



(Continued from page one.)

to place during engagements, encouraging, inspiring, leading. . . .

Beneath it is an intricate system of committees—in each company, regiment, brigade, division, corps—half political, half military, and all elected by the soldiers, with representatives in each higher committee—the whole finally culminating in the Little Soviet of Soldiers' Deputies, one delegate from each regiment, which meets about once a month—and the Big Soviet, five from each regiment, whose sessions are less frequent and whose Executive Committee, elected every three months, forms the Iskosol. The Iskosol has three delegates in the Central Committee of the All-Russian Soviets at Petrograd, and one man attached to the Army Staff.

But that is not all. The passion for democratic expression and the swiftness of revolutionary events has given birth to other organizations. Three months ago, when the Iskosol was elected, there was very little bolshevik sentiment in the Twelfth Army; but since the Kornilov affair the masses of soldiers are largely bolshevik. Now the Iskosol has no bolshevik members, and the Iskosol is predominantly *abaronetz*—in favor of continuing the war to victory. So forty-three regiments have formed a new central body of bolshevik delegates, called the Left Bloc, which also has representatives in Petrograd.

And then there are the Letts. There are nine Lettish regiments in the army, the most desperate fighters—since they are fighting for their own homes, and the great majority of these are revolutionary social democrats. Although represented in the Iskosol, they have their own central body also the "Iskolostreel," or Central Committee of the Lettish "Streelniki"—Sharp-Shooters. Over the Iskolostreel is still a higher body, the "Iskolat"—Central Committee of the Lettish Soviet of Soldiers, Workers, and Landless Farm-workers. As all over Russia this district or province Soviet is fed by innumerable small Soviets in every village, town and city and has his delegates in the All-Russian Central body at Petrograd. The landless farm-laborers, however, who are a real agricultural proletariat, in Estland replace the peasants of the other Russian provinces; and the Russian Soviet of the district is composed only of soldiers; as there are neither Russian workmen nor Russian peasants in Livonia.

There is still another organization, called the Nationalist Bloc, composed of Poles, Lithuanians, Ukrainians, Finns and various others of the fifty-seven peoples of Russia whose purpose is to agitate for separation of various degrees. . . .

And it is a characteristic of this extraordinary complex multiple system of elective organizations, working feverishly and often at cross-purposes, that it throws off among its other forms of expression a prodigious amount of literature. The Iskosol publishes *Ruski Front*, the Soviet another paper called *Bulletin of the Soldiers' Delegates*; from the Left Bloc comes *Golos XII Armia*; the Nationalist Bloc has its own organ; the Iskolostreel runs the daily *Latwju Strehnecks*; and before the fall of Riga there were besides three papers of as many Social Democrat factions, one of the Socialist Revolutionists, and a fifth of the

Populist party—besides all the regular pre-revolutionary journals of Riga; and most of these have again sprung up in the little Lettish towns among the gun positions. Added to all these are the Petrograd papers, especially Gorky's *Novata Zhisn* and the Bolshevik *Soldat* and *Rabotchi Poot*, and all the others whose endless names escape me, which are poured into the army zone by the hundreds of millions.

And all this terrible eagerness for self-government and for self-expression is working as much in all the Russian armies everywhere along a thousand miles of front, among twelve million men suddenly free from tyranny. . . .

Iskosol sent its own delegates to Riga. Rinkin was telling us how the Baku for oil, to the Volga to buy or commandeer wheat, up into Archangelsk Government for timber and how it ordered guns and ammunition from the big munitions works in Petrograd. Just then the door opened and a frowzled head pecked in, followed by a dirty, bearded face. "I am lost!" groaned Tumarin. Immediately the room seemed full of sullen-looking soldiers; spokesmen of delegations began.

"I represent," said he of the face, "the cooks of the 26th Division. We haven't any more wood—the soldiers want us to tear down the farmhouses to make fires for cooking their meals—"

The next soldier elbowed his way to the front, spurs clinking. The horses of the cavalry were dying of hunger. No hay. . . . Tears welled upon his eyes; he had seen his own horse fall down in the road. . . .

"Here!" cried the unhappy Tumarin, holding out a paper to us. "This is a proclamation we printed in the Soldiers' Press the day Riga fell. The shells were bursting around the office while we set type. Volunteers pasted it up on the walls and posts all over the city—!" And he was swallowed up.

The proclamation was in German. "The Executive Committee of the Russian Soviet of Soldiers' Deputies of the Twelfth Army to the German Soldiers.

"German Soldiers!

"The Russian soldiers of the Twelfth Army draw your attention to the fact that you are carrying on a war for autocracy against revolution, freedom and justice. The victory of Wilhelm will be death to democracy and freedom. We withdraw from Riga, but we know that the forces of the revolution will ultimately prove themselves more powerful than the force of cannons. We know that in the long run your conscience will overcome everything, and that the German soldiers, with the Russian revolutionary army, will march to the victory of freedom. You are at present stronger than we are, but yours is only the victory of the brute force. The moral force is on our side. History will tell that the German proletarians went against their revolutionary brothers, and they forgot the international working-class solidarity. This crime you can expiate only by one means. You must understand your own and at the same time the universal interests, and strain all your immense power against imperialism and go hand in hand with us—toward life and freedom."

