

rorize those who dare to ask for such a vote? This piece of impudence and tyranny is but illustrative of the forces that are behind the "wet" campaign. It is probably a good thing that the question is not to be on the ballot this spring. It will bring other and more important issues to the front. But when any body of profit-seeking politicians propose to intimidate those who dare to ask for a referendum it is time for the character of such a gang to be thoroughly recognized.

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Tom L. Johnson's Vacation.

The (Johnstown, Pa.) Daily Democrat (dem.-Dem.), March 25.—The stories emanating from New York regarding Tom L. Johnson's health are probably much exaggerated. It was known weeks ago by his friends that he was to accompany Joseph Fels on the return of the latter to London. It was also known that he was to visit New York in advance for the purpose of renewing treatment. In a private letter dated March 11 he wrote: "I am leaving tomorrow night for New York to take up my treatment for a week or ten days. I am feeling better every day, but purpose following up gains already made, so as to be perfectly well and get the most enjoyment possible out of the work I want to help forward." Mr. Johnson's condition is the result of over-strain. He put in eight years of ceaseless struggle in behalf of good government in Cleveland, and few men could have so long stood up under the terrific load of care and anxiety. He believes and his friends ardently hope that the sea voyage and the long rest he intends to take will put him on his feet again and restore him to his old fighting trim.

RELATED THINGS

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BRESHKOVSKAYA.

Elsa Barker in the New York Times.

How narrow seems the round of ladies' lives
 And ladies' duties in their smiling world,
 The day this Titan woman, gray with years,
 Goes out across the void to prove her soul!
 Brief are the pangs of motherhood, that end
 In motherhood's long joy; but she has borne
 The age-long travail of a cause that lies
 Still-born at last on History's cold lap.
 And yet she rests not; yet she will not drink
 The cup of peace held to her parching lips
 By smug Dishonor's hand. Nay, forth she fares,
 Old and alone, on exile's rocky road—
 That well-worn road with snows incarnadined
 By blood drops from her feet long years ago.

Mother of power, my soul goes out to you
 As a strong swimmer goes to meet the sea
 Upon whose vastness he is like a leaf.
 What are the ends and purposes of song,
 Save as a bugle at the lips of Life
 To sound reveillé to a drowsing world
 When some great deed is rising like the sun?

Where are those others whom your deeds inspired
 To deeds and words that were themselves a deed?
 Those who believed in death have gone with death
 To the gray crags of immortality;
 Those who have believed in life have gone with life
 To the red halls of spiritual death.

And you? But what is death or life to you?
 Only a weapon in the hand of faith
 To cleave a way for beings yet unborn
 To a far freedom you will never share!
 Freedom of body is an empty shell
 Wherein men crawl whose souls are held with gyves;
 For Freedom is a spirit, and she dwells
 As often in a jail as on the hills.
 In all the world this day there is no soul
 Freer than you, Breshkovskaya, as you stand
 Facing the future in your narrow cell.
 For you are free of self and free of fear,
 Those twin-born shades that lie in wait for man
 When he steps out upon the wind-blown road
 That leads to human greatness and to pain.
 Take in your hand once more the pilgrim's staff—
 Your delicate hand misshapen from the nights
 In Kara's mines; bind on your unbent back,
 That long has borne the burdens of the race,
 The exile's bundle, and upon your feet
 Strap the worn sandals of a tireless faith.

You are too great for pity. After you
 We send not sobs, but songs; and all our days
 We shall walk bravelier knowing where you are.

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"GRANDMOTHER" OF REVOLUTION.

The Springfield (Mass.) Weekly Republican of March
 17, 1910.

"Mme. Breshkovsky spoke briefly," one reads, "mainly in an effort to clear Tschaikevsky."* The self-sacrifice, which has been the keynote of this remarkable woman's career, thus appeared transcendent in the trial at St. Petersburg last week. Sixty-eight years old this celebrated revolutionist again goes into exile, where she has already spent so much of her life. Happily, the severest hardships of penal servitude are not now in store for her, but probably this marks the end of her active career. "Babushka," or "grandmother," as she is affectionately known by the revolutionary party, thus passes from the stage.

