

# GORKY EXPLAINS HIS ATTACK ON AMERICA

## In an Authorized Interview He Declares the Dollar Vampire Is Our Curse.

BY FREDERICK MILLES BERNARD.  
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"THE day is the most dangerous form of criminality," said Maxim Gorky, "but a lie cannot live on its own life."

As he spoke the gloomy Russian theater paced from corner to corner of the poorly lighted room in his little Italian hotel, swinging and turning from time to time like a lion for the first time since it was the day following the suppression of Gorky's new play, "The Enemies," by the Italian authorities, who forbade the performance on the ground that it would incite to riot. Then with a peace and was dangerous to the general welfare.

"I do not care that the play has been forbidden," continued the author; "it is not that; it is the lie, the lie, the brainless lie, the reason they give."

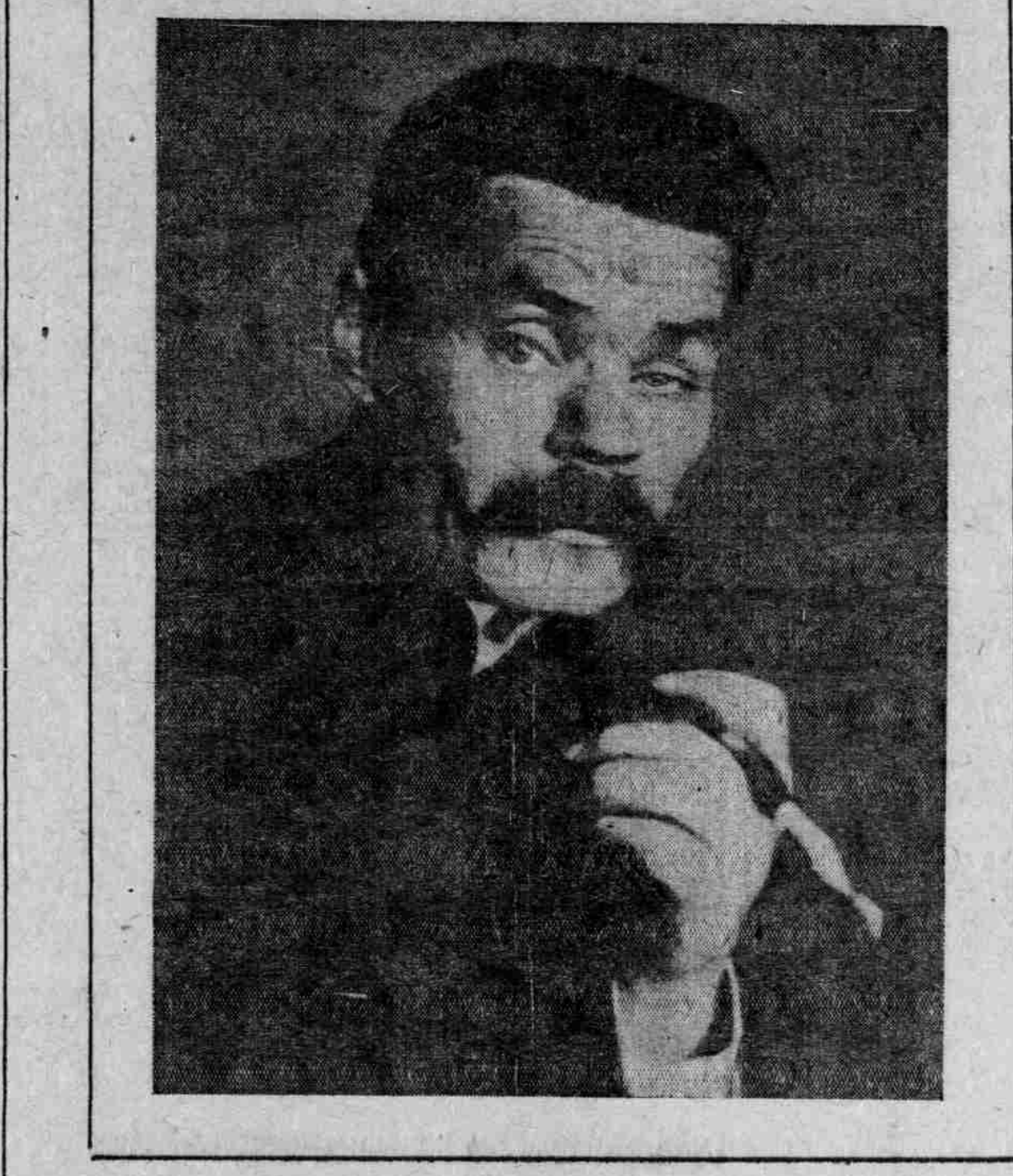
The generous interest of his voice indicated plainly how deeply the writer had been wounded. He halted for a moment in front of the window; he looked through the faded curtains up to the sky; then he returned his steady measured tramp from side to side of the room.

