

ing through moral inspiration, yes; preaching, never. That is to be left to the pulpit.

Ten years ago John Galsworthy, than whom nobody is better qualified to speak on such matters, said: "You have in America at the present time several plays that are designed solely to appeal to the seamy, morbid side of human nature, but

I believe the demand for such plays will be lessened when we get over this wave of social reform and we all are willing to attack such problems from a saner and more serene standpoint."

And, again:

"I seriously question the motive behind some of our dealing with sexual matters. I believe they are designed

solely to give the public what it wants at all costs of truth and decency."

This is more applicable to-day than when first uttered.

Another student of the drama, Granville Barker, has declared "bad drama to be as bad as typhoid fever."

Inexcusably "dirty" plays, then, may well prove a scourge.

In Baltic Lands

By DR. ALFRED L. P. DENNIS

REVAL was the first and only place where I was shaved by a woman. I gasped as she made her preparations; but she gave me an excellent shave. Reval was also the only place in this long tour of mine where I saw women taking coal off a ship. The fact that they took coal off the ship was not so remarkable as that they were pretty women who wore *silk*, or *near silk*, stockings. The captain had told me of this beforehand; but I did not believe him, in spite of a friendship based on mutual acquaintance.

Captain Norton is one of the old "standbys" in the Baltic trade. He was commander of the *Borodino* in times that were difficult. The tales he told me of *Rosyth*, of *Constantinople*, of *Scapa Flow*, and of *Queenstown* and of traffic in the Baltic were worth telling; but it would take an artist to tell his tales.

I spent most of my time on the bridge of the *Borodino*. From there we sighted a dangerous menace to navigation. It was a torpedo mine turned upside down. It stuck out of the sea like a sore thumb. It was probably a Russian mine which had broken loose from its anchorage in

THE countries bordering on Russia have had a hard fight for existence and peace. This is a first-hand account of some of their problems.

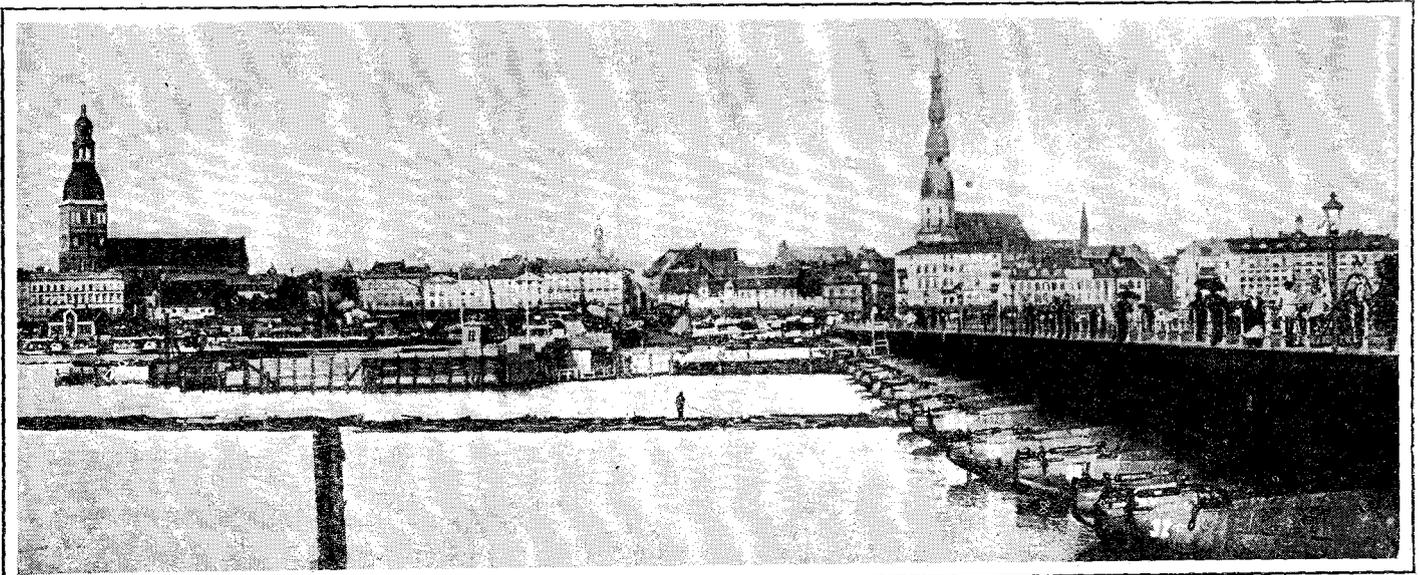
Moon Sound. I reported the fact that it was in the fairway of Baltic traffic; but the Estonian navy was indifferent. "These are the chances of war. Perhaps it will sink some Russian ship. We do not have to bother about that."

