

him against Mr. Churchill were men of a cautious and far-seeing mind who took precisely this view.

Among the White Russians there are those who believe that some of the Allies, in giving a half-hearted support to Denikin and Kolchak, were actuated by a desire not to reestablish the White Russians in power but merely to keep the war in Russia going so as to render Russia weak, divided and helpless. In truth, that is the actual result of the policy which has been followed. But now a new portent has arisen. The Whites, if not yet entirely removed from the map, are no longer in any sense a potential menace to the British Empire in the East. On the other hand, the Bolshevik armies, strengthened by foreign intervention and well led by officers of the old regime, are for the first time becoming really formidable as a military weapon. There is a slight danger, strange as it may seem, of the Bolsheviks developing a revolutionary army of an Imperialist kind. The danger may not be great, but it is a possibility and coupled with it is the chance that Bolshevik propaganda, working with the Moslems and Young Turks, will stimulate the ferment, already sufficiently grave, in the Moslem portions of the British Empire. It is time, therefore, to make peace; and peace, if it be made, will leave Russia in many material respects at her very weakest. It will not be surprising if the Russians say, as some of them are already saying, that the desperate state in which Russia emerges from the prolonged civil and foreign war is the latest proof of the cold and cynical policy of the Allies. The Russians would be wrong, for Allied policy has been more the product of vacillation and divided counsel than of far-seeing plans, but there is little question about its result.

W. P. CROZIER.

## I Come Singing

I come singing the keen sweet smell of grass  
Cut after rain,  
And the cool ripple of drops that pass  
Over the grain,  
And the drenched light drifting across the plain.

I come chanting the mad bloom of the fall.  
And the swallows  
Rallying in clans to the rapid call  
From the hollows,  
And the wet west wind swooping down on the swallows.

I come shrilling the sharp white of December,  
The night like quick steel  
Swung by a gust in its plunge through the pallid ember  
Of dusk, and the heel  
Of the fierce green dark grinding the stars like steel.

JACOB AUSLANDER.

## Next To Reading Matter

I, FOR one, have had enough of the bards who minnesing their ballads, songs, and snatches into the air; letting them, if they are heavy enough, fall to earth, they know not where; and, which is worse, I not knowing where either. Give me, say I—bowing to none in my carmine, 212 per cent Americanism—Poetry that Gets Somewhere, poetry that gets from point to point directly, and poetry that is supposed to rhyme.

In practically those words—for in spite of Mr. James Joyce, Miss Dorothy Richardson, and Miss May Sinclair, I think in coherent, decent, well-balanced sentences—I breathed my simple orison. And, as if in answer, there came America's Great Northwest, by Beatrice B. Bernheim (National Book Publishers, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York).

Mrs. Bernheim has gone far since her Impressions of three or four years ago. Poetically, I mean. Geographically she has gone no mean distance either, having traveled for her material from coast to coast and vice versa. She has left no boulder, no peak, no range unturned; tower'd cities and mirroring lakes are, as you might say, clay to her lyre.

Take the opening poem, St. Paul-Minneapolis:

Twin brother and sister—both well grown and fair  
Connected by a soft strip of sand.  
St. Paul gives his bridal wreaths for sister to wear,  
She flings him soft waters to make fertile the land.

Their parks they share commonly; also their homes  
Many large public buildings, with wonderful domes.  
Capitol, Library, Ft. Smedley, Cathedral,  
Take hold of our hearts—for a home 'tis ideal.

There, I insist, is a happy marriage of fact and imagery. Nowhere—and I have been reading poetry thirty years, man and boy—do I recall a better lyric about either St. Paul or Minneapolis, let alone St. Paul and Minneapolis. And Minnehaha Falls:

Minnehaha (laughing water)  
Falling gracefully and swift,  
Pure white tresses, soft and wavy.  
Mother's wringlets to be kissed.

Like her face so gentle ever,  
Never changing with the years  
Always calm, serene, and lovely.  
Smiling sweetly through her tears.

