

BLOOD-RED COFFINS BORN IN STREETS

Young Giants of Russia Carry Bodies of Soldier Dead to Last Resting Place.

ONE GRAVE HOLDS 500

Only Spot Chosen Near Kremlin Under Long Row of Linden Trees Across from the Ikon of Our Lady of Iberia.

BY LOUISE BRYANT. Copyright, 1918, by Public Ledger Company. Published by arrangement.

I went to Moscow on the first train that entered the city after the six days' fighting. This was on the evening of the 24th of November. It was 25 degrees below zero, so I continued my search.

After about two hours I found a room at the National Hotel. "It is extremely dangerous to be here," exclaimed an Englishman I met in the hall and who did not approve of "lady" war correspondents.

My window looked out over the Kremlin and the Red Square. Night had already fallen. Out of the darkness I could see a long, mysterious row of fires. After dinner I walked over to see what they were. I had passed of identification from the Bolsheviks and also from the opposition.

Kremlin Widely Lit Up. The first thing I realized after I had crossed under the great arch was that the Kremlin was still standing. We had had reports in Petrograd that it had been razed to the ground, but there it stood, beautiful beyond description.

Kremlin Widely Lit Up. The first thing I realized after I had crossed under the great arch was that the Kremlin was still standing. We had had reports in Petrograd that it had been razed to the ground, but there it stood, beautiful beyond description.

As I came closer a strange sight unfolded before me. A huge trench, many hundreds of feet in length, was being carved out of the frozen ground. The tall figures of soldiers and the smaller and more gaunt figures of factory workers cast distorted silhouettes across the snow as they bent over their task.

I stayed there nearly all night. It was terrifyingly still and lonesome. There was no sound but the clatter of spades and the sputter of torches. There were no stars and the darkness hung down heavily like a great bill.

Burial Place Holiest in Russia. I asked the soldiers why they chose this particular spot for the "Red Burial," as they called it. They explained that it was the greatest honor they could bestow upon their dead comrades—to bury them here under the long row of linden trees, across from the Ikon of Our Lady of Iberia and the fantastically lovely, many-copied Yasli Blahobani; it is the holiest spot in all Russia.

About 2 o'clock I went with the student over to the Soviet, which had headquarters in a large building only a few blocks away. The Soviet hummed like a beehive with preparations for the funeral on the morrow. All night long women and girls were sewing miles and miles of red cloth, cutting and trimming and fashioning it into banners for the procession. They sewed with stern, set faces, perhaps women knitting under the guillotine wore some such expressions.

After arranging about my permission to attend the funeral we went back to the Red Square. The trench by this time had become deep and long, and the mounds beside it had grown into little hills. About 3 o'clock we climbed stiffly over the edge and straggled home. The task was completed. The gaping hole was ready to receive 500 bodies.

Reign of Terror Fended. I drank my tea and ate my black bread at the hotel and got back to the Soviet at 7:30. The procession began at 8. The executive committee of the Soviet was to head the procession, and they kindly offered that I march with them. Feeling ran high that day and no one unknown to the proletariat ventured out of doors. All those with had consciences—monarchists, counter-revolutionists, speculators—hid behind drawn blinds, afraid of a reign of terror.

From early morning I stood on a mound of newly turned earth watching an immense sea of people pouring through the white archway of the old Tartar city—flooding all the Red Square. It was bitter/cold. Our feet froze to the ground and our hands ached under our gloves. The march was so magnificent that I made up my mind to forget everything else.

In by the gateway, out by the house of the Romanoffs, and this appeal endlessly in one huge interminable funeral procession, slowly, rhythmically

they moved along—like a great operatic pageant symbolizing the long, bitter struggle of the Russian masses throughout the vast, intricate fabric of history. Fine-looking young giants of soldiers wearing towering gray shapkas bore the rotting wooden coffins which were stained red as if in blood. After them came girls with shawls over their heads and round peasant faces, holding large wreaths of artificial flowers that rattled metallically as they walked. Then there were bent old men and bent old women and little children. These were cavalry regiments and military bands and people carrying enormous banners that floated out in long, red waves over the heads of the crowd. Great banners had been suspended from the top of the wall and reached down to the earth. On all the banners were inscriptions about the revolution and the hopes of the workers. Above the wall the golden domes of the four churches inside the Kremlin shone out dimly against the sky. The dark bell tower and the house of Boris Godunoff seemed to be frowning.

Services Most Impressive. All the churches in the city and all the shrines were closed. How impressive it was! No ceremony, no priests; everything so simple and so real! Sometimes the Lethal band would start suddenly to play its funeral hymns and the soldiers, the Red Guards and even the little boys and the old men would take off their hats; the snow coming down in big flakes, fall on their bowed heads like a benediction. Troops of cavalry rode by at full salute. The martial note of the hymn stirred our blood and the long walling Oriental notes were full of hopeless sorrow.

