

and cleared a satisfactory return before they went out of business. At present he scents money in supporting the Irishry, but as soon as he finds that Irish Republican loans are good romance but bad business, he will drop out; Mr. Hearst, who lives only to register his opinions, will follow his example, and America will forget that such a country as Ireland exists.

Apart from finance, 'white' America has forgotten it already except as a vague annoyance. 'White' America is horribly sensitive about its appearance in the eyes of the older nations, horribly sensitive that the antics of the lower classes have brought America to be regarded rather in the light of the Fat Boy of Peckham than as that youthful Jove-cum-Apollo which is his ideal. He has, if anything, a lively sympathy with England in her dealings with Ireland, because he knows by bitter experience what it means to govern alien people of a lesser breed, while at the same time protesting that they are his brothers. It means that he must submit to absurd grand-

motherly laws, perfectly unnecessary for him, but inevitable for the proper policing of his brother 'Americans.'

He must earn a reputation for brutality which is not rightly his, that he may keep in order the weird throw-outs which the wise old nations have foisted upon him as the raw material for an American people. He is at heart envious of those English qualities in which he knows himself lacking. He hates to think that British conceit is based upon historic fact, while his own is only assumed to hide deficiencies in his armor. But if he does not like the English he admires their personal freedom, their equality before the law, the smooth running of the great machine which is called the Empire, the fact that an Englishman is an Englishman *tout court*, without the need of either adjective or hyphen to qualify him. The great need for America is to be let alone. That is why she is not interested in the League of Nations. That is why she is not interested in Ireland. If only England would realize this, what a lot of acid ink might be saved.

[*Neue Freie Presse* (National Liberal Daily), February 4]

COUNT ARCO BEFORE HIS JUDGES

BY ISOLDE KURZ

FOUR brief sessions concluded the trial of Count Arco—a trial without episodes or surprises but with a deep appeal to the emotions—simple, transparent, human, and grand, like a Greek tragedy. Count Arco made it easy for his judges to find him guilty, though perhaps he made it harder for their hearts to pass judg-

ment, by refusing at the outset to ask for mercy and by assuming full responsibility for his act.

Never was an accused man surrounded by a more sympathetic atmosphere. We may judge his deed as we will, but only a man dwarfed by partisanship could refuse his sympathy to the accused himself. Commo-

rumor pictured the assassin of Eisner as a degenerate, a mentally depraved and perverted aristocrat, the worthless tool of a Royalist conspiracy, quite possibly selected by lot. But the man who appeared before his judges on January 15, though he was indeed very youthful, was a self-reliant and mature person who had obviously sacrificed himself with absolute sincerity to a sense of duty. As his attorney properly remarked, he betrayed no tokens of nobility, except nobility of sentiment. His was one of those direct and simple natures which obeys unquestioningly the dictates of its own heart. The youthfulness of his features but reflected the youthfulness of his mind. Count Arco is a strikingly small, almost boyish man, blond, with kindly, frank, spiritual, and unusually attractive features. His eyes, which had been weakened by bullet wounds in his head, were protected by huge spectacles. He was guilty of no posing, no oratorical flights, but also of no weakness. Every word was distinct and to the point. You could recognize that his youthfulness concealed a mature and stable character. His deed was premeditated and he was ready to accept the extreme consequences without evasion.

The examination disclosed in quick succession the principal episodes in the life of the accused and the motives that inspired his act. The son of a Bavarian officer, and burning with ardent patriotism, he endeavored to get into active military service at the front when only seventeen years old. But his mother and his guardian kept him in a gymnasium for a year. Immediately after passing his examination he joined the forces, and in the spring of 1917 was sent to the eastern front with the heavy cavalry. He served in the invasion of Bukowina, where he was promoted to a lieutenant

and decorated for distinguished service. When his regiment was placed in reserve he could not tolerate this comparative idleness, and reported for service with an infantry guard regiment at the front. In April, 1918, he was seriously wounded at Mt. Kemmel and sent home against his will. But he was very discontented, and the moment he recovered hastened to the front, though this was a time when, as he was informed by the surgeons treating him, most people manifested little desire for that experience.

During the interval the retreat had started in the West, the English had penetrated two German positions, and the famous guard regiment, which was always being called upon to make good where others failed, was brought back to the advanced lines, only to be received by our own troops with shouts of 'strike breakers.' Arco then recognized with horror the new spirit that had seized upon and demoralized the German army.

