

which have long been what the voters are only just learning to be—bipartisan.

So it was hard for the leaders to fight their respective parties and they both yielded a great deal. They did not both yield in the same degree, however.

Fourth, Mr. Roosevelt did not ask so much of the Republican party as Mr. Bryan did of the Democratic, and he let go more of what he did ask. The result is rather fortunate than unfortunate for the country as a whole.

Fifth, the interests which won at Chicago, made the Republican party distinctly conservative, and all men who believe that things are about right as they are have now a party to vote with. And a very good candidate and a very sane platform to which to adhere.

Sixth, both the candidates for President are, beyond doubt, honest men of definite conviction.

Seventh, Taft is a proved and probably an abler executive than Bryan will be, but he is also a conservative; sincere, loyal and courageous, but a stand-patter. His fight will be with dishonesty.

Eighth, Bryan is unproved as an executive and probably not, in this respect, in the same class with Taft; but he is a liberal. He is much more liberal than the platform of his party. He would fight, not only dishonesty, but those privileges which give some Americans an advantage over others and out of which arises our political dishonesty.

Ninth, the candidates for Vice President are unequal. Sherman is plain bad; not only conservative, but machine made and misrepresentative. Kern is an organization man, but he is a liberal, and, I hear, really has some ideas.

Tenth, both platforms are below the expectations and demands of public opinion, but, like the candidates, they differ in different degrees. The Republican promises are so reactionary as to be conservative; the Democratic pledges are moderate but liberal. The two platforms do little more, but they do indicate a division of parties such as we long have needed and lacked.

Eleventh, the two conventions, in all ways, tickets, platforms, spirit, conduct and manners, showed the beginnings of two parties, one backward leaning, the other forward; one conservative, the other progressive. That will give us, as voters, a chance to divide naturally among ourselves and, in emergencies, a choice.

Twelfth, both the old machines remain; both are corrupt and reactionary, and either leader, in office, will have to fight his own party to force it to serve us. For both, of course, will want to go back on the little they have promised. But we need not worry very much over that. For—

Thirteenth, if the people will only continue to watch, think, talk and act, public opinion will continue to compel obedience, or—the development of a third and a radical party.

Europe has found a radical minority of great service in forcing the old parties, not exactly to represent the people—(that would be democracy, and we cannot expect to have democracy yet)—but the minority party over there is able to compel the old parties to do those things that the people most strenuously demand.

We may have to have such a third minority party here, but if we do need it, it will come.

In other words, the situation out of which these two conventions have come, bears some resemblance to the dawn of popular government in the United States.

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## TOLSTOY'S ARRAIGNMENT OF THE RUSSIAN AUTOCRACY.

Portions of the Letter of Leo Tolstoy to the London Daily Chronicle of July 15, as Published in the Chicago Tribune of July 19.

Seven death sentences: two in St. Petersburg, one in Moscow, two in Penza and two in Riga. Four executions: two in Kherson, one in Vilna, one in Odessa.

This is daily reported in every newspaper and continued, not for weeks, not for months, not for one year, but for years! And this is Russia, that same Russia where the people regard every criminal as a man to be pitied, and where till quite recently capital punishment was not recognized by law! I remember how proud I used to be of that, when talking to western Europeans; but now for a second and even a third year we have executions, executions, executions unceasingly!

I take up today's paper.

Today, the 9th of May, it is something awful. The paper contains these few words: "Today in Kherson on the Strelbitsky field [twelve] peasants were hanged for an attack made with intent to rob on a landed proprietor's estate in the Elizabetgrad district."

Twelve of those by whose labor we live, the very men whom we have depraved and are still depraving by every means in our power—from the poison of vodka to the terrible falsehood of a creed we do not ourselves believe in, but impose on them with all our might—twelve of these men strangled with cords by those whom they feed and clothe and house, and who have depraved, and still continue to deprave them. Twelve husbands, fathers, sons, from among those on whose kindness, industry, and simplicity alone rests the whole of Russian life, were seized, imprisoned, and shackled. Then their hands were tied behind their backs, lest they should seize the ropes by which they would be hanged, and they were led to the gallows.