Women all around began to sob and one near me tried to hurl herself after a coffin as it was being lowered. Her thin coating of civilization dropped from her in a moment. She forgot the revolution, forgot the future of mankind, remembered only her lost one. With all her frenzied strength she fought until her friends had to restrain her. Crying out the name of the man in the coffin, she screamed, bit, scratched like a wounded wild thing until she was finally carried away moaning and half unconscious. Tears rolled down the faces of the big soldiers.

Crowd Sings Funeral Song. Sometimes the procession varied by a great untrained chorus singing the Revolutionary Funeral Song. No people love to sing together as well as the Russians. No people love so to express themselves by song. The chorus roared and swelled, rich and resonant in the thin winter air. Like a great organ in some fine old cathedral.

Twilight began to settle, softening everything. The sky grew warmer as the snow took on a rosy tinge. All the wreaths had been hung in the trees and they swayed back and forth like some strange, multicolored fruit. It was 7 o'clock when the last coffin was gently dropped into that long, long grave and the dirt began to be shoveled in.

I had other acquaintances in Moscow—a merchant family turned speculators since the war—maradlers the Russians call them—grave robbers. They had invited me for dinner and the table groaned with food. The warmth and light of the room stunned me after the thin bitterness of the Red Square.

Money Buys Freedom. The three sons of this family were all fit for military service, but had ditched their way free. All three carried on illegal businesses. One somehow carried on an illegal trade selling gold from the Lena gold mines to mysterious parties in Finland. One gambled in food. One owned a controlling interest in a chocolate factory which he cashed the co-operative stores on condition that the co-operative first supplied his family with everything he wanted. So, while the people round the corner starved, they had an abundance of everything. And they were charming and cultured and very pleasant to their friends.

While we were at the table the talk turned to the Red Burial and then to the army. One of the men showed me a pitiful little appeal sent to the rich families by the Soviet Government begging for extra clothes for the soldiers at the front. The company laughed uproariously at the notice. I couldn't help thinking of my own people at home, of my own brothers fighting in France, and I was shocked at the difference between us. How quickly we would have answered an appeal of that sort! No wonder there is such class bitterness in Russia!

A discussion of the German followed and most of the company expressed themselves in favor of an invasion. Just for a test I asked them to vote on what they really would rather have—the soldiers and workers' government or the Kaiser. All but one man out of the ten voted in favor of the Kaiser.

I rode home in a jingling sleigh across the Red Square. It was silent and deserted. (Continued Tomorrow.)

CITY OBSERVES BABY WEEK

Special Programmes to Be Given Every Afternoon. Baby week, the first week of Children's year, started auspiciously Monday with a special programme arranged by the Oregon Congress of Mothers and presented at the Meier & Frank auditorium, where a programme will be the order of every afternoon this week at 3 o'clock. The Visiting Nurse Association had charge, and Miss Emma Grittinger and Dr. C. L. Booth gave the talks. The MacDowell Club arranged the musical numbers. Yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock there was a programme under the auspices of the Portland Woman's Club, with Mrs. C. B. Simmons presiding. Mrs. L. T. Newton spoke on "Healthy Clothing for Children" and Dr. J. W. Hill gave an address on discipline. All meetings are open to the public.

GODDESS OF LOVE FICKLE

Mike Charley Accuses Emma Kramer of Stealing Suitcase. Mike Charley, operator of the beam-making plant of the Multnomah Hotel, has found that the goddess of love is fickle. He told the police yesterday that the object of his affection, Emma Kramer, with whom he had promised to marry him on March 25, not only neglected to keep the engagement, but heaped more troubles upon him by taking his suitcase containing about \$100 worth of clothing. He said that during the last few weeks he had spent about \$175 for fancy apparel for the woman. He confided his worries to special policeman Morak and steps were taken to apprehend Miss Kramer. A warrant for her arrest, charging larceny, has been issued.

FISH COMPANIES TO UNITE

Seattle Firm Buying Union Fish Company of San Francisco. SAN FRANCISCO, April 9.—Negotiations for the sale of the Union Fish Company of San Francisco to the Northern Fish Company of Seattle are nearing completion. It was announced here today by W. J. Erskine, of the Alaska Commercial Company, representing the Seattle concern. The Union company is engaged in cod fishing and operates five vessels.

U. S. MAY MELT COIN

Conversion of Silver Dollars Into Bullion Planned.

PRICE-FIXING IS PROPOSED

Dollar an Ounce for White Metal Mentioned in Bill Introduced in Senate as Emergency War Measure.