His brow was contracted, his face was sullen. He was moved by a dozen conflicting emotions, and did not tell whether sadness or indignation held the balance of power. His presence made you feel as if you were on the edge of a volcano, yet he seemed to throw out a conviction that nothing but gentleness would be found if one looked below the surface of this strangely fascinating man. I had heard much of Gorky, for though England, with its fog, is not so quiet and its content with the conditions that are, pays little attention to radicals and reformers, yet national or international still the fame of Gorky had penetrated even into the smaller towns and villages of the old country. To some and Britishers he has loomed up for years in the mind as a typical anarchist, with long hair, scowling face and the dark roving eye of Siberian fiction. Others have thought of him as an alert acute fighter against dynasties and government, a mastery and intellectual force to all that stands for stability and responsibility. But what of the real man? It is doubtful even if America knows him, for his story is true he has been maligned in a (literal) "dramatic and unthinkable" manner in the United States. As a result, they do not know—they do not understand—but they will—a lie cannot live."

Quite a Strange Man.

My first impression of Gorky was distinctly disappointing. He seemed more like a farmer than an author. His brow was low and wrinkled. His hair stands upright like bristles. His skin is brown and tough and his great soft eyes have a far-away expression of surprise which is accentuated by a habit he has of elevating his eyebrows while speaking.

When he talks to you you wonder if he knows you are present. He speaks in a man whose life has been saddened by long years of privation and suffering



LATEST PORTRAIT OF MAXIM GORKY.

There is no humanity, no soul, no truthfulness, no patriotism, but of a superficial kind; there is nothing except that which stands as a warning, looming up high over the American horizon—a warning to the straightforward plain working American. But the workingman is blinded. He does not see the groveling after wealth; he sees only the ease, the comfort, the luxury, the ostentatious display of riches. And he is becoming

## Warns the Workingman Against Being Fascinated by the Display of Riches.

all the empty boasts of those who float on the wings of a spread eagle. No American man has been spoiled by the luxury of power. He has grown used to it, and he does not value it. Here is a country rich beyond the wildest dreams of avarice, rich by the gift of nature. A people who cannot prosper in this environment when they have the luxury of freedom, deserve the whip and the incentive. If scoundrels fill their governmental offices, they can turn them out, if laws are unjust, they can sweep them aside, the whole of the power is in the people—but it will be there no longer when the eye is fixed solely upon the column of the land. Only patriotism can save a country, and patriotism starves and chokes and dies in the mire of self-interest, and becomes prostituted at the altar of gold. The American workingman has no one but himself to blame for his condition. He has fostered a monster, and it turns to rend him. Instead of crushing it, he turns aside to listen to the tinkling of the money bags. He is one of a free people. Yet he enslaves himself; he is fooled, enslaved, threatened, and overruled by the man who is beaten with the lash of poverty, and coaxed with charity until amid the noise he loses sight of the power he holds in his right to vote and his right to count the vote. The world has scoffed at the dullness of the Russian peasantry, and wondered at the saddened minds of the Russian workers. How is it possible that these be truths that the Russians are the power of the Americans?

Concerning American Editors.

"You have been correct as saying you will never return to America," I ventured.