Several peasants similar to those who are about to be hanged, but armed, dressed in clean soldiers' uniforms, with good boots on their feet,

and with guns in their hands, accompany the condemned men. Beside them walks a long haired man wearing a stole and vestments of gold or silver cloth and bearing a cross. The procession stops. The manager of the whole business says something; the secretary reads a paper, and when the paper has been read the long haired man, addressing those whom other people are about to strangle with cords, says something about God and Christ. Immediately after these words the hangmen (there are several, for one man could not manage so complicated a business) dissolve some soap, and, having soaped the loops in the cords, that they may tighten better, seize the shackled men, put shrouds on them, lead them to a scaffold, and place the well soaped nooses around their necks.

And then, one after another, living men are pushed off the benches, which are drawn from under their feet, and by their own weight suddenly tighten the nooses around their necks and are painfully strangled. Men alive a minute before become corpses dangling from a rope, at first slowly swinging, and then resting motionless.

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Of executions, hangings, murders, and bombs people now write and speak as they used to speak about the weather. Children play at hangings. Lads from the high schools, who are almost children, go out on expropriating expeditions, ready to kill, just as they used to go out hunting. To kill off the large landed proprietors in order to seize their estates, appears now to many people to be the best solution of the land question.

In general, thanks to the activity of the government, which has allowed killing as a means of obtaining its ends, all crimes—robbery, theft, lies, tortures, and murder—are now considered by the miserable people, who have been perverted by the government, to be most natural deeds, proper to a man.

Yes, awful as are the deeds themselves, the moral, spiritual, unseen evil they produce is incomparably more terrible.

You say you commit all these horrors to restore peace and order.

By what means do you restore them? By the fact that you, representatives of a Christian authority, leaders and teachers approved and encouraged by the servants of the church, destroy the last vestige of faith and morality in men by committing the greatest crimes—lies, perfidy, torture of all sorts, and the last, most awful of crimes, the one most abhorrent to every human heart not utterly depraved—not just a murder, a single murder, but murders innumerable, which you think to justify by stupid references to such and such statutes written by yourselves in these stupid and lying books of yours which you blasphemously call the law?

You say that this is the only means of pacifying the people and quelling the revolution; but that is evidently false. It is plain that you cannot pacify the people unless you satisfy the demand of most elementary justice advanced by Russia's whole agricultural population, namely, the demand for the abolition of private property in land, and refrain from confirming it and in various ways irritating the peasants as well as those unbalanced and envenomed people who have begun a violent struggle with you. You cannot pacify people by tormenting them and worrying, exiling, imprisoning, and hanging women and children. However hard you may try to stifle in yourselves the reason and love natural to human beings, you still have them within you and need only come to your senses and think in order to see that by acting as you do—that is, by taking part in such terrible crimes—you not only fail to cure the disease, but, by driving it inward make it worse.

This is only too evident. The cause of what is happening does not lie in physical events, but depends entirely on the spiritual mood of the people, which has changed, and which no efforts can bring back to its former condition, just as no efforts can turn a grown up man into a child again. Social irritation or tranquillity cannot depend on whether Peter is alive or hanged or on whether John lives in Tambof or in penal servitude at Nertchinsk. Social irritation or tranquillity must depend not on how Peter or John alone, but how the great majority of the nation regard their position, and on the attitude of this majority to the government, to landed property, to the religion taught them, and on what this majority consider to be good or bad. The power of events by no means lies in the material conditions of life, but in the spiritual condition of the people. Though you were even to kill and torture a whole tenth of the Russian nation, the spiritual condition of the rest could not become such as you desire.

So that all you are now doing with all your searchings, spyings, exiling, prisons, penal settlements, and gallows does not bring the people to the state you desire, but on the contrary increases the irritation and destroys all possibility of pacification.

“But what is to be done?” you say.

What is to be done? How are the iniquities that are now perpetrated to be stopped?

The answer is simple: “Cease to do what you are doing.”

Even if no one knew what ought to be done to pacify “the people,” the whole people—many people know well that what is most wanted for the pacifying of the Russian people is the freeing of the land from private ownership, just as fifty years ago what was wanted was to free the peasants from serfdom. If no one knew this it would

still be evident that to pacify the people one ought not to do what but increases its irritation. Yet that is just what you are doing.

