

hands because Senators and Attorney-Generals are not bowled over by generalizations about "democracy" and "Christian tolerance," I commend a more promising course of action: drop sentimentalities, and unite to secure the introduction of bull fighting in America.

There is, I admit, something utopian in that idea at first thinking. But consider things equally strange. When a man named Hamby went to his death last week at Sing Sing there was not one morning paper in the city of New York that did not give a full column to the story of his killing: how his head had been shaved so the death mask fitted; what happened to his face when he saw the chair; how he helped his executioner buckle the electrodes. If, at first thought, the idea of bull fighting seems capable of shocking the sensibilities of the American public, we may remember the columns of space that went to the details of Hamby's death, and recall the fact that upon such material the American public is accustomed to be fed. There is further assurance in the fact that once in an average of every 4.4 days the American public reads the story of a lynching, reported as realistically as possible. And the course of the red hysteria goes in itself part way towards easing the necessary transition. Raids and punchings, the lynching rope of the Washington Post and the Treat 'em Rough of the Arthur Guy Empeys—all these have smoothed the road. Besides, have we not already had the example of one sheriff in Illinois who compelled his prisoners to witness an execution, for the benefit of their morals?

I should be doing the bull fight an injustice, however, if I implied that there was no better case to be made for it than a negative one. Its positive qualities are unmistakable. It is, in the first place, 100 per cent American. For as the orators use the term, 100 per cent Americanism consists (a) in believing that no one case can have two sides, and (b) in insisting that if there *are* two sides, the other one be exterminated. Into this philosophy the bull fight fits perfectly. There is, on our side, as large an audience as the ampitheatre holds; on the other, a single bull, about to be exterminated. There is nothing pallid about what happens. The bull is let into the arena. It makes a dash at the cast-off horses. Something rips, and there is a red gash on the gray flank sagging like a lower lip. The crowd shouts. It is beginning to get its money's worth. There is a pause. And then a second dash. This time someone is not quick enough to dodge the rushing horns. And for the first time there is blood on the arena's sand. It is a man's blood. But that does not spoil the enthusiasm of the crowd. It will have the bull's blood later.—

Ask yourself what chance the red hysteria would have, in competition such as this. "Bull Gores Toreador in Nashville"—that for Monday's headline. "Nine Slain at West Aurora"—that for Tuesday's. Indeed you may imagine what can be done even with that thread-bare trick, the rumor. "Rumor Bulls Will Not Enter Arena at Topeka" or "Rumor Bulls Will Strike for Shorter Hours." That would set the young bloods crying Treat 'em Rough—the older ones, in their clubs, thanking God there still are ropes and lamp-posts. Might not the day even come when we should read that strike-breaking bisons were to be brought on from Wyoming?

I am aware of the press of business before the national parties. I realize that this year particularly will they have a hard time dealing simply with those issues which are critically necessary. And yet: Which party will be the savior of free speech? Which will be the first to write into its program a moral equivalent for the red hysteria?

C. M.

Rain Pageant

THE horses, the great draft horses,
Are black with rain,
Their broad backs steam,
Water streaks their necks,
Their hoofs send splashing their own
reflections on the pavements.
Through the striped rain they come
Ponderous as elephants,
Gentle as country girls,
Breathing mist like dragons,
Wet and sleek as seals—
Bitted gods, magnificent and docile,
A processional pounding across the drab day
Turning the streets into a thousand vital friezes—
The city into a parthenon.

ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH.

In a Virginia Garden

The honey'd heat of early afternoon
Lies on the garden pathways; thick and sweet;
And through the heavy glow, on silent feet,
Walks, with a red rose fragrance, dreamy June.

The pouring sunlight hangs around her dress
In shifting folds of white, and green-lit shade;
A trailing branch makes way, with a caress,
And the young birds perch near her, unafraid:

She fills the air with drowsy happiness,
As if the world were perfect while she stayed,
Then passes onward up the blossomed street,
Humming a droning, bee-in-clover tune
That mingles with the alder's rustling croon,
And dies away in golden, honey'd heat.

RALPH LEROI.

