

Liberator





Jukov, First Chairman of the Bolshevik Revolutionary Tribunal

(See next page)

IN the cartoons, special articles and editorials of a hundred thousand newspapers every morning, the Bolshevik leaders are pictured as blood-thirsty monsters, intent on murder for its own sake. Often a man's own face is the best refutation of calumny. So with this thought in mind we have decided to publish from time to time photographs of typical revolutionary leaders.

Jukov, a workingman, was elected the first chairman of the Revolutionary Tribunal, which tries only political cases. His first case was that of Countess Panin, for the misappropriation of funds. The trial was notable as a dramatic introduction of the new revolutionary conception of justice and its impatience of legal technicalities. The Countess was represented by learned counsel who sought in the accustomed legal manner to obfuscate the issues by precedents, hair-splitting distinctions, and elaborate legal terminology. Jukov finally did what many a spectator and perhaps many a judge has wanted to do—he threw up his hands and cried "I cannot stand it!" and rushed from the room. This is the sort of thing that could have happened nowhere in the world except in revolutionary Russia, among a people determined to make justice a simple human thing. Jukov's behavior was a great joke among the bourgeoisie who flocked to the trial; but

they have had to accustom themselves to the attitude which he expressed with true Russian naïvete. Justice in Russia has ceased to be a matter of precedents and phrases.

A Message from Debs

TO THE READERS OF THE LIBERATOR:

The decision came as expected. A capitalist court can render only capitalist decisions. In this instance, however, the court did not decide the question at stake. The validity of the proceeding in the lower court was upheld, but the constitutionality of the espionage law, the real issue, was not decided. The court quite evidently did not dare to declare that infamous act constitutional.

But what matter, after all? Great issues are not decided by courts of law but by the people.

So far as I am personally concerned the decision is of no consequence at all.

Sixty years ago the supreme court affirmed the validity of the fugitive slave law in obedience to the slave power. This decision was rendered to buttress chattel slavery against the assaults of the abolitionists. Five years later that infamous institution was uprooted and overthrown in a tempest of bloody revolution. The decision just rendered is to protect capitalist despotism against the attacks of the socialists. Its effect will be to speed the day of overthrow.

That cabal of begowned corporation lawyers at Washington have decided better than they knew. They have added a million fresh recruits to the ranks of Bolshevism in the United States.

As for myself my position is immovable. I stand by every word of the Canton speech. Now is the time for us all to be true to the best there is in us; to resolve to do and dare for the cause; to appeal to the workers, quicken their class consciousness, fire their enthusiasm, stir up their fighting blood and prepare them for mass action, economic and political, against the capitalist system, and for the Socialist Republic.

EUGENE V. DEBS.

March 11, 1919.

To Eugene V. Debs

WHEN yours is the heart of the Rising Sun,
And yours is the soul of the Stars;
When yours is the blood of the Suffering One,
Though yours is the voice of Mars;
When yours is the spirit that moves the earth
And is warmed by the winter's breeze,
Oh! why should they think they can silence you,
When they couldn't Socrates?

Your love is the love of a little child
And your weapon is simple truth,
But you battled the hosts of Mammon and Dives
With knuckle and nail and tooth!

Oh! the masters will ever imprison and slay,
Till they know the truths that you know,
But why should they think they can silence you,
When they couldn't silence Bruno?

Do they think they can break your spirit bold
With the steel of a darkened cell?
Do they think they can shrivel a soul like yours
With a little touch of hell?

Why can't they see the souls that live
Are the souls they have sacrificed?
Oh! why should they think they can silence you,
When they couldn't Jesus Christ?

Frederic Raper.

En Route

AS we go to press, Max Eastman and Isaac McBride are making a "Hands Off Russia" speaking-trip through the West, where they have addressed mass-meetings in twenty cities, including that (so-to-speak) stormy-petrel town of the revolution, Seattle. They report great enthusiasm for the cause of Russian—and American—freedom, despite "incredible newspaper hysteria."

"Strike!"

OUR cover design, drawn by Cornelia Barns, will carry to readers all over the country something of the spirit with which Local 25 of the International Garment Workers is conducting its strike for the 44-hour week in New York. Eighty-five per cent of the strikers are girls. Of the 35,000 who went out on January 21st, 23,000 have already won their terms and gone back to work. The rest are sticking it out magnificently.



Drawn by Olive Weed.

“Stone walls do not a prison make”

THE LIBERATOR

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Scott Nearing Reprieves Democracy

By Arturo Giovannitti

ON the 15th day of February, 1919—so will the People's Commissary of Historical Research write a few years hence—the city of New York began to proclaim its moral and intellectual independence from the dictatorship of Woodrow Wilson and struck the first blow at the judicial terror inaugurated by his Fouquier-Tinville, Thomas W. Gregory. On that day twelve respectable citizens, none of whom had invested anything, not even sympathy, in the ventures and fortunes of Socialism, acquitted Scott Nearing of a charge of sedition and by that act granted a temporary respite to the execution of Democracy on the part of the bourgeois Bolshevism of the Democratic Party.

The facts in the case are well known. Nearing wrote a pamphlet entitled *The Great Madness*, in which, among various things, he stated that the reasons that prompted America to join the war were purely commercial, if not altogether mercenary, and that the desire to save democracy and to establish international amity had as much to do with it as a prize-fight in Nevada has to do with the physical improvement of the white race, or a cock fight in New Mexico with the future welfare of our gallinaceous posterity.

So long as Nearing merely confined himself to believing this, he was perfectly safe, neither Hudson Maxim nor the National Security League having yet invented a seismograph applicable to the human cranium to detect and record seditious vibrations—but when he said it, and wrote it down and allowed it to be printed and circulated, then the trouble began. Mr. Gregory himself has repeatedly stated that nobody was ever prosecuted for holding an opinion—indeed, it is when the opinion is no longer *held*, but allowed to run at large that the law must get busy to bottle it up again. In other words, to further quote our ineffable Attorney General, anybody is absolutely free to think whatever he pleases, provided he keeps his mouth shut—a sound and wise principle of great antiquity which was never interfered with, save by the Dominican torture of the Inquisition and our own Liberty Bond solicitors, the only two great institutions that insisted on prying all lips open, to the greater glory of God and democracy. So there is no telling when your mouth is open, shut or just ajar. The only way one can find out is to wait till one is indicted.

Now, Scott Nearing had no intention whatever of undermining the morale of the army and inciting to resistance against the government. His intention was that of thinking about the war, and being a professor, and therefore much addicted to thinking aloud, he recorded his own meditations in writing, feeling wisely apprehensive of the accuracy of police stenographers. Very likely he naively assumed that he was in the privileged position of a scientist trying to get at the causes of social phenomena, and as such phenomena had already taken place, and his findings could neither change nor modify their effects, he also assumed that he was immune from prosecution. Of course he was right, and also was wrong.

That he was against the war for the horrors that it entails was no more accountable against him than if he had been against a Texas cyclone, and his privilege to so feel was cheerfully recognized even by the District Attorney. But when he set out to discover the causes of the war and the cyclone, and attributed them to the rapacity of American capitalism and the inclemencies of the Texan climate, then he deliberately interfered with the rights of other citizens to carry on their legitimate business and sell real estate, and maliciously and feloniously libelled the government of the United States and the sweet meteorological disposition of the State of Texas.

Had he undertaken to study a volcanic eruption in Italy or a cloudburst in the South Sea Islands, and arrived at the conclusion that they were not an act of God, as our insurance policies claim, but a dastardly deed of the Devil, nobody would have quarreled with him and no ecclesiastical tribunal in the world would have burned him alive. Theologians differ on such subjects, and as a matter of fact they rather incline to attribute those pranks to the Evil One, especially when it is the righteous and the godly that perish. Infernal forces and motives are always sought out by divines and prosecutors whose sole business is to discover sins and crimes rather than virtues and saintly purposes—but when it comes to wars, famines, unemployment, poverty, social injustice, then it is the inscrutable will of God that is at work. The reason is that the Devil could be defeated, but God must not be resisted.

But let us get back to Nearing. The first time I ever heard him speak in public was in the courtroom, at his own trial. The reason why I never went to any of his lectures was because he was a professor, and I always had a double grudge against professors, both as a student in the palmy days of my college life when they examined me, and as a militant revolutionist when I began to examine them. The only professor who ever won my esteem and admiration was the director of a school of cutting, who insisted on making me a suit of clothes for nothing on the chance that I might advertise his sartorial atheneum during a tailors' strike. I am sorry to say that he went bankrupt before the suit was delivered.

So when Scott Nearing joined the Socialist movement, I decided that it was chiefly due to the fact that no other movement wanted him, and I kept disdainfully away from his meetings. I scornfully disposed of him as a pampered intellectual trying to rap for silence in the epic din of a proletarian mob in order to make a little squeak of his own. I refused to believe that he was a Socialist. I didn't give a hang for his economics. I held in supercilious contempt all his social cataplasms: child labor laws, old age pensions, income taxes, government ownership and the rest of the indecent farrago of petty bourgeois reforms. In a word, I concluded that he was the academic correlative of that pious and sanctimonious demi-monde in the Socialist Party that had given us a lot of spirituality with John Spargo and Alexander Irvine, a quagmire of muckraking bunk with Charlie Russell, a gush of romantic glucose with Ernest Poole and Upton Sinclair and a flood of saccharine sentimentality over the cardinal affairs of those two elongated Puritans, Walling and Stokes. Ah me! *Ou sont-ils les jours d'antan?* Gone, gone, all of them are gone! Putrescent in pace!

Well, I most contritely make humble and honorable amend for having judged Scott Nearing according to precedent. I take back whatever I thought of him. I regret and kick myself for having missed his speeches and lectures for over a year, and I promise that from now on I shall dog his steps like the most devoted socialette that ever embellished a pew of the Rand School. But again, on second thought, it was just as good that I never heard him before, for in that case I should have missed the real big thrill of his trial. Let us call it a trial, but really it was no trial at all. The government never had a chance—it was just Scott Nearing taking the platform by a skilful coup d'etat brilliantly staged by his attorney, Seymour Stedman, and lecturing judge, jury, audience and court attendants on the weighty questions of the day. It was fine. It was thrilling. It was a big and manful job. It felt so good to see it done, that I almost got reconciled with professors, the Lord forbid!

The prosecution must have felt like a Meyer London resolution in the committee room of Congress. It confined itself to reading *The Great Madness* to the jury, and to proving its authorship and publication, which were cheerfully admitted by all witnesses, chiefly officials of the Rand School

of Social Science. Then it rested its case, and from that moment on it was Scott Nearing who took charge of the proceedings, who held court, who answered questions and asked them, who argued, debated, lectured, read, scolded and cracked jokes. For two whole days he turned the courtroom into a classroom, the witness stand into a chair of revolutionary economics, the judge into an invited guest of the faculty and the jury into a bunch of still unhazed freshmen. With a debonair smile on his wholesome young face, with his legs crossed and a pile of books, mostly his own, on his lap, he talked hour after hour with a clear resonant voice that carried to every corner of the hall, unhaltingly, directly, aggressively, never stopping a single second to select his words or to qualify his statements.

He was not an accused on trial before his judges, not a thinker defending a new unorthodox theory before a synod of academicians, nor was he even the usual agitator haranguing a hostile crowd—he was just the scientific investigator who had arrived at the true diagnosis of a social sore and was telling it to his patients. Indeed I had the distinct impression that that crowd felt as if they were in the waiting room of a clinic listening to a famous doctor prescribing plain remedies to them, and marveling that it was all so true and so simple.

Lawyer Stedman, a fine, sagacious male Portia whose head bears a striking likeness to that of Cicero, and whose overbrimming sense of humor would cheer up even a bone-dry State, was soon reduced to asking a question every hour or so, the rest of the time being filled with the ready and driving answer. Even Mr. Barnes, the Government's Attorney, soon found no room to wedge in an objection, or perhaps was too deeply engrossed in the arguments of the defendant to think of objecting. Only the judge tried now and then to dam the flood of sparkling eloquence with a few inconsequential questions; but that was just to save the floundering decorum of the court and to remind the public that it was still a trial that was going on.