What you are doing you do not for the people but for yourselves to retain the position you occupy, a position you erroneously consider advantageous, but which is really a most pitiful and abominable one. So do not say that you do it for the people; that is not true. All the abominations you do are done for yourselves, for your own covetous, ambitious, vain, vindictive, personal ends, in order to continue a little longer in the depravity in which you live and which seems to you desirable.

However much you may declare that all you do is done for the good of the people, men are beginning more and more to understand you, and more and more to despise you, and to regard your measures of restraint and suppression not as you wish them to be regarded, as the action of some kind of higher collective being, the government—but as the personal evil deeds of separate evil self-seekers.

Again, you say: "Not we, but the revolutionaries, began all this, and the terrible crimes of the revolutionaries can only be suppressed by firm measures (so you call your crimes) on the part of the government."

You say the atrocities committed by the revolutionaries are terrible. I do not dispute it, but add that besides being terrible they are also stupid, and—like your own actions—hit beside the mark. Yet, however terrible and stupid may be their actions, all those bombs and tunnelings, and those revolting murders and thefts of money—still all these deeds do not come anywhere near the criminality and stupidity of the deeds you commit.

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I know that men are but human, that we all are weak, that we all err, and that one cannot judge another. I have long struggled against the feeling that was and is aroused in me by those responsible for these awful crimes, and aroused the more the higher the stand on the social ladder. But I neither can nor will struggle against that feeling any longer.

I cannot and will not, first, because an exposure of these people who do not see the full criminality of their actions is necessary for them as well as for the multitude that, influenced by the external honor and laudation accorded to those persons, approve their terrible deeds, and even try to imitate them. Secondly, I cannot and will not struggle any longer, because (I frankly confess it) I hope my exposure of these men will, one way or another, evoke the expulsion I desire from the set in which I am now living, and in which I cannot but feel myself to be a participator in the crimes committed around me.

Everything now being done in Russia is done in the name of the general welfare, in the name of the protection and tranquillity of the inhabitants of Russia. For me, therefore, exists the destitution of the people, deprived of the first, most natural right of man, the right to use the land on which he is born; for me the half million men torn away from wholesome peasant life, and dressed in uniforms and taught to kill; for me that false so-called priesthood, whose chief duty it is to prevent and conceal true Christianity; for me all these transportations of men from place to place; for me these hundreds of thousands of hungry workmen wandering about Russia; for me these hundreds of thousands of unfortunates dying of typhus and scurvy in the fortresses and prisons which do not suffice for such a multitude; for me the mothers, wives, and fathers of the exiles, the prisoners, and those who are hung, are suffering; for me are these spies and this bribery; for me the interment of these dozens and hundreds of men who have been shot; for me the horrible work goes on of these hangmen, at first enlisted with difficulty, but now no longer so loathing their work; for me exist these gallows, with well soaped cords, from which hang women, children, and peasants; for me exists this terrible embitterment of man against his fellow-man.

Strange as is the statement that all this is done for me, and that I am a participator in these terrible deeds, I cannot but feel that there is an indubitable interdependence between my spacious room, my dinner, my clothing, my leisure, and these terrible crimes committed to get rid of those who would like to take from me what I use. And though I know that these homeless, embittered, depraved people—who but for the government's threats would deprive me of all I am using—are products of that same government's action, still I cannot help feeling that at present my peace really is dependent upon all the horrors that are now being perpetrated by the government.

And being conscious of this I can no longer endure it, but must free myself from this intolerable position. It is impossible to live so. I, at any rate, cannot and will not live so.

That is why I write this, and will circulate it by all means in my power, both in Russia and abroad; that one of two things may happen: either that these inhuman deeds may be stopped, or that my connection with them may be snapped and I put in prison where I may be clearly conscious that these horrors are not committed on my behalf; or still better (so good that I dare not even dream of such happiness) they may put on me, as on those twenty or twelve peasants, a shroud and a cap, and may push me also off a bench, so that by my own weight I may tighten the well soaped noose around my old throat.