Reminiscent perhaps of Wordsworth, especially of his noble couplet,

I measured it from side to side,  
It was three feet long and four feet wide,

yet with a rugged—or as the reviewers are saying

this season—stark beauty of its own, is Mrs. Bernheim's Sicamous:

Shuswap Lake (where the waters join),  
Is forty-three miles in length:  
'Tis bordered by many tall, green hills,  
Showing singular beauty and strength.  
We're off on a fishing trip today,  
Just ready to steam at once,  
And hope to have a plenteous share,  
Before 'tis time for lunch.  
The bear came out to greet us,  
And the bald-headed eagle, too;  
But the salmon and the rainbow trout  
Had something else to do.  
However, we will not despair,  
We've hours yet to try,  
And should our hopes be blasted,  
We'll promise not to sigh.  
For the day is fair, the company fine,  
Such scenes as here are most divine.  
Our luck improved as the day advanced,  
Some speckled beauties our share.  
The placid lake, the sunset's glow,  
Formed a charming picture rare.  
The long twilights in this north country,  
Will linger long with us.  
A land of kindly, peaceful folk,  
Whose word you can always trust.  
The silver sheen comes o'er the lake;  
The mist of evening on the hills.  
Night's quiet settles over all,  
The robin's note is stilled.

Is that or is that not, I ask, a picture? Could storied postcard, with "Wished you was with us" or "This is our room," could animated film make it clearer?

But Mrs. Bernheim is not content with the comparatively easy triumphs of narration and description. Sometimes she wonders, apparently, whether our vaunted civilization has helped us. Are we, she asks herself, happier? These thoughts, as she is En Route to Alaska, obtrude:

The vastness and the solitude is all we seem to feel  
And wonder how the Indians on the shore  
Can be content to live their lives in this quiet, easy way.  
Their wants are small they crave for nothing more.  
Are we happier than these people,  
Nature's children of the forest?  
Our longings and our cravings are oft great  
As the worm he crawleth ever,  
Are we ever, yea, yes ever  
Quite contented with our lot and with our fate?

How often that thought has occurred to me, probably to you, to all of us, yet never have I heard it expressed just that way. How much better Mrs. Bernheim does than, for example, Mr. James Byron Elmore, whose *The Wrecked Train* lingers with its

We boarded the train on the Northern Pacific,  
The mountain scenery was grand and prolific.

On nearing the summit there's a whistle for brakes,  
As she starts like a plummet and everything shakes,  
To pass over the canyon and down the easy slope,  
The passengers are crying, O God, the trestle's broke!

But a trip is something more than a yellow primrose to Mrs. Bernheim. Catch her, as the vaudeville actors say, En Route to the Taku Glacier:

Icebergs of various shapes and hues  
We pass as we steam along,  
They're broken from the glaciers  
Which were their one-time home.  
They seem to want to float away  
Drifting into the world,  
When time has passed and seasons change  
Beneath the seas they're whirled.  
Seven times as deep beneath the surface  
As they are upon the top.  
They oft supply the canneries  
With ice just near the spot.

Taku Glacier, although Mrs. Bernheim gives a photograph of it, she describes also, and I see it even more vividly and—yea, though it be a glacier itself—warmly:

The fathomless depths of sapphire blue,  
The snow flowers on the surface,  
The floes of ice seen clearly through  
Stand forth as to entrance us.

Seventy miles in length,  
A mile or so across,  
The height in air three hundred feet  
Beneath—our calculation's lost. . . .

On, on she goes with Skagway to Lake Bennett, Sunset on the Pacific, Victoria, B. C., Seattle, which

Justly deserves its name,  
As proud as a chieftain its people should be  
Of its playing and winning the game.

The population consists of those from all lands,  
Swedes, Norwegians, Scandinavians and Fins,  
Chinese and Japs, and East Indian folks,  
Canadians and Americans.

Then back to Duluth, Minn., where

We pass through Aerial Bridge  
Steaming far away on this glorious night  
Sun sinking to rest beyond mountain ridge.

