

REFUGEE INSPECTS RUSSIA IN DISGUISE; MEMBER OF THE PARIS COLONY ELUDED THE POLICE

Russian emigres of Paris are discussing with deep interest the daring adventure of their distinguished confrere, Vassily Vitalievich Shulguin, who defying the Soviet Russian Secret Police, crossed the Russian frontier with a false passport in his pocket passed six months in Moscow and Kieff risking his life literally every day and hour and now, having returned to France publishes descriptions on his trip in the anti-Bolshevik papers of the French capital, writes Alexander I. Nazarov in the New York Times.

Being a fervent supporter of the throne, he, in the Czar's reign, distinguished himself as a fearless critic of that which was objectionable in the old regime. At the time of the Bais trial he sided with the defenders of Bais, while during the war he was the first to unmask from the tribune of the Duma the activities of the clique surrounding Rasputin. By a strange irony of fate it was the Monarchist Shulguin who in the first days of the March revolution went to Czar and obtained from him the abdication of the victory won by the revolution.

Fought Bolsheviks.

As soon, however as the Provisional Government fell, Shulguin became one of the foremost anti-Bolsheviks. He fought in spite of his age in the ranks of Denikin's army and lived for several months in the red Odessa as the secret agent of General Wrangel, supplying the latter with valuable information and escaping the attention of the Soviet authorities who were constantly after him.

Two reasons prompted Shulguin to undertake his recent trip into Soviet Russia. First of all, he wanted to see Russia again after six years' absence. The second reason was purely personal. One of Shulguin's sons remained in Russia and in the course of all these years the father had no news from him.

A long gray beard which Shulguin encouraged to grow for several months, high boots and other masquerading devices transformed him. He looked like an old man from a provincial city of South Russia. Yet

to travel by train and undergo the examination at the frontier would be too dangerous.

Hence Shulguin decided to cross the frontier on foot, with a band of contrabandists. He does not tell from what country he started on that risky expedition but the reader may guess that the country was Finland. For four nights he and his comrades walked in mountains of snow with revolvers in their hands crossing the uninhabited northern regions of marshes, forests and fields falling on the ground at the slightest noise. In the daytime they hid in bushes.

"What if my comrade knows who I am? What if he betrays me? What if there is a man behind that bush? Why does the moon shine so brightly?" Such were the questions that recurred to his mind in the course of those four days.

Crossing the frontier, Shulguin, like any good "counter-revolutionist" expected to see Russia "decaying and disappearing." He saw her, however "in the process of resurrection."

"Everything in the new Russia is exactly the same as it was in the old Russia, only not as good as it was in the old Russia." Such is the embracing formula which, he asserts, applies to every detail, every department of national life. Restaurants in which waiters have been replaced by "comrades-servants," stores which are not so rich as were those of the prewar time, Government employees who are just as easily bribed but not as well trained as before—all is "a little worse than in the old Russia but not different."

The Changes in Russia.

The whole of Russia he says is shabbier dirtier and poorer than it used to be, yet it is the same old Russia in which nothing has changed with the exception of words, names of the streets, official inscriptions, etc. Here is, for instance the pedestal on which once stood the monument of a Governor of Kieff. His bronze figure has been removed and a bad effigy of a Ukrainian hero of the revolution has replaced it, but on the same pedestal. This

according to Shulguin, is symbolic: "Everything as before, yet not as good as before." The people? Well, Shulguin has perceived in them no hatred for the new rulers which any emigre would hope to perceive. Yet he perceived in them no love for these rulers, either. Indifference apathy, that is all.

What is interesting in this description is that Shulguin does not draw the picture of the new Russia according to his own likeness as men visiting Russia almost always do. He does not try to prove that Russia is longing for the return of monarchy.

His stay in Kieff was cut short by a happening which failed by a hair's breadth to conduct him to the cells of the Gaypayoo. Walking one night in the streets he noticed behind him a man whom he had met that day more than once. He began to walk quicker, turning from street to street, but looking back ten minutes later he saw that the man was still following him. He hired a cab and went to the suburbs of the city climbed over the fence of a cemetery and crossed a near-by village, but the "black coat and spectacles" were still there.

Everything seemed to be lost for Shulguin; he realized that it was an agent of the city police or even of the Gaypayoo. Fortunately it was dark in the labyrinth of a village.

DILEMMA.

Everything comes to him who waits. So copybooks affirm. But on the next page you will find Early birds get the worm. Where ignorance is bliss of course 'Tis folly to be wise. But when you read, "Knowledge is Power," The question is: Who lies?

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MUSSOLINIS OF PRESS WON'T RULE DOWNING STREET POLICY; CONTROL IN HANDS OF A FEW

(By Raymond G. Swing in New York Post.)

London.—England is supposed to be the home of democracy, and newspapers in a democracy are credited with being the strongest single implement. So it is of interest to see control of so many British newspapers falling into the hands of half a dozen men. Has this power made these men into tyrants? Do they dominate the country? Have they standardized political thinking?

The British Press, with some innumerable exceptions, is controlled by four lords, Rothermere, Beaverbrook, Cowdray and Reading, by the Berry brothers and by the Cadbury family. As some circulation figures are still secrets in England it is impossible to say how many newspaper readers take their news, and, to some extent, their opinions, from these men. But it must be well over three-fourths. The Berry brothers and Rothermere, between them, probably supply half the periodical reading matter of Great Britain.

A great outcry was raised during the formation of the newspaper amalgamations in recent years. Grave warnings were voiced by earnest, intelligent persons. But the truth is not fulfilling the prophecies.

Rothermere Loses Prestige.

Lord Rothermere has less personal prestige and influence today than at any time in recent years.

