

"Yes," sighs Giulio, "a man has no peace." He glances complacently at his face appearing in the glass just above yours, which looks prematurely aged with its beard of drying lather.

There is no denying that Giulio has reason to view his face complacently. It is very charming. His cheeks, smooth as a girl's, glow softly under their pale olive skin, his brown eyes are shot with flecks of gold and are radiant as gems. His brow is Greek and is crowned with a shining mass of closely curled hair. But if you examine his head closely you will detect the long, up-tilted skull that marks the oldest Mediterranean stock, the stock that dwelt in peace and plenty before the Greeks and Etruscans and Latins descended to tinge the streams with blood. One may surmise that Giulio's ancestors retired to the fastnesses of the Apennines, to survive by fecundity and inoffensiveness until the intruding fighting races had killed themselves off. But now, by virtue of democracy, this scion of primordial pacifism is to be made into a fighting man.

"It is crazy, to fight," Giulio repeats incessantly.

"But don't you see, Giulio, if another nation strikes at us, we have to strike back?"

"No. We could stay right here."

"Well, how would you like it if Germany crushed France and overran Italy?"

"The Germans have been in Italy before. They are gone. They would go again."

"But suppose they came here?"

"I have German customers. They are like other people. They grumble, but they pay. What do I care if they come?"

It is useless to argue with Giulio. His psychical make-up antedates the military state; therefore he hasn't any political premises. He has no fighting blood in him; and in consequence war is to him nothing but a horrible contrivance for wholesale execution.

It would be no great loss, you say, if a man of this type were "executed." He is an undesirable citizen, unassimilable. But this is to confirm his view of the ruling attitude.

"They want to take me out and kill me. What have I done? I do my work. I pay for what I get. I have a nice shop. I was happy. I do not make trouble. Tell me, why can't they leave me alone?"

Giulio is the wrong kind of man. But I'm sorry for him.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

## The Nine Days

### Diary of an American During the Russian Revolution

*Wednesday, March 7*—When I left the office in the evening to go home there were no cars. Everybody presumed that it was the usual tie-up. So I started to walk home, but when I reached the — Place I got a stray car moving toward the barns—why, neither the conductor nor the motorman knew. From the Troitzki Place, where the Troitzki Bridge ends, there were mounted police all along the Kamennoostrovski Prospect, riding up and down the streets, singly and in pairs, but most of them in groups of four. Except for the stoppage of the car service and the police, the street was as usual. During the evening I heard from various sources that all the factories in the city would strike on Thursday to protest against the shortage of bread.

*Thursday, March 8*—I reached the office by the usual car line. About noon we were all called to the windows, as a great crowd was coming up the Newski. A street car approached the mass from behind, but the trolley pole was at once pulled down and the passengers evicted. The crowd moved quietly and was calling, "Bread, bread, give us bread." It was composed mostly of "baba," or "simple women," meaning the women of the people. The distinction between the "baba" and the "dama" (lady) being that the former never wears a hat, contenting herself with a brown shawl over the head and tucked in under the overcoat. There were numbers of women in the crowd

and some men, the latter all with bared heads, as they were all bound for the Kazan Cathedral, the Petrograd Holy of Holies. No demonstration of protest or rejoicing can start properly until it has been to the Kazanski. After emptying the street car the crowd was evidently stopped, for it went no further and was soon joined by a second, which came up from the direction of the City Duma. Soon we learned the cause of the delay, when a column of cossacks, in double file, trotted along the sidewalk in front of our building, forcing a passage through a large group of green-capped students who were looking on. The cossacks drew up behind the crowd, with their rifles slung across their backs. Soon another detachment trotted into sight, this time passing through the crowd itself, which parted to free a path. This detachment turned at once and trotted back through the crowd. On entering the crowd the officer leading his men slowed up until the crowd parted. In a few minutes a third detachment came up the Newski from the direction the people had come from, this time armed with the long cossack lance, such as the German Uhlans carry, carried upright and resting on the stirrup. This detachment alternated with the second in trotting through the crowd in one direction and then circling back around the people in the other direction. There was no attempt to disperse the gathering. The cossack detachments were evidently "polusotnia" (half-hundreds), as I counted from 40 to 48 men in each. No police were visible except the fixed-post Gardevoi, in black, and four Okolototchni (Police Sergeants), in gray, on the corners. An elegant auto drove up and two police generals jumped out and spent some time in giving elaborate