But Nearing did not care about the trial. He answered everything directly, without hesitation, almost belligerently, and the more involved and captious the question, the more straightforward and pugnacious was the answer. He tore through all the barbed wire entanglements of the procedure like a tank in full blast, unmindful of the pitfalls and hidden mines of the cross-examination, splendidly and joyously unconcerned about whatever subtle and cavilling interpretation might be put on his words. So much so that Mr. Stedman had to stop him on several occasions and once had to invoke the authority of the court in order to keep his own client within the bounds of the interrogatory. And all the time Nearing kept on smiling his strange unhumorous smile that was neither meant to disarm nor to provoke his opponent, but, so at least I felt, was a necessary part of his martial accoutrement, a sort of pleasant war paint that could not be dispensed with.

What he said—for the whole trial consisted of what he said—I hope will soon be published in book form, it being

impossible to quote him in full and inadequate to quote him in part. Besides I am a very poor reporter. Suffice it to say, however, that he stood by everything he wrote, that he took nothing back, apologized for nothing, palliated nothing, and reiterated everything he had written with added emphasis, from his uncompromising opposition to the war to his determination to fight till human exploitation, the fountainhead of all wars, has been forever blotted out of the earth.

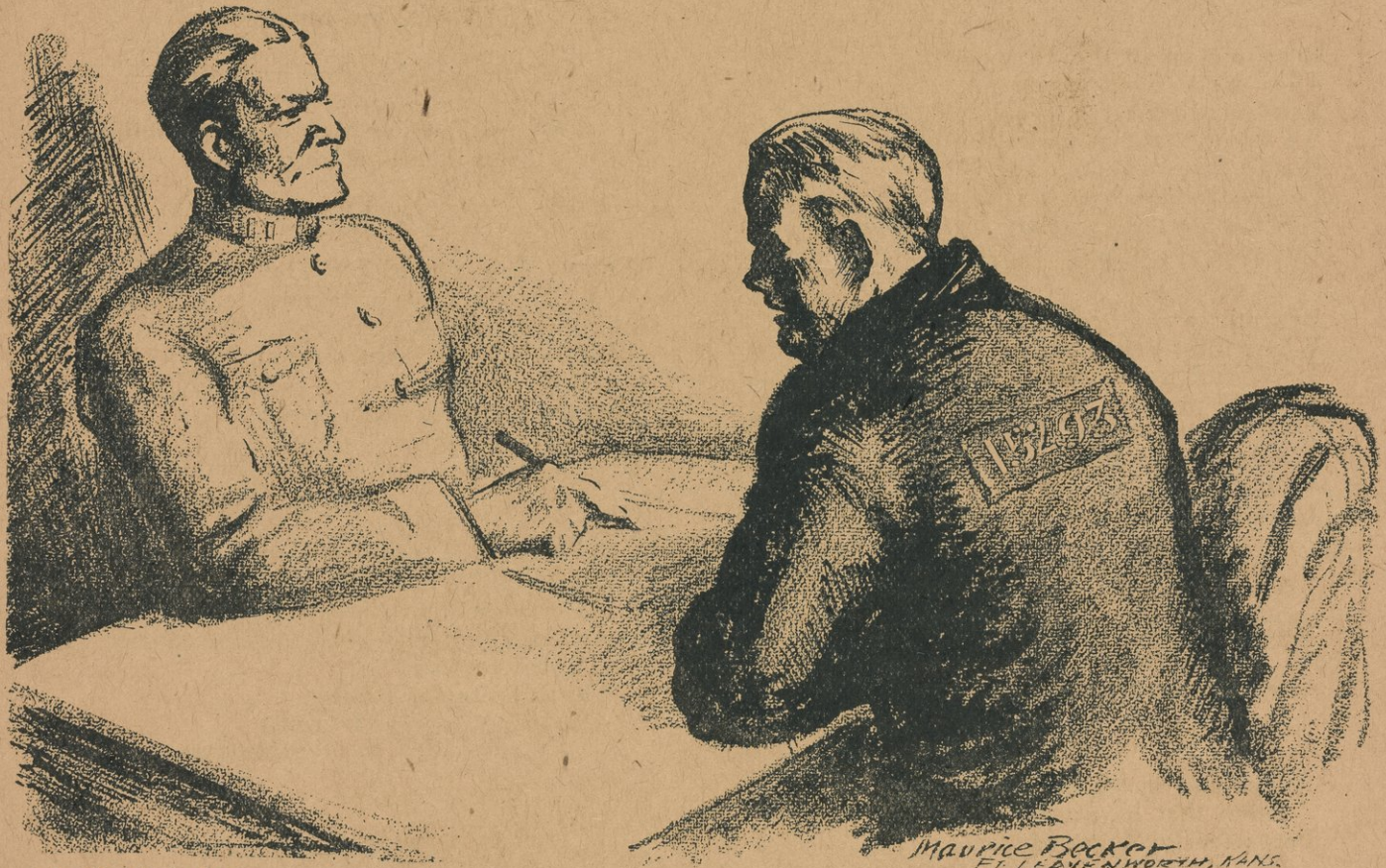
When he got through all felt that he had made his point, and that he had tried from the very beginning to carry his point rather than to win his case. That he was finally acquitted after thirty hours of deliberation on the part of the jury was an insignificant incident. The jury simply couldn't help it. They must have felt in the seclusion of their room, after such a long session of lessons, that they were there not to write a verdict, but to write their examination papers on a major subject of which two weeks before they knew nothing about. And they made the only answer pupils

can make on moot academic questions—they agreed with the personal theory of their professor.

But really it did not matter at all whether he was acquitted or not. He himself did not care, nor did anyone else. It wasn't important. Personally I am almost sorry that he was acquitted. I resent it as a great injustice. Why should such a man be denied the great distinction of serving twenty years in the Revolutionary Parliament of Fort Leavenworth when a man like Victor Berger is granted that privilege?

I could not help drawing a parallel between the two: one defending himself with all weapons, the other accusing; one trying to wriggle out of a mess by crying: "I did not do it; it's my enemy Bill Haywood that done it," and the other superbly shouting across the storm: "Yes, I did it, and I will do it again, and more."

I wonder whether we couldn't swap Nearing for Victor Berger. Truly the latter belongs to Congress, among the respectables. Truly Nearing belongs to the penitentiary among the outcasts.



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

Psychological Test in Ft. Leavenworth

- "Are you a member of the Socialist Party?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "How long have you been a revolutionist?"
 "Why, my ancestors date back to the American Revolution."
 "What revolutionary leader has had the greatest influence on your life?"
 "Jesus Christ, Sir."

Poems by Elizabeth Colwell

Trees

THEY are so still,
 The trees,
 So unpossessed
 By our unrest.
 Each passing breeze
 Does not disturb their deep securities,
 Thrash them about,
 Wear
 And tear
 Them out.
 Where do you ever see
 More simple dignity
 Expressed than in a tree?

Reaching up in the air
 They are a living prayer;
 Reaching they seem to say,
 We know that we are in the clay,
 Bound are we to the Earth
 For sustenance from birth,
 But though our roots are in the sod,
 Our reach is steadily to God.

Beneath carved beams
 Where faint light streams,
 Men bend their knees;
 But I to pray,
 I, to become serene,
 Would spend a day
 Under the living green
 Of trees.

The Interval

I THINK of when I was not here
 And when I shall not be;
 The little interval between
 Is all I know of me.

Atoms and motes of ancient dust,
 Roses that bloomed to fade,
 Forgotten loveliness of springs
 And Autumn's burning shade

Were gathered by some unseen Power
 And linked with quenchless fire
 To that which made a transient gleam
 In man and maid's desire,

And I am here a little while,
 For but the briefest space.
 Then must I go and there will be
 Another in my place.

We Are Thinking

ALL the old loves are going—
 Old songs and old dreams,
 We have left them, outgrowing
 Their message it seems.

All the old ways are changing
 The still days and slow;
 And no more the roads ranging
 In quiet we go.

All the old homes are graying—
 We have moved to the new,
 Where thin sunlight falls, straying,
 And rooms are but few.

All the old laws are crumbling—
 And not without dread
 We watch those that come, stumbling
 From hearts of our dead.

Rest

TO drop disturbing cares of day,
 To put them with one's clothes away,
 Slip into bed,
 The winds of Night outside,
 Stars overhead,
 And silence for one's bride,
 Is rest,
 Sweet rest
 Alway.

To leave this troubled House of Clay,
 To put Life, like one's clothes, away,
 Dear Earth for bed,
 And, nothing to divide,
 Spirit to wed
 The Infinite for bride,
 Is rest,
 Sweet rest
 For aye.

Speculation

IF I could see
 That you look not to others as you do to me,
 I should not fear
 That you to someone might become as dear
 As you are now to me.

Yet I know when
 I look and see you just as one of many men,
 No more, no less,
 Then shall I bury this, Love's loveliness,
 Never to rise again.



Drawn by Maurice Sterne.

SLEEP

Time and Change

I

I USED to fear that he
Might die before I died;
I thought that only Death
Could take him from my side.

He is not dead. Today
He lives and works with men,
But in my heart it is
As if he had not been.

II

Wiser he was than most of men;
He saw that I could be
Other than what I should have been,
A twig beside his tree.

My path again he will not limn;
But should he, he would see
I have become through loss of him
A tree to match his tree.

Elizabeth Colwell.

Aftermath

A One-act Play of Negro Life

By Mary Burrill

TIME: The Present.

PLACE: The Thornton Cabin in South Carolina.

It is late afternoon of a cool day in early spring. A soft afterglow pours in at the little window of the Thornton cabin. The light falls on Millie, a slender brown girl of sixteen, who stands near the window ironing. She wears a black dress and a big gingham apron. A clothes-horse weighted down with freshly ironed garments is near by. In the rear there is a door leading out to the road. To the left, another door leading into the other room of the cabin. To the right there is a great stone hearth blackened by age. A Bible rests on the mantel over the hearth. An old armchair and a small table on which is a kerosene lamp are near the hearth. In the center of the room sits a well-scrubbed kitchen table and a substantial wooden chair. In front of the hearth in a low rocking chair drawn close to the smouldering wood fire, sits Mam Sue busily sewing. The many colors in the old patchwork quilt that she is mending, together with the faded red of the bandanna on her head, contrast strangely with her black dress. Mam Sue is very old. Her ebony face is seamed with wrinkles; and in her bleared, watery eyes there is a world-old sorrow. A service flag containing one star hangs in the little window of the cabin.

MAM SUE (*crooning the old melody*).

O, yes, yonder comes mah Lawd,
He is comin' dis way
Wid his sword in his han'
O, yes, yonder comes—

(A burning log falls apart, and Mam Sue suddenly stops singing and gazes intently at the fire. She speaks in deep mysterious tones to Millie who has finished her task and has come to the hearth to put up her irons.)

See dat log dah, Millie? De one fallin' tuh de side dah wid de big flame lappin' 'round hit? Dat means big doin's 'round heah to night!

MILLIE (*with a start*). Oh, Mam Sue, don' you go proph'sying no mo'! You seen big doin's in dat fire de night befo' them w'ite devuls come in heah an' tuk'n po' dad out and bu'nt him!

MAM SUE (*calmly*). No, Millie, Ah didn' see no big doin's dat night—Ah see'd evul doin's an' Ah tole yo' po' daddy to keep erway f'om town de nex' day wid his cotton. Ah jes knowed dat he wuz gwine to git in a row wid dem w'ite debbils—but he wou'd'n lis'n tuh his ole mammy—

* Copyright applied for.

De good Lawd sen' me dese warnin's in dis fiah, jes lak He sen' His messiges in de fiah to Moses. Yo' chillun bettah lis'n to—

MILLIE (*nervously*). Oh, Mam Sue, you skeers me when you talks erbout seein' all them things in de fire—

MAM SUE. Yuh gits skeered cause yuh don' put yo' trus' in de good Lawd! He kin tek keer o' yuh no mattuh whut com'!

