

purposes, and now held or administered, directly or indirectly, by Mr. Bakhmeteff as Russian Ambassador; or by the aid of funds derived from the sale of railway or other property originally belonging to the Russian Government and now held or administered, with the approval of the Government of the United States, by Mr. Bakhmeteff as Russian Ambassador?

Is it true that the Russian Information Bureau was for months actively engaged in working up sentiment in all parts of the United States in favor of intervention in Russia, and that its operations in this direction were conducted with the knowledge or approval of the Department of State or of Mr. Wilson himself?

Is it true that Mr. Bakhmeteff, acting as Russian Ambassador, is at this time carrying on in the United States, through the Russian Information Bureau, or paid lecturers, or other means, a systematic propaganda designed to discredit the Soviet Government and to encourage public sentiment in favor of the continuance of intervention in Russia, and that what is being done in this direction is known to the Department of State or to Mr. Wilson?

These are some of the questions which, as it seems to us, the "public interest" requires should be publicly asked and as publicly answered. The opinion is widespread, at Washington and elsewhere, that our relations with Russia, which have certainly been very far from open and above-board, have also been in a number of important respects far from creditable; and that we have been led into courses, in our treatment of that distracted country, which are not only involving us in constantly deepening trouble, but from which we might have been saved had all the facts been known. It is time that the circulation of rumors which involve the honorable conduct of American diplomatic business were checked by a frank telling of the truth. We hope that Mr. Wilson, however much he may have been misled in the past, will take the public into his confidence now and tell the whole story of American relations with Russia, Kerensky, and the Bolsheviks.

Multatuli

IN times of political revolution like the present it is well to remember the men who have wrought quietly in the study the changes of thought in the life of the peoples. A century ago Holland was dead. The old Republic of the United Seven Netherlands, that curious counting-house, defended by a navy, which for more than two hundred years had ruled the seas, had gone the way of all similar states. Her merchants had turned into a spurious aristocracy, her poorer classes were debauched by alms; patriotism was a matter of national and private interest; the mighty commonwealth had become the happy plundering ground of Dumouriez's wild Bolsheviks. When freedom came in the year 1815 nothing was left of the old Republic but its geographical position and the memory of a great past. The spiritual part of Holland was dead. What was infinitely worse, it refused to be rekindled to life.

Five years after the battle of Waterloo, on one of the stagnant canals of the town of Amsterdam, Eduard Douwes Dekker was born—a curious child with a will of his own, miserably unhappy amid the respectable dignity of his middle-class family, and later a rebellious boy, stifled by the air

of the business office in which he was expected to make his career. Finally, through the influence of his father, who was a ship's captain and had seen something of the world, employment was found in the colonies and young Douwes Dekker began a new life as an official of the Inland Revenue Service on the island of Java. It was a period of physical reconstruction in the Netherlands East Indies. The long and bloody war of independence started by the Javanese had at last been suppressed. Douwes Dekker helped clear up the ruins. From 1838 until 1857 he was a servant of the Dutch state. He passed through all the ranks and became thoroughly familiar with the antiquated and objectionable colonial system which accepted the brown man as a part of the divine world-order, created for the purpose of serving his great white brother. Douwes Dekker clearly perceived the chaos that must be the ultimate result of such a system. At first he spoke about it privately and was publicly asked to hold his tongue. Then he began to protest in the few newspapers of Java. He was threatened with dismissal. He resigned, took a boat for Holland, and sat down to write a book. The book was published in the year 1860. It was a literary bomb which wrecked the old colonial system beyond repair. It had been written in the form of a novel, pretending to recite the adventures of one "Max Havelaar." In reality it was an autobiography. It appeared under the pseudonym of "Multatuli," "the man who had borne much." It proved to be the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of the Netherlands East Indies.

Douwes Dekker was at once decried as an irresponsible revolutionist, a traitor to his own race and its most intimate interests. His personal character and integrity were attacked, not because he had exaggerated conditions or misstated his facts, but because the Dutch people resented the abrupt and blunt language which had so rudely upset the happy ease of their self-sufficient little world. When Multatuli transferred his attacks from the Far Eastern field to the homeland and showed up the hypocrisy of his respectable fellow-citizens, the combined hate of his countrymen drove him into exile. He went to live in Wiesbaden and continued his work of constructive demolition. In seven volumes he laid down his "Ideas." He preached his philosophy of life, and proclaimed his opinions of the state, of official religion, official morality, and private hankering after greed. He bade defiance to the great God of things as they are, and his name became anathema to a world still dominated by the ideals of the Holy Alliance.

The first true support came from abroad. Europe suddenly took notice. Verily, here was a new and engaging voice crying in the wilderness of man's misery—a faint but clear echo of Victor Hugo's great and righteous anger. The old generation of Hollanders dared not raise its voice against this approbation. The younger men and women took new courage, but Multatuli did not live to see it. In February of the year 1887 he died in a little village on the Rhine. His work was done. Within half a century the colonies grew from a profitable inheritance into a conscientious guardianship, while the old despotic ruler of the pre-revolutionary colonial days became the trusted administrator of our new era. And a new generation of Hollanders learned to be grateful to this solitary man who had ventured forth single handed to attack with no weapon but his pen the forces of reaction entrenched behind these seemingly impregnable defences in counting house and state.