directions to the gardevoi and sergeants, with much pointing and waving of arms. Every time the cossacks rode through the crowd they were cheered and greeted with white handkerchiefs. The people near the waiting cossacks were evidently in conversation with them, and all along the line the cossacks made slight, reassuring gestures with their hands, plainly visible from our windows. The officer of one of the detachments lost his patience once and began bulldozing the crowd evidently, but as he was haranguing over his right shoulder a workman stepped up to him from his left and, quickly pulling his foot out of the stirrup, heaved hard, upsetting the officer from his saddle. The officer quickly scrambled back. Our messenger, who was in the crowd, saw a detective try to photograph an orator and get soundly beaten for his pains. After about an hour the crowd slowly returned in the direction from which it had come, the cossacks following at a respectful distance. In all the three big demonstrations on the Newski to-day I saw only one red emblem, a red handkerchief waved at the cossacks by a woman in the first procession. When I left the office the street car, stopped in the morning, was still standing deserted. Pasted on the house walls at every corner was a notice signed by General Khabaloff, Commander of the Petrograd Military District, stating that the transport of black flour to Petrograd was normal, that the usual amount of bread had been delivered to the shops and that there was no reason to fear the advent of famine. This was commented on as a deliberate lie, since there was no famine to come, it being already here, as proved by the fact that the bread lines were longer to-day than ever and only tiny quantities were sold to each person. I again caught a stray car on the way to the barns. When I left it at the Troitzki Place there were two squads of soldiers there, with stacked arms, jumping about and dancing in the cold. No police of any kind were visible here except a police colonel talking with the officers in command of the soldiers. From here on was a continuous line of empty street cars on the inward tracks. Occasionally a caravan of four or five cars, in charge of one motorman, passed inward on the outward tracks, going to the barns. It seems that the leaders of the crowds had stopped the cars and taken the motormen's controllers away from them. The crowd had also left its demands written in bold chalk letters on the red sides of some of the cars, "Give us bread," and "No bread—no work." It is astonishing how many people the street cars take off the streets. Both sidewalks were crowded with people returning home from the city, whereas at this hour the — is usually not busy. At home the doorman regaled me with the tale of the sacking of Ph . . . 's bakery, not far from our house. After standing in the bitter cold for several hours, the crowd was told at about three o'clock that there would be no bread. The "babi" at once broke in the door and raided the place, smashing the windows incidentally. It is said they found quantities of black bread in the rear storerooms.

*Friday, March 9*—When I reached the square this morning it was filled with idle street cars standing on both streets. Everywhere there were small groups of people. One of these was gathered around a policeman, who was arguing unsuccessfully with a young, intelligent and very uppish workman. "I'm just as sorry as you are," the gardevoi was saying. "I only get forty-three rubles a month myself and have to eat black bread like all the rest of us." "Oh, we know all about the forty-three rubles of the police," said the workman; "you make

enough in ten years to retire and open a shop." As the gardevoi went off grumbling that "even the police are human," the group called ironically, "Hear, hear," "That's it" and "Forty-three rubles your grandmother." One very angry official of the Ministry of Finance roundly cursed the police and the street-car administration for inconveniencing the public by ordering all the trams off the streets, but was silenced when told it was an order of the Chief of Police because the strikers had begun to derail the cars. A police sergeant who had come up with a portfolio of papers under his arm remarked triumphantly as he went off, "So you see it's not the fault of the police." I started to walk across the bridge to town, but turned back when the stream of people returning announced that there were troops at the bridge, who were allowing absolutely no one except officers and soldiers to pass. I bought a number of daily papers to read at home. There was no mention in them of any strike or any shortage of bread. These were the last newspapers issued for ten days. On my way home from the square I saw for the first time Khabaloff's new notice, stating that "Crowds have gathered in the street and have attempted the lives of members of the army and the police. All gatherings on the streets are absolutely forbidden. I warn the inhabitants of Petrograd that I have commanded the troops to use their arms freely and to stop at nothing in maintaining order." "Phew," said a workman near me, "a cross old gent, isn't he?" In the crowd around this notice someone claimed to have seen some days before, at night, an armored street car with great searchlights on it and many machine guns sticking out of the portholes. "That's why they are taking away the street cars now. They've got 200 of these armored cars, and at noon they will begin to patrol the main streets with them." "That's so," commented another; "all the police stations are full of machine guns, with soldiers dressed as policemen to handle them." "Rot," said another, "the soldier-boys won't shoot at their own people." I believed this latter about the police stations being full of machine guns, as it had been a current rumor since January 9th, the anniversary of the breaking of the Lena Goldfields strike. This reminded me of four years ago when I first saw the cossacks during the annual unrest on that date. I recalled how they swept down the Newski in a line across the street from house to house. I also recalled how they had dispersed a crowd at the Anitchkoff Palace, driving in double file into the very heart of it at full tilt, bunching together in the center of the crowd and then spreading out through it again in four directions, like the spokes of a wheel, incessantly wielding their whips (nagaikas), and reforming into double file again on the outskirts of the crowd and again charging into it.

I telephoned to the office and learned that the crowds were again parading the Newski and the cossacks were again hovering around them, still being cheered and still making reassuring gestures. The lonely traffic policeman had disappeared, after being roundly cursed and jeered.