MILLIE (*bitterly*). Sometimes I thinks that Gawd's done fu'got us po' cullud people. Gawd didn' tek no keer o' po' dad and he put his trus' in Him! He uster set evah night by dis fire at dis here table and read his Bible an' pray—but jes look whut happen' to dad! That don' look like Gawd wuz tekin' keer—

MAM SUE (*sharply*). Heish yo' mouf, Millie! Ah ain't a-gwine to 'ave dat sinner-talk 'roun' hyeah! (*Derisively.*) Gawd don' tek no keer o' yuh? Ain't yuh bin prayin' night an' mawnin' fo' Gawd to sen' yo' brudder back f'om de war 'live an' whole? An' ain't yuh git dat lettah no longer'n yistiddy sayin' dat de fightin's all done stopp't an' dat de blessid Lawd's done brung yo' brudder thoo all dem battuls live an' whole? Don' dat look lak de Lawd's done 'membered yuh?

MILLIE (*thoughtfully*). I reckon youse right, Mam Sue. But ef anything had a-happen' to John I wuz'n evah goin' to pray no mo'!

(Millie goes to the clothes-horse and folds the garments and lays them carefully into a large basket. Mam Sue falls again to her crooning.)

MAM SUE.

O, yes, yonder comes mah Lawd,
He's comin' dis way-a.

MILLIE. Lonnie's so late gittin' home tonight; I guess I'd bettah tek Mis' Hart's wash home tonight myse'f.

MAM SUE. Yas, Lonnie's mighty late. Ah reckons you'd bettah slip erlon' wid hit. *(Millie gets her hat from the adjoining room and is about to leave with the basket when Mam Sue calls significantly.)* Millie?

MILLIE. Yas, Mam Sue.

MAM SUE (*firmly*). Don' yo' fu'git to drap dat lettah fu' John in de Pos' Awfus ez yuh goes by. Whah's de lettah?

MILLIE (*reluctantly*). But, Mam Sue, please don' lets—

(A knock is heard. Millie opens the door and Reverend Luke Moseby enters. Moseby is a wiry little old man with a black, kindly face, and bright, searching eyes; his woolly hair and beard are snow-white. He is dressed in a rusty black suit with a coat of clerical cut that comes to his knees.)

In one hand he carries a large Bible, and in the other, a stout walking stick.)

MILLIE. Good evenin', Brother Moseby, come right in.

REV. MOSEBY. Good eben', Millie. Good eben', Mam Sue. Ah jes drap't in to see ef you-all is still trus'in' de good Lawd an'—

MAM SUE. Lor', Brudder Moseby, ain't Ah bin trus'n' de good Lawd nigh onter dese eighty yeah! Whut fu' yuh think Ah's gwine to quit w'en Ah'm in sight o' de Promis' Lan'? Millie, fetch Brudder Moseby dat cheer.

MOSEBY (*drawing his chair to the fire*). Dat's right, Mam Sue, you jes a-keep on trus'n an' prayin' an' evah thing's gwine to come aw-right. (*Observing that Millie is about to leave.*) Don' lemme 'tain yuh, Millie, but whut's all dis good news wese bin heahin' 'bout yo' brudder John? Dey say he's done won some kind o' medal ober dah in France?

MILLIE (*brightening up*). Oh, yes, we got a lettah day befo' yestiddy f'om John tellin' us all erbout it. He's won de War Cross! He fought off twenty Germuns all erlone an' saved his whole comp'ny an' the gret French Gen'rul come an' pinned de medal on him, *hisse'f!*

MOSEBY. De Lawd bles' his soul! Ah know'd dat boy wud mek good!

MILLIE (*excited by the glory of it all*). An' he's been to Paris, an' the fines' people stopp't him when they seen his medal, an' shook his han' an' smiled at him—an' he kin go evahwhere, an' dey ain't nobody all the time a-lookin' down on him, an' a-sneerin' at him 'cause he's black; but evahwhere they's jes gran' to him! An' he sez it's the firs' time evah in his life he's felt lak a real, sho-nuf man!

MOSEBY. Well, honey, don't de Holy Book say, "De fust shall be las' and de las' shall be fust"?

MAM SUE (*fervently*). Dat hit do! An' de Holy Book ain't nebber tole no lie!

MOSEBY. Folks ober in Char'ston is sayin' dat some sojers is gwine to lan' dah today or tomorrer. Ah reckons day'll all be comin' 'long soon now dat de war's done stopp't.

MILLIE. I jes hates the thought of John comin' home an' hearin' 'bout dad!

MOSEBY (*in astonishment*). Whut! Yuh mean to say yuh ain't 'rite him 'bout yo' daddy, yit?

MAM SUE. Dat she ain't! Millie mus' 'ave huh way! She 'lowed huh brudder ough'n be tole, an' dat huh could keep on writin' to him jes lak huh dad wuz livin'—Millie allus done de writin'—An' Ah lets huh 'ave huh way—

MOSEBY (*shaking his head in disapproval*). Yuh mean tuh say—

MILLIE (*pleadingly*). But, Brother Moseby, I couldn't write John no bad news wilst he wuz way over there by hisse'f. He had 'nuf to worry him with death a-starin' him in the face evah day!

MAM SUE. Yas, Brudder Moseby, Millie's bin carryin' on dem lies in huh lettahs fu' de las' six months; but today Ah jes sez to huh—Dis war done stopp't now, an' John he gwine to be comin' home soon, an' he ain't agwine to come hyeah an' fin' me wid no lie on mah soul! An' Ah med

huh set down an' tell him de whole truf. She's gwine out to pos' dat lettah dis minute.

MOSEBY (*still disapproving*). No good nebber come— (*The door is pushed violently open, and Lonnie, a sturdy black boy of eighteen rushes in breathlessly.*)

LONNIE. Mam Sue! Millie! Whut'da yuh think? John's come home!

MILLIE (*speechless with astonishment*). John? Home? Where's he at?

MAM SUE (*incredulously*). Whut yuh sayin'? John done come home? Bles' de Lawd! Bles' de Lawd! Millie, didn' Ah tell yuh sumpin wuz gwine tuh happen?

LONNIE (*excitedly*). I wuz sweepin' up de sto' jes befo' leavin' an' de phone rung—it wuz John—he wuz at Char'ston—jes landid! His comp'ny's waitin' to git de ten o'clock train fu' Camp Reed, whah dey's goin' to be mustered out.

MOSEBY. But how's he gwine to git erway?

LONNIE. Oh, good evenin', Brother Moseby, Ise jes so 'cited I didn' see yuh—Why his Cap'n done give him leave to run over heah 'till de train's ready. He ought tuh be heah now 'cause it's mos' two hours sence he wuz talkin'—

MAM SUE. Whuffo yuh so long comin' home an' tellin' us?

LONNIE (*hesitatingly*). I did start right out but when I git to Sherley's corner I seen a whole lot of them w'ite hoodlums hangin' 'round de feed sto'—I jes felt like dey wuz jes waitin' dah to start sumpin, so I dodged 'em by tekin' de long way home.

MILLIE. Po' Lonnie! He's allus dodgin' po' w'ite trash!

LONNIE (*sullenly*). Well, yuh see whut dad got by not dodgin' 'em.

MOSEBY (*rising to go*). Ah mus' be steppin' 'long now. Ah got to stop in to see ole man Hawkins; he's mighty sick. Ah'll drap in on mah way back fu' a word o' prayer wid John.

MAM SUE. Lonnie, yu'd bettah run erlon' as Brudder Moseby go an' tote dat wash tuh Mis' Ha't. An' drap in Mis' Hawkins' sto' an' git some soap an' starch; an' Ah reckons yu'd bettah bring me a bottle o' linimint—dis ole pain done come back in mah knee. (*To Moseby.*) Good eben, Brudder Moseby.

MOSEBY. Good eben, Mam Sue; Good eben, Millie, an' Gawd bles' yuh.

LONNIE (*as he is leaving*). Tell John I'll git back fo' he leaves.

(*Lonnie and Moseby leave. Millie closes the door behind them and then goes to the window and looks out anxiously.*)

MILLIE (*musingly*). Po' John! Po' John! (*Turning to Mam Sue.*) Mam Sue?

MAM SUE. Yas, Millie.

MILLIE (*hesitatingly*). Who's goin' to tell John 'bout dad?

MAM SUE (*realizing for the first time that the task must fall to someone*). Dunno. Ah reckons yu'd bettah.

MILLIE (*going to Mam Sue and kneeling softly at her*

side). Mam Sue, don' let's tell him now! He's got only a li'l hour to spen' with us—an' it's the firs' time fu' so long! John loved daddy so! Let 'im be happy jes a li'l longer—we kin tell 'im the truth when he comes back fu' good. Please, Mam Sue!

MAM SUE (*softened by Millie's pleading*). Honey chile, John gwine to be askin' for his daddy fust thing—dey ain't no way—

MILLIE (*gaining courage*). Oh, yes, 'tis! We kin tell 'im dad's gone to town—anything, jes so's he kin spen' these few lil'l minutes in peace! I'll fix the Bible jes like dad's been in an' been a-readin' in it! He won't know no bettah!

(*Millie takes the Bible from the mantel and opening it at random lays it on the table; she draws the old armchair close to the table as her father had been wont to do every evening when he read his Bible.*)

MAM SUE (*shaking her head doubtfully*). Ah ain't much on actin' dis lie, Millie.

(*The soft afterglow fades and the little cabin is filled with shadows. Millie goes again to the window and peers out. Mam Sue falls again to her crooning.*)

MAM SUE (*crooning*).

O, yes, yonder comes mah Lawd,
He's comin' dis way

Wid his sword in his han'—

(*To Millie.*) Millie, bettah light de lamp; it's gittin' dark.—

He's gwine ter hew dem sinners down
Right lebbal to de groun'

O, yes, yonder comes mah Lawd—

(*As Millie is lighting the lamp, whistling is heard in the distance. Millie listens intently, then rushes to the window. The whistling comes nearer; it rings out clear and familiar—*“*Though the boys are far away, they dream of home!*”

MILLIE (*excitedly*). That's him! That's John, Mam Sue!

(*Millie rushes out of doors. The voices of John and Millie are heard from without in greetings. Presently, John and Millie enter the cabin. John is tall and straight—a good soldier and a strong man. He wears the uniform of a private in the American Army. One hand is clasped in both of Millie's. In the other, he carries an old fashioned valise. The War Cross is pinned on his breast. On his sleeve three chevrons tell mutely of wounds suffered in the cause of freedom. His brown face is aglow with life and the joy of homecoming.*)

JOHN (*eagerly*). Where's Dad? Where's Mam Sue?

MAM SUE (*hobbling painfully to meet him*). Heah's ole Mam Sue! (*John takes her tenderly in his arms.*) Bles' yo' heart, chile, bles' yo' heart! Tuh think dat de good Lawd's done lemmè live to see dis day!

JOHN. Dear old Mam Sue! Gee, but I'm glad to see you an' Millie again!

MAM SUE. Didn' Ah say dat yuh wuz comin' back hyeah?

JOHN (*smiling*). Same old Mam Sue with huh faith an'

huh prayers! But where's dad? (*He glances toward the open Bible.*) He's been in from de field, ain't he?

MILLIE (*without lifting her eyes*). Yes, he's come in but he had to go out ag'in—to Sherley's feed sto'.

JOHN (*reaching for his cap that he has tossed upon the table*). That ain't far. I've jes a few minutes so I'd bettah run down there an' hunt him up. Won't he be surprised!

MILLIE (*confused*). No—no, John—I fu'got; he ain't gone to Sherley's, he's gont to town.

JOHN (*disappointed*). To town? I hope he'll git in befo' I'm leavin'. There's no tellin' how long they'll keep me at Camp Reed. Where's Lonnie?

MAM SUE. Lonnie's done gone to Mis' Ha't's wid de wash. He'll be back to-reckly.

MILLIE (*admiring the medal on his breast*). An' this is the medal? Tell us all erbout it, John.

