



He bent over her hand clumsily. "In former days," she said coldly, "I would have received you in different fashion"

Moscow Party

By Walter Duranty

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

**The specter of tyranny
haunts a Russian feast,
and is given a victim**

GEORGE WELLMAN peered up at the number of the door. Damn this snowstorm, how can one see anything? 13/17—and what does that mean? Why can't they number their houses properly in Moscow? But she'd said the big archway on the right of the drugstore, so this must be it, and the second door on the right, in the courtyard, and then third floor, Apartment 8. The court was full of rubbish, and there was no light over the doorway, but a gas jet was burning on the stairs.

In that winter of 1921 Moscow had begun to recover from the wounds of war

and revolution, there was running water in the pipes, and gas and electricity going again, and it was possible to buy wood for the stoves. But the city and its people still bore the scars of those years of pain and strife. And now Famine, Death's Fourth Horseman. The hot sun had blasted the fields of the Ukraine and Volga until the ground was cracked and broken and the grain which meant life to millions looked like thin hay for miles and miles, hardly a foot high and withered, instead of shining golden for the harvest.

That, of course, was why Wellman had come to Moscow and two hundred other Americans of the Hoover Relief Administration, which had fed Belgium and half of Europe and was now rushing its food ships to the aid of starving Russia. A long, long way from Boston and the Harvard Law School and the old Wellman home with its shady garden.

Strong meat for babes, this Moscow, for American boys too young to have known the war, here plunged headlong into something worse than war had ever done.

HE SHIFTED the package of candy under his arm and climbed cautiously up the broken stairs. Yes, here was number 8 with a list of names beside the bell. "You must ring three times for me," Nadya had told him. "It used to be my aunt's apartment. I mean that she had it all, but now there is a different family in every room, and she has only one for herself. My husband and I have another. The name is Shukov. It is written in large letters; you can't mistake it."

She was his secretary and interpreter in the Food Package Department of the Famine Relief. He had not noticed her particularly until the night when they

danced on the bare floor of the big dining room in one of the four houses where the Relief personnel was lodged, like soldiers in barracks. The Saturday-night dances were leave from the trenches to the men who were fighting famine. For their Russian guests, the girls and young women working with the Relief Administration, they meant more than that—a brief return to the old days, before they were caught by the nightmare. Nadya wore a red frock and as he taught her the new fox-trot steps, she talked like the girls he knew at home, gay and friendly as they were.

"I must see you again," he said, "I never thought . . ."

"You will," she replied demurely, "on Monday at nine in the office."

"You know I don't mean that." She smiled at him with twinkling eyes. "Well, tomorrow is my name day,

(Continued on page 71)



Horse parlors in Chicago are large and well-patronized. This one is called The Harlem

Too Much Fun

By John T. Flynn

Does Chicago want its horse parlors, its slot machines, its hot dice and its fast gals, or is it victimized by corruption and mob rule?

Roulette, among many other gambling games, is open to all comers and gets a heavy play



NEXT November the federal prison at Terminal Island will pucker up its ponderous marble lips and spit Scarface Al Capone out into the wide world. Where he will go after that is problematical, but if he ever gets back to Chicago he won't have any trouble finding his old pals.

What's become of his boy friends—"the old crowd?" Where are all the booze runners, alky cooks, hijackers, card-sharps, bomb throwers, procurers, murderers and scoundrels of every degree?

Well, Al will find them doing business at the old stand. The sawed-off shot-guns, the submachine guns, the pine-apples and the pineapple hurlers are still there. The boys do not blaze away as freely—because things are better organized. Occasionally, though, it is necessary to rub out some rebellious spirit who does not submit to discipline. While I was in Chicago a car paused long enough in front of a large building to enable its pilots to eject the large, dead body of an old gangster onto the sidewalk in the most approved manner.

To be sure there is no booze running, no trucks to hijack, no speaks to shake down. But, after all, Chicago is there—big, boyish, meaty, lawless and magnificent Chicago and its ever-trusting public. It still loves its liberty with a dash of the frontier in it. It loves its beer cold, its dice hot, its gals fast and its horses slow. Len Small and Big Bill the Builder are gone, but the old City Hall—the Hall of Liberty—is still there and the Kelly-Nash machine is in it to keep the tree of liberty green.

It's not booze now that nourishes the gangsters, but gambling and other forms of commercial vice—horse parlors, roulette, chuck-a-luck, blackjack, policy, punchboards, one-arm bandits and girls, girls, girls. For the most part it's the boys who captained Al Capone's various departments of crime—his managers, sluggers, gunmen and fixers—who run the show from Cicero to the Loop. Some of them have grown a little grayer. Some have gotten a little fat. Some have rheumatism in the trigger fingers. A few are bums. But their leaders run the show.

The big racket, of course, is gambling. But it is not so easy to say who is the big shot. One cannot say with certainty whether the old mob is preserving the empire against the return of Al Capone or has actually set up a new master. Some in the know say the new king is William R. (Billy) Skidmore of the Skidmore-Johnson forces. Others say that it is Ralph (Bottles) Capone, the drinking water dealer of South Hubbard Street. One hears a new name—that Frank Nitti, the "Enforcer." Al's old brain-truster, has turned Warwick and made a new king, the mysterious Mr. Paul Ricca.

A Trip to a Horse Parlor

Of course Chicago has its army of handbook betterers—fifty-cent pikers and parlayers—and its army of handbook men to accommodate them. But Chicago likes its horse betting raw. It goes in for the horse parlor, which is little else than the old-fashioned poolroom in technicolor and sound. And when the horses go to the post at Belmont there are more men and women—old and young ones, fashionable and shabby—standing around the charts and the loud-speakers of the innumerable horse parlors of Chicago than there are at Belmont.

Let's step into one of these long-distance race tracks. No trouble to get in. We stroll freely into a room with the proportions of a good-sized store. Around the walls are large blackboard charts.

Men on low platforms beneath the boards chalk up the dope on them. An