

AMONG THE MAGAZINES

ONE ON RUTOWSKI

How the Russian Governor Turned the Trick on the Mayor of Lemberg

AN uncommonly interesting story is told by Dr. E. J. Dillon, in his article on the Polish Problem, in a recent issue of *The Fortnightly*. The story, as he says, illustrates two sorts of Russian methods in administration and illustrates very well the contrast between the old dark bureaucratized Russia and the newer spirit that is trying to establish a real national sentiment among the Slavs. Sheremetieff was the Russian general in charge of the troops which occupied Lemberg—long ago, you remember, when under the Grand Duke Nicholas the Russians were up and doing, before they were driven back by Mackensen and Hindenburg. Sheremetieff, says Dr. Dillon, gave protection to all Austrian subjects who remained behind during the Russian occupation. But those who had fled the country he looked upon as enemies, and their arms, etc., he seized and confiscated without a qualm. The Chief Mayor of Lemberg, who naturally stayed at his post, had given up his arms to the Russian Commander in accordance with the orders promulgated. One day Rutowski—this was the Mayor's name—met an officer in the street at whose belt hung a valuable pistol ornamented with gold and mother-of-pearl, a veritable jewel, which he had himself delivered up to the Russian Military Commission. How it had come into the possession of this officer he could not conceive, but, resolved to find out, he hurried off to the Governor. He was received with the usual friendly greeting, after which Sheremetieff asked: "And what can I do for you, dear Rutowski?" "I should like just to put a question to your Excellency. Are the firearms which the population gave up of their own free will war booty?" "Certainly not. For the time being they are State property." "I am much obliged, Excellency, and I ask pardon for disturbing you." "You have not disturbed me in the least; but tell me, dear Rutowski, why were you so eager to know that?"

The Mayor then recounted the story of his revolver, whereupon Sheremetieff smiled and said: "My dear Rutowski, what you tell me is simply impossible. It cannot have taken place. You must be mistaken." "No, your Excellency, I am absolutely certain. The pistol is an heirloom. It is mine, and there is no mistake." Up sprang the General and shouted: "I forbid you to doubt my word. When I say it is a mistake I mean it, and I stake my life on what I say. Do you understand? And now, sir, you can go." In silence the Mayor took his departure, and took care to avoid further contact with the wrathful General. Two weeks later, at about 11 o'clock one night, an officer, accompanied by two Cossacks, entered the Mayor's dwelling and summoned him to the Governor's presence without delay. With melancholy presentiments Rutowski took leave of his tearful family, for God alone could tell what fate awaited him, they said. Having bidden them a last farewell, he entered a closed carriage; the officer sat down beside him, and four Cossacks escorted them to the Palace. At the threshold a servant relieved him of his overcoat and hat. The door of the reception-room was then thrown open, and General Sheremetieff came forward, took him by both hands, welcomed and invited him to enter. In the brightly lighted hall the table was laid for dinner, and some fifty officers of the highest rank were awaiting the latest arrival—Rutowski. He was placed on the right hand of the Governor, who carried on an interesting conversation with him during the banquet. At the close of the meal the General rose, and all the officers with him. The Mayor also stood up, but Sheremetieff gently pressed him back into his seat.

"Gentlemen," said the General, "a short time ago I insulted the Chief Mayor of this city, M. Rutowski. I now solemnly beg his pardon and request him to forget what befell between him and me." Thereupon he held out his hand to Rutowski, who pressed it warmly, and was about to respond when the Governor

exclaimed: "I thank you. Your hand pressure has told me all I want to know. And in order that you may remember what it is that you are to forget, I ask you as a favour to accept this souvenir from me." Thereupon the Governor's adjutant, Sobesko, advanced and laid before the Mayor a heavy ebony casket inlaid with gold and daintily fashioned. Inside on a red velvet cloth lay Rutowski's pistol.

Sheremetieff punished the excesses committed by his soldiers with the utmost rigour of military law, and the number of privates shot for misdeeds impressed the remainder with a sense of the necessity of keeping within the limits of law and decency. Among the hungry population he had bread and meat distributed every morning.

His successor was Count Bobrinsky, who took over the duty of his office on October 2nd, and delivered the unfortunate speech which sent a chill to the heart of Austrian Poles and was the coup de grace dealt to the Polish problem in its Russian aspect. The Chief Mayor, Rutowski, and many of his fellow-citizens, were arrested and exiled from their native country to various districts of Russia for exercising rights which they had enjoyed in Austria from whose yoke the Russians were come to liberate them.