JOHN. Oh, Sis, it's an awful story—wait 'til I git back fu' good. Let's see whut I've got in dis bag fu' you. (*He places the worn valise on the table and opens it. He takes out a bright-colored dress pattern.*) That's fu' you, Millie, and quit wearin' them black clothes.

(*Millie takes the silk and hugs it eagerly to her breast, suddenly there sweeps into her mind the realization that she cannot wear it, and the silk falls to the floor.*)

MILLIE (*trying to be brave*). Oh, John, it's jes lovely! (*As she shows it to Mam Sue.*) Look, Mam Sue!

JOHN (*flourishing a bright shawl*). An' this is fu' Mam Sue. Mam Sue'll be so gay!

MAM SUE (*admiring the gift*). Who'd evah b'lieved dat yo' ole Mam Sue would live to be wearin' clo'es whut huh gran'chile done brung huh f'om Eu'ope!

JOHN. Never you mind, Mam Sue, one of these days I'm goin' to tek you an' Millie over there, so's you kin breathe free jes once befo' yuh die.

MAM SUE. It's got tuh be soon, 'cause dis ole body's mos' wo'e out; an' de good Lawd's gwine to be callin' me to pay mah debt 'fo' long.

JOHN (*showing some handkerchiefs, with gay borders*). These are fu' Lonnie. (*He next takes out a tiny box that might contain a bit of jewelry.*) An' this is fu' Dad. Sum'pin he's been wantin' fu' years. I ain't goin' to open it 'till he comes.

(*Millie walks into the shadows and furtively wipes a tear from her eyes.*)

JOHN (*taking two army pistols from his bag and placing them on the table*). An' these las' are fu' youahs truly.

MILLIE (*looking at them, fearfully*). Oh, John, are them youahs?

JOHN. One of 'em's mine; the other's my Lieutenant's. I've been cleanin' it fu' him. Don' tech 'em—'cause mine's loaded.

MILLIE (*still looking at them in fearful wonder*). Did they learn yuh how to shoot 'em?

JOHN. Yep, an' I kin evah mo' pick 'em off!

MILLIE (*reproachfully*). Oh, John!

JOHN. Nevah you worry, li'l Sis, John's nevah goin'

to use 'em 'less it's right fu' him to. (*He places the pistols on the mantel—on the very spot where the Bible has lain.*) My! but it's good to be home! I've been erway only two years but it seems like two cent'ries. All that life ovah there seems like some awful dream!

MAM SUE (*fervently*). Ah know it do! Many's de day yo' ole Mam Sue set in dis cheer an' prayed fu' yuh.

JOHN. Lots of times, too, in the trenches when I wuz dog-tired, an' sick, an' achin' wid the cold I uster say: well, if we're sufferin' all this for the oppressed, like they tell us, then Mam Sue, an' Dad, an' Millie come in on that—they'll git some good ou'n it if I don't! An' I'd shet my eyes an' fu'git the cold, an' the pain, an' them old guns spittin' death all 'round us; an' see you folks settin' here by this fire—Mam Sue, noddin, an' singin'; Dad a spellin' out his Bible—(*He glances toward the open book.*) Let's see whut he's been readin'—(*John takes up the Bible and reads the first passage upon which his eye falls.*) "But I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, an' do good to them that hate you"—(*He lets the Bible fall to the table.*) That ain't the dope they been feedin' us soljers on! 'Love your enemies!' It's been—git a good aim at 'em, an' let huh go!

MAM SUE (*surprised*). Honey, Ah hates to hyeah yuh talkin' lak dat! It sound lak yuh done fu'git yuh Gawd!

JOHN. No, Mam Sue, I ain't fu'got God, but I've quit thinkin' that prayers kin do ever'thing. I've seen a whole lot sence I've been erway from here. I've seen some men go into battle with a curse on their lips, and I've seen them same men come back with never a scratch; an' I've seen men whut read their Bibles befo' battle, an' prayed to live, left dead on the field. Yes, Mam Sue, I've seen a heap an' I've done a tall lot o' thinkin' sence I've been erway from here. An' I b'lieve it's jes like this—beyon' a certain point prayers ain't no good! The Lawd does jes so much for you then it's up to you to do the res' fu' yourse'f. The Lawd's done His part when He's done give me strength an' courage; I got tuh do the res' fu' myse'f!

MAM SUE (*shaking her head*). Ah don' lak dat kin' o' talk—it don' 'bode no good!

(*The door opens and Lonnie enters with packages. He slips the bolt across the door.*)

JOHN (*rushing to Lonnie and seizing his hand*). Hello, Lonnie, ole man!

LONNIE. Hello, John. Gee, but Ah'm glad tuh see yuh!

JOHN. Boy, you should 'ave been with me! It would 'ave taken some of the skeeriness out o' yuh, an' done yuh a worl' o' good.

LONNIE (*ignoring John's remark*). Here's the soap an' starch, Millie.

MAM SUE. Has yuh brung mah linimint?

LONNIE. Yassum, it's in de packige.

MILLIE (*unwrapping the package*). No, it ain't, Lonnie.

LONNIE. Mis' Hawkins give it tuh me. Ah mus' a lef' it on de counter. Ah'll git it w'en Ah goes to de train wid John.

MILLIE (*showing him the handkerchief*). See whut John done brought you! An' look on de mantel! (*Pointing to the pistols.*)

LONNIE (*drawing back in fear as he glances at the pistols*). You'd bettah hide them things! No cullud man bettah be seen wid dem things down heah!

JOHN. That's all right, Lonnie, nevah you fear. I'm goin' to keep 'em an' I ain't a-goin' to hide 'em either. See them (*pointing to the wound chevrons on his arm*) well, when I got them wounds, I let out all the rabbit-blood 'at wuz in me! (*Defiantly.*) Ef I kin be trusted with a gun in France, I kin be trusted with one in South Car'lina.

MAM SUE (*sensing trouble*). Millie, yu'd bettah fix some suppah fu' John.

JOHN (*looking at his watch*). I don' want a thing. I've got to be leavin' in a little while. I'm 'fraid I'm goin' to miss dad after all.

(*The knob of the door is turned as though someone is trying to enter. Then there is a loud knock on the door.*)

JOHN (*excitedly*). That's Dad! Don' tell him I'm here! (*John tips hurriedly into the adjoining room. Lonnie unbolts the door and Mrs. Selena Hawkins enters.*)

MRS. HAWKINS. Lonnie fu'got de liniment so I thought I' bettah run ovah wid hit, 'cause when Mam Sue sen' fu' dis stuff she sho' needs hit. Brudder Moseby's been tellin' me dat John's done come home.

JOHN (*coming from his hiding place and trying to conceal his disappointment*). Yes, I'm here. Good evenin', Mis' Hawkins. Glad to see you.

MRS. HAWKINS (*shaking hands with John*). Well, lan' sakes alive! Ef it ain't John sho'nuf! An' ain't he lookin' gran'! Jes look at dat medal a-shinin' on his coat! Put on yuh cap, boy, an' lemme see how yuh look!

JOHN. Sure! (*John puts on his overseas cap and, smiling, stands at attention a few paces off, while Mam Sue, Lonnie, and Millie form an admiring circle around him.*)

MRS. HAWKINS. Now don' he sholy look gran'! I knows yo' sistah, an' gran'-mammy's proud o' yuh! (*A note of sadness creeps into her voice.*) Ef only yuh po' daddy had a-lived to see dis day!

(*John looks at her in amazement. Millie and Mam Sue stand transfixed with terror over the sudden betrayal.*)

JOHN (*looking from one to the other and repeating her words as though he can scarcely realize their meaning*). 'Ef your po' daddy had lived——' (*To Millie.*) Whut does this mean?

(*Millie sinks sobbing into the chair at the table and buries her face in her hands.*)

MRS. HAWKINS. Lor', Millie, I though you'd tole him! (*Bewildered by the catastrophe that she has precipitated, Selena Hawkins slips out of the cabin.*)

JOHN (*shaking Millie almost roughly*). Come, Millie, have you been lyin' to me? Is dad gone?

MILLIE (*through her sobs*). I jes hated to tell you—you wuz so far erway—

JOHN (*nervously*). Come, Millie, for God's sake don'

keep me in this su'pense! I'm a brave soldier—I kin stan' it—did he suffer much? Wuz he sick long?

MILLIE. He wuzn't sick no time—them w'ite devuls come in heah an' dragged him—

JOHN (*desperately*). My God! You mean they lynched dad?

MILLIE (*sobbing piteously*). They burnt him down by the big gum tree!

JOHN (*desperately*). Whut fu,' Millie? Whut fu'?

MILLIE. He got in a row wid ole Mister Withrow 'bout the price of cotton—an' he called dad a liar an' struck him—an' dad he up an' struck him back—

JOHN (*brokenly*). Didn't they try him? Didn't they give him a chance? Whut'd the Sheriff do? An' the Gov-nur?

MILLIE (*through her sobs*). They didn't do nothin'.

JOHN. Oh, God! Oh, God! (*Then recovering from the first bitter anguish and speaking.*) So they've come into ouah home, have they! (*He strides over to Lonnie and seizes him by the collar.*) An' whut wuz you doin' when them hounds come in here after dad?

LONNIE (*hopelessly*). They wuz so many of 'em come an' git 'im—whut could Ah do?

JOHN. Do? You could 'ave fought 'em like a man!

MAM SUE (*pleadingly*). Don't be too hard on 'im, John, wese ain't got no gun 'round heah!

JOHN. Then he should 'ave burnt their damn kennels ovah their heads! Who was it leadin' 'em?

MILLIE. Old man Withrow and the Sherley boys, they started it all.

(*Gradually assuming the look of a man who has determined to do some terrible work that must be done, John walks deliberately toward the mantel where the revolvers are lying.*)

JOHN (*bitterly*). I've been helpin' the w'ite man git his freedom, I reckon I'd bettah try now to git my own!

MAM SUE (*terrified*). Whut yuh gwine ter do?

JOHN (*with bitterness growing in his voice*). I'm sick o' these w'ite folks doin's—we're 'fine, trus'worthy feller citizuns' when they're handin' us out guns, an' Liberty Bonds, an' chuckin' us off to die; but we ain't a damn thing when it comes to handin' us the rights we done fought an' bled fu'! I'm sick o' this sort o' life—an' I'm goin' to put an' end to it!

MILLIE (*rushing to the mantel, and covering the revolvers with her hands*). Oh, No, No, John! Mam Sue, John's gwine to kill hisse'f!

MAM SUE (*piteously*). Oh, mah honey, don' yuh go do nothin' to bring sin on yo' soul! Pray to de good Lawd to tek all dis fiery feelin' out'n yo' heart! Wait 'tel Brudder Moseby come back—he's gwine to pray—

JOHN (*his speech growing more impassioned and bitter*). This ain't no time fu' preachers or prayers! You mean to tell me I mus' let them w'ite devuls send me miles erway to suffer an' be shot up fu' the freedom of people I ain't nevah seen, while they're burnin' an' killin' my folks here at home! To Hell with 'em!

(*He pushes Millie aside, and seizing the revolvers, thrusts the loaded one into his pocket and begins deliberately to load the other.*)

MILLIE (*throwing her arms about his neck*). Oh, John, they'll kill yuh!

JOHN (*defiantly*). Whut ef they do! I ain't skeered o' none of 'em! I've faced worse guns than any sneakin' hounds kin show me! To Hell with 'em! (*He thrusts the revolver that he has just loaded into Lonnie's hand.*) Take this, an' come on here, boy, an' we'll see what Withrow an' his gang have got to say!

(*Followed by Lonnie, who is bewildered and speechless, John rushes out of the cabin and disappears in the gathering darkness.*)

CURTAIN.

The Dominant White

GOD gave you power to build and help and lift;
But you proved prone to persecute and slay
And from the high and noble course to drift
Into the darkness fro the light of day.
He gave you law and order, strength of will
The lesser peoples of the world to lead;
You chose to break and crush them through life's mill,
But for your earthly gains to make them bleed:
Because you've proved unworthy of your trust,
God—He shall humble you down to the dust.