It was very early in life that Katharine Breshkovsky dedicated herself to the cause of the uplift of the Russian people. Well born, her father inspired her with liberal ideas and taught her to reflect upon the conditions around her. Imagine Russia as it was fifty years ago. The entire laboring class was still in slavery, for Alexander II had not yet emancipated the serfs. At nineteen years of age, Katharine went to St. Petersburg and, curiously, she met on the

*See The Public of March 18, page 255.—Editors of The Public.

train Prince Peter Kropotkin, who was later on to become celebrated as a Russian revolutionist and exile. He was already bursting with zeal to attack the Russian system, and, on that journey, he inspired the young woman with the revolutionary spirit. She did not, however, immediately enter upon revolutionary work. She married a nobleman and with him endeavored to educate the peasants on their estate. It was when the government interfered with their efforts and placed them under police surveillance as conspirators that Katharine finally revolted. She was then 26. The husband declined to enter upon an avowedly revolutionary career, defying all established authority, and the wife left him, determined, as she afterward said, "to suffer exile and death, if necessary, in the cause of freedom."

The Russia of the late 60's and early 70's was not a particularly comfortable place for a beautiful and well-born young woman who had chosen so precarious a career. To be sure, the Czar had liberated the serfs. But something remained to be done. Katharine could not wait as patiently as some fine people of her class for things to move themselves. "I went to Kieff, joined a revolutionary group and traveled from town to town, spreading our ideas. I put on peasant dress to elude the police and break down the peasants' cringing distrust. I dressed in enormous bark shoes, coarse skirt, and heavy cloak. I used acid on my hands and face; I worked and ate with the peasants; I learned their speech; I traveled on foot, forging passports; I lived 'illegally.'" Acid on her face! Thus was sacrificed one of the best complexions in Russia. Katharine Breshkovsky wasn't thinking of her beauty. She wished to reach the peasants and having a peasant's complexion rather than a fine lady's facilitated her task. A heroine already! And she had hardly begun.

The first arrest came in 1874. There was a night in a "black hole," the salubrious summer resort then maintained for political prisoners, and then she was made the occupant of a cell nine feet by five, and seven feet high. She did not leave that cell for two years. A mere incident, however, was that, in Katharine Breshkovsky's career. The first exile to Siberia was in 1878. In a springless wagon she traveled 5,000 miles to the Kara mines. That was a delightful place. One night eight men escaped. "For this we were all punished. Cossacks entered our cells, seized us, tore off our clothes, and dressed us in convict suits alive with vermin. Taken to an old prison, we were thrown into the 'black holes.' Each of us had a stall six feet by five feet. For three years we did not breathe the outside air. We struggled constantly against the outrages inflicted on us. After one outrage we lay like a row of dead women for nine days without touching food, until certain promises were finally exacted from the warder. The hunger strike was used repeatedly. To

thwart it we were often bound hand and foot while Cossacks tried to force food down our throats."

How did Katharine endure the life of an exile in the old days? It lasted nearly 20 years. In 1896, the government allowed her to return to home and freedom. And the woman, far from being broken in spirit, forthwith joined the social revolutionary party. No government can crush the spirit of a young woman who will suddenly ruin her own complexion for a great cause. Now began a series of great adventures in the propaganda which flowered in the revolution of 1905. For 10 years she labored, fighting Czarism to the death. At one time "she was living in the south as a French woman. Tracked down by the police at Kieff, where she was posing as a peasant woman, she escaped to the station in a carriage and pair dressed in the height of the fashion." She was resourceful and dangerous. She feared nothing. Two years ago, after her trip to America, where she made an immense impression upon all who saw her, she was arrested again. The trial has just ended. An indomitable woman! She will never be forgotten in Russian annals.

The most moving thing in her whole life—was it not, after all, that last scene in the St. Petersburg court this week? "Mme. Breshkovsky spoke briefly, mainly in an effort to clear Tschaikovsky." As for herself? Piff! She was nothing. Let the Czar do his worst.

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THE ROYAL ROAD IS RIGHTEOUSNESS.

A Very Ancient Chinese Song, Rendered into English by David Wilson. As Published in the London Nation.

The Royal Road is Righteousness.
It's straight, without unevenness:
And private love, and private hate,
It leaves aside, by going straight.
On every side it gives a view,
For ever clear, for ever true:
And broad and easy 'tis to know,
For him who has the heart to go.
The Royal Road shall never bend.
The Royal Road shall never end.

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HOW I TRIED TO GET ASSIMILATED.

Ng Poon Chew, Managing Editor of Chung Sai Yat Po, the Chinese Daily Paper of San Francisco, Writing, in the Los Angeles Fellowship of September, 1909.

The path of a Chinese who tries to get assimilated is like the proverbial path of true love; far from being straight and smooth, and strewn with thorns instead of roses.

Perhaps there is no clearer illustration of the foregoing statement than my personal experience. There was a time when American youths were