In the afternoon I walked to have a look at Ph . . . 's wrecked bakery and to see a street car which had been overturned the day before. At Ph . . . 's the windows were all heavily boarded. A reserve lieutenant and five soldiers were on guard at the door, through which we could see the electric lights burning inside. The line of "babi" was nearly two blocks long, and they were being admitted for bread five at a time. At the Kolpinskaya, sure enough, a car was lying forlornly on its side. All the windows were shattered, and at one end a small bon-



fire had been started under it, but without result. Most of the shops along the streets were closed, except those dealing in food products. On our way home we met a crowd running in our direction, led by several women street-car track-sweepers. One of them threw her broom away as she ran. Although there was no sound of firing, we took discretion to be the better part of valor, and turned up a side street, reaching home quietly after a long detour.

In the evening a friend called, and told us a story of the demolishing of K . . . 's shop, in which her servant girl, it seems, had taken an active part. This was a bakery that "stood in" very well with the police. Long after a law was in operation forbidding the baking and selling of cakes, petits fours, cookies, buns, or anything made of sweet dough, on account of the shortage of sugar and of white flour, when K . . . 's bread and roll shelves were absolutely bare his cake counter was groaning with sweets which could be had for quintuple and sextuple prices. About four o'clock on this day his shop was surrounded by "babi," who asked the reserve lieutenant to let them inspect the place, stating that they would go away quietly if no bread was found. In the back rooms and in the cellar, it is said, they found quantities of white rolls, "meant for the restaurants." After breaking several windows the "babi" sold off this supply of rolls for ten copecks apiece, or quarter price, and went home. One of the "babi," however, stayed to "bad word" the reserve lieutenant and a police officer in the courtyard, and was killed by the two men. It was said that she was the wife of the doorman of a house not far from us, and that her body had been taken there. All night long an enormous crowd stood around the door of this house, and every time I asked the same story was told me.

All during this day there was not a single policeman to be seen anywhere on the streets after eleven o'clock in the morning.

*Saturday, March 10*—This morning the streets are generously placarded with an announcement by Khabaloff that those men who do not return to work by Tuesday will be deprived of their immunity from military service in the munition factories and will be sent to the front. Two factory girls came this morning to finish the ironing for their mother, our laundress. They state that all will be quiet to-day, but that if there is no bread forthcoming, Monday will be a big day. They say that from the beginning of the week it began to be harder and harder to buy bread, so that the lines formed stood for as long as three and four hours in the cold, and that often those near the end of the line weren't served after all. Those workmen who were unmarried or whose wives were also at work and who had no one to stand in line for them had to lose much time from their work, and consequently lose pay, or go hungry. The men came out for the noon hour on Wednesday from many factories and, finding no bread to be had, refused to return to work. The girls also said that since then there had been cossack pickets in the streets near their factory, but that the cossacks and soldiers of the armored automobiles in the courtyards nearby declared they would not fire on the workmen even if ordered to do so by their officers.

I was let across the bridge on showing my foreign passport. A few people were coming from the city and were let pass freely, but very few of the enormous crowd were allowed to go into the city. An old woman was weeping bitterly, "They won't let me home, they won't let me home." A workman wanted to pass, as he had to collect

a loan of five rubles from a friend to-day. A rosy fat man had an appointment with the Minister of Finance. None of them got through. At the city end of the bridge I noticed that the cracks between the bridge proper and the drawbridge part had been carefully cleaned of snow and ice so the drawbridge could be opened easily, thus completely cutting off our side from the rest of the city. The streets leading from the bridge to the Newski were deserted except along the barracks of the P . . . Guards, which were surrounded by pickets of four or five soldiers of another regiment. The pickets had evidently been there all night, as they were huddling around small bonfires.

In the office all was quiet, but no work was possible. The Newski was under constant patrol by cossacks, some with rifles, some with lances. We hear that last night the City Duma held a stormy meeting and adopted a resolution strongly condemning the government.

After about an hour listlessly hanging around in the office I started home, but was attracted up the Newski by its very emptiness. The cossack patrols moved along, never more than two blocks apart, and occasionally a patrol moved, not in double file, but in open order extended across the street from house to house. A little way up the Newski I met my friend A . . . S . . . , who said he was on his way home, as there was sure to be trouble. He had just come from the Znamenskaya Place, opposite the Nikolas R. R. Station, and was in a great state of excitement.