From the bridge I also saw one of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen. As we came into *Reval Harbor* the sun was setting. Only forty-five degrees away the dawn was rising! The time was midnight, and the glow lasted until sunset and dawn were a wonderful combination that I shall always remember.

Reval is of course a rather precipitous town. As I wandered about and found the decayed bits of ancient Russian history it was interesting. I found by chance the old "palace"—it is really nothing more than a hovel—where Peter

the Great used to live and entertain his sea captains in robust fashion. Across the street there was a melancholy place—a dirty courtyard, a stable, and on a lorry I saw the grandiose statue of Peter the Great. It represented the fall of a dynasty; for the Estonian Government would have none of it. The people had torn it down, for the Romanoffs were finished.

Yet it would be a mistake to think that the Estonian Government is really firmly established. Every one tried to convince me that it is. But I wonder. *Reval* and *Riga*, in *Latvia*, are the two western eyes of Russia. Every Minister acknowledged this, and then asked me what was going to happen. I said that I did not know; but I advised them to study the American Federal Constitution or the arrangement which had been made as to the British Commonwealth of Nations. For both *Reval* and *Riga* are essential to Russia. These two cities are the commercial ports through which the western trade of Russia must go. At present such trade is a complete failure. You can make treaties; you can recognize the Soviet Government, either *de*



(C) Keystone

A view of Riga, Russia, one of the principal seaports on the Baltic

jure or *de facto*. You can do anything that you choose; but the fact is that there is no real trade to be had with Russia.

I am not an idle onlooker, but a very sincere student of affairs. On every hand I found the wharfs lying empty, the freight cars empty, the whole traffic with Russia empty.

The result is that there has been an active propaganda of the Third Internationale. One hundred and fifty prisoners were gobbled up by the Estonian police in July. Those trials are still to take place. I don't know what is to happen; but I think the Russian Government must understand that it is on its last legs. Certainly I am not a prophet, nor am I a person to anticipate disaster; but I cannot believe that the Soviet régime can exist in its present composition very long. Foreign trade is not essential to Russia; yet in the long run the agricultural machinery, the textiles, and the material of an ordinary life must be necessary. It now depends on the bankers; but I don't believe that they are going to adopt such a terrific gamble.

As far as Estonia is concerned, I imagine that her real financial difficulties are still to begin. The Government made a mistake in thinking that the country could be both an industrial and an agricultural country. Estonia is first of all an agricultural country—the loans and mortgages which now exist on its industrial efficiency are mere paper. So it is quite possible that its financial stability may receive a rude shock.

Latvia, a Country of New Barns

As you go toward Latvia the country changes. As you view the flat, almost stupid country you suddenly realize that there is genuine activity hidden in Latvian farms. The result is that as you examine more closely you discover that Latvia has a real agricultural life. On one of the very rare hills I counted about forty new houses or barns whose heavy shingled roofs stood out in the sunset.

This land was formerly in the hands of the Baltic barons. Now it is divided among the peasants. The result, however, is not entirely happy. The overhead charges are duplicated and reduplicated in such fashion that it is greatly more expensive to manage a series of small farms than to manage one big estate. Co-operative farming seems to be the only way in which the present Latvian agrarian reform can possibly be successful. How soon that can be accomplished remains to be seen.

