

This is to advise that the White Oak Fuel Company has a lease in fee, covering mineral, surface, stone, water, and absolutely everything with exception to the timber upon said land.

I must further notify you that in case you allow any one to in any way use any of the above Hughart Tract, I shall be forced to immediately put you and such tenants off the land, and institute proceedings against you for trespass.

I notice that there is now a tent upon this land and there are some people living in a barn upon same and must say that unless these tenants are put off within five (5) days from date hereof I shall be forced to proceed to remove you and such tenants without further notice.

Yours truly,

J. W. LAMBERT,

Timber Agent, White Oak Fuel Company

Mr. Yaney swore that he possessed a deed to the land (his title had never before been questioned), but as the result of his help to the homeless strikers he faced forcible eviction from his farm and a suit for trespass upon it! There are now nearly 400 evicted families living in tents or tarpaper shacks in the New River field and house notices have been received by more than twice that number besides.

As for injunctions every active unionist has a pocketful of them. They were offered to us in sheafs. Reduced to their simple terms they enjoin the person to whom they were sent from doing everything but eat—if he could get the food—and sleep—if he could find a place to put his head. The union men may not approach the men who have gone to work, nor trespass on company property, nor call meetings. The injunctions are inclusive and destructive of practically every form of personal freedom.

The operators deny the existence of a blacklist. "Of course," said one general manager, "there are some men, some chronic malcontents, that we probably couldn't take back on any terms. Certainly it is better to get rid of a few trouble-makers than have all the contented workers insulted and upset." The active unionists were thus shut out of their own mines even before the strike, and similarly, according to the union and the men themselves, out of every mine in the district. Strikers told the commission that they had tried unsuccessfully to get jobs in every working mine—even in mines where the company had announced that it would take on every man who applied. "No Jim," the "super" would say, "you know very well I can't take you on." The union estimates that there are at least 300 black-listed men in the New River field.

By these means the operators are trying to do the union to death. If they succeed, if the New River mines get back to a normal output and the union is crushed, it will give coal operators all over the country a breathing spell in which to gather their forces to break the union and win the general strike. If they succeed 10,000 miners in the New River coal field will be left helpless to face whatever conditions and wages the operators choose to offer. "We were nothing better than slaves," said a miner's wife, "before we got the union, and we'll be slaves again if we lose it. That's why we are still fighting when so many have gone back to work. We might as well die free right now as go back to the old conditions." She had probably never heard it and she would not have understood it, but she voiced the spirit that inspired the motto of West Virginia—the fine motto which the coal companies have turned into an ugly jeer—"Montani semper liberi."

The Fate of Trieste: *Redenta*

By CARLETON BEALS

THE trade of Trieste steadily declines. The wharves lie half idle; throngs of unemployed jostle in the piazzas; the communism of the hungry lifts its ugly head. The passenger train sliding from Laibana (Laibach) through the pass of San Pietro is a battered four-car affair; that through Pontebba—formerly one of the finest international trains in Europe—is little better. Trieste, compared to the days of its greatness, is commercially isolated from Italy and from the rest of Europe. The altered frontiers, the break-up of the Hapsburg Empire, the catastrophic decline of Vienna to a second-rate German city have had serious repercussions in *Italia Redenta*.

Ordinarily, Trieste, besides serving Julian Venice, would handle a large share of the traffic of Styria, Bohemia, and Austria by the two railroads mentioned and by the line crossing through the pass of Tolmino, as well as dividing with Fiume the commerce of Carniola and Carinthia. Likewise, the Germans by building the Tauern railroad in 1909 were able to throw the bulk of their southbound goods to Trieste rather than to Venice. In 1913 this combined trade insured to Trieste an export-import total of 3½ million tons. Since the war the total has never reached 1½ million, and last year the figures were but 1,371,604 tons, or less than 50 per cent of the pre-war movement.

In other words the post-war land-movement of merchandise has never been as great in any given year as that for 1907. The 1921 freight-car figures are but 66.5 per cent of those for 1907, and but 47.5 per cent for those of 1913. The unofficial figures for December and the early months of 1922 show that this decline has not been halted; that the commerce of Trieste three and a half years after the end of the World War may still have its lowest point to reach.

A number of international factors operate thus to isolate Trieste, and though partially provisioned at Versailles are at present unalterable. The war and the subsequent treaty of peace aimed at the destruction of the economic unity of Mittel-Europa. But in spite of shattered political life and the overthrow of German overlordship, that economic unity persists, especially among the western Slavs. Commerce refuses to obey political dicta; it flows in the channels of cheapest transportation. Today in Central Europe there is inevitably an economic league of the nations of depleted currency. Thus it becomes cheaper for Austria, Bohemia, Czecho-Slovakia to ship to the Mediterranean by the roundabout way of Hamburg, because of lower railway rates, port charges, and labor cost, than through the natural egress of Trieste. Even overland routes are more economical. Today a freight car from Prague to Constantinople costs 300 francs as opposed to 3,000 lire to Trieste, the more natural route. And in case goods to Trieste must pass through Switzerland, where money is nearly at par and the price level thus high, the disadvantage is enormously increased.

Another factor cementing Central Europe and the Balkans at the expense of Trieste and dictating the direction commerce shall take has been the internationalization of the Danube. Seven states have access to its waters, and five possess territory on both banks. Trieste must compete on an entirely new basis with this greatest of the water highways of Central Europe.

