

ment have convinced them of the foolhardiness of committing themselves to an anti-Bolshevik declaration before a proletariat that is looking more and more to the Russian republic for inspiration. This accounts for the minimum of time allotted to the discussion of this extremely important question. It accounts too, for the ambiguous wording of the question as it came up for discussion to be sent to Russia. It explains also, why the Conference refrained from coming to a vote on the question. It was the cowardly climax of a cowardly convention.

The one definite result that the Conference accomplished was the very thing it had striven most desperately to prevent. It proved to the Socialist movement of the whole world that the parting of ways had been reached. The best efforts of sentimental idealists like Friedrich Adler and others who attended the Conference not because they were in sympathy with the majority but because they hoped that it would be possible, now that the war is over, once more to bring together the various elements of the movement in some kind of understanding were in vain. There can be no cohesion between social patriots and revolutionists. There can be no understanding between those who have done the work of the counter-revolution in Russia, and its revolutionists; there can be no harmony between the Spartacides and the people who represent the Ebert government. It is for the Socialist movement in every country to decide whether it will stand with those who have compromised, and are continuing to compromise the Socialist movement in the interests of the bourgeoisie, or whether it will lend its undivided support and allegiance to the struggling revolutionary movement of the working-class.

Russian Tale

By MAXIM GORKYI

In a certain Czar's reign, in a certain state, there lived common everyday Jews—for pogrom purposes, slander purposes, and other requirements of the state.

The procedure was as follows: Whenever the indigenous population began to display symptoms of dissatisfaction with their condition, then, from the observation towers of order, the well-born uttered the call, resounding with hope:

"People, approach the seats of power!"

The people approach, and the words of charm begin:

"What is the matter?"

"Your Highness—we have nothing to chew."

"But you still have teeth?"

"Yes—some—"

"There you are at it again!—Always managing to conceal something from the authorities!"

And if the high-born find that the agitation is due to the presence of teeth, they resort at once to the painless method of removing all those that remain, and if they find that harmonious relations have not by this method been restored, they seductively obtain their information:

"What is it you want?"

"A bit of land would—"

Some, in the savagery of their misconception of the needs of the state, go even further and asseverate:

"We should like some reforms, for instance, that our teeth, ribs, and internal organs might be considered, in a manner of speaking, to be our own, and should not be interfered with by others!"

And then the little officials begin talking to them seriously:

"See here, boys! Why these vain dreams? *Man does not live by bread alone*—it is written, and it is also written: *One man beaten is worth two men not beaten.*"

"And would they agree?"

"Who?"

"The unbeaten ones?"

"Heavens! Of course! Three years ago, after Ascension, the English came to us and asked: Look here, please, why don't you take your whole people and carry them to Siberia, and put us in their place; we shall pay you well and promptly, and we shall start in drinking vodka, twenty buckets a year for each man, and anyway No, we answered them, what for! We are satisfied with our people; they are peaceful, obedient. We know how to get along with them. You see, boys, wouldn't it be better, instead of getting excited over nothing, to go and beat up the Jews? What are they good for, anyway?"

The native population thinks and thinks and can find no other solution to the question than that proposed by the authorities, and decides:

"Well, come on, friends, let's first cross ourselves"