Certainly Riga, with its curious mixture of Russian and of German life, does not at first give the impression of a life



(C) Keystone

Women who labor in Lithuanian fields

of its own. Then later there comes the understanding that there is a real Lettish life, a civilization for which the extremely efficient Latvian army is quite ready to fight and to die. The old standards of Russian inefficiency still exist more or less; but the new standards of the life of a new state also appear. Latvia intends to exist as an autonomous nationality. The French or the British may privately deny that; but I am sure that any American who has ever been in Latvia would recognize a real pioneer spirit and would sympathize with it.

Lithuania, a Black Earth Country

As you come to Lithuania you discover wide, flat plains. The very soil differs from that in Estonia or Latvia. Here is rich black earth. On all sides are evidences of real agricultural wealth. Yet there remains the blight of politics. In particular, there was the question as to whether or not the Memel Convention was to be ratified. It so happened that I was in Kauwas (Kovno) when every journalist inside and outside of Lithuania was prophesying the defeat of its ratification.

Figuratively, I fought, bled, and almost died to secure the ratification of the Memel Convention. It was because Lithuania would receive a terrific "black eye" from an international point of view in case she did not ratify this convention.

I knew what the Poles were counting on, and I knew what the German Nationalists were thinking of in case Lithuania did not ratify the Memel Convention. So I bent my earnest efforts to secure ratification. The convention was

ratified three days after I left; but I had been promised that it would be ratified before I left Kauwas.

The facts very briefly: The Lithuanian Government, a majority of three in its Parliament. In case this Memel Convention were ratified, six delegates would be elected. Each of these six delegates would probably belong to the Clerical Party, which is opposed to the present Lithuanian Government. To invite the present Lithuanian Government to commit suicide was a bit difficult; but it was done. What the result may be I do not know.

As far as Lithuania and Latvia are concerned the condition of their forests is of great concern. The Latvian Budget is now balanced by the expenditure of about fourteen per cent of Latvian timber. The official figures are ten per cent; but every one who has been in these Baltic lands must understand that the official figures are to be neglected. The Latvian Foreign Office acknowledges that six per cent of its timber can normally be sold. If therefore both Latvia and Lithuania continue to sell timber at the present rate, they will be balancing their Budget; but they will also be seriously endangering their future prosperity.

Consequently it behooves both these countries to economize in their expenditures. This is particularly true of Lithuania, where drainage is very heavy. If, instead of spending so much on their army and on their Foreign Office expenses, the Lithuanians would put more into permanent works and into the real drainage of Kauwas, it would be better for future Lithuanians.

What Happened to Sally

By ERNEST W. MANDEVILLE

Here is the tale of a girl who started bootlegging to pay a "debt of honor." The story of Sally is presented as a part of Mr. Mandeville's study of the effect of the Eighteenth Amendment

SALLY is a bootlegger now. She is the college basket-ball type, young, strong, and full of energy. Three years ago she held the place in society for which her eminent family fitted her. From a débutante daughter to a professional booze agent—that's what the loss of the family fortune did for her.

Her mother, who formerly would not allow a drop of liquor in the house, now peddles it out by the bottle to college boys. A tragedy if there ever was one.

I'll tell you Sally's story as she told it to me. I wouldn't ask you to believe the tale of a bootlegger if it were not that I have known Sally and her family for years and know the absolute truthfulness of what she says.

"The collapse of my father's stocks and his death soon after left my mother and me with a badly tangled estate that netted us only about \$17,000. We invested it all in a tea-room and set about making our living.

"We worked hard but the business did not show a profit, and before long came bankruptcy. Our money was gone and we had debts of over \$4,000. As the tea-room was an incorporated company, we were not personally liable for the debts, but the tradesmen had delivered the goods expecting payment, and I made up my mind to see that they got it.

