

favor of confining efforts to the establishment of provincial autonomy and the encouragement of similar movements in other provinces, looking forward to an eventual federal, or confederated, government of at least all the provinces south of the Yangtse. Many of his generals wanted to postpone action until Kwantung province had made a military alliance with the generals in the other southwestern provinces, so as to be able to resist the north should the latter undertake a military expedition. Others thought the technical legal argument for the new move was being overworked, and while having no objections to an out and out revolutionary movement against Peking, thought that the time for it had not yet come. They are counting on Chang Tso Lin's attempting a monarchical restoration and think that the popular revulsion against that move would create the opportune time for such a movement as has now been prematurely undertaken. However in spite of reports of open strife freely circulated by British and Peking government newspapers, most of the opposition elements are now loyally suppressing their opposition and supporting the government of Sun Yat Sen. A compromise has been arranged by which the federal government will confine its attention to foreign affairs, leaving provincial matters wholly in the hands of Governor Chen and his adherents. There is still room for friction however, especially as to the control of revenues, since at present there are hardly enough funds for one administration, let alone two.

JOHN DEWEY.

A Revolutionist of Another Age

PERHAPS it is because I am so dominated by a masterly portrait of him that I always see him in an attitude of quiescence—his hat upon his knees, his head slightly drooped, his eyes looking out on the world with abnegation. Almost in vain do I try to see him in other attitudes—taking his glass of whiskey at the dinner-table, while color comes into his cheeks and he warms into a real discourse; handling books at the stalls along the quays; or sitting upright in the arm-chair before the fire, growing keen as he talked about the men and books that he knew well.

A poet who knew them said of the Irish revolutionists of that epoch that they were the most simple-minded of men. Perhaps he should have said that they were oddly inexperienced men. There were gaps in their minds, for they had spent in prisons the years in which idealists become sophisticated and possessive. They had made of their imprisonment a retirement from the world. (Perhaps we only knew the exceptions, and the men

whose souls had been turned into bitterness did not last into our day.) When they talked of sex or of birth they were as shy as convent girls. They lived unmarried lives, and one never heard them speak of a love affair. Once I knew an old man who had been a political prisoner; he was of a very different order of intelligence and culture from the men I am thinking of now. He had been in prison from his twenties to his forties. He talked to me of a girl he had known, describing how he had walked out with her, how he had sat with her in her house, the words he said to her, and what she answered back. "But you did not marry her," I said. "No," said he, "I only courted her in my own mind." But I never heard from the lips of these men—I only knew three or four anyway—that they had courted even in their minds.

This one, the most notable of them all, lived unmarried, lodging when I knew him in an indifferent sort of a side street. A church was across the way from where he lived, and I remember that the bells would ring for two, or perhaps for three masses while I stayed a morning with him. A glass of warm milk would be before him. He would renew it often out of a saucepan that warmed on the grate. The coals burned dully. I often feared that there would be a fire there some day, for a trail of newspapers always laid from the grate to those little tables on which he kept collections of books, and from the little tables to the bookshelves that were around the walls. He was so oblivious that a fire might start unnoticed around him. The little tables had special collections of Irish books—on one books published in Cork, on another books published in Limerick, on a third books published in Dundalk, and so forth. I think that what he mainly read was poetry, and an instance of his sound judgment in poetry comes to me now. I had spoken of that lyric of Yeats's that begins "Autumn is over the long leaves that love us, and over the mice in the barley sheaves," and I said that it was curious that he had got a Swinburnian rhythm with a characteristically Yeatsian sentiment. "It is Swinburnian in another way," he said, "for the words are mainly Saxon." I was surprised to hear this said, for I had thought of Swinburne as drawing on Romance for his language. But I found that when I looked into Swinburne again that his language was mainly Saxon.

From his shelves I took those novels of Henry James's that are still my stock-in-trade when I talk of that novelist—Portrait of a Lady, The Princess Cassimassima, What Maisie Knew. Turgenev he had known in Paris and he could well expound him. It would have thrilled me, I know, to have read the novel of the revolution, On the Eve, in a copy

borrowed from these shelves. I must have read it before. The novel of Turgeniev's that I had from him was a sad and ineffectual story that begins with an old man abandoned to loneliness—Torrents of Spring.