WASHINGTON, April 9.—Melting into bullion of not more than 250,000,000 silver dollars now in the Treasury for sale and export to pay trade balances, and re-purchase of silver at \$1 an ounce is proposed in an Administration bill introduced today by Senator Pittman as an emergency war measure.

Silver certificates would be withdrawn from circulation as the dollars are taken from the Treasury and Federal Reserve Bank notes of new \$1 and \$2 denominations substituted. If enacted, the measure virtually would fix a standard price for silver at \$1 an ounce, several cents above the present market and stabilize the world market, since the United States produces almost half of the total.

The bill is also intended to stimulate silver production and to use the Treasury's reserve stock of that metal, instead of gold, to settle this country's commercial trade balances in the Orient and elsewhere. In anticipation of action by Congress, Raymond T. Baker, director of mint, has formulated an agreement with silver producers and dealers to sell to the Government at the \$1 rate.

The probable result would be for the Government to absorb the country's silver output, about 7,000,000 ounces last year. Officials have stated they would make arrangements to supply quantities of silver to jewelers and manufacturers requiring it. The bill would permit the Secretary of the Treasury to fix the selling price of the Government's silver, but it is assumed this would be not less than \$1.

The treasury now holds \$81,000,000 silver dollars, containing about 376,000,000 ounces of silver. In withdrawing silver certificates based on this coin an effort probably would be made to take bills of denominations of \$5 and more, leaving the \$1 and \$2 bills, which are now in great demand. To guard against contracting circulation, however, Senator Pittman's bill would provide for issuance of Federal reserve bank notes, of which only \$11,670,000 are in circulation, in smaller denominations than the present \$5 minimum. Federal reserve bank notes are virtually the same as National bank notes, but the special notes would have a slightly different basis, consisting of treasury certificates of indebtedness, or one-year gold notes. Arrangements would be made for the Federal Reserve Board to force withdrawal of these when the silver is replaced in the treasury. No more could be issued at any time than the face value of silver taken from the treasury. No silver dollars have been coined since 1904. For half dollars, quarters and dimes the Government this year needs about 21,000,000 ounces of silver.

AUTO SPEEDER FINED \$75

Herbert Fletcher, Reckless Longshoreman, Stays in Jail.

The next time Herbert Fletcher, a longshoreman, drives an automobile, he says he will be careful not to run his car too fast in the congested district and will keep to the right side of the street. He found yesterday that Municipal Judge Rossman is not lenient with reckless drivers when the court fined him \$75 and sentenced him to serve one day in jail. Because of his inability to pay the fine, Fletcher will be required to serve out his sentence.

Fletcher, in company with T. P. Leer, drove his car south on North Eighth street at about a 35-mile clip Saturday afternoon and collided with two automobiles at Couch street. Leer, who was intoxicated, was fined \$25.

Knights Drive Gets \$4,500,000.

NEW YORK, April 9.—Instead of \$2,500,000, which it was the purpose of the Knights of Columbus in its drive to collect in the archdiocese of New York, the amount contributed to aid in welfare work among soldiers of all creeds at the front and in Army camps aggregated \$4,500,000, it was announced yesterday at the meetings of the heads of the various committees in charge of the drive.

YOUNG MEN: a part of your bit in the winning of the war will be to get the utmost wear from your clothes.

I am trying to do my bit by putting the utmost one-hundred-cents-on-the-dollar value into the clothes I sell to you.

Young men's suits are now displayed at these prices:

- \$15, \$18, \$20, \$22.50, \$25, \$27.50, \$30, \$32.50, \$35, \$37.50, \$40

Young Men, Second Floor



Hats Haberdashery Traveling Bags

“Save Animal Fats. Use Vegetable Fat. Substitution will do more for food conservation than the strictest economy.”

U. S. Food Administration

YOU have probably been told of the world's shortage in fats—animal fats particularly. Has the force of this condition come home to you?

derived from vegetable sources? From these fats we make Cottolene.

Our fighting men need fats for their energy. Our Government needs fats for munitions. Millions of devitalized women and children abroad need fats for life itself—does this appeal fall on deaf ears?

When you use vegetable fats in place of lard and butter, you are doing a patriotic duty. You are sacrificing nothing in wholesomeness, economy and good eating. You are simply making an easy change in the way you cook—for your own good and the good of your country.

Does so much as an ounce of lard or butter steal its way into your cooking? If so, there is not the slightest necessity or excuse for it.

“Every pound of vegetable fat used in place of butter or lard is as sure of service as a bullet.”

Do you realize that this country produces vast quantities of pure, nutritious cooking fats

Get on the firing line in your own kitchen today with Cottolene.

THE R. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

Cottolene Patriotic Shortening

