

cumulative effect of these grievances is the terrible memory of the Japanese jackboot last March. A chasm was dug then between the two peoples. It was dug by the excesses of the troops and the cruelty of the government. And it cannot be bridged by reforms. Only to foreigners in Korea does the question of reforms seem of any importance. The Koreans give it barely a thought. They do not want reforms and will not be satisfied with reforms. They say it is too late for compromise. They want independence, or at least freedom from Japanese rule. It is not a new birth of nationalism that moves them, it is hate. It is not reasonable perhaps, but they are acting on impulse and not reason. And however good the grounds on which Japan may plead that other powers have perpetrated wrongs in their colonial possessions and that it has offered to make amends for this one; nobody who knows the history of Korea in the last year can doubt that the Koreans are only human if they are unreasonable.

The result is a dilemma and will be a tragedy. In the near future, at least, independence is for the Koreans a futile hope. They have not the power to win it for themselves. Certainly, Japan will not give it to them voluntarily. The best that Japan can be expected to do is grant a more liberal form of government, and this is no longer effectual to restore peace. Yet there is the obvious injustice in a nation's being forced to live by virtue of conquest under another nation which is repulsive to it for reasons that can be justified. But this also should be said: if by some miracle Korea should win its freedom tomorrow, the Korean problem would be far from solved. Only ten years have passed since Korea lost its national integrity because of its failure to govern itself. Korea's best friends admitted then that foreign intervention was necessary in the interests of the Koreans themselves. Korea's best friends admit today that there has not been sufficient change since then to warrant confidence that it could maintain a stable government now. The old corrupt and degenerate official classes are dying out, it is true, and a new generation is growing up that has had contact with modern ideas. Also it is true that a new patriotism and national consciousness have been born of the suffering of the last ten years. But not enough of the old have died and not enough of the new have grown to maturity. And the great mass of the population is still of the ignorant peasant class, centuries behind a sense of political responsibility. The ideal solution, of course, is also the pathetic hope that fills the breast of every Korean, that the League of Nations will take up Korea's case, give it justice and lend it protection until it reaches political maturity. In

the light of contemporary European politics that hope can be dismissed without comment. There remains only the futile circle: The Koreans cannot possibly live in harmony with the Japanese, they cannot win their independence, they are hardly ready to exercise it if they could. In the meantime, until the circle is broken by the course of whatever events are to come, there will be strife, bloodshed, sacrifice and suffering. Needless human waste undoubtedly, but under the logic of the nationalistic system equally inevitable.

NATHANIEL PEFFER.

Dreams

. . . The holy rood

Turn us every dream to good

I wonder, do we haunt it with our dreams,
That old, half-ruined castle by the sea?
Do we, as restless ghosts, go up and down
Through the deserted rooms? And when the gale,
In fury, piles the seaweed on the rocks
And drives the screaming gulls about the tower
Where, all the winter through, no foot will come
(Unless that long-dead seneschals should pace
And mutter on their accustomed rounds once more,
Or dainty satin slippers, long since dust,
Whisper at midnight to the crumbling stairs
Of meetings in the turret overhead,
When eyes, as loth as yours to part, were pressed
To lips as hot as mine with unshed tears)—
Do we drift in and out upon the wind?

I wonder, have returning fishermen
Seen, in the moonless hush of summer nights,
(And crossed themselves at seeing) my long hair
Blown by a wind of dreams against your face
In that forgotten garden? Ah, who knows?
Perhaps the old men tell about the fire
Of that poor lady that they often see,
Who laughs and talks and plucks the scarlet flowers
And holds them out as though one walked with her,
"And she alone. God help us! All alone
And desolate the creature. Rest her soul!"

AN CARTACH.

Helen of Troy

She rose up on the walls, Helen of Troy,
Her white arms gleamed down on me in the plain
Of Ilion, thick-haunted of the slain
For her dear sake. "Now they who were but toy
Of the gods and choked Scamander's bed, my queen,
For the smile that snared your lover, have they no share
In your heart's grief and have you no tear for their
Fair lives, and they unloved of you and unseen?"

I could have spoken so but that I drew
Too near and understood. And her beauty ran
Through me like a sunbeam and a sword, and few
And none seemed then the heroes' host whose span
Was cut for her. I said, "There is no man,
Helen of Troy, but that may die for you."