You have betrayed the black, maligned the yellow;
But what else could we hope of you who set
The hand even of your own against his fellow;
To stem the dire tide that threatens yet?
You called upon the name of your false god
To lash our wounded flesh with knotted cords
And trample us into the blood-stained sod,
And justified your deeds with specious words:
Oh! you have proved unworthy of your trust,
And God shall humble you down to the dust.

The pain you gave us nothing can assuage,
Who hybridized a proud and virile race,
Bequeathed to it a bastard heritage
And made the black ashamed to see his face.
You ruined him, put doubt into his heart,
You set a sword between him and his kin,
And preached to him, with simple, lying art
About the higher worth of your white skin!
Oh White Man! You have trifled with your trust,
And God shall humble you down to the dust.

You blinded go, afraid to see the Truth,
Closing your eyes to and denying Beauty;
You stultify the dreams of visioned youth
All in the prostituted name of Duty.
You place your Seers with madmen, fools and rogues,
Their words distort and twist, despise their creed:
You choose instead the little demagogues
That will uphold you in your shameless greed:
Because you've proved unworthy of your trust,
Oh, He shall humble you!—down to the dust.

Claude McKay.



Drawn by Boardman Robinson.

The Stepmother Drives Out the First Born

BEATING PROHIBITION TO IT

By Floyd Dell

NOTHING has pleased me so much since the Russian revolution as the ratification of the prohibition amendment. Not that the two events are comparable in anything but their common power of upsetting established traditions—the one in a great field, the other in a smaller but still significant one. Part of my pleasure in the Russian revolution was the perhaps childish and mischievous curiosity it aroused as to how the ceremonial traditions of international diplomacy were going to adjust themselves to a foreign policy couched in terms of Socialist propaganda; and apart from all my

hopes and fears concerning Russia, the outraged dignity of the foreign offices in the face of an impolite, impolitic and utterly unanswerable manifesto by Tchicherin, still affords me vast amusement. In the same way, the wanton curiosity which is fundamental in me, rejoices at the prospect of such a huge overturning of habits and readjustment of energies as prohibition promises to inflict upon the American people.

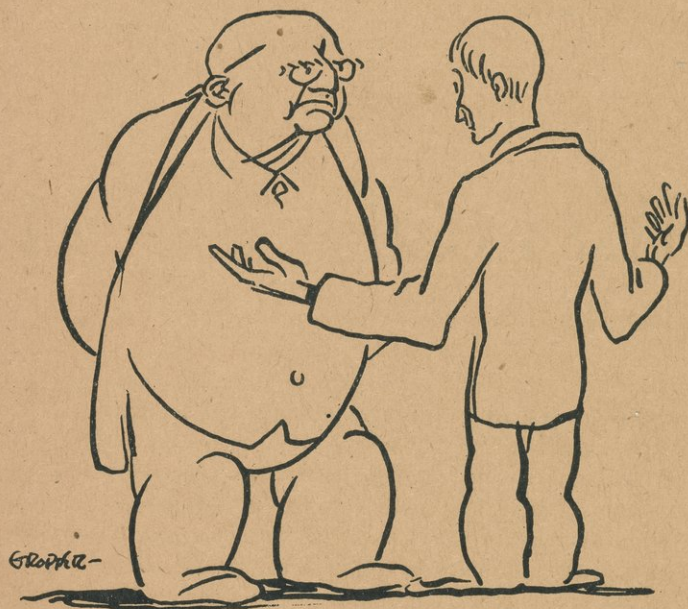
Suppose that work were suddenly abolished. What would the hundred million people in the country who work, and the tiny fraction who spend their time in interfering with

the work of the others—what would they do with their suddenly released energies? Suppose eating were abolished: what would a lot of people find to talk about? Suppose sleeping were prohibited: what would we do with all that extra time? Suppose the distinction between the sexes were abolished: what new institutions would slowly grow up to take the place of those to which we give so large a part of our constructive and destructive abilities? That, disregarding the fantastic aspect of my examples, is the light in which I see Prohibition.

The economic aspects of the disturbance are obvious. The money invested in the manufacture of alcoholic liquors will be reinvested elsewhere, the hundreds of thousands of men employed in their manufacture and sale will make places for themselves in other industries, or take their places in the ranks of the unemployed and discontented. . . . It is the broader implications of the change that dazzle me.

Drinking has been from the infancy of the human race one of the great channels for the expenditure of human energy—ranking with sex and war and politics and work and religion, and far outranking science, art, music, literature and philosophy. It has consumed, at a guess, one-tenth (though sometimes it seems nearer a third!) of the available energies of mankind. It has been institutionalized in the most elaborate manner, and has been intimately interwoven with the expression of most of the major impulses of the race. Take it away, and as if by a tremendous explosion you demolish a vast area of the spiritual as well as the material milieu of mankind. It is this great bare tract, littered with its debris of memories, that I am thinking of. What will dry American mankind put in its place?

To be specific, I am thinking of certain cafés and their nightly or Saturday-nightly habitues; of the custom, having



Drawn by William Gropper

"I'm doing all the work in the place as it is."

all the force of a religious observance, of going there—and staying there; of the centripetal power by which such places collect from the highways and byways their personnel; of the manner in which these lives seem to center upon those places. What will become of such places? Will they be as it were the ruined shrines to which devout pilgrims will still repair in memory of bygone days? Will they be able to maintain their prestige and power through the dispensation of coffee and soda-pop? Not that I care! I weep no tears for the past. I only wonder about the future.

What will happen? Let me record my surmise. The places will still exist and still attract their dionysiac flock—who will be as dionysiac upon loganberry juice as they used to fancy themselves upon gin cocktails. In place of the reality of drinking, a great popular literature of drinking will grow up (just as stories of the Wild West supplanted the reality), and the moving pictures will regale their audiences nightly with scenes of glorious drunkenness. For most people (who, after all do not like to have headaches) the sentiment will serve even better than the fact. Some few who really have the habit incurably will commit suicide, a somewhat larger fraction will take to drugs. But except for these irreconcilables, the population will not miss the actuality of alcohol. They will miss chiefly—and this is the significance of the change—the opportunity it affords to escape from the world of reality into the world of dreams.

The most important substitutes for alcohol will be literature—of the Hearst magazine variety—and the theater, especially the movie theater. These will absorb an immense amount of the energies freed by the destruction of the saloon. But even by these wide avenues all the newly released energies will not find their way back to the dream-world. Real life will also be the gainer, particularly in its happier infantile departments. All kinds of sports will secure new enthusiasts, dancing will revive, and exceed all records of popularity and abandon—in short, there will be a renaissance of play, and the play-spirit. Little theaters will be as thick as dandelions, little magazines will be published in every block, everybody will write vers-libre, and little Greenwich Villages where the men wear flowing ties and the girls wear bobbed hair and sandals will spring up all over America—and lots of people will wish we had Demon Rum back again! But that isn't all.

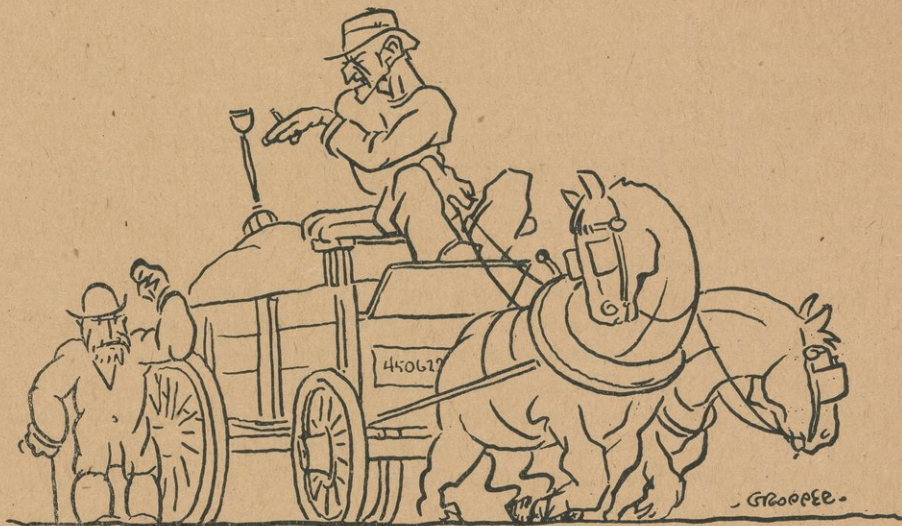
Let me be careful to observe due decorum in speaking of the greatest aspect of the change, for it is sexual. Women do not, as a sex, drink—not in the way men do—It is not yet, largely speaking, respectable for them to do so. Nor, in spite of the relaxation of traditional taboos in the large centers of population, do women generally accompany men to drinking places. Drinking, in the institutional sense, is a manly observance. It is a rite performed for the most part among men by themselves. It is to a great extent made use of as an opportunity to escape from the exacting reality which women represent. Women, as is well known, are "hard to get along with," whether as sweethearts or wives. They are always making demands of some sort—material

or spiritual. Men are easier-going with one another; in fact, they rather encourage each other in their weaknesses. And so men drink together to forget the troubles which are inevitable in dealing with so real a reality as women. They flee the reality; and in the little back-room of the dream-shop (pardon me, the dram-shop), they refashion womankind according to their dream-desires; chiefly in the form of little traditional anecdotes, solemnly repeated, in which women are divested of all qualities except sexual complaisance; or else they foregather there with women whose sole attraction is such a dream-like complaisance, who bring with them no yesterday and no tomorrow nor any of the troubling aspects of reality. . .

Prettily said, but a trifle obscure! Let me disentangle and make clear three interrelated facts. First: it is true that women as a sex hate alcohol; and they do so not so much because their husbands sometimes come home drunk—they can forgive that—as because they stay away so long before the stage of drunkenness is achieved. When it comes to an inescapable choice, they prefer them to get drunk at home; and self-sacrificing women will sometimes get drunk with them (like Mrs. Alving in Ibsen's play) as a means of keeping them at home. In brief, alcohol is truly the enemy of womankind; it competes with them all too successfully for what they know belongs to them, man's leisure hours, which should be their mutual playtime.

Second: it is equally true, though not so frequently confessed, that women are scornful of intermasculine companionships; not the companionships of work, though they do sometimes jealously resent those, too—but the companionships of loafing, the Rip Van Winkle sort of bumming around and doing nothing, with an accompaniment of booze. For so these masculine companionships seem to them; so they seemed to Xantippe, who wished her husband would stay at home sometimes instead of idling around with a lot of slack-twisted vagabonds and reprobates and ne'er-do-wells; and sometimes, as in that historic case, they do an injustice to their husbands; but on the whole there is more of loafing than of inviting the soul on these occasions, and women are right in despising them. And any woman could compete successfully against her husband's friends for his leisure, if it were not for alcohol. For men are not frank about the attraction of these companionships. Jim does not say to Bill: "Your society fascinates me so much that I would sit opposite you and hear you talk nonsense for two hours. Come, I pray thee!" If he did, Bill would hit him in the jaw. But he says, "Hello, Bill! Come in and have something!" And Bill comes in, and they sit opposite each other for two hours and hear each other talk nonsense, and shamelessly profess themselves pleased with this manner of spending an afternoon.

Third: it is notorious that women are scornful of the mas-



"Aw—drop dead!"

culine habit of running away, from the difficulties which in the real world hedge thornily about sex-companionship, into the dream-world of prostitution. The uglinesses of prostitution are so gross that the young and unspoiled part of each male generation is only able to view them through an alcoholic haze. The hucksters of the underworld do well to mourn the passing of alcohol; for without that pink mosquito-netting of illusion to spread over its rotten fruit, who will buy? But the Puritans need not be too joyful, either.

Men and women will spend their playtime together as never before. This will make many homes successful and happy; and it will bring others to smash. For if a man has been able to put up with a home only on the absentee plan, he will hardly bear its unmitigated wretchedness; and so with women.