"Yes," replied Gorky, "I have been quoted as saying that. However, it is not said. The American press has misrepresented me many times—nearly all the time. Words have been put into my mouth that I have never spoken, thoughts have been fathered on me that were in turn pure and impure imagination. And they have been blasted before the public. I do not blame the American editors. In some instances, even editors have been malicious, but in the main they have been imposed upon; they have relied on what was written for them by their reporters, and nowhere in the world is there so vivid an imagination as in the mind of the American reporter. It is abnormal. There, the newspaper concerns itself very little with news; it is an interesting magazine. It is wonderful, but not a newspaper. And the reporter, he too, is wonderful, but he is not a reporter. He does not report. He imagines. He listens, then he quotes. And he forgets some things and creates others between the time he hears and the time he writes. If it is 'good reading' it is accepted. The editor is not to blame, because he is managing a business. In some instances, the wild craving for excitement runs through the veins of the people. It thrives on what it feeds on, and the mad race of action and fact goes on apace with fact far behind. I do not believe the average

American editor would misinterpret me. They are very far from me when you meet them. And they have a sense of the propriety. But when you are viewed from a distance, you become an inanimate object, a vehicle with which to make the world laugh or cry as the wish dictates. They know their public, and they must throw out their soap to fit the bellies of the sensation mongers, the hypocrites, the grovelers, and the sleek-baited, fornicators who ruin homes and violate the moral law of God and man while they sing the 'Twelfth Psalm on Sunday, put their nickel coins in the church collection boxes, and set forth essays on moral and social duties. These people hide themselves from the truth.

"Mother" Tells the Story.

"They are shrouded in the fustian-smelling vapor of their hypocritical personalities. But the truth will shine on."

"And Russia will be free?"

"Yes, Russia will be free."

"When?"

"I am not a prophet. But she will be free. The truth will make her free."

"Do you think the American influence has helped toward reform in Russia?"

"No. Not at all. The American newspapers—some of them—have done more to hold back the cause of freedom than to help it. They have published series of absurd and silly articles, they have described conditions that men of pretense and of large brains who are not great use to the cause, know to be false and silly. They have not been satisfied with the truth—that has not been bad enough. They have published articles stating that millions of men and women are at the very point of frenzy from hunger. And this every three or four weeks. It is not enough that millions of men and women are soiled, degraded, poverty-stricken, cold, and wanting the deencies of life, and that many are really starving. No. This must be exaggerated. And the sheep are slaughtered because of the cry of the wolf. The English-speaking world never has had a proper understanding of the true conditions of the Russian people. I have told them in my novel, 'Mother,' but that work has been suppressed in Italy. I could not have 'Mother' published in America, it would not be allowed. But it will be published in Germany. It will be published in France, and Russia will ring with it. For it is the first true picture of conditions as they are. It is the first true explanation of the causes that have brought them about that has been published. The novel of 'Mother' has been the most part been a tiresome and silly piece of imagination. The burning facts will stand out, like a diamond in the sunlight. In this publication, America will see the cause of Russian freedom, for I predict that 'Mother' will have an influence that will be far-reaching. Women of the truth; men of Russia when they know the truth; men of the majority of the people of the world understand, the evolution will be rapid. It was my mission to America. It is accomplished. You wrote the work in America? 'Yes, in the mountains.'

## The Making of a Successful Wife

### NO. 2.—STARTING RIGHT

BY C. S. YOST.

MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL: I have just received your delightful letter telling me all about the preparations for your wedding. It carries me back to the time, some 40 years ago, when your dear mother was making similar arrangements and I was doing a little start in the matter. In those days the fashions in joyous apparel for men were not so rigidly fixed as now. All you William will have to do is to take the piece. In my day it was different. To be sure, the cut of a man's coat and trousers and hat for such occasions didn't admit of much variation, but he had more latitude in the matter of color and goods, and as to waistcoats, shirts and ties he could go as far as he pleased without fracturing any rules bad enough to shock society. I vividly remember what a decoy of a time I had trying to decide between a bright yellow waistcoat covered with little blue flowers and a white one with black dots on it. I finally had to ask your mother's advice about it, and she favored the white one. Of course her preference settled the business, but my memory still lingers fondly on that yellow vest. I wore a ruffled shirt that it took my old colored mammy a whole day to iron, and a blue necktie that made the little stars twinkle. It was so brilliant. Ah, my little girl, you can't imagine what a swell your daddy was when he was a youngster. Did I ever tell you about the time I had getting my bridal suit? I don't believe I ever did, and this is a most appropriate time to reveal to you one of the dark chapters of my life.