"The Znamenskaya Place was full of people," he said; "orators everywhere, especially around the statue in the center of the square, and a company of cossacks riding around and around the crowd. I was on the outskirts, near the Newski, opposite the Goncharnaya. I looked up the Newski. Suddenly there was a shot behind me, close to me. I looked around and saw a man's arm and hand holding a smoking revolver straight up into the air, and then I saw a troop of mounted police issue from the Goncharnaya with naked sabres and charge at the crowd. Suddenly a shot came from the cossacks who were on my right, and the leader of the police fell from his horse. The cossacks yelled and charged the police, hacking and swinging with their whips. The police broke and fled. Then," he said, "you should have seen the crowd. People kissed and hugged the cossacks, climbing up on the horses to reach them. Others kissed and embraced the horses, the cossacks' boots, stirrups, saddles. They were given cigarettes, money, cigar cases, gloves, anything, everything." A . . . S . . . 's eyes were full of tears. "Go home," he said, "quick; there'll be war in the city to-night." I started. Crossing the bridge with an American, I chanced to meet a fellow-walker, who pointed out some dark spots on the ramparts of the Peter and Paul Fortress and said they were seventy-five millimeter guns mounted there to shrapnel the bridge in case of need. Perhaps. The crowd trying to get into the city was as big as in the morning, and the officer was letting the people through after they filed in front of him for scrutiny. After crossing, we stopped to look back across the bridge, and had to scuttle with the rest of the crowd to get out of the way of a big armored auto hurrying into the city.

In the evening everybody on the street is talking of the cossacks on the Znamenskaya Place. It is also said there was great slaughter in front of the City Duma, where mounted police dressed as cossacks poured several volleys into a crowd. Also, that on the Viborg side, an exclusively factory district, furious barricade fighting is going on.

*Sunday, March 11*—Went out late in the morning to get the latest news and rumors, as there are no papers, and if there were, there would be nothing in them about the riots. The streets are full of people. Large groups form around any one who has news. If two friends stop to greet each other many eager listeners gather around them. It is said the dead are still lying in the snow in front of the City Duma and in many other places along the Newski, and that there are five thousand wounded in the Obukhoff Hospital under strict guard to prevent rescue. Everywhere, it is claimed, the shooting is being done by mounted police dressed as soldiers, as is clearly seen from the fact that the horses of the shooters are large, fine animals, well groomed, whereas the cossacks' horses are very small and shaggy and generally unkempt looking.

During the morning and after our early Sunday dinner I ran out on the streets very often, although there is nothing new to learn so far. The draws in all the bridges across the Neva have been opened, thus entirely separating the Viborg side, the Petrograd side and the Vassili Ostroff from the city proper, and also all the draws in the bridges between the Viborg and the Petrograd sides and between the Petrograd side and the Vassili Ostroff. There was a big fight, they say, between workmen and police to obtain possession of this latter bridge. One man says that some of the bridges across the canals in the main part of town have been blown up, and that the big ones, on the Newski, are being held by armored automobiles. It is now, apparently, the plan of the police to quell the city, bit by bit. All this is "important if true," and there is no means of knowing, but it is quite intolerable to sit in the apartment long at a time. The street is a paramount, and to stay away from it means nervousness and anxiety, which disappears the minute my foot strikes the sidewalk.

After dinner we went to call at V . . . 's. While we were there her cousin telephoned that his brother had just got home after being caught in a big fight in front of the Nikolas Station. He claims the fight was between soldiers and workmen on one side and the police on the other. He was nearly caught between the two sides, as all the doors along the Newski were tight locked and he could get in nowhere. He ran into the Nikolas Station, however, and escaped by running out the back through the freight yards. V . . . 's husband, an officer, whose work is in a suburb only to be reached through the Viborg side, hasn't been home since Thursday, and she is terribly worried. While we were there her telephone went dead. On the way home the streets were absolutely deserted. This was at about twelve o'clock.

*Monday, March 12*—This morning the streets are seething. All the talk is in a delighted tone and has to do with the P . . . Guards, whose barracks were under the guard of another regiment on Saturday morning. It seems that during Saturday one company got out of control and left the barracks to join the strikers, but was driven back into its quarters by the police, and that a detachment from another regiment arrested the ringleaders. On Sunday night, however, the entire regiment broke out of quarters and joined the workmen. During the night several other regiments revolted. One of these regiments, the Pr . . . Guards, mutinied when it heard that the Duma had been prorogued, and it marched to the Tauride Palace to protect the Duma against dispersal. This was the signal to other regiments. Everybody to-day is talking about the fall of the old government. The bread strike is quite swamped in the new events. But there is no real news,

except that the Duma is still sitting, has been sitting, in fact, since Saturday. What will it do? is the question on every tongue. By late evening everyone is talking of the soldiers of the S . . . Guards, who fired round after round into the air over the heads of the crowd they were to disperse on the Liteiny Prospect.