I think, however, that prohibition will make marriages more stable—and turn courtship into a wilder and sweeter adventure. For lovers will have to face together the problems that inevitably arise when their desire for intimacy surges against the conventions of premarital companionship. So much of that tide of desire and discontent has, so far as men are concerned, been sluiced away in alcoholic channels in the past, that I think Alcohol (despite its historic association with the tawdrier aspects of impropriety) should be rated along with Prostitution (cf. Lecky) as the guardian of what we call Morality . . .

Desire and discontent! What havoc these undrugged impulses will wreak upon the sacred traditions of courtship, I leave to the unchastened fancy of my readers. The prospect, however, fails to dismay me. Men and women have so much to learn from each other that I think they can afford whatever it may cost in the greater poignancy and perhaps complexity of their relationship in a dealcoholized and unsegregated society.

And there is another result of prohibition, concerning which—with the Espionage Act still in full force—I must speak with circumspection. But I cannot forget that the

Revolution in Russia happened *after* the ban on alcohol; nor that the Bolshevik government has sternly persevered in the dryness of its course; nor that it is the reactionary pretenders to authority in Russia who have sought to restore vodka. Booze is the friend of the unhappy; it keeps them from realizing their unhappiness to the full. It gives the slave an illusory freedom. It enables him to dream, and forget. I am just mean and cantankerous enough to want to take away his dream. I want him to know just exactly how unhappy he is. It may be that the American workingman, when deprived of the privilege of doping himself into forgetfulness after a hard day's work, will use his wakeful hours in grateful contemplation of the benefits which he enjoys as a citizen of the freest country on earth; it may be that he will be a more contented as well as a more efficient servant of capitalism. It may be—but I just wonder!

Perhaps you think I exaggerate the revolutionary possibilities of prohibition. And perhaps I do. But I am speaking (ahem!) from personal experience. I have been trying out prohibition on myself for the last three months. Not that I have any claim to distinction as a reformed drunkard. I never did like the taste of the darn stuff, and I drank just from a priggish desire not to seem priggish. But I like to know about things in advance, and so I anticipated prohibition, and am thus enabled to report what seems to me the strangest, most curious result of all. I refer to the intoxication which is encouraged by complete abstention from alcoholic liquors. I do not mean what you think I mean; I mean just what I say. I have never been less sober in my life than since I stopped drinking. The rest of what I have written may, if you like, be dismissed as guesswork, but I insist upon this as gospel. I want to make clear the simple and sad truth which I have discovered about alcohol—that it prevents drunkenness. I know there is a superstition to the opposite effect. But it is our business to uproot old superstitions. All I ask is that you put antique prejudices out of your head, and listen.

Alcohol is a depressant. . . . No, that is not the way to start. I will tell a story. One evening a party of three men and they thought they wanted a drink. They asked for a drink. But the little basement room was crowded, and the waiters were busy, and they got no drink. There were in the party an eminent novelist, a painter, an editor, two actresses, and a poet. It was the poet, I think, who asked us if we knew how to play "Up Jenkins!" We said no, and she proceeded to teach us. If you don't know how to play "Up Jenkins!" you can find out from some Child's Book of Games, for I am not going to stop to tell you. But four hours later—it was eight o'clock when we arrived—we woke to the world, and found ourselves alone in that room, whence all but we had fled. We had become completely immersed in that childish game; our wild shrieks and roars of laughter had driven away the roomful of people who had come to experience the solemn joys of the dry Martini and the gin fizz; the sounds of our abandoned revelry had drawn three policemen from blocks away, and they were on the verge of sending in a riot

call; Polly had locked herself in the attic with a headache, and finally sent word to ask us if we wouldn't *please* go home; otherwise, no doubt, we would have stayed till morning. . . . Now who, of that roomful, were drunk and who were sober?

"Be drunken!" says Baudelaire. "With ideas, with love, or with wine; it matters not, so that you be always drunken." But how many times have I seen my gay companions, already flushed with the intoxication of ideas or of love, suddenly sobered by a cocktail—sobered and dulled, and fit for nothing but to conduct the humdrum business of ordinary life; the sparkling eye, the tossed curls, the divine recklessness chilled, the soaring spirit brought to earth. It is easy to be intoxicated with ideas; I have talked for a day and a night, forgetting food and sleep, and time and place and circumstance, in the utter drunken abandon of discussion. I have also been drunken with love. I have been drunken with poetry. I have gone on sprees of writing. I have been intoxicated with music and dancing—so intoxicated that I would have given my shirt to hear or see over again some bit that entranced me and gone home without realizing the defect of my costume. For by intoxication I mean utter self-forgetfulness and happiness and indifference to the world. But I have achieved by whisky and the whole gamut of gasolinish cocktails nothing except a polite melancholy and a suppressed exacerbation of spirit.

The other night I strayed into a café for a cup of coffee. I had not been there for three months; and as I sat there I realized in a dreary whiff of memory the hundreds of hours I had spent there in the past, with people whom I did not like, waiting, in deadly boredom, hour after hour, for something to happen; waiting in vain, for nothing ever did happen, except that somebody ordered another round of drinks. I saw them, or people like them, sitting there now, sober, ineffably sober, and waiting, waiting, waiting, for something to happen. . . . Well, they could wait, if they liked, wistfully, hopelessly, soddently sober; as for me, I was going to get drunk on the moonlight outside. And I did.

I like to be drunken; it is, I find, my natural state; and Prohibition or no Prohibition, I am never going to sober myself with alcohol again. . . . But other people may not be as easily intoxicated as I am; they may not be able to get drunk on moonshine; it may take a revolution to get them going. . . . I am curious to see!

TO EACH—

I WEPT because my friend was dead:
They chided me "He's only one.
Ten thousand souls today have fled
"Twixt rise and set of sun.

"Grief spreads her weary pinions wide
And flies from door to door," they said.
I knew ten thousand men had died;
I wept because my friend was dead.

Helen A. Salz.

Mere Mules

ARMY mules, on Sunday, stand haltered to their picket line, lazing in the sun, resting after the six days in which their God made his earth and in which they have justified their existence on it.

They are not unduly tired, for they toil just so much; no more. Their production is honest measure. They will not be driven beyond it. Flattery is futile; coaxing will not result in further exertion; punishment defeats its objective. Their wants are elemental—food and shelter; with those they are content.

Wise mules!

They take their holiday much as they take their labor, without enthusiasm. . . . a mellow enjoyment. They snuff at whips of hay not in easy reach and stretch languidly to make them theirs and chew the morsel with indifference. Absent-mindedly they switch at flies, stamp listless feet. They caress one another with their lips at times, plainly abstracted, however. On occasion one kicks a companion with vigor and wrinkles his nose and utters vicious squeals; and then they both become indifferent forthwith. Each mule seems to be peculiarly satisfied and self-sufficient and introspective.

But, strange fact, let men appear in the cantonment street and the snuffing, the scant interest in their own affairs, their indifference cease. Movement stops, flies, food, other mules forgotten; ears become starched. Their eyes hold to the figures of men, following each movement.

Bipeds who struggle without end, who can be teased or bullied or barked into labor that makes them gaunt and lead-eyed. Bipeds whose wants are as far removed from essentials as calculus is from the multiplication table. Bipeds who do not know what it is to be lazy in the sun. Restless bipeds whose relaxation is always motion, whose mood is never mellow. Bipeds who quarrel so viciously that carresses are crowded out of their lives and whose wants mount in extravagance until they go about the business of destroying one another and the food that would feed them all and the roofs that would shelter them all until the sun that would cheer them all is obscured by the red dust of battle. Bipeds who, after such upheavals, go on struggling, round and round the shortening circle so fiercely that their loves and loafing grow even more cursory. At such the contented mules stiffen with interest.

Oh, the silly asses!

PRIVATE H. G.

Progress

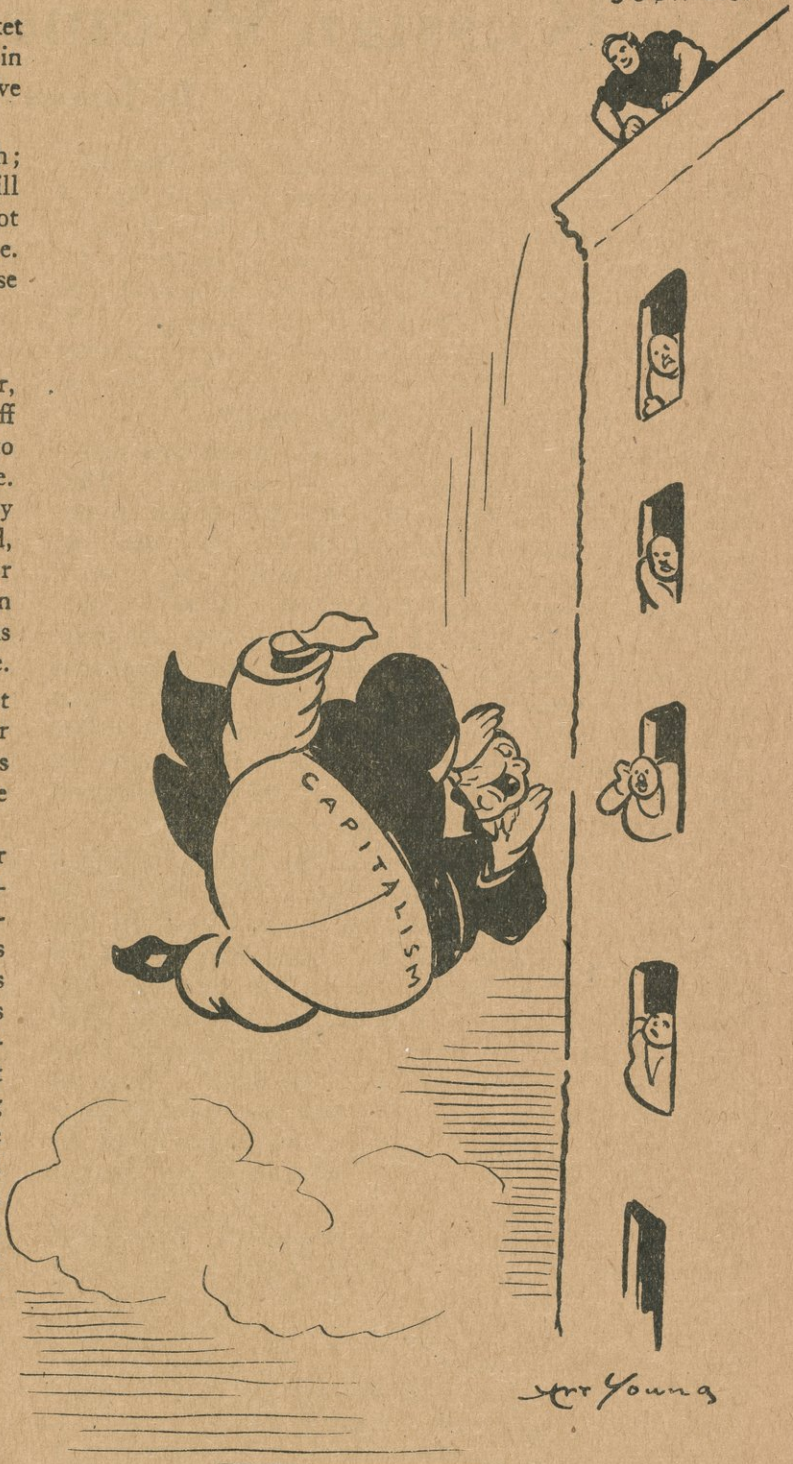
“OPIUM a League PROBLEM,” reads a headline in the great American “Punch.”

It seems that China does not want to buy yearly 250,000 lbs. of opium and its amiable derivations, from Japan, who needs the money.

Bright young pupil of civilization, Japan!

M. L. R.

SOCIALISM



From time to time, one sees reports from foreign investing interests and statements from leading Capitalists that “the outlook is encouraging,”—which recalls the story of a man who was pushed off of a high building. On his way down he would yell through the windows, “All right so far!”