In this article the writer shows with great clearness how Poland has been bedevilled by the actions of darkest Russia. He recalls a conversation which he had with Count Witte, the Liberal Premier from the Duma ranks, who said, "Do you imagine that Russia can face her Teuton enemies, held back by the drag of a discontented Poland, and seriously pose as the liberator of the Slavs? The thing is inconceivable. If she were the protectress of the Slavs, could she continue to be the persecutor of the Poles, who are Slavs of purer blood than herself? You say that the Tsar's first act, in case we drift into war, as we certainly shall, will be a gracious act of enfranchisement for the Poles of Russia proper, who now suffer from a series of vexatious disabilities, and another conferring autonomy on those of the kingdom. Possibly you are right. But of what avail will this repentance in extremis be? Who will take it seriously? Have you forgotten the function of the bureaucracy to delay, interpret, modify, and frustrate? If our love for the Slavs were sincere—nay, if our policy were based on enlightened self-interest, we would have long since treated the Poles of the Empire as full-fledged citizens and bestowed self-government upon those of the Kingdom of Poland. That was one of my own projects, had I remained in office and been able to secure the co-operation of the Duma and the Council of the Empire, but as things are now moving we are heaping coals of fire on the head of the nation."

How this wretched policy worked to the bedeviling of the Russian Poles forms the chief part of the article. It was the Grand Duke Nicholas who proclaimed the freedom of the Poles at the outbreak of war. It was the Germanized bureaucracy who pushed back the hands of the Polish clock.

THAT PACIFIC BOGEY

Will the United States go to War with Japan in the near future?

WILL the United States go to war with Japan in the near future? K. K. Kawakami, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for April, gives a very lucid presentation of the Japanese side of the argument—and he favours the idea of no war. The main part of his argument is contained in a few words.

Broadly speaking, he says, there are three problems, and only three, which threaten to tear asunder the friendship between Japan and the United States. They are the immigration question, the recrudescent anti-Japanese agitation for legislation on the Pacific Coast, and the Chinese question. Before entering into the details of these questions, we may at once set down our conclusions.

It may be safely asserted that America will not

hesitate to go to war if Japan insists upon free immigration or the immediate withdrawal of the "gentlemen's agreement" which has placed a ban upon Japanese immigration. On the other hand, Japan will resist, if need be, even at the point of the sword, any American attempt to interfere with what she considers to be her justifiable activities in China.

Fortunately, the truth is that Japan would not fight for the purpose of securing unrestricted emigration. Her statesmen, her publicists, her thinkers all realize the certain outcome of such a futile attempt. To attain that purpose by the arbitrament of the sword Japan must be so powerful and so successful in her military operations that she could conquer and permanently hold at least the territory west of the Rockies. Unless the Japanese are incurable lunatics, they cannot entertain so fantastic a dream. Should the Mikado fail, as he certainly would, to secure permanent occupation of the Pacific Coast, and be compelled to accept American terms of peace, he would have, not only to abandon all hopes of sending any fresh emigrants to these shores, but to remove even the sixty thousand Japanese who are now settled in this country. This the Japanese statesmen clearly foresee, and their vision is a safeguard against war on the score of emigration.

Turning to the Chinese question, it seems unthinkable that America would ever be so nearsighted as to go to war on account of the "open-door" doctrine, much talked about but little understood, especially when Japan has done and will do nothing to hurt American interests in the Far East. The overwhelming majority of the American people neither know nor care to know what the "open door" means.

But there is the third question—the spasmodic agitation against the Japanese in the Western States of the Union. How long will Japan be patient under the pin-pricking attitude of those states? Will she sit eternally unruffled under the rebuff which is being meted out to her in the shape of discriminatory laws, restricting the rights of her nationals residing in the West? I have not sufficient confidence in Japan's equanimity to hazard the prediction that,



"You get off right here at Douai, boss. This pass is fake and there's no such place as German Victory."

—Toronto World.

whatever the Western States may do against her nationals, Japan will never go to the length of appealing to the tribunal of arms. Sad to say, I am inclined to think that, unless the government at Washington and the far-seeing leaders of the American people make earnest efforts to find means to safeguard the rights and privileges of the Japanese who are lawfully here, the time may eventually come when the situation will assume a most critical aspect. Perhaps Japan may fail to receive any satisfactory decision in the court of war; but she is a nation whose sense of calculation is not yet so fully developed as to consider every national question in the light of material gain or loss. Fortunately or unfortunately, she is one of those old-fashioned nations which still believes that there is, even in this commercial age of ours, such a thing as national honour to be defended, regardless of cost.