The Tide Turns Some More

ANOTHER little wave in the tide turning back from panic to a bit of occasional composure in these United States is perhaps to be discerned by the hopeful eye in the proceedings now taking place in the committee-room at Washington where the United States Senate is gazing at Mr. Martens and Mr. Nuorteva.

Senator Moses, presiding, does not seem to be afraid of these Bolsheviks. In fact, he is so bold about their plots against the existence of the American Republic that he seems to be actually willing to let them prove themselves innocent if they can.

They ought to be able to prove with some skill. They are undoubtedly today the world's leading experts in being investigated, examined, revealed, uncovered, exposed, unearthed, probed, brought to light and laid bare. And at the end of it all, instead of being in jail, they are still sitting on the steps of the State Department with their calling cards in their hands from the Russian Socialist Federative Soviet Republic. They cannot get inside, but they have acquired great skill in lingering on the steps.

They make me think of chapter two in a work on the history of American diplomacy by Mr. Lansing's father-in-law, John W. Foster, out of which I remember that in 1781 and 1782 and 1783 there was a certain representative of our new-born revolutionary United States of America—one Francis Dana, subsequently Chief Justice of the State of Massachusetts—who insisted in residing in St. Petersburg while he vainly, and "with nothing but humiliation," sought recognition for our novel republican democratic government from a scandalized and anti-revolutionary Russian Court. Now the Russians have sent us a neatly written little sequel entitled, "A Martens for a Dana."

In New York the Lusk Committee read this sequel with tremblings. The protectors of the safety of the State of New York interrogated Mr. Martens in dread secret, for many hours, alone with him and his menaces, and issued, pale, to a balcony in the public press whence they shouted out a censored set of menaces to the populace. That was their start.

Senator Moses and his colleagues are starting quite differently. They sit with a plain prose look at the head of a long table and ask questions very conversationally. Opposite them, beyond the foot of the table, in the body of the room, there is quite a thick mass of unprotected populace—male and female—of all shades of color, from pure Lenin

Red to pure Kolchak White. The ladies from the Kolchak constituencies seem very much interested (and well they may be) in the visible representatives of an impossible communist government which the Russian titled experts in their drawing-rooms have for two years contemptuously derided to them and which now seems to be impossibly laughing at Kolchak at last. They are here to mediate this puzzle with their own eyes, Senator Moses consenting.

To the Senator's right I note reporters, stenographic and journalistic, and from among them I look across the table at the long row of Bolsheviks extending from the Senator's left along the table to its foot.

Mr. Martens—a person with a light complexion, a light moustache, and light blue eyes—is answering questions in a light low voice. Mr. Nuorteva—a heavy person with a bald capacious head and a broad round face and a humorous eye intent on whatever comedy can be extracted from whatever tragedy—is putting a hand to his head and a finger-shade over his eyes and is celebrating the conclusion of his fatigues with the Lusk Committee by dropping off into what is at any rate a charming imitation of a little nap.

Near him I note the erect figure of Colonel Boris Leonidovitch Tagueeff Roustam Bek—familiarily and more famously known as simply Colonel Roustam Bek—of the Sixth Orenbourg Cossacks in the Pamir Expedition of 1881, chief editor of the Russian Army and Navy Almanac in 1898, with General Kuropatkin in Manchuria in the Russo-Japanese War, colonel in the British Volunteer Army in 1914, military critic of the London Daily Express, military critic of the paper called Soviet Russia in New York and military expert of the Russian Soviet Bureau in Washington in 1920. He introduces a much needed touch into Bolshevism by wearing a monocle.

Beside Mr. Martens sits a gentleman whose house was bombed even as the house of Attorney General Palmer was bombed. This gentleman—ex-Senator Hardwick, of Georgia—does not seem to think that Mr. Martens did it. Or he is very forgiving. At any rate he is now Mr. Martens's attorney, and he gets up and argues a legal point or two with Senator Moses and Senator Brandegee in a very polite and very at home way, nobody seeming at all excited, and nobody saying "Answer yes or no" or "Are you telling the TRUTH?"

Naturally, Mr. Lusk is outraged and roars a