At about nine o'clock in the evening I went out for the last time to have a look, and found a very well dressed intelligent man running breathlessly up the Kamennostrovski Prospect, stopping a few moments every block to tell the great news: "The Duma has formed a temporary government." Rodzianko, Miliukoff, Gutchkoff, Kerensky, all the popular and prominent leaders are named, all of them from the Progressive Block, except Kerensky and Tchkhaidze, who are extreme left and socialists. It is astounding, colossal, not to be grasped at once or even half understood. Perhaps the best news of all to the crowds was that there will be newspapers tomorrow. On my way back there is a great crowd around the quarters of the automobile battalion on the Kamennostrovski. The soldiers are sending a committee to the Duma. It seems the radiator of the auto is empty and the soldiers and civilians are carrying water in teacups, teakettles, pails, anything.

At midnight I went out again and found a tremendous mass of people in the square at the Kamennostrovski and Bolshoi, surrounding a big auto truck packed with soldiers, from which a reserve lieutenant was speaking. He told about the soldiers and the Duma. "But now it's all right," he shouted; "there'll be a new government. Do you understand? A new government, and there'll be bread for everybody." He tried to say some more about what the Duma would do, but just couldn't get any farther. The mere facts that there was a temporary government named by the Duma in place of the old, that the commander-in-chief of the military district of Petrograd, Khabaloff, was murdered, that Protopopoff, the hated Minister of the Interior, was killed, and that the Premier was a prisoner, were all too much. I don't think any man's mind that night, except the very leaders in the Duma, could stretch fast enough and far enough to do more than struggle with the realization of the simplest and most elementary facts of the revolution—with the plain fact that there actually was a revolution.

*Tuesday, March 13*—The Petrograd side has come to life this morning after four days' uneasy calm and isolation. Tremendous motor trucks, elegant limousines, slight runabouts are coursing up and down the Kamennostrovski and the Bolshoi Prospects. Each auto is packed and jammed with soldiers, all with guns and bayonets, and red flags and red streamers are all over the machines. There is a nurse in her black and white head-dress, like a nun's hood, on the front seat beside the driver of every auto. Occasionally an armored car trundles clumsily by, also with a red flag painted on it in several places. The main streets are absolutely jammed from house to house and curb to curb with people, half of whom are wearing improvised red rosettes, or streamers or buttonholes. The only noise is the constant tooting of the speeding autos and the thunderous trundling of the trucks. So at nine and ten A. M. But by noon the firing began, the first we have heard on this side. It seems that in about every sixth house along the principal streets there are groups of gardevois and gendarmes hidden in the attics and on the roofs of the houses. They have machine guns and have begun to fire on the crowds in the streets. Miniature sieges are taking place in dozens of places. It is like an



old-fashioned American Fourth of July by three o'clock, with the pop, pop, popping of rifles on all sides and occasionally the momentary trrrrrrr of a machine gun. By evening the gardevois that have been "fished out" are being taken through the streets on their way to the Duma. They are all in civilian clothes, white and scared, but the crowds only laugh good-naturedly at the "Pharaoni" (Pharaohs), as they call them. Each procession is preceded by some of the captors waving the pharaohs' weapons or triumphantly hauling their machine guns. Late in the afternoon the first proclamations arrive. The first one I saw emanated from some socialist committee, and in the high-flown language of "Tyranny steeped in blood," "the age-long chains have fallen," etc., calls on all to unite for a democratic republic, socialist economic system, confiscation and distribution of imperial, state, landlords', and monastery lands, an eight-hour work day and the abolition of the death penalty. The other proclamation I was able to see was to the same effect, except that it added that the war must be stopped. That is the astonishing thing—for the past five days we have all forgotten that the war exists. I was hard put to it to realize that five days ago the war was the all-absorbing thing in the world. Now it seems very far away to me, and I know the people in the street have forgotten it entirely, and that frightens me.

In the afternoon I started for the office. In the big cross-roads at the Kamennostrovski and the Rujheinaya there was a supply station for the stream of automobiles. A gasoline barrel was mounted in the center of the street with an improvised pump and hose. The open space was full of people, despite the fact that since the morning an ambush of gardevois had been discovered in one of the houses facing the square and several people had been wounded around the tank. It was said the gardevois were so well ensconced in the attic that it had been decided to let them starve there, as they dared not show themselves at the windows any more because the opposite roofs were held by sharpshooters. Every tenth civilian you meet has a weapon of some sort, either a gun or a pistol or an officer's sword strapped around his overcoat. Almost every automobile that flies past has at least one arm sticking out of the window with a pistol in its hand, finger always on trigger, but no one seems to get shot accidentally. As I emerged from the Kamennostrovski on to the long open park leading to the Troitzki Bridge the sound of heavy fusillading from the Viborg side came down the wind, and when I neared the bridge dense clouds of smoke from a big fire in the city near the end of the Liteiny Bridge were visible. It was the District Courthouse and the House of Detention. Farther down the river, near the Winter Palace, there were also several fires, and one nearly opposite us, said to be Protopopoff's house.

