

Two Anecdotes

By I. AMTER (Moscow).

It is the year of the famine—1921—which cost the lives of millions of men, women and children in Soviet Russia. The Soviet Government is making the most tremendous efforts that a government ever made to stay the hand of death. But millions are doomed and millions will die.

It is a rainy night, late in spring. It is dark and the rain is falling in torrents. The Kremlin is deserted but for one man. Unheeding the storm and the sound of the big clock in the tower which strikes two, he walks up and down. His collar is up, his cap down over his ears. His hands in his pockets. Up and down, up and down—in thought.

It is Lenin.

Another comrade enters the Kremlin, approaches the strange figure out there in the night and speaks to him.

"What are you doing out here in the rain, Vladimir Ilyitch? Don't you know it is two o'clock?"

"I can't sleep," Lenin replied. "The workers and peasants are starving."

And he marches up and down, in deep thought, trying to find a way to save the Russian workers and peasants from starving.

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On the Red Square, where the thousand Red soldiers lie buried in a common grave—lying in death as they had fought in life—together as they battled against the common enemy. Where John Reed lies; where Vorovsky, the old Bolshevik and plenipotentiary of the Soviet Government, who was murdered by a fascist hand, lies buried.

On the Red Square, where the Red Army marches, showing the prowess of young and mighty Soviet Russia. Where the old cathedral of many turrets stands and where the chimes ring out the Internationale.

On the Red Square where often he spoke to the revolutionary workers of Moscow, explaining to them the nature of State policies, and exhorting them to safeguard the Proletarian Revolution and to prepare for the World Revolution.

There he lies in the midst of these other soldiers of the Revolution, who also fought their fight and died. In a tiny mausoleum they placed his body. On either side is a sentinel's box where a soldier stands on guard. And between the two boxes, in cold, black letters stands the name LENIN.

There he lies, the beloved leader of the World Proletarian Revolution.

One million workers and peasants of Soviet Russia saw him for the last time in the Hall of Columns of the Temple of Unions. They stood in the blasting cold only to see him once more.

And now again, the lines form in front of the little mausoleum; the lines of the workers and peasants who pass in and take another look at the great comrade.

Was ever man loved more than he?