There was only one tailor in our town and he wasn't much of a tailor. Besides he had a habit of looking on the wine, or as Missouri equivalent, when was most inconvenient for his customers. His name was Johnson, but it wasn't Andy. He resembled Andy in his affection for certain brands of corn jelly, but that was as far as the likeness went. Well, I had given Johnson pretty free range and oodles of time in the matter of my outfit and I made it a point to call him every day and give him a little lecture on the evils of intemperance, particularly when wedding clothes were involved. I held him up pretty well and he was getting along fine with the job until the day before the great one, when an old pal of his from Kentucky flew into town. Then Johnson fell, and so did my hopes. I was going home that night, with my feet in the tall grass and my head up in the solar system somewhere, when a honey bee in June, when I met the tailor and the Kentucky coming up the road. They were arm in arm and the Appian way wouldn't have been wide enough for them to navigate without butting into the fences. They were

out it out. It's the fashion and folks will say mean things if you don't do what everybody else does. But don't overdo it; don't splurge too much; don't let William feed his money to the dicey birds that will hang around you going and coming. Too many young couples put their future in pawn in order to do it, but you must remember, my dear, they come back bankrupt in spirit and in purse; worn out bodily by the rushing here and yonder, trying to cover as much ground in a given period as their legs will stand, and getting peevish, bad tempered and broke in the process. It's a bad way to start, my dear. It stocks a weight on you that may take years to unload, and so often it is the basis of bickerings that lead to permanent unhappiness. I don't know whether you remember Nellie Anderson or not, but she was a mighty fine girl, and when she married Tom, everybody said it was an ideal match, whatever that may be. They went off on a bridal trip with the announced intention of making things burn. And they did. Tom had to send home for more money to get back on, and when they did strike the town again they were so knocked out by worry and fatigue and indigestion that they were spating at each other like a couple of cats on the back yard fence. And the worst of it is that they never got over it, for the last time I heard of them they were fighting yet. No, little girl, don't try to break any records on your bridal trip. Don't try to see how many different kinds of pasters you can get on your suit cases. Just pick out some nice, quiet spot, where you can stay for a few weeks at a cost that will come within the limits of that your husband can afford, and there pass the time together as sweetly and happily as you may, forgetting for the moment that there is anybody else on the face of this green earth, or any other time but the present. That's the way to spend a honeymoon. That's what a honeymoon is for—to get away from the world for a spell, not to get into the thick of it. Then, you may understand me, I say may, not will—come back at peace in mind and heart, knowing one another better and loving one another better; ready to get down to the serious business of married life in the proper spirit.

That kind of a wedding trip is pretty near as good as none at all. When your mother and I were married her horse was saddled after the ceremony and together we rode through the green bordered lanes to the little home I had prepared for her. That was all there was to it. It's the best way, I think, and yet I can't advise you to do the same. Times change and customs change with them, and what was strictly proper 40 years ago won't do now. The trouble with even the kind of wedding trip I have suggested is that too much sweetness is likely to pall. I remember once that you got mighty sick on chocolate drops, and you wouldn't look at chocolate drops for a year. Yet it was the finest kind of candy. There's an old saying that you can't get too much of a good thing, but it's wrong, very wrong. There's nothing finer on earth than the society of husband and wife, but neither at the beginning of married life nor afterward is it best to

## How to Detect Imitation Pearls

### Artificial Gems Were Made 3000 Years Ago; Modern Method of Their Manufacture

THE imitation of gems has always existed, but in recent years this work has been brought to a state of perfection rarely dreamed of by the workers of ancient times, and the modern method of their manufacture has become quite an important industry.