When about half-way across the bridge, heavy firing began not very far ahead, at the other end of the bridge, and the crowd in front began running back. Figures were plainly to be seen on the roof of the Marble Palace, at the end of the bridge opposite the British Embassy. As the firing grew heavier and a couple of bullets sung through the air above us, the crowd where I was standing also took to their heels, and I with them. As we hurried down the decline of the bridge to the Troitski Place I saw the only romantic sight of the whole revolution. A figure straight from the old engravings of the French Revolution was moving against the crowd. It was a young girl in a thin, shabby overcoat, with light clipped hair, on which perched a khaki soldier's cap with a big bunch of red ribbon in

front. Strapped around her waist was an enormous curved gendarme's sword. She was trotting towards the firing, stopping every few steps to peer ahead, shading her eyes against the setting sun. I made up my mind that an ambush of pharaohs was holding the palace so as to keep control of the bridge head, always a strategical point, and that I would leave the office until they had been fished out.

*Wednesday, March 14*—Politics have begun this morning again, and we seem to have emerged from a sort of hermetic isolation, when the other side of the river seemed very far away and we only knew of what was happening the other end of the Petrograd side by hearsay. Everyone is asking this morning about the Czar's whereabouts, about the attitude the provinces will take, and what is happening or will happen at the front. Will an army be sent from the front to put down the Petrograd revolution? What is going on in Moscow? If the provinces oppose the revolution we shall all probably be starved. Food supplies, however are being sold freely to-day, and butter and eggs are even cheaper than usual. According to law, to-day is a meatless day, but the sausage shops are doing brisk business at low prices. A new pastime has arisen, scrambling for the News, a single-sheet bulletin, sometimes printed on both sides, issued by a "Committee" of Petrograd journalists and thrown out of passing automobiles in batches to be scrambled for. Anyone who succeeds in grabbing a copy is at once surrounded, and some one reads the whole thing aloud. The firing is less to-day, but seems even more widespread than yesterday. Every automobile has a soldier on each side lying on the front mudguard with his rifle at the ready, and every soldier in the autos, except the driver, has his entire attention fixed on the housetops. Many machines have machine guns sticking out of the windows, and the armored cars all have their guns trained on the roofs. I passed a soldier to-day making off with a trophy gathered from the nearby wreck of the police station—a thick steel breastplate lined with cotton batting.

One procession accompanying some arrested policeman was headed by a man enthusiastically waving a long row of brightly ribboned medals which a police sergeant had still worn beneath his civilian overcoat while attempting to escape. Later in the day a great and hilarious crowd came along, escorting a policeman with regular grenadier mustaches with a "baba's" shawl over his head and wearing a swashing calico petticoat. Many automobile shops and other shops have been turned into feeding stations for soldiers, and some of the larger houses along the Kamennostrovski have opened such places at the expense of the dwellers. Collections are being taken up on the streets for tea and tobacco for the soldiers, and many high school boys are collecting baskets of cigarettes.

We went out this morning for a walk, and when we returned we found that in our absence two soldiers, both armed, had come to the back door of the apartment, declaring they had come to search the place for policemen. They sent the servant out on to the back stairs, insisting on conducting their search alone. They took thirty-nine rubles and a watch from the servant's room but did not touch anything else. There is nothing to be done except to hope that no more such searching parties will come as they are armed, may or may not be real soldiers, and in any case are quite masters of the situation.

One of the News to-day contains an announcement by the father-deacons working in the soldiers' hospitals of Petrograd, stating in the stilted language of the Church

that "We are at one with you until the end of the ages." As it was read aloud the crowd roared with good-natured amusement.

In front of the automobile battalions quarters on the Kamennostrovski there are four automobiles out of commission, three of them with broken springs. No wonder when twelve and fifteen men were crowded into an automobile meant for six! Another one is standing on the Bolshoi Prospect with its radiator muzzled into a shop door and with a smashed front axle. But there are fewer autos to-day and they drive less recklessly. Some sort of a commissioned officer has a table in the street in front of the battalion and is giving out auto passes without which no machine can cross any bridge or pass any of the larger traffic junctions.

I got to the office this afternoon but only stayed a short time. The Newski is like all the other streets, autos whizzing to and fro, groups listening to the reading of the News, feeding stations and streams of pedestrians.

On my way back I found that a large moving picture theatre on the square at the Kamennostrovski and the Bolshoi has been turned into a Commissariat, a central point for giving out information, auto passes, sending out patrols, interning hooligans and the rare, rare drunks. It is in charge of a member of the Duma and is the first nucleus of the new order of things, the first visible sign of the "Temporary Government." I went in and told my tale of the search and theft, was consoled with and told that such little things were inevitable until a new system of order could be got working, which I perfectly understood, and was given a silly little certificate on a scrap of dirty paper stating that my apartment had been searched and nothing suspicious found. I was also told that if any more searching parties came to refuse to admit them and to at once notify the Commissariat who would send a patrol to investigate the identity of the searchers.