The Treaty of Saint Germain which guarantees Austria free access to the Adriatic, the agreement reached between Italy and Austria in April, 1920, providing for a free zone, resident Austrian customs officials in the port, and special facilities for the repair of Austrian ships are of small benefit so long as Austria rides the rapids of ruin. Likewise the setting aside of a portion of the port for the individual use of Czecho-Slovakian trade has as yet borne little fruit. International trade with the Balkans still requires stabilization. The natural and political barriers are great; the currency steadily depreciates; railway and frontier tariffs are experimental, retaliatory, and high. Italy resentfully feels that these tariffs, especially in the case of Yugoslavia, have been directed against Italian commerce in the Adriatic. Nor can Trieste compete for the transatlantic traffic of the hinterland, for besides the discrepancy now existing in railroad and freight charges the freight rates to New York from Hamburg and Trieste respectively bear the prohibitory ratio of five to eight.

Trieste, in normal times, is primarily a port for North Africa, the Black Sea, the Levant, the Far East. The isolation and economic collapse of Russia have removed that great market from consideration. It is true the Lloyd Triestino, one of the most important steamship companies, has valiantly negotiated with the authorities of Odessa, as though the port was an independent entity, and now has a regular line running, but the service is as yet conducted at a loss. Likewise the Levant is still in political and military uproar and is not likely to prove profitable as a commercial field for some time to come. The Italians are optimistic that the withdrawal of England from Egypt will enable them to control a larger measure of the Cairo-Red Sea trade, but this is also a question of time and development. More local factors are likewise involved in the collapse of Triestian prosperity. A grave setback occurred at the time of the Fiumian episodes when business initiative in Trieste was paralyzed; later the temporary abandonment of national ship-building projects added to the stress. At best, the Trentino, of which Trieste is the chief port, is barren, poverty-stricken, lacking an adequate water supply and electric power, and has no industries to buoy it over the present crisis. Trieste is a trading mart, little more. And even should the national government create, as at Naples in 1904, and more recently in Venice, a free industrial zone, the stimulation and development of sustaining industries would require decades.

Trieste is dependent upon a settled, prosperous Central Europe, a settled Orient, a settled Russia, a stabilized world. Pending this great readjustment it has been proposed to establish not only a free port but an institution once existing in medieval Venice, that of the *fondachi*, which would provide every important nation with special port facilities: wharves, warehouses, repair shops, offices for conducting its affairs and providing its own chandlery. In the old days this functioned so generously that, when the Republic was at war with the Empire, Austrian and German goods passed through the port unmolested. The recent treaties with Austria and the reservation of special facilities for Czecho-Slovakia are steps in this direction.

But whatever measures be taken, Trieste will still remain pinned beneath the wreckage of the late war, unable to gain her prosperity. And even when Europe is restored to sanity, the new frontiers, the competition of the internationalized Danube, the crystallization of east to west

trade routes, the economic unification of Central Europe, and the certain loss of most of the German south-bound trade to Venice make it doubtful whether Trieste will ever again resume her proud commercial supremacy of the Adriatic. *Italia Redenta* is not an unmixed blessing.

Shelley for Vacation

By G. R. ELLIOTT

IN this summer time certain readers may wish to mark the centenary of Shelley's death (July 8, 1822) merely by taking afresh from his poetry the special pleasure there is in it—forgetting all battles of the books and struggles of the world, in some quiet country-place, or at least in the lonely places of fancy. Shelley's joy is at once the very spirit, and the quick relief, of solitude. It carries us (unless we are anti-Shelleyan) out of our everyday lives; but it does not impel us (unless we are Shelleyan) toward the "loftiest star of unascended heaven." This poet is a daemon of mid-air, invoking the gods of the upper and the under worlds. They must all make some fine response, so wistfully piercing is his incantation; but into his neutral region they can send only phantoms of themselves. Their movements have the loveliness of cloud-volutions, and their voices commingle in rarest music. They come streaming about us, as we read, and curtain us in the loneliness of mountain mists. They relieve us from reality; yet, being wraiths of reality, they can yield us for a time recreative companionship.

Love is chief of "sceptered phantoms" here. It is a strangely composite figure. But when Arnold pronounced Shelley "extremely inflammable" and yet also "angelic" he did not go on to show how these two contradictory images (angels are cool creatures, from the human standpoint) dissolve in the spirit of Shelley's poetry. The plain fact is that, deficient in real intensity, Shelley was animated by a quick, vague affectionateness. He never followed his emotion through, into the ways of full lust or of firm devotion, either in his life or in his poetry. Properly, his love is neither a flame nor an angel, but a daemon of the cloud-region. It is not a harmony of diverse realities but a distillation from them: a mingling of emotions so vapor-like that they seem to blend into one. It is poetically incapable, as Epipsychidion demonstrates, of the harmony that rises in great verse from the combination of rich, distinct emotional tones. Its finest voice is airily hermaphroditic: a melodious wraith, so to speak, of love's full harmony; as in the gracious song, *The Fountains Mingle with the River*. Through this subtle music, through Shelley's whole poetry of joy, goes the yearning solitude of a spirit removed from love's realities, and "peopling the lone universe" with love's shadows: shadows moving incessantly between man's earth and man's heaven, and blending in magical beauty with all the motions of the clouds.

In this regard, more than any other of our poets, Shelley "is made one with Nature." His verse is instinct with the fact that Nature, whatever else she may be, is always a tissue of movements ranging through innumerable degrees: corrosion of rocks, push of plant-fibers, creep of worms, swaying of branches, rush of rivers, flight of birds, sweep of clouds. When we are in the mood to strip these things of the color lent them by the human spirit they can all