EDWARD SAPER.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Policy of Our Papers

SIR: Workers in Kirschbaum's, one of the largest men's clothing shops in the city, have been on strike since December 1st. The case is the most rudimentary question of wages and collective bargaining. In November, when the union shops won a six dollar increase, these poorly paid, unorganized workers appointed a committee to represent them and asked for a five-dollar advance. The firm refused to meet this committee, and ignored the demand. As their discontent rose under this treatment, the workers, mostly Italians, turned for help to the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. For two weeks the union held back the thoroughly aroused men and women, while it tried further negotiations with the firm. The firm at last offered a three-dollar wage increase and restated its intention never to deal with its organized workers. The workers then struck strongly.

Since December 1st more than fifty workers have been arrested and held on charges that the court later dismissed; girls, fourteen and fifteen years old, who were earning eight dollars a week, have been set on by mounted police; all picketing has been forcibly prevented. This is usual enough. And Philadelphia is, moreover, one of the few cities left in which the men's clothing workers are not dealing through collective bargaining with ninety-eight per cent of the manufacturers. Kirschbaum has been the backbone of opposition to union organization.

The point is that the Philadelphia papers have set up a boycott against all news of the strike. Furthermore, every paper in the city has refused a paid advertisement setting forth the strikers' side of the struggle, while they have carried large advertisements from Kirschbaum calling for workers to break the strike and representing the conditions of work as perfect. Further than that, three leading papers had signed a contract with the Amalgamated for the strikers' advertisement; the day before it was to be run the union was notified that the contract was cancelled.

Newspaper men here admit that the policy of their papers now is to close their sheets even to conservative union news. Clearly this is a dangerous policy. So far the result of the policy of "discouraging labor agitation," as they say, is not as one might expect, the discouragement of workers who are new to organization and are just reaching out toward the simplest economic thoughts. The result is a cynicism toward the press and the other influences which they see against them. This is not a wholesome feeling for large numbers of strongly organized workers to harbor.

PAULINE CLARKE.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

What Did You Do?

SIR: The following extract from a letter, recently received, protesting against the present violation of our civil rights strikes me as worthy of repetition.

"And you who read these words, what are you going to say twenty years hence, when the little children, studying their history lessons around the fireside, look up and ask, 'What did you do for the cause of freedom in those dark days?' Are you not going to have to confess with me that throughout the whole four years of war hysteria you never were in jail once?"

New York City.

A. P. H.

The Bandwagon

The Less You Eat, the More It Hurts the Profiteer

"If they [the women] could be persuaded to defer buying everything possible it would materially reduce prices," said Mr. Palmer.

"How about food?" came from the floor.

"Oh I know about food, that it costs a small fortune," Mr. Palmer replied, "but the only way to help is through the law of demand and supply. Keep down the demand."

What Do You Read at Breakfast?

READING Red literature in public, even in the Russian language is no longer safe in New York. Jacob Wausliess was perusing a pamphlet entitled "What is Anarchy?" at breakfast in an East Side restaurant yesterday. A bomb squad detective arrested him and sent him to Ellis Island to await deportation proceedings.—New York Dispatch to the Philadelphia Public Ledger, February 15th.

Saving her Soul

"GIRL workers can't stand prosperity. At least this is the opinion of William Heyburn, Louisville, whose letter was read today at the Senate committee hearing on the Minimum Wage Bill. . . . Mr. Heyburn said that the danger period for the woman worker was when she reached the point in earning capacity where she had a surplus after contributing her share to the upkeep of the home. The girl apprentice, earning a small wage, 'sticks to the last,' he said, and consequently has not the temptations that beset the girl whose horizon is broadened by reason of her surplus earnings."—Louisville Courier-Journal, Feb. 18th.

Goats Take Notice

"WE have to make up our minds frankly to a resumption of relations [with Russia]. There is only one government with any authority in Russia. The choice has become one between ramming one's head against a stone wall and overcoming prejudice."—Daily Express (London).

In the General Direction of the Pacific

MR. Green: "Approximately what is the fighting line here now?"

General Bliss: ". . . It does not go beyond Lake Baikal now."

Secretary Baker: "Lake Baikal is in the Siberian region." Testimony before Congress.

Worth Saying Twice

"If I were to deport Bolsheviks I would have a ship of stone with sails of lead, the wrath of God for a gale, and Hell for the nearest port."—Dr. John Wesley Hill, Dec. 3rd.

"I believe we should place them all on ships of stone with sails of lead and that their first stopping place should be Hell."—General Leonard Wood, Dec. 17th.