About the "politics" I mentioned before. Our horizon has been broadened by the announcement in the last News that the entire city is in the hands of the revolution and that only a few ambushes of gardevois remain, in isolated houses and attics, that all the regiments in the city, including those quartered near by, have gone to the Duma and joined the revolution, except the I—— Guards who are undergoing a regular siege in their barracks. Our horizon becomes almost international, so much has Petrograd been a little world all to itself in the last week, by the announcement that Moscow has gone over to the revolution almost bloodlessly. Nothing was known there about the riots here until late Sunday night when an aeroplane flew over the city scattering printed handbills. There is also an announcement of the New Ministry appointed by the Executive Committee of the Duma "with the consent of the Council of Workmen's Deputies." In the evening I went to V——'s to get information about this council of Workmen's Deputies and found that her husband had just returned from his barracks this morning. He says there has been regular trench warfare in Leissnoi, as a regiment of bicycle scouts and motor-cycle machine gunners wouldn't give in but entrenched themselves in their barracks and held out until some light artillery arrived last night and threatened to shell them out. He explains the Council of Workmen's Deputies as follows. It is an organization made up of representatives of workmen, elected by their organizations such as clubs, regional societies of the social democrat and other socialist organizations, committees from factories, cooperative societies and so forth. It was organized secretly before the revolu-

tion of 1905, in anticipation of that revolution, so that the socialist workmen would have an organ and a nucleus of organization ready to step forward in an emergency. It functioned for a time in 1905, but on the failure of the revolution disappeared from view but continued to exist secretly until the night of Monday, March 12th, when it moved into the Tauride Palace, into rooms side by side with the Duma and commenced to grow by leaps and bounds by the addition of deputies from every conceivable sort of a workmen's organization that existed or sprang into existence in the first few hours of the revolution. It at once assumed to be the supreme authority, commenced issuing orders, some excellent, some unfortunate. As it controlled the active forces of the revolution, the striking workmen and the rebellious soldiers, the Duma's Executive Committee had to go into coöperation with it, and it is well the Executive Committee did, or there would have been immediate civil war in the city. At least so I believe. The key to the whole situation lay with A. F. Kerensky, a member of the Duma from the Saratoff government, a member of the Labor Party (a "trudovik"), a socialist and presiding officer of the Council of Workmen's Deputies. The Executive Committee of the Duma invited him into the Ministry, as Minister of Justice, giving him five minutes to accept. He accepted without the consent of the Council but immediately went to them, and got their consent, not only to his entering the new ministry but to the ministry as a whole and to the temporary government, "in so far as the temporary government carries out the aims and desires of the revolutionary workmen and the revolutionary army of Petrograd but no further." Thus while now there are in fact two governments, the Duma and the Council of Workmen's Deputies, there is in theory only one, the executive committee of the Duma and its Ministry.

On my way home I learned that Nikolai II is supposed to have abdicated, that the heir apparent, young Alexis, who was sick with the measles at Tsarskoe Selo, has died of heart failure from fright and that the Empress has committed suicide. This rumor is a little too strong for belief, but I have learned that in the absence of newspapers these rumors are remarkably accurate at forecasting what will probably occur. The crowd has a sort of intuition of what the logic of events will bring forth and immediately express their intuitions in the form of statements as to what has happened.

*Thursday, March 15*—Nikolai has abdicated. Everybody is relieved. There will be no Vendée. Everything now depends on the continuation of the *modus vivendi* reached by the temporary government and the Council of Workmen's Deputies. It is stated that the latter will be enlarged by deputies from the regiments here and called the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies. Order No. 1, issued yesterday by the Council, calling on the soldiers and citizens under no account to surrender their arms, is causing much comment. A handbill distributed by some radical socialists calling on the soldiers to mistrust, disarm and arrest their officers who are one and all adherents of the old régime, has been officially condemned by the Council and is generally disapproved.

The firing has ceased to-day, and the number of racing automobiles is considerably less. The talk on the streets is confined to speculation as to what the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch will do, most of the intelligent class desiring that he refuse the throne or at least wait until the Constituent Assembly meets. If all sides agree to wait for that we shall have civil peace.



## At the Capitol

THE fight which is now being waged in both houses of Congress over the administration food-control bill might have been considerably nearer a settlement by this time, had the suggestions of several members not of the administration party been accepted. In the Senate a week and a half was devoted to a discussion of the railway priority bill. The debate was as sincere and as searching as so far-reaching a matter merited, but it was often irrelevant. At the close of the session on Friday, Mr. Cummins declared: "Since the Senator from Missouri [Mr. Reed] left the subject immediately after the morning hour had expired, not a word has been said to-day upon the pending amendment. I only hope that tomorrow, before the amendment is voted upon, those who discuss the bill will devote themselves to the subject." Often, indeed, the discussion was farther afield than merely on a separate section of the same measure. On Tuesday, Mr. McCumber suggested what a good idea it would be to allow the Allies to recruit from their own citizens in this country, and Senator Calder declared that he "knew of no reason whatever why this could not be done." But Mr. Nelson cut off a promising discussion by reminding both senators that such a bill had already been passed by Congress, on April 18th, and that under its terms the British Recruiting Mission had secured, to date, over eleven hundred enlistments.