Are Russian Women "Nationalized"?

By Louise Bryant

MANY crimes have been committed against revolutionary Russia, but there is one that is blacker than all the rest; it is the persistent spreading of a vile story about the Nationalization of Russian Women. One cannot expect the defenders of the old order, the living-dead who befool life and progress with the carrion of worn-out creeds, old cruelties, old prejudices, old slaveries, to be tolerant towards Soviet Russia—but at the same time one does not expect such blindness, such appalling hypocrisy.

Around the Republic of Soviets these people have drawn a cordon "to prevent the spread of political plague." They have constructed a curtain, cunningly woven of lies, to shut out the truth about Russia. But the task they have set themselves is superhuman. Truth is an avenging flame, it will consume them and their cordon! Already rays of light shine through the curtain, a hole appears here and there. Old statesmen, used to secret diplomacy, used to the ways of autocracy, tremble with rage, threaten and plot. But they are not artful enough to cover up the holes, to do such delicate mending; their lies are too bald, their fingers too clumsy. . . . And all the youth of the world is against them, and all the weary, exploited masses.

Let us examine that story about the Nationalization of Women. To do so we must go back a little way into the history of Russia. We must recall for how long and with what terrible sacrifices Russian women have striven for freedom. Does not the world know that thousands went yearly to the bleak prisons of Siberia, went willingly, gladly into exile and torture, because they hugged in their hearts the vision of the emancipation of humanity? Thousands gave their lives and their liberty that the world might be cleansed of the horror of Tsardom. No women in the history of the world ever sacrificed so much or ever were as conscious of the value of freedom.

In 1917 the Revolution was accomplished. Women such as these began to take their rightful places in the life of the country. They came from Siberia, from exile abroad, they arose from all over Russia. Does it seem reasonable that such fighting women would humbly submit to degradation? Does it seem reasonable that the men of revolutionary Russia would want to degrade them?

After the revolution there was never a question as to whether or not there should be equality for women. They had fought valiantly for freedom; the revolutionary government bowed respectfully before them. It accorded them political and economic equality and hastened to honor the leaders among them. Alexandra Kollontay was made Minister of Public Welfare. It was a position that demanded a sympathetic nation-mother, and she was equal to the task. To slight, ascetic, Marie Spiridonova fell the colossal task

of becoming the leader of the peasants. She performed that task with the fervor and the spiritual purity of a Joan of Arc. To Madame Stahl fate offered command of the turbulent Cronstadt sailors, and she managed her adventurous sons like a strong and wise parent. These are typical examples. Can anyone believe that such women as these submitted to their own enslavement?

And yet that story about the nationalization of women continues to be circulated, and is lapped up hungrily by all those who have made it their business to heap filth on the struggling new republic. The story rests upon two alleged decrees, one said to have been issued by the Soviet of Saratov, and one by the Soviet of Vladimir. The Saratov "decree," upon investigation appears to have been issued not by the local Soviet, but by a small local club of Anarchists. It was published not in the Socialist or Anarchist press, but in the Capitalist Press. The words "in conformance with the decree of the Soviet," which appear in the document as published in America, were deliberately added by those who copied the story from the Russian papers.

What ignoramuses we would call the Russians if their papers published the creed of the Holy Rollers as typical American legislation, or proclaimed far and wide that every man in America had three or four wives because there was once polygamy in Utah!

Jerome Davis, Secretary of the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A., happened by a lucky chance to be in Saratov just after the story came out, and he has publicly branded it as a falsehood. "I saw the leaders of the Anarchists about it," says Mr. Davis, "and they assured me that the whole thing was a faked-up story, manufactured by people who wanted to discredit the Revolution. They immediately had printed a large poster declaring the story to be a falsehood and disavowing any such notions on their part. The poster was placarded all over Saratov. I have a copy of it among my things . . ."

So the Anarchists themselves deny the story! And still our papers and our astute Senators cling to its authenticity.

As for the decree of Vladimir, the first four paragraphs, providing for a civil marriage much as our own laws do, were taken from the genuine Soviet decree. The rest was added as a satire by the comic paper *Mookha—The Fly*—published in Moscow in the late Spring of 1918. When I explained this to the Senate Judiciary Committee, Major E. Lowrey Humes, of the Military Intelligence, asked me if I did not think it indecent of the Russians to joke about such a matter. It seems to me less indecent to joke about it than to take it as seriously as Major Humes does.

It might be well in speaking of Russian women to mention some of the laws passed by the Soviet Government at Madame Kollontay's suggestion. One of them provides for the free care of women for sixteen weeks, before, during and after confinement. Palaces of motherhood have been established for this purpose, which are really modern maternity hospitals. Under no condition does the mother return to work until she is strong and well, and her full salary is paid by the state throughout this period. The law applies to all women, whether married or single, for the Soviet Government does not believe that the sins of the father should be visited upon the children.

Madam Kollontay is trying to eliminate the dismal old type of orphan asylum, by arranging for the care of orphans by peasant women in their own homes where the children are treated as members of the family.

Something of her warm motherliness is shown in the following decree, which was issued in January, 1918:

Two million young lives every year have been sacrificed in Russia because of the darkness of the oppressed people, because of the apathy of the Class State. Two million suffering mothers yearly have saturated Russian soil with tears, and covered with toil-worn hands the early graves of the innocent victims of the hideous social order. Human thought, which for centuries has sought a free path, has at last reached the bright age of workers' reforms, in which the mother will be safeguarded for the child, and the child for the mother. Among the conspicuous examples of capitalist morality were orphan-asylums crowded beyond their capacity, with a colossal death-rate and a horrible method of nursing the children—a method which was an insult to the sacred feelings of a helpless toiling mother, and which made of a mother-citizen a dull nursing animal. All these nightmare horrors have, fortunately, been swallowed up in the dark mists of the past since the victory of the Workers' and Peasants' Revolution.

You, working-women, toiling mother-citizens, with your responsive hearts—you brave builders of a new social life—you ideal teachers, physicians, and nurses—all of you are called by new Soviet Russia to contribute your minds and feelings to help build the great structure of Social Welfare for future generations. All central and local institutions of the Commissariat of Public Welfare which serve the children, from the date of publication of this decree, are merged into one organization, and transferred to the supervision of the Department for Safeguarding Mothers and Children, so as to create an inseparable system, together with the institutions for the care of pregnant women, for the purpose of bringing up mentally and physically strong citizens. The Petrograd Maternity Home (formerly a private institution), with all its auxiliary branches, becomes a part of the system of "Palaces for Safeguarding Motherhood and Infancy," and is named, "Palace of Infancy." The Moscow Maternity Home becomes part of the Moscow Institute of Motherhood, and is named, "The Moscow Institute of Infancy."

For the purpose of hastening the realization of the necessary reforms for safeguarding childhood in Russia, a special committee has been organized in connection with the Department for Safeguarding Mothers and Children. This committee is composed of representatives of the Soviets of Workers', Soldiers and Peasants' Deputies, of workers' organizations, and of specialists in children's health and education. The following principles shall guide the work of this Committee:

1. Safeguarding the mother for the child. The best milk for the child—the milk from its mother's breast.
2. Bringing up the child in the atmosphere of a widely-developed socialist community.

3. Creating for the child conditions which will lay a foundation for the development of its physical and mental strength, and for a bright understanding of life.

People's Commissar of Public Welfare: Alexandra Kollontay.

Member of the Collegium, supervising the Department for Safeguarding Mothers and Children: N. Korolev.
Secretary: Zvetkov.

January 31, 1918.

No one can read this decree, passed and sanctioned by the Soviet Government, and believe that the same government would enslave and degrade its women.

Prinkipo and After

THE invitation of the Peace Conference to "all the Russian factions" to meet at Prinkipo, filled the ever-hopeful Liberals with rejoicing.

We Socialists were not so exhilarated. The Allied Governments, with similar friendly sentiments on their lips, had sent troops, without any declaration of war, to shoot down Russian peasants and workers once before. We watched for the lead pipe in the sock. We knew that the Peace Conference did not mean what it said, and could not carry it out if it did. We hoped that the Russian Soviet Government would not be tricked into putting itself at the mercy of its merciless foes.

It was evidently believed in Paris that the Bolsheviki would refuse the invitation, and thereby give an excuse to declare war against the Soviet Government. At any rate, in order to provide against eventualities, the invitation specified that the Soviet Government should cease all fighting, and withdraw its troops from all fronts. This, of course, was impossible, and the Peace Conference knew it; for the Allied, American, Tchekho-Slovak and renegade Russian troops did not cease fighting, and did not intend to.

The Bolsheviki accepted the invitation to Prinkipo, and the other factions refused it. Finally the other factions also consented, and the Peace Conference thereupon abandoned the whole project—on the ground that the Bolsheviki had not stopped fighting!

At the same time the American and British Governments announced that their troops would be withdrawn from Archangel "in the spring" (not a word about withdrawing from Siberia). In order to withdraw, said the statement, the British Government intended to reinforce the troops at Archangel by two thousand men, and the American Government by several companies of engineers, who were to build a railway connecting the Murman and Archangel lines. At the time this is published the Soviet Government is meeting these fair words by rushing reinforcements of soldiers to the Northern Front. And American boys, sent to Russia without any reason, against the law of this country, on a shameless adventure for the benefit of European diplomats and bondholders, are killing and being killed without ceasing.

How has the American Government shown its good faith toward Soviet Russia? It is not necessary to rehearse the whole history. In March, 1918, President Wilson sent

official greetings to the Russian people through the Congress of Soviets, and at the same time a proposal from the Soviet Government to fight the Germans with American and Allied aid was ignored. Several months later American consular officers took advantage of their diplomatic privileges, just as German diplomats did in the United States, to plot against the Soviet Government. In September American troops landed in Russia, without the shadow of an excuse, and took part in the forcible overthrow of the governments set up by the Russian people in Archangel and Vladivostok. In order to stop the flood of criticism at home a branch of the United States Government, Mr. Creel's Committee on Public Information, published the infamous Sisson Documents, purporting to show that Lenine and Trotzky were German agents—a mass of forgeries discredited in every European Chancellery.

The Sisson Documents having met with a cool and skeptical welcome here, another method was tried. The President issued his Appeal against the Red Terror; which document, if sincere, was based on exaggerations and a total lack of understanding of the real situation; and which, moreover, was a palpably class-conscious utterance against the workers of Russia, and called forth the bitterest rebuke from the Soviet Government, which would never have reached the American public if it hadn't been smuggled into the country. Slowly but surely the effect of these two provocative acts of the Government has been dissipated. And at the moment of this writing the third attempt to discredit Soviet Russia in the eyes of the American people is being made—the most brutal and shameless of all. A sub-committee of the Committee on Judiciary of the United States Senate is engaged in "investigating Bolshevik Propaganda in America."

This avowed purpose is, of course, the merest camouflage. The whole course of the hearings showed that "Bolshevik propaganda in America" had very little to do with the work of the Committee. Its job was evidently to give the sanction of a Senatorial investigation to the cheap villification of Russia by ignorant and unscrupulous persons. No lie was too shallow to gain credence before the Committee—no pornographic exaggeration was too discredited to receive its solemn attention. All the outworn lies about the nationalization of women, the anarchistic chaos of conditions in Russia, brutal murders of innocent people, Chinese and Lettish mercenaries guarding Lenine, Trotzky's luxurious existence, an American negro as member of the Council of People's Commissars, New York's East Side being responsible for the Revolution, were rehearsed before a committee composed of some of the most ignorant and reactionary members of the United States Senate. Lies and perversions of fact which had long been too raw for the newspapers to print were joyfully seized upon by the reporters under the august patronage of a Senatorial Investigation, and the press of the country was flooded with outrageous reports about Russia, enlivened by such remarks as Senator Overman's grave statement to the audience, "Maxim Gorky is one of the most immoral men in the world. . . ."