He went through the Munich revolution of April 7 in that city. It made a fearful impression upon him to see so many people pursuing the king, to have him relieve them from their oath of allegiance, but since the thing was done he had no recourse but to serve his country under the new government. For the moment he had faith, as had most of the others, in Eisner. He thought him honest and that his great influence over the masses, at least of the peasantry, would enable him to restore order. So he and his comrades in the guard regiment placed themselves honestly and sincerely at the disposal of the new government. But now disaster followed disaster. Officers were persecuted and arrested; the royal colors were torn from them; the guard regiment arrived at the Munich railway station only to be received by the local soldiers' council

with machine guns and to be incited against the officers who had shared the perils and the privations of the front with their men. Then came the formal welcome home at the Court Theatre, and its interruption by Landauer, who greeted the regiment in Eisner's name, appealed to it to continue the revolution, and declared that a National Assembly was superfluous. After this came the vain attempts of the soldiers back from the front—who were a great majority—to form their own soldiers' council and to obtain representation in the provincial soldiers' council. These attempts ended with their being threatened with arrest and driven from Munich. So the accused became more and more convinced that Eisner was responsible for the continued agitation among the people. He tried to point out this fact in a poster, but he was not permitted by the police to have it distributed. The death of the Queen, which he attributed to the revolution, also shocked him. Then came the controversies between Auer and Eisner over summoning Parliament; and last of all, the conspiracy against Auer, who was forced to fly, on Christmas Eve, with his whole family to the Turks Barracks. Since the soldiers were demoralized and could not be depended upon longer, Auer formed a National Guard to protect Parliament, and Arco joined this. But Eisner, who had agreed to its formation in a cabinet meeting, persuaded the Executive Committee, whose chairman he was, to start a demonstration against the National Guard and Parliament. He summoned the people to the streets, and placed himself at the head of the procession. This led to disorderly attacks upon anyone who wore a uniform. Arco called it 'The Prelude to the Red Terror.' Although he was in civilian clothing he was recognized and actually assaulted.

At that time he had an impulse to shoot the leader of the procession, but calmer thoughts prevailed. The failure of the sailors' revolt and the dissolution of the National Guard crushed his last hopes. One must try to realize the feeling of the officers who came back from the front, after they had loyally fought and suffered for years with their troops, to receive only insults and attacks from the people at home instead of gratitude, in order to understand Count Arco's deed.

About that time, according to one of the witnesses, a Communist presented himself at the 'Turks' Barracks in behalf of Levien, one of the leaders of his party, and endeavored to buy the services of his company for twenty thousand marks for the purpose of breaking up Parliament. When this officer, who was one of Arco's friends, replied in indignation that Eisner could not possibly have knowledge of such a proposal, he got the answer: 'Oh, of course, he has to keep in the background; but when we proclaim the Soviet Republic, he will be President.'

On the day after this great demonstration, Arco resolved that Eisner must die. He asserts that he came to this conclusion not because Eisner was responsible for the first revolution and the overthrow of the kingdom, but because he had betrayed the very government which had been erected in its place. Someone must sacrifice himself and Arco thought that he was the one called to do this. He regretted that he had to strike from behind, but he believed that he atoned for this by giving his own life. He testified: 'I killed him intentionally. I am technically guilty of murder, but I am justified before my own conscience. I have performed my duty to my Fatherland.'

He planned to meet Eisner on his way to open Parliament. He did not

know that Eisner had resigned from the Ministry the night before; but knowledge of this would not have changed his plans, for he would have distrusted Eisner's sincerity. He laid his plans without consulting anyone and with no hope of escape. A remarkable circumstance shows how little calculated he was for the trade of assassin. On the evening before he committed this act, he described his plan to one of the maidservants at the boarding house where he was stopping. This woman thought he was joking. On February 21 he had himself awakened early, bathed and put on his warmest clothing, telling a servant that it might be cold in prison. He then made a few brief memoranda, which were found soon afterwards, indicating his plans and wishes, and telephoned to learn when Eisner was expected to arrive in Parliament. He watched at the nearest street corner for Eisner to leave the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Noticing that the street was crowded with Communists he said to himself: 'It is all over with me, but my own safety no longer matters.' About half past nine Eisner left the Foreign Office accompanied by two gentlemen. Cocking his revolver in his pocket, Arco followed him obliquely across the street. An inner voice said: 'This is murder,' but he stifled the thought by calling himself a coward. Then he fired the two fatal shots, and the next moment was himself lying prostrate on the pavement with a man standing over him who had shot at him four times in quick succession. He said that as he was lying there being beaten and kicked, he wondered how many cartridges the man had in his revolver. Then he pretended to be dead and was carried away. When he arrived at the hospital he asked for a priest and a narcotic, and then lost consciousness.

Arco said nothing of the torture to which he was subjected in the hospital. However, the director of the hospital, Dr. Sauerbruch, recounted what happened. He told how, especially when the Communists were in power, the mob would force itself to the bedside of the seriously wounded patient to curse him and threaten him with instant death. Arco refused special measures of protection, considering that he ought to answer alone for his act. He constantly appealed to his physician to have proceedings against him expedited and ended. In this respect there is a striking contrast between Arco's attitude and that of the Communist leaders, who in their turn were brought to trial for their lives, and whose only concern was to save their skins.

Among the touching incidents mentioned during the trial was of a Red Guard soldier, who came one day demanding urgently that he be allowed to see the invalid, stating that the Count had risked his life for him. This soldier had been ordered to lead a patrol on a very dangerous mission against the enemy, when Lieutenant Arco volunteered in his place. When this man was taken to the hospital ward, he tore the red arm band from his uniform and approached the bed of the wounded officer with profound emotion, assuring him that he would have nothing more to do with the Communist movement.