The Soo Canal, Mackinac Island, St. Claire River, Niagara, and then The End of a Perfect Trip,

Good bye, dear friends,  
We're sad at heart  
At thought of leaving you.  
Best friends must part  
'Tis ever said,  
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Adieu, Mrs. Bernheim. And though, as Calverley says, it is a single word, Farewell.

F. P. A.

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# Our National Dilemma

NOTHING is easier to say than that the period of our national isolation is past. Nothing is simpler to proclaim than that we are now called upon to assume the burden of sharing in the conduct of world affairs. Large words about these things make a double appeal. Our inherent idealism responds—and so does our vanity and our love of power. The two responses so intermingle, so cover each other, that the wonder is that the appeal has not been irresistible. Why has it failed? Under what conditions may it succeed?

Quite probably it is fortunate for us that nationalistic ambitions and imperialistic aggressions were so undisguisedly powerful in the peace negotiations. We owe monuments to Clemenceau, Sonnino and Balfour. Probably in our excited idealism nothing less flagrant than the exhibition they gave could have averted our becoming innocent and ignorant accomplices in the old world game of diplomacy. As it was, the contrast between prior professions and actual deeds was so obvious as to evoke revulsion.

That the revulsion should have found most articulate expression in narrowly nationalistic inhibitions and repudiations of foreign responsibilities may be unfortunate; but it was, possibly, in its after effects better than nothing. The terms in which Republican Senators articulated American selfishness in response to European selfishness would not of themselves have commanded the assent of the American people. There was a deeper instinct and emotion behind the rejection. Doubtless it was associated with our historic policy of no foreign entanglements. But it is desirable to clarify the emotion expressed in this attitude. What in addition to national egoism lies back of the instinct against being mixed up in the affairs of foreign nations?

The answer seems clear. We have a preference for democracy in politics. Our attachment is doubtless halting, and subject to deflections and corruptions, to say nothing of being not adequately enlightened. But it is genuine. Responsible government and publicity are our ideal, and upon the whole the ideal fares as well as most ideals in a rude and imperfect world. But, putting it roundly, democracy has never had even a look-in with respect to conducting the foreign affairs of peoples, and this is true even of nations that are democratic in their management of domestic affairs. By virtue of our geographical position and the fullness of our em-

pire within, rather than by any moral virtue, we have maintained a state of relative innocence through abstention. We have had no foreign policy save to have none, barring the sacred Monroe doctrine. We dwelt pleasantly enough in our Garden of Eden. During the war, we thought we could easily extend its blessings to the entire world. But the undisguised scramble after the armistice days reminded us of the Fall of Man, and we hurried back into our Paradise, though remaining on the lookout for remunerative investments in the outer world of sin and misery.

Yet it is true that a policy of isolation and non-participation is impossible. When we have invested enough in European countries they will be as near to us as Mexico now is. We may have the same tender interest in maintaining the stability of established powers, that democratic France has shown for the old autocratic regime of Russia. The war itself is sufficient demonstration that aloofness and neutrality have gone by the board; their day is over. We cannot longer piously inscribe the Open Door on parchments impressed with our national seal, and then complacently retire to such a distance that we can identify words with facts. But the most significant thing is not that our period of isolation is done with so that we must henceforth have foreign policies, League of Nations or no League. It is that henceforth our internal policies, our problems of domestic politics, are entangled with foreign questions and invaded by foreign issues.

It is not for us to choose whether we shall remain isolated. Who would have believed a few years ago that universal military service could be injected as a vital question into American politics? The problems of taxation that will come up in connection with our national debt will remind us that we cannot keep domestic politics pure and unspotted from the international world. We shall be fortunate if issues of bonuses and pensions do not become important partisan questions. The intimate connection of labor problems with immigration is another reminder. Pro-Irish, pro-British, or Jewish, questions suggest another side of our entanglement.

Economic reactionaries have succeeded in creating a Bolshevist issue among us, the most contentedly middle class nation on earth. They are trying to "sell" this issue to the American people by wholesale advertising through news and editorial columns. Sixteen per cent Americans raise the issue