Walter Pater he admired, but, by his own account, not disinterestedly. The Boer War and the writings of Walter Pater had revealed to him the decadence of the English. When their language had come to be written as a dead language, he said, it was an indication that the people had come to their end.

His mind was too detached, to have permitted him to engage in those endless plots and combinations that are the day's work of an ex-revolutionist. He read and he meditated. And yet, singularly enough, his fineness and his integrity had not become a tradition; they were a dim, but living influence. He was an heroic memorial and an heroic prophecy.

In those days it did not matter that for him revolution always spelled out nationality—Greece, Italy, Bulgaria. He was emphatically not a proletarian. Indeed he railed at the discoverer of the real source of revolutionary power in Ireland, blaming him as a man who had degraded the idea of an Irish revolution by attaching it to anything so mercenary as the reduction or the abolition of farm-rents. He used a phrase that made insurrectionists uncomfortable—"There are things that a man may not do even for the sake of saving his country."

He spoke of Kropotkin, whom he had met with Stepniak, and I remember his contrasting the two anarchists—"Stepniak," he said, "was a Mongolian; Kropotkin absolutely the Aryan." But I never heard him speak of Karl Marx.

With that finely-modelled head of his drooping a little, but yet without any consciousness of his being out of place, he would preside at gatherings

that in those days seemed fantastical enough—gatherings that were for the formation of a new league or a new union for Irish independence. They would have him there, these young men, not altogether because he was the most notable of those who had carried that dream into action, not altogether because he looked so fine, not altogether because it was entirely fit and proper to have him there, but because there was in him a virtue, an integrity that gave a spiritual value to words and program. This old man who looked like Don Quixote left companionless was an oriflamme, a palladium.

Hence one poet made his name into a refrain in the most ringing of his poems, hence another poet dedicated to him the most spirited of his pieces, hence a third made a line of verse thrill with his name. And a realist of another generation, the most acrid writer that his country had produced, wrote of his funeral as of the passing away of a soul from amongst a shallow people.

Once, when the first plays of what was to be a national theatre were being given, a red-covered arm-chair had been placed in the front row of that little hall for some distinguished patron. Soon a rumor ran amongst the players concerning the occupant of the red chair. From the wings, startled, those who had to do with the plays looked out on the audience. And there, seated in the red chair, eyeglass in eye, granite face raised, massively attentive, was that Celtic Irishman who had governed India and who had been slipped in to make a government for Ireland. And across the aisle, lonely, but with a face quickened, was that old man who had in his hands the succession that we looked for. The men were in the wrong chairs. We felt that in the beginning of the game a bad shuffle had been made in the cards.

PADRAIC COLUM.

Soviet Industrial Organization

FANTASY could hardly devise a situation less auspicious for nationalization of industries than that of Russia in 1918. A country with a capitalist system only thirty years old; with brand new industrial establishments modelled after western patterns forming a strange contrast to a backward home life; with manufacturers freely exploiting a vast, protected, internal market and consequently not spurred to efficiency by competition; with punctuality and mechanical exactness, those virtues of the capitalist system, hardly known to a generally lax population; with a very thin crust of the working-class in possession of a minimum of technical skill, and with foremen and managers largely drawn from abroad,—a country of this kind would have formed poor ground

for nationalization experiments even in normal times. Added to this were: the collapse of production and transportation after four years of war; the cessation of imports which prior to 1914 had amounted to from 1.2 to 1.3 billions of rubles yearly—mainly machines, industrial equipment, chemicals, cotton; the demoralization of the workingmen as a result of war and revolution; the boycott by the intelligentsia of the new system.

The Russians were stirred by hatred of oppression and by a vague though powerful impulse to free themselves. Without much planning, the workingmen of Russia had started the process of nationalization under the Kerensky regime. It was then called "workmen's control" and consisted of shop committees invading the business offices and