"My mother was discouraged and failing in health. I had to make a living some way for her and for myself, and I was morally (if not legally) obligated to pay for \$4,000 worth of things that I had bought. I heard of an opportunity to make money carrying liquor from Long Island to an up-State town, so I took it. I had an old car that served me until I earned enough to buy a new — coupé.

"I carry only what I have previous orders for, as I don't want to peddle it around. A drug store up State takes about all that I can carry, so I run mostly to this one town. I load at Long Island on an afternoon, drive through the night, unload my stuff in the morning, sleep through the day, and come back the next night.

"A telephone call to the wholesaler, telling him what I want for the trip, arranges an appointment with his agent. I pick his man up at a stated corner in Jamaica, and he drives with me to the

place where that particular booze is stored. Usually we go to a magnificent estate with a large, imposing house situated almost on the water-front. A sluiceway comes right up to one of the windows. Here the small boats come in, and it is a matter of only a few minutes to pass the cases into the house.

"I drive in the garage (built right in the house), and when I drive out I am loaded up with twenty cases of liquor. Of course the bottles are taken from the cases and packed in the baggage compartment in the rear of my car; first a row of bottles, then the straw, and then another row.

"One night I was late in reaching the town where I usually snatch a bite of supper, and the place I patronized was closed. I cruised around a bit, but didn't dare stop at another place, so kept on my way. A few miles farther on one of my tires blew, so I pulled up at a garage to get the spare put on and the other fixed for a good extra tire to go on with.

"I'll have to get a stronger jack than this to lift the load you have in there," said the garage man. I knew, of course, that he was on to what I was doing, but most of these garages make their living from the constant stream of bootleggers who pass through.

"I was inside getting warm when I heard a voice outside, 'This is the car we are looking for,' and in came a big stalwart State policeman.

"I hadn't put the extra strong springs on my new car yet, and I suppose they spotted the way the back end of my car sagged while I was cruising about looking for supper. If it hadn't been for the puncture, they'd never have caught up with me though, for they were driving a Ford.

"Is that your car out there? Well, then, come out and show your licenses. Where is the key to this back end?"

"Why, I never use that. I don't know where the key is."

"All right. If that's the way you feel about it, I'll go inside, call up the Federal agent and search your car.' [State police are not allowed to search without a warrant.]

"The second trooper stood with me at the car. 'Say, have you got a gun?' he said. I hadn't, and said so. 'Gosh, you've got guts to drive through here alone this time of night!'

"My mind was operating double quick all this time, and I figured I'd better come out with it. 'Say,' I said, 'there is no use in his telephoning. I've got booze in there.'

"Hey, Mac! Come on out! It's all right. She's found the key.'

"They both met my new attitude with friendliness instead of their previous gruffness.

"What kind of booze have you got there?"

"Scotch and champagne.'

"Is it good stuff?"

"The best that is available in New York at the present time.'

"Well, that's fine. The stuff that has been coming through here lately hasn't been fit to drink. You say it's good stuff. Let's try it.'

"All right, but don't disturb that in the back. It's carefully packed. I've got a couple of quarts in my grip in the front. You can sample them, if you like.'

"We all went inside, the garage keeper included, and sat around until the two bottles had been emptied. They voted me a regular kid and an honorary member of the troop. They advised me to pull my car in the garage for the night and not to attempt the road again until daybreak, because of a bad piece of road ahead where the hijackers (liquor pirates) were holding up bootleggers when they had to slow down. The garage man told me that I'd be safe in parking in his garage any night, and that I could take out all that I came with.

"Each trooper took four bottles and bade me God-speed.

"I went on and made my delivery. The druggist's wife came back with me for a few days in New York. As we passed through this same town we stopped at the garage. My friend the garage keeper took us over to his house. His wife rang up the troopers, and they came over for a grand family dinner before we took to the road again. They have been good friends of mine ever since. I see them almost every time I pass through.

"I run to Cleveland, Ohio, occasionally too. Once in a great while I make a trip West to Kansas City or Wyoming. There is good money in it. I pay \$48 a case for Scotch now [February], but during the summer I can buy it for \$32.