In the House a like misplacement of emphasis was more costly. Mr. James, a Republican member from Michigan, protested against the giving of an entire week to the Rivers and Harbors bill, which had not a great deal to do with the war, or much chance of passing the Senate without complete revision. "I am sorry," he said, "that the advocates of this bill would not grant permission for the food-control bill to be taken up, because the food-control bill is the measure we should be discussing now." Had these members been content to compromise on an amendment submitted by Mr. Parker, leaving in the hands of the President the decision as to what items were of "military necessity," they might have put their bill through before it was displaced on the calendar by the food-control measure; but by their refusal, and in answer to the invitation implied in the chairman's inquiry whether time was desired "to discuss the bill or for general discussion of other items," the debate ran along easily until the chance for even a compromised measure had passed.

Nevertheless, it is doubtful if the shortcomings of a rivers and harbors bill ever received a more searching criticism than in this instance. This was due partly to the growing number of members who have an honest desire to be rid of the practice of log-rolling—and who saw in the argument of war economy an excuse for challenging an established tradition—and partly to the fact that the controversy over the bill was made largely a partisan issue. Though certain members of his party desired the passage of the measure, Mr. Moore was right in his statement that many Republicans "believed that political capital could be made out of their opposition."

Thus, for the first time openly, the familiar factor of partisanship was introduced into the present session; and with the more dramatic issues such as conscription out of the way, it is likely that party lines will be drawn more clearly as the business of Congress becomes less concerned with various innovations. Party sympathy, of course, has never been entirely absent. Republicans in both houses have been ready with a purely partisan criticism whenever

it was not certain to be too publicly advertised. Mr. Mann suggested that to help float the "liberty loan" the Secretary of the Treasury would do well to call upon "all of the orators who said in the last campaign that the President had kept us out of war"; Mr. Penrose "assumed that the seven thousand men to be appointed under the food-survey bill would all be Democrats—and would be withdrawn from the inestimable privilege of serving the country under the conscription law"; and Mr. Brandegee thought it wise to have read to the Senate an interview with Mr. Herbert Hoover, which, published over the signature of Mr. Alfred W. McCann, in the New York Globe, gave an impression of friction with the Department of Agriculture—although Mr. Hoover wrote to Senator Brandegee on the following day declaring that "all but an infinitesimal basis of the statements contained in the article were absolute invention." Such instances as these, however, are not unusual at a time when disagreement may be so real; and quite as bitter criticism of the President's plans and appointments has come from Democrats in Congress as from Republicans. No Republican has matched in partisan eagerness the speech which Senator Lewis delivered recently in New Hampshire, on the question of choosing a Democrat or a Republican to fill a vacant seat in the House of Representatives: "The question for you, then, is which way? Are you for America or for Germany? Are you for the President or are you for the Kaiser? Are you for the country or its enemies? Your ballot is the only answer you can give."

Aside from the opposition which met the Rivers and Harbors bill there have been, in fact, only four instances during the present session in which partisanship has shown itself in more than an isolated expression of irritation. The espionage bill was the most obvious of these instances. Partly through misjudgment on the part of the administration, and partly through mishandling of the measure by its leaders in Congress, the question of censorship was permitted to become a party issue, and of the 184 votes cast in opposition on the final test, 148 came from Republican members. Two other instances which showed a tendency less to vote individually than out of a party background came when opposition did not incur the unpopularity of blocking a major war measure; the first administration food bill passed the House with 68 Republican votes in the negative, in a total of 81; the revenue bill was passed by a vote of 329 to 76—all 76 opponents being Republicans.

Perhaps the most significant instance of party grouping came on the question of higher rates of income taxation. Here the fight was made under the leadership of a Republican member, Mr. Lenroot; but of the sixty votes cast against his amendments, all but seven came from Republicans. If any one disagreement can be picked out this early as a major issue in the Congressional elections of 1918, it is the question of high income and profits taxation. Mr. Penrose has already phrased what might be a campaign slogan against Democratic control: "Inefficiency and incompetence and the assumption of powers that were never contemplated, in order to coerce the business of the country." Republican opposition in 1918, as in 1916, is likely to be a pot-pourri of casual and negative arguments; and the developments of the war will offer ammunition. But irrespective of the stage of the war or the probabilities of peace, an early end to this new "conscription of wealth" will be a pertinent and, in many quarters, a welcome issue.

C. M.