Outside it was raining, and the mud of the streets had been tracked on the sidewalks by thousands of boots until it was difficult to walk. The city was darkened against hostile aeroplanes; only chinks of light

gleamed from shutters, and blinds glowed dull red. The narrow street made unexpected turns. In the dark we hurried incessant passing soldiers spangled with cigarette-lights. Close by passed a series of great trucks, some army-transport, rushing down in the black gloom with a noise like thunder, and a fan-like spray of ooze. Right before me someone scratched a match, and I saw a soldier pasting a white paper on a wall. Our guide, one of the Iskosol, gave an exclamation and ran up, flashing an electric torch. We read:

"Comrade soldiers!
The Venden Soviet of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies has arranged for Thursday, September 28, at 4 o'clock in the park, a MEETING. Tavaristch Peters, of the Central Committee of the Lettish Social Democratic party, will speak on:

"The Democratic Congress and the Crisis of Power."

The Iskosol man was sputtering. "That meeting is forbidden," he cried. "The commandant has forbidden it!" The other man spat. "The commandant is a damn bourgeois," he remarked. "This Peters is bolshevik," argued our friend. "Meetings are not allowed in the zone of war. That is the rule. The Iskosol has forbidden this meeting." But the soldier only grinned maliciously. "The Iskosol too is bourgeois," he answered, and turned away. "We want to hear about this democratic Congress"

At the little hotel the proprietor, half hostile, half greedy-frightened, said that there were no rooms.

"How about that room?" asked our friend, pointing.

"That is the commandant's room," he replied, gruffly.

"The Iskosol takes it," said the other. We got it.

It was an old Lettish peasant woman who brought us tea, and peered at us out of her bleary eyes, rubbing her hand and babbling German. "You are foreigners," she said, "glory to God. These Russians are dirty folk, and they do not pay." She leaned down and hoarsely whispered: "Oh, if the Germans would only hurry. We respectable folk all want the Germans to come here!"

And through the shut wooden blinds, as we settled down to sleep, we could hear the far-off thud-booming of the German cannon hammering on the thin, ill-clad, underfed Russian lines, torn by doubts, fears, distrust, dying and rotting out there in the rain because they were told that the Revolution would be saved thereby. . . .

(Note.—The second part of this article, which will appear next issue, carries on the story of this eager and spontaneous self-government, showing it at work in the rank-and-file of the army. We see those "thin, ill-clad, underfed Russian lines," striving to understand their situation, and trying, in the face of many impossibilities, to save the Revolution.)

They tell us that we must have rich and poor in order that there shall be an incentive for the poor to work. A flea on a dog is an incentive for the dog to scratch, but the flea is of no benefit to the dog.

UNFORTUNATE.

Housewife—If you love work, as you say, why don't you find it?

Hobo—Love is blind, you know, mum.

When everybody works there will be less work for everybody to do.

THE WORKERS COMPARED TO GADARENE SWINE.

By Rose Henderson.

The aeroplane a magazine circulating among manufacturers of Aeroplanes, who are piling up huge fortunes out of the war, on January the 30th published an article entitled "On the Gaderene Swine", which throws an interesting light upon the manner in which the workers are regarded by their prosperous employers. When they are docile and patient the writer of the article infers that they are like harmless pigs, but when they attempt to improve their conditions, they appear to him as swine possessed by devils. However here are the writers own words judge for yourself.

"In his proper place the pig is a useful and even likeable animal. The devil of lunacy which affected our politicians, before and early in the war, seems now to have possessed a large portion of working men of this nation, with the result that the whole herd seems to be on the point of rushing down and perishing in the waters of anarchy. It remains to be seen whether the harmless necessary pigs are to find a saviour who will cast out the devils and save them as much as the lunatics. A few weeks of military discipline would soon exercise the devils of anarchy which possess these people. The country may be conquered by the British Army or the country may be conquered by the German Army, that depends entirely on whether the working classes do their duty or not.

"The Aristocracy and Bourgeoisie have already done all that and more than the country has any right to expect of them. Either form of conquest would be better than the fate of the Gaderene Swine. Germany's policy is evidently to stir up the forces of anarchy among the allied nations and so end the war, then when their enemies were thus broken up the German politico-military aristocracy would step in and govern Europe helped by the better class people of what are now the allied countries, who would naturally prefer German government to mob rule as exhibited in Russia to-day."

The writer in "The Aeroplane" makes it clear that in his view at least, and he assumes in the view of all the better class people, government by German autocracy would be preferable to Government by the working classes. The workers should carefully note this fact. "The Workers Dreadnought" London, England This is on a par with the remark of Lord Hugh Cecil who was speaking the other day on "After War problems". He said Labor is quite unfit mentally and by training to deal with questions that will come under discussion, "in fact" added his Lordship "I would as soon send a child of three up in an aeroplane, as let the Labor men take part in the terms of peace".

Mr. Balfour is another dignitary in high position who holds similar view regarding labor's intelligence and ability. He says that the people should be excluded from all share in foreign politics or that diplomacy or the intercourse of nations should be confined within the narrow channels of bureaucratic precedent. Horatio Bottomly in "John Bull."

The workers are good enough for the battle fields, sweat shops, munition shops and factories but not to consult in a matter which vitally concerns their life or death.