Hardly any one in Fleet street knows anything about the Berry brothers beyond their being the greatest publishers in the world. One does not hear what they are like, what they want from life, or even of their political predilections, beyond a general Tory faith.

Lord Beaverbrook once played an important role in coalition policy, but today he cuts no more figure politically than a county chairman, and it is doubtful whether he can change many votes through his newspapers.

Lord Cowdray controls a considerable section of the Liberal press of the country, but he was unable to drive Lloyd George out of the party or to keep the party from accepting the famous Lloyd George war chest.

The Cadburys are little known as individuals and are judged by their chief newspapers, the Daily News and the Star, both Liberal and nonconformist but not overwhelming factors in the molding of public opinion.

Lord Reading a Newcomer.

Lord Reading is a newcomer, as chairman of the group led by the Daily Chronicle, and so not to be judged as yet. He is a gifted man, but no one expects him to become a giant in Fleet street. To begin with, he is going to have to overcome his prejudices, formed during a lifetime of political life, against journalism. In the end he may convert himself into a journalist, but it is doubtful.

These are the Mussolinis who, if statistics are to be trusted, can do what they like with British democracy. For real influence a leading article in the Times (circulation about 200,000) cuts more ice than twenty leaders in the Daily Mail (circulation about 1,740,365). More important people read J. L. Garvin in the Observer and follow his thought than care about the outpourings of Lord Beaverbrook. The Manchester Guardian can move Liberal thought (circulation probably below 100,000) ten times as far as the Daily Chronicle (circulation 1,026,781).

This suggests two ideas—first, that big circulations are not necessarily so influential as small circulations and that dynamic journalists of the Northcliffe type, who resounded through a nation and to the ends of the world, only come as rarely as top-hole geniuses of any other field. Give a Northcliffe the newspaper circulation of the Rothermere press, or even of Lord Riddell's News of the World, with its 3,000,000 readers, and he probably could bend governments, or, if they resisted, break them.

Profit is First Aim.

A Northcliffe managing the property of the Berry brothers would be the biggest single force in Great Britain. But Rothermere, Cowdray, Reading and the rest of the newspaper barons can no more be Northcliffes than they can be Paderewskis. Northcliffe cared pri-

marily about newspapers, about journalism, about vitality and service in his profession. He then cared, secondarily, about his political games. And last of all, he cared about profits.

The present barons, excepting Beaverbrook, appear to care first about profits and to put journalism at best in second place. In Beaverbrook's case it is hard to say what comes first. Sometimes it is journalism, at other times it is his own position and prestige. But, then, he is no Northcliffe.

The fact that small circulations can be more influential than large is borne out in a mere listing of names: the Times, the Daily Telegraph, the Morning Post and the Manchester Guardian have together about 500,000 circulation. That is as large a circulation as the Evening Standard, and half as much as the Daily Express. The latter papers belong to Lord Beaverbrook, the most talented of the much-feared Fleet street Mussolinis. If weight of circulation counted, Lord Beaverbrook ought to have three times as much influence as the Times, Telegraph, Morning Post and Manchester Guardian combined. At best, it is the other way around.

Politics Too "Dull" For Large Papers.

One reason is that a paper of small circulation can maintain a higher quality than one of large circulation. The Times, for instance, runs an extensive foreign service. So do the Morning Post, the Daily Telegraph and the Manchester Guardian. They have their staff men at all the more important capitals. They take an interest in the affairs of their neighbors. And with this background they can offer sound information and advice to the country in maintaining relations with these neighbors.

But for a newspaper of large circulation foreign news is a drug. The Daily Express, Daily Chronicle, Daily News and Daily Mail have little space for foreign news, and what they publish is rarely of moment in such profound matters as national policy. The larger the circulation the more desperately aloof the editor must remain from anything so "dull" as the business of governing the country or of shaping its policies.

Newspaper amalgamations have, in fact, done nothing to make reputations for the new owners and little to weaken the influence of the real journalists of England.

SEEK TO MAKE HARD CIDER SALE OFFENCE IN MAINE

Augusta, Me., Feb. 14.—The sale of hard cider in Maine will be as serious an offense as the sale of alcohol if a bill fathered by Sheriff King W. Graham of Cumberland County, and forwarded to Senator Raymond S. Oakes on Thursday, is passed by the Legislature.

The only exception carried in the bill is that this cider may be sold to manufacturers of vinegar, "to be used in the manufacture of vinegar and for no other purpose."

A section of the bill provides that the sale of new cider be classified as lawful. Although the sale of sweet cider under a statute now in force is declared unlawful, no one has ever been arraigned for violating this statute.

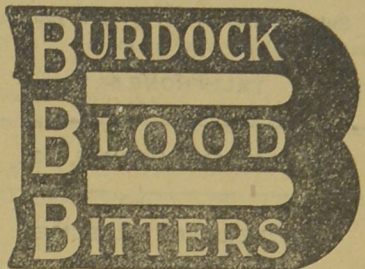
In his letter to Senator Oakes, the sheriff brands old cider "as the greatest curse of the rural community," and also points out that practically all of the "most cold-blooded murders that take place in the country towns, to the disgrace of the whole State, are brought about by drunken brawls, the result of old cider debauches."

The father of the bill also points out that "as the law stands today it is practically unenforceable, as is it necessary to convince the jury that the person making the sale was satisfied in his mind that the purchasing party intended to use the cider for beverage purposes, and this gives the loophole that some juries desire to find the respondent not guilty."

The amendment will not prevent the owner of cider from keeping it until it

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becomes vinegar. In one of the opening paragraphs of his letter the sheriff declares the amendment is offered to a statue which, he contends, "has been a disgrace to the State of Maine for years."

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