

Tale the Eighth

Concerning the Bolsheviks and the things that they would do

It came to pass that the World was choking in its own vomit.

For the space of many years, the Very Wise had preached unto the Very Ignorant the beautiful philosophy of Him that gave unto the world the ultimate Ideal.

Nevertheless, the philosophy that they did practise was otherwise;

Since in the Book of Worldly Wisdom it is to be read that, Men shall sell in the dearest market, and buy in the market that is most cheap.

Also that he is to be counted most successful that hath a great bank-balance.

Also that he that maketh use of the toil of other men for to be an advantage unto himself is the rare bloom of Progress, and knoweth a thing or two.

So, in the City of Van, it came to pass that certain among the dwellers therein became sick with a discontent.

And they did call themselves The Socialites.

For it was to be given unto them alone to make two hearts beat with love and brotherhood where only one did beat before,

And so would they cause mankind to pass its day in the lap of contentment, and so over all the land no long faces would be seen.

Yet, because of the highness of their ideals and their lack of vision, naught did come of their plans.

But among them that dwelt in the City of Van, there were certain others that were also touched by the cold touch of discontent, and brought nigh unto death by the grip of the bony fingers of want.

And they held them meetings in privy, and in the open highways did

they speak in whispers, lest peradventure their words be misinterpreted and they themselves cast into prison.

And these did all themselves the Bolshevikite, which did mean in the vulgar tongue of the Russ, the majority, but which at the present day meaneth any old thing.

And one that was a Bolshevikite would say unto his brother in a speech that is not English: "We are the earth's oppressed. From our infancy have we toiled till, in the youth of our years, we are grown feeble; yea, verily the Rich have sucked from our veins the blood of life and we are become as toys that are broken and of no more use or pleasure to them that have.

"Thus we are trampled or cast aside."

And the other would say: "It is even as thou sayest; yet where beginneth the road of our salvation, and where is our Moses that shall lead us forth unto the fruitful valleys of promise?"

And then would peak one wearing a sinister look upon his face, saying: "An empty belly, my brother, maketh a loveless heart. Wherefor shall it profit us if we pass our days in the speaking of words which are but words; for is it not written in the Book of Wordly Wisdom: "A rich balance and a full belly cause deafness, and who that knoweth not want careth to hear our beseechings and lamentation?"

Now, it is inscribed in the Book of Life: "Two wrongs cannot make a right,"

Also: "To kill him that hath more of the world's goods than thou hast, is to pile trouble on trouble, and become poorer."

Yet of this they cared not to think,