD HATH JOINED. A GREAT MAN: A Frolic. *All* 7s. 6d. *net*.

Birmingham (George A.)—
SPANISH GOLD. THE SEARCH PARTY. LALAGE'S LOVERS. THE BAD TIMES. UP, THE REBELS. *All* 7s. 6d. *net*. INISHEENY, 8s. 6d. *net*. THE LOST LAWYER, 7s. 6d. *net*.

Burroughs (Edgar Rice)—
TARZAN OF THE APES, 6s. *net*. THE RETURN OF TARZAN, 6s. *net*. THE BEASTS OF TARZAN, 6s. *net*. THE SON OF TARZAN, 6s. *net*. JUNGLE TALES OF TARZAN, 6s. *net*. TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR, 6s. *net*. TARZAN THE UNTAMED, 7s. 6d. *net*. A PRINCESS OF MARS, 6s. *net*. THE GODS OF MARS, 6s. *net*. THE WARLORD OF MARS, 6s. *net*. THUVIA, MAID OF MARS, 6s. *net*. TARZAN THE TERRIBLE, 2s. 6d. *net*. THE MAN WITHOUT A SOUL. 6s. *net*.

Conrad (Joseph). A SET OF SIX, 7s. 6d. *net*. VICTORY: An Island Tale. *Cr. 8vo*. 9s. *net*. THE SECRET AGENT: A Simple Tale. *Cr. 8vo*. 9s. *net*. UNDER WESTERN EYES. *Cr. 8vo*. 9s. *net*. CHANCE. *Cr. 8vo*. 9s. *net*.

Corelli (Marie)—
A ROMANCE OF TWO WORLDS, 7s. 6d. *net*. VENDETTA: or, The Story of One Forgotten, 8s. *net*. THELMA: A Norwegian Princess, 8s. 6d. *net*. ARDATH: The Story of a Dead Self, 7s. 6d. *net*. THE SOUL OF LILITH, 7s. 6d. *net*. WORMWOOD: A Drama of Paris, 8s. *net*. BARABBAS: A Dream of the World's Tragedy, 8s. *net*. THE SORROWS OF SATAN, 7s. 6d. *net*. THE MASTER-CHRISTIAN, 8s. 6d. *net*. TEMPORAL POWER: A Study in Supremacy, 6s. *net*. GOD'S GOOD MAN: A Simple Love Story, 8s. 6d. *net*. HOLY ORDERS: The Tragedy of a Quiet Life, 8s. 6d. *net*. THE MIGHTY ATOM, 7s. 6d. *net*. BOY: A Sketch, 7s. 6d. *net*. CAMEOS, 6s. *net*. THE LIFE EVERLASTING, 8s. 6d. *net*. THE LOVE OF LONG AGO, AND OTHER STORIES, 8s. 6d. *net*. INNOCENT, 7s. 6d. *net*. THE SECRET POWER: A Romance of the Time, 7s. 6d. *net*.

Hichens (Robert)—
TONGUES OF CONSCIENCE, 7s. 6d. *net*. FELIX: Three Years in a Life, 7s. 6d. *net* THE WOMAN WITH THE FAN, 7s. 6d. *net*. BYEWAYS, 7s. 6d. *net*. THE GARDEN OF ALLAH, 8s. 6d. *net*. THE CALL OF THE BLOOD, 8s. 6d. *net*. BARBARY SHEEP, 6s. *net*. THE DWELLER ON THE THRESHOLD, 7s. 6d. *net*. THE WAY OF AMBITION, 7s. 6d. *net*. IN THE WILDERNESS, 7s. 6d. *net*.

Hope (Anthony)—
A CHANGE OF AIR. A MAN OF MARK. THE CHRONICLES OF COUNT ANTONIO. SIMON DALE. THE KING'S MIRROR. QUISANTÉ. THE DOLLY DIALOGUES. TALES OF TWO PEOPLE. A SERVANT OF THE PUBLIC. MRS. MAXON PROTESTS. A YOUNG MAN'S YEAR. BEAUMAROY HOME FROM THE WARS. *All 7s. 6d. net.*

Jacobs (W. W.)—
MANY CARGOES, 5*s. net.* SEA URCHINS, 5*s. net* and 3*s. 6d. net.* A MASTER OF CRAFT, 5*s. net.* LIGHT FREIGHTS, 5*s. net.* THE SKIPPER'S WOOING, 5*s. net.* AT SUNWICH PORT, 5*s. net.* DIALSTONE LANE, 5*s. net.* ODD CRAFT, 5*s. net.* THE LADY OF THE BARGE, 5*s. net.* SALTHAVEN, 5*s. net.* SAILORS' KNOTS, 5*s. net.* SHORT CRUISES, 6*s. net.*

