

main temporarily as at present constituted, with the exception of the southern Epirote portion, which ought to be allotted immediately to Greece. Albania presents the most perplexing problem of Balkan readjustment, and will have to be kept, under international or pan-Balkan control, as an autonomous region for a period of trial years. If Albanians are able to fuse into a nation, disinterested international control, from which both Austria-Hungary and Italy must be rigorously excluded, will establish the contentions of Albanian nationalists. If the experiment does not succeed, Albania should eventually be divided between Serbia and Greece.

7. *Constantinople and the straits.* The reasons against Russian occupation have already been set forth in an earlier article. If the Turks are driven out of Europe, this region ought to be internationalized, with the Enos-Midia line as the Bulgarian frontier. But as internationalization presents insurmountable difficulties, unless the peace conference establishes a similar

régime for the other great international waterways, the Balkan balance of power, as well as the general world equilibrium, is best secured by leaving Constantinople and the straits to the Ottoman Empire, with the stipulations that all fortifications be destroyed, free passage be assured to merchant vessels of all nations and to war-vessels of the countries bordering on the Black Sea.

I realize fully that these suggestions are open to objection on many points, but in their ensemble they represent the application of the principle that nations have a right to decide their own destinies, no nation being subjected to another nation by force. I submit that they are practical suggestions, too, for those who are opposed to German political expansion in the near East. For if the conscience of the world is not alive to the necessity and the justice of leaving the Balkan Peninsula to the Balkan races, Germany will keep the hegemony in the Balkans that she has already won.

Revolution

Russia risen : Germany bound

By CALE YOUNG RICE

THE spell is broken.
The evil centuries drop away like sleep.
Freedom has spoken,
And by that token
The gyves of tyranny, that trenched so deep,
And ate into the flesh and soul of a nation
Till gangrenous damnation
Seemed running leprous through it,
Are rent, are rent away, in a swift hour,
With wild power,
By the millions who so long were made to rue it.

The spell is rent
From the Arctic to the Caspian in twain,
And from the prison plain
Of stark Siberia to the Baltic main;
And now, O Earth, a free host shall be pressed,
As in the West,

Against autocracy, at last shut lean,
From all wide Europe else, into one land,
Where it shall starve and bleed and starve and die,
Unless along its veins, too, leaps that cry
For self-rule, which alone God will let stand.

And shall that cry not come?
Shall Russia rise,
Russia a serf under her staring skies,
And on her starven steppes,
Yet not *Kultur*-acclaiming kaiserdom?
Shall the untutored peasant seize the dream
Of liberty, once more through the world astream,
While *that* great race,—
Whose reckonings in many a darkest place
Of the dead past
Might well have swept its spirit, *first*, not *last*,
To the democratic day,—
Fails to surge up at the future's trumpet-blast?

No, people of the Rhine,
Who have freed music, brought it from the deeps
Of the heart's prison chambers;
Who have freed thought, that now no more remembers
Its one-time fear to face the universe;
Who have freed God—opened the church door,
That would have held Him shut within a creed,
Until He now may speak to any need,
Through Book or star
Or the star-shivering sea,—
No, no! Rise up in your humanity,
And set yourselves free,
And war no more save for an end to war!
Rise and say to your foes,
"We want no mastery save of the world's woes."
Out of the hurricane tides of war-madness
Lift such a flag
Of arbitrage that all your cruel brag
And frenzied might shall be forgot in praise,
And not endow with sadness
Your sons' sons, and be their bitter drag!
Rise and say: "Join us. All have sinned.
Let us no longer reap the dire whirlwind.
For peace is the price neither of bravery
Nor cowardice, but of the will to see
That the earth is all men's—all,
And so, can *so* be kept
Only when nations from their shrines have swept,
At a world call,
That loud self-worship, nationality!"

Young Man Axelbrod

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

Author of "The Job," "Our Mr. Wrenn," "The Trail of the Hawk," etc.

Illustrations by W. M. Berger

THE cottonwood is a tree of a slovenly and plebeian habit. Its woolly wisps turn gray the lawns and engender neighborhood hostilities about our town. Yet it is a mighty tree, a refuge and an inspiration; the sun flickers in its towering foliage, whence the tattoo of locusts enlivens our dusty summer afternoons. From the wheat-country out to the sagebrush plains between the buttes and the Yellowstone it is the cottonwood that keeps a little grateful shade for sweating homesteaders.

In Joralemon we call Knute Axelbrod "Old Cottonwood." As a matter of fact, the name was derived not so much from the quality of the man as from the wide grove about his gaunt, white house and red barn. He made a comely row of trees on each side of the country road, so that a humble, daily sort of man, driving beneath them in his lumber-wagon, might fancy himself lord of a private avenue. And at sixty-five Knute was like one of his own cottonwoods, his roots deep in the soil, his trunk weathered by rain and blizzard and baking August noons, his crown spread to the wide horizon of day and the enormous sky of a prairie night.

This immigrant was an American even in speech. Save for a weakness about his

j's and w's, he spoke the twangy Yankee English of the land. He was the more American because in his native Scandinavia he had dreamed of America as a land of light. Always through disillusion and weariness he beheld America as the world's nursery for justice, for broad, fair towns, and eager talk; and always he kept a young soul that dared to desire beauty.

As a lad Knute Axelbrod had wished to be a famous scholar, to learn the ease of foreign tongues, the romance of history, to unfold in the graciousness of wise books. When he first came to America he worked in a sawmill all day and studied all evening. He mastered enough book-learning to teach district school for two terms; then, when he was only eighteen, a great-hearted pity for faded little Lena Weselius moved him to marry her. Gay

enough, doubtless, was their hike by prairie-schooner to new farm-lands, but Knute was promptly caught in a net of poverty and family. From eighteen to fifty-eight he was always snatching children away from death or the farm away from mortgages.

He had to be content—and generously content he was—with the second-hand glory of his children's success and, for himself, with pilfered hours of reading—that



"FOR HOURS AT A TIME HE SAT ON A BACKLESS KITCHEN-CHAIR"