The means of ascertaining the genuineness of pearls, which are frequently imitated with marvelous skill, is especially important to the highest of natural pearls.

though the laweler may quickly detect that the imitation pearls are like hollow spheres of glass colored internally with a coating imitating the orient of natural pearls.

The manufacture of these articles embraces two series of operations, the production of the spheres and the introduction of color. The manufacture by the glassworker, who by aid of an enameler's lamp solders the extremity of a tube when the substance is of the most perfect manner. The substance is thereby very regular little spheres that serve for the composition of the ordinary quality of false pearls. In the more beautiful imitations the tube employed is chiefly polished and imitates the shape, besides, gives to the little spheres while they are yet malleable certain slight perceptible inequalities of surface by gently tapping them with a small iron bar. This gives them a still greater resemblance to natural pearls, which are very seldom absolutely regular.

Imitations Made by Egyptians.

Imitation pearls were manufactured in Egypt at least 15 centuries before our era, say authorities, and the manufacture seems to have remained stationary there for a long time. The manufacture of a false pearl at Rome goes back to the period when the taste for the pearls became general, and Pliny indicates this in the most particular manner. The silence of other ancient authors on imitation pearls allows us simply to conjecture what must have been their use among the inferior classes, which in all ages have considered themselves obliged to imitate cheaply the luxuries of the higher circles, so we must abandon those remote times and come directly to Venice, where we shall find, when the manufacturers, called by the name of paternoster makers and pearl makers, were established either at Venice or at Murano. At first the glass blis were filled with various materials, generally with abuse of mercury, but in the year 1680 a rosy maker named Tacchini conceived the idea of using in the place of this mercurial mixture a harmless substance that produced an infinitely more perfect color. This substance, the essence of orient, is formed from the scales of the ablette, a little white fish which abounds in the Seine, the Marne and the Lorret. The scales are rubbed rather roughly to pure powder, and the powder is mixed with water in then strained through a linen cloth and the residue is left for several days to settle. The sediment thus obtained forms the essence of orient. It contains from 17,000 to 18,000 fishes for 500 grammes (a little more than a pound) of this substance. The scaly substance is likely to decompose and is employed by different manufacturers to preserve it. These means are kept secret, but it is known that liquid ammonia or the volatile alkali is one of the substances most commonly used.

Preserving Fish Scales.

The discovery of a method of preserving the brilliancy of fish scales has led to their export from Restov-on-Don, Russia, for the last five or six years. The fish used are so small that nets of 6,000,000 to 8,000,000 scales are made the mesh are used. Seventy-two pounds of fish yield 14 ounces of scales, which are powdered with some preservative substance, and are then hermetically sealed and sent by parcel post to Berlin, Stettin and Paris. More than eight tons have already been exported. The scales are thought to be used for the making of artificial pearls and similar articles. The trade is growing, and St. Petersburg, Warsaw, Vitebsk and Astrakhan have begun to export.

The process of coloring the post is commenced by lining the interior of the ball with a delicate layer of perfectly liquid and colorless parchment glue, and before it is quite dry the essence of orient is introduced by means of a slender blowpipe. It is allowed to dry, the pearl is filled with wax and it intended for a necklace or brooch.

Artificial pearls are also made from beads of opalescent glass filled with gum, the polish of the glass being reduced by the vapor of hydrofluoric acid. Very good imitations of the genuine pearl are made from mother-of-pearl also. This material is cut to required shape and polished beautifully, when it has an appearance very similar to that of the genuine article, though an expert can readily distinguish the imitation from the genuine gem.

There are at present on the market imitations of pearls consisting of a central sphere of china, stone or mother of pearl, with an outside coating resembling celluloid in structure, but having a color and lustre that closely simulate those of genuine pearls. Some of these are made in spheres and pear shapes too perfect in detail by far, but others show defects in form such as are met with in natural pearls. A simple and quick way to detect these imitations is to touch them to the tongue, upon which they appear warm, as does celluloid, and not cold, as do natural pearls. The outer coating may be scraped with a sharp knife.