On April 30 a mob broke into the hospital by force and carried off the wounded man in his night clothing to a distant school building, where he was insulted and spat upon by a mob of women. However, two of the Red Guards, impressed by his dignified demeanor, protected him and considered whether they could not rescue him by escaping over the roofs. Unable to do this, they came the follow-

ing day and pretending that they were to conduct him to the Chamber of Horrors in the Luitpold Gymnasium (where hostages were massacred) got him away from the mob, and brought him back to the hospital. It chanced that later when the government troops returned, Graf Arco was able to repay the favor by saving these men in turn. This witness closed his testimony with the statement that hundreds of patients had passed under his hands during the revolution, but among them only two who were real men — Arco and Auer.

Not a single witness had anything unfavorable to say of the accused. His superior officers and comrades characterized him as one of the bravest, most loyal, willing, and cheerful of their comrades. He had saved a whole company from being surrounded, and the men under his command, prejudiced though soldiers usually are against young officers, were devoted to him. One soldier said: 'He was the finest of officers, who did everything for his men.' One of the non-commissioned officers said that he was as dear to him as his own son. The physicians and teachers were equally unanimous in their praise. His psychological examination was equally creditable, a fact that was to his disadvantage, since it excluded a defense based upon mental irresponsibility. The prosecuting attorney himself, forced by his official position to ask the court for a sentence of death, closed his remarks with these words: 'If we had many young men of such unsullied and ardent patriotism and devotion, then we would have no reason to fear for Germany's future.'

The attorney for the defense could only point out that to execute Arco would deprive Germany of a man of the highest nobility of purpose and sense of duty; and that Eisner —

though he may have believed that he was a friend of the people — seemed to Arco a standing peril to the state. The day would come when the people of Bavaria would erect a monument to the accused — at least in their own hearts.

On the afternoon of January 16, the curtain rose for a last time upon this drama. We visitors, including the ladies, were searched even more carefully than hitherto for weapons, before being admitted to the hall. The gloom of death hung over those present. Composed, as was his custom, scarcely betraying the slightest shadow of melancholy, the accused sat between the two officers of the law who accompanied him. The same youthful smile played over his countenance, when the attorney for the defense turned to him to shorten the long, painful moments of waiting. The prosecuting attorney saluted Count Arco as he entered, and the latter rose and bowed in return. Then the President of the Court read in a low voice — so low as to be hardly audible — the death sentence.

It is a moment when every heart is about to burst. The prisoner begs the privilege of saying just a word, and states in a clear, steady voice that he is fully prepared to accept the inevitable consequences of his act. He has heard, however, that some of his faithful comrades (and here his voice quavered a little), were deluding themselves with the hope of freeing him. He must point out that such an attempt would be folly, and ask them in the interest of their country not to consider it. Raising his voice a little he closes, saying, 'Let everyone help to restore the prosperity and national pride of our country. In that way you will help me best.'

There was tumultuous applause and clapping of hands, mingled with sobs

and tears from the auditors. The latter lost control of themselves and paid no heed to the orders for silence. Finally, we were gently, but firmly, herded toward the entrance. A constantly growing throng crowded about the windows of the law courts to see the condemned man depart and to give him their final greeting. Outside the building, spectators crowded Elisa Street for the same purpose. There were many weeping women in the multitude.

As I turned homeward, I said to myself: 'If they inflict the death penalty upon this knightly boy I shall not weep for him, for I shall know that his *Dæmon*, or shall I say his higher self, is happy.'

But it did not come to that. All the evening throngs of people, mostly students, circulated through the streets crying for Arco's pardon. Professors delivered speeches in front of the public buildings urging the young men to prudence, lest they injure the cause of the condemned man. All the newspapers, except those of the Independents, opposed carrying out the sen-

tence. Thousands of pictures of Arco were sold on the streets. The next morning a deputation of students appeared at the Ministry and early in the afternoon posters announced that Count Arco's sentence had been commuted to life imprisonment, 'because his act was not inspired by base motives, but by ardent devotion to his people and to his Fatherland, by his own impulsive nature, and by the widespread indignation among the people against Eisner; and furthermore, because the accused has revealed himself throughout the trial, a frank, courageous, upright man and has not attempted to extenuate his act.'

An inexpressible feeling of relief took possession of the community. Men felt as if the qualities which we used to attribute to Germans, but the existence of which we have recently come to doubt and to deny, had survived in this conspicuous example. I heard a common soldier say: 'They would have had to employ criminals to shoot him; for there is not a soldier in Bavaria who would have fired at Arco.'

[*L'Humanité* (Official Socialist Daily), February 11]

FRENCH SOCIALISM GROWING RADICAL

BY JEAN LONGUET

THE coming Socialist Congress at Strassburg opens for our party the whole question of international tactics.

In settling this problem, we shall have to appeal to the doctrines we have consistently espoused throughout our existence as a party, to the experience of the long years of struggle through which the proletariat of every

land has passed, and at the same time, we must study closely and intelligently the features that characterize and the forces that determine the Socialist movement throughout the world today. Unhappily, many of our comrades have hardly a general impression of what this signifies.

During the past year we have con-