London (Jack). WHITE FANG. *Ninth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*

Lucas (E. V.)—
LISTENER'S LURE: An Oblique Narration, 6*s. net.* OVER BEMERTON'S: An Easy-going Chronicle, 6*s. net.* MR. INGLESIDE, 6*s. net.* LONDON LAVENDER, 6*s. net.* LANDMARKS, 7*s. 6d. net.* THE VERMILION BOX, 7*s. 6d. net.* VERENA IN THE MIDST, 8*s. 6d. net.* ROSE AND ROSE, 7*s. 6d. net.*

McKenna (Stephen)—
SONIA: Between Two Worlds, 8*s. net.* NINETY-SIX HOURS' LEAVE, 7*s. 6d. net.* THE SIXTH SENSE, 6*s. net.* MIDAS & SON, 8*s. net.*

Malet (Lucas)—
THE HISTORY OF SIR RICHARD CALMADY: A Romance. 10*s. net.* THE CARISSIMA. THE GATELESS BARRIER. DEADHAM HARD. *All 7s. 6d. net.* THE WAGES OF SIN. 8*s. net.*

Mason (A. E. W.). CLEMENTINA. Illustrated. *Ninth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*

Maxwell (W. B.)—
VIVIEN. THE GUARDED FLAME. ODD LENGTHS. HILL RISE. THE REST CURE. *All 7s. 6d. net.*

Oxenham (John)—
PROFIT AND LOSS. THE SONG OF HYACINTH, and Other Stories. THE COIL OF CARNE. THE QUEST OF THE GOLDEN ROSE. MARY ALL-ALONE. BROKEN SHACKLES. "1914." *All 7s. 6d. net.*

Parker (Gilbert)—
PIERRE AND HIS PEOPLE. MRS. FALCHION. THE TRANSLATION OF A SAVAGE. WHEN VALMOND CAME TO PONTIAC: The Story of a Lost Napoleon. AN ADVENTURER OF THE NORTH: The Last Adventures of 'Pretty Pierre.' THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY. THE BATTLE OF THE STRONG: A Romance of Two Kingdoms. THE POMP OF THE LAVILETTES. NORTHERN LIGHTS. *All 7s. 6d. net.*

Phillpotts (Eden)—
CHILDREN OF THE MIST. THE RIVER. DEMETER'S DAUGHTER. THE HUMAN BOY AND THE WAR. *All 7s. 6d. net.*

Ridge (W. Pett)—
A SON OF THE STATE, 7*s. 6d. net.* THE REMINGTON SENTENCE, 7*s. 6d. net.* MADAME PRINCE, 7*s. 6d. net.* TOP SPEED, 7*s. 6d. net.* SPECIAL PERFORMANCES, 6*s. net.* THE BUSTLING HOURS, 7*s. 6d. net.* BANNERTONS AGENCY, 7*s. 6d. net.* WELL-TO-DO ARTHUR, 7*s. 6d. net.*

Rohmer (Sax)—
THE DEVIL DOCTOR. TALES OF SECRET EGYPT. THE ORCHARD OF TEARS. THE GOLDEN SCORPION. *All 7s. 6d. net.*

Swinnerton (F.). SHOPS AND HOUSES. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*
SEPTEMBER. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*
THE HAPPY FAMILY. *Second Edition. 7s. 6d. net.*
ON THE STAIRCASE. *Third Edition. 7s. 6d. net.*
COQUETTE. *Cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*

Wells (H. G.). BEALBY. *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*

Williamson (C. N. and A. M.)—
THE LIGHTNING CONDUCTOR: The Strange Adventures of a Motor Car. LADY BETTY ACROSS THE WATER. LORD LOVELAND DISCOVERS AMERICA. THE GUESTS OF HERCULES. IT HAPPENED IN EGYPT. A SOLDIER OF THE LEGION. THE SHOP GIRL. THE LIGHTNING CONDUCTRESS. SECRET HISTORY. THE LOVE PIRATE. *All 7s. 6d. net.* CRUCIFIX CORNER. 6*s. net.*

Methuen's Two-Shilling Novels

Cheap Editions of many of the most Popular Novels of the day

Write for Complete List

Fcap. 8vo