If the Committee had not been forced to hear the other side, it would have confined its investigations to the handful of bank-clerks, Y. M. C. A. secretaries, American officials who dared not go out on the streets of Petrograd, a Methodist Minister who lied on the stand, Madame Breshkovskaya, who is supported by counter-revolutionary money (and who, by the way, was addressed by the reverend Senators as "Mrs. Skovsky"), a Russian monarchist, and a Chicago professor of dubious reputation.

From these repeated shocks the working-class of the United States is emerging with a clearer and clearer understanding of the truth about Russia, and with a more and more skeptical attitude toward official announcements about the Soviet Government. It sees the Russian Proletarian Republic grow stronger and stronger, mobilize an army of millions; it sees Bolshevism sweep over Europe like a tide, irresistible; it perceives that the capitalist class can disappear, and yet the production and distribution of commodities go on; to its ears come persistent rumors of the wonderful achievements of the new social order unfolding in the most backward of all the great countries of Europe; and more and more certainly it feels that the workers and peasants of Russia are allied to it, by stronger than blood-ties, and that the interests of the world's workers are bound up together.

This is the knowledge that is sweeping the world, and uniting it, while the blundering forces of International Capitalism, divided among themselves in selfish greed, are slowly uniting against the Russian and the German Revolutions. That they no longer dare to unite openly is evident; the peoples will no longer do their will. But this hostility, although futile in the end, is a source of menace to our new-found freedom. Only ten days ago, when the Peace Conference was still addressing honeyed words to the Soviet Government, the newspapers announced casually the shipment of 60,000 rifles from Bridgeport, Connecticut, to Siberia, "this making," said the dispatch, "120,000 which have been shipped in the past six weeks." From all the indications, a great volunteer army of bourgeois is being formed in Europe to attack Soviet Russia—an army of White Guards, secretly organized and supplied by the munitions-works of the Allied Powers and of America.

The abandonment of the Prinkipo Conference is accompanied by the ominous statement that "other measures will be taken" to "deal with the Russian question." This means war—war, perhaps, on a gigantic scale—the Great War, beside which the war just ended is child's-play—war between the possessing classes and the world's disinherited. The capitalist nations, whether they fight or not, cannot exist with a Proletarian Republic in their midst, for in all countries the masses are learning the lesson the Russian Revolution.

Well might the Soviet Government, confronting the allied bourgeoisie of the world, paraphrase that gigantic challenge of Danton's: "*A coalition of kings threatens us; as a gage of battle we hurl at their feet the head of a king!*"

JOHN REED.

When Is a Revolution Not a Revolution

Reflections on the Seattle General Strike by a Woman Who Was There

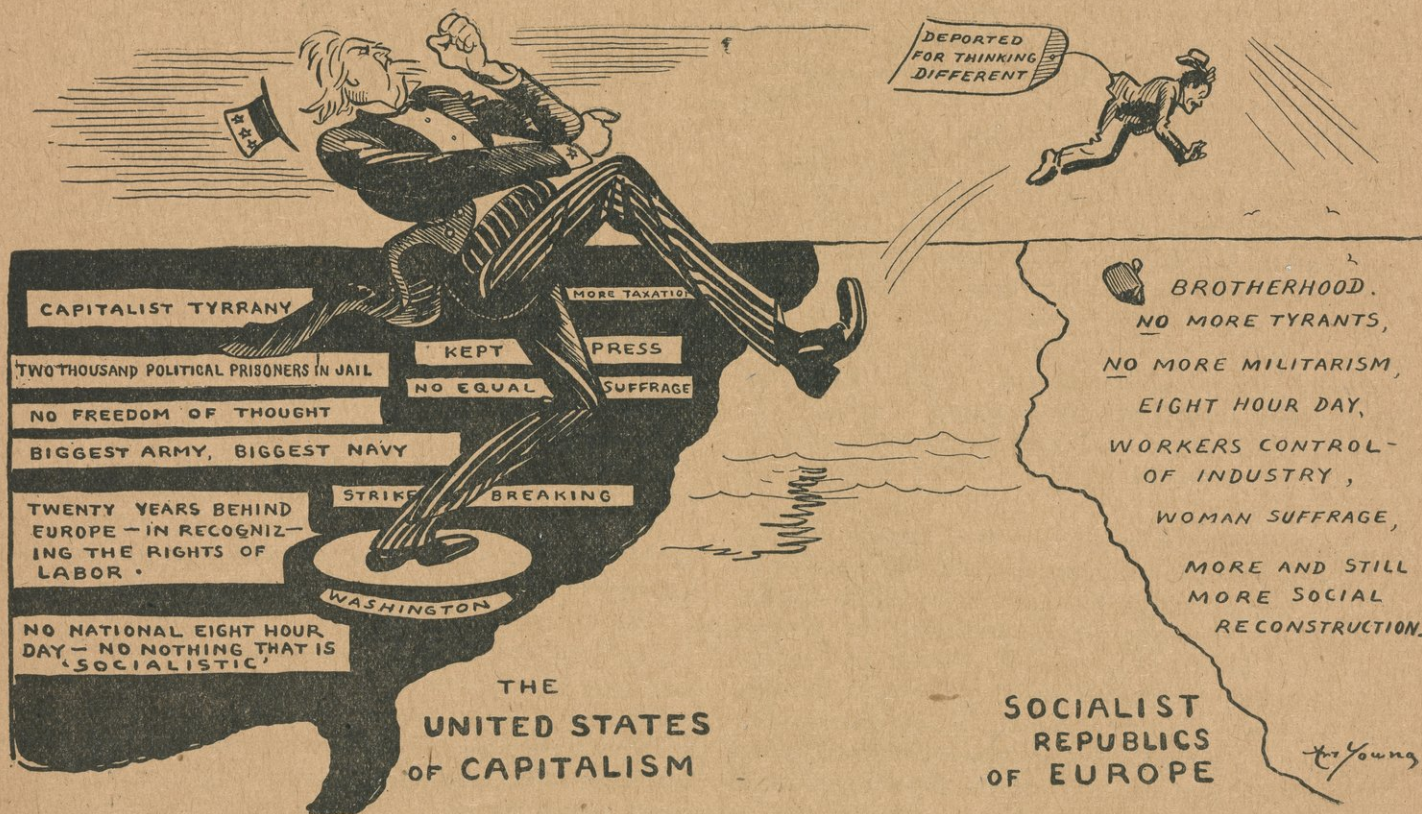
"A GENERAL STRIKE, called by regular unions of the American Federation of Labor, cutting across contracts, across international union constitutions, across the charter from the American Federation of Labor,"—this was what the chairman of the strike committee declared it to be. A General Strike in which the strikers served 30,000 meals a day, in which the Milk Wagon Drivers established milk stations all over town to care for the babies, in which city garbage wagons went to and fro marked "Exempt by Strike Committee"; a General Strike in which 300 Labor Guards without arms or authority went to and fro preserving order; in which the Strike Committee, sitting in almost continuous session, decided what activities should and should not be exempted from strike in the interests of public safety and health, and even forced the Mayor to come to the Labor Temple to make arrangements for lighting the city.

Yet almost any member of the Strike Committee will tell you, in hot anger, that "this was no revolution, except in the Capitalist papers; it was only a show of sympathy and solidarity for our brothers in the shipyards." And so in truth it was, in intention. It would seem that the beginnings of all new things take place, not through conscious intention, but through the inevitable action of economic forces.

Hardly yet do the workers of Seattle realize all the things they did.

The shipyard workers of Seattle struck, 35,000 strong, on January 21st. On January 22, a request was brought to the Central Labor Council for a general strike in sympathy with the Metal Trades. This was referred to the various unions for referendum. By the following Wednesday, January 29, the returns were pouring in.

"Newsboys vote to strike and await instructions of Joint



Drawn by Art Young.

He Should Worry!

Strike Committee." "Hotel maids vote 8 to 1 for strike." "Waitresses expect to go strong for general strike." Foundry employees, butchers, structural iron workers, milk wagon drivers, garment workers, carpenters, barbers, building laborers, longshoremen, painters, glaziers, plasterers, cooks and assistants,—these were among the votes to come in the first week.

On Sunday delegates from 80 unions met as a General Strike Committee. They were a new group, unused to working together, and almost without exception from the rank and file. They selected a committee of fifteen as Executive Committee, and from that time to the end of the strike there was hardly a moment day or night in which either the General Committee or the Executive Committee was not on the job at the Labor Temple.

On Thursday at 10 A. M. the strike was called. Even the local press declared that the city "was prostrate," that "not a wheel turned for 24 hours." Soon the strikers themselves began to discover an embarrassment in the very completeness of the strike. They were learning that there is another solidarity than that of labor, the solidarity of the consuming public of which they also were part. They were faced almost at once by the necessity of deciding a vast number of questions which might be summed up in one: "Were they striking against the business-men, or against the community? Did they want to make people as miserable as possible, or only to interfere with profit?"

The workers were carrying on a strike, not a revolution. They had no intention of ruining their home town, or reducing it to a state of siege. They did not propose to destroy anything; but only to run things for a little while, and take the whole town with them on a vacation.

Take for instance the Laundry Workers. Serving notice on their bosses that they were going to strike on Thursday, and that no more laundry should be taken in, they at the same time asked, and were granted, permission to work long enough on Thursday to finish the clothes in the laundries, lest they spoil with mildew. Then they arranged, by consultations with the Laundrymen's club (the employers) that one laundry should remain open for hospital work, and that a sufficient number of wagons should be exempted to carry hospital laundry. This complete program, carefully organized, was presented to the Strike Committee and authorized.

The Milk Wagon Drivers attempted to arrange with the Milk Dealers for a complete system of milk stations all over the city to supply babies. Finding that the Milk Dealers were disposed to run the affair themselves, the Drivers withdrew and let the Dealers sell milk at the various dairies, while they established neighborhood milk stations. The Milk Dealers asked the Drivers Union to endorse their application to the Strike Committee for one auto-truck permit to get their milk into the city, and the Drivers graciously agreed!

A request from the county commissioners that janitors be allowed to keep the county-city building clean was denied;

also a request that janitors be allowed to keep the Labor Temple in sanitary condition. The Strike Committee was playing no favorites. But whenever a request arrived involving the care of the sick, it was granted without more ado. Janitor after janitor who called up to report that there were cases of "flu" in his apartment house and that he wished to remain on the job, was permitted to do so.

Page after page of requests for exemption, granted or refused, fill the minutes of the Strike Committee.

For example:

Teamsters request permission to haul oil to the Swedish Hospital during strike. Concurred in.

City Garbage Wagon Drivers apply for instructions and are given permits to gather such garbage as tends to create epidemics, but no ashes or papers.

Drug clerks apply for instructions and are told that they are permitted to fill prescriptions only, and that in front of every drugstore left open, signs must appear that no goods are sold during general strike, but prescriptions are filled by order of strike committee.

House of Good Shepherd granted permission to haul food and provisions only.

Trade Printery applies for exemption for printing for unions. Not granted, but the Printery is asked to turn over its plant to the Strike Committee and the printers are asked to contribute their services. This request is granted by the Trade Printery.

Auto Drivers allowed to answer calls from hospitals or funerals, providing such calls go through their union.

Bake ovens at Davidson's Bakery allowed to operate, all wages to go into the general strike fund.

Solidarity developed to an amazing degree during the strike. The Japanese and American restaurant workers went out side by side. The Japanese barbers struck when the American barbers struck, and were given seats of honor at the Barbers union meeting which occurred immediately thereafter.

Members of the I. W. W. were granted, by vote of the General Strike Committee, the same privileges in the eating houses that were possessed by members of regular unions. And the I. W. W.'s responded with the promise that if any of their members were found causing trouble, they would put them out of town and keep them out, as "they intended to show the A. F. of L. that they could join in a strike and cause no disorder."

One hundred and eleven Local Unions of the A. F. of L. took part in the strike. How many individual workers struck without the protection of a union will never be known, but there were many. There came to my notice an elevator boy in an office building who calmly quit, saying that he hoped to get his job back again, but he wasn't going to work during the strike. Two men working for a landscape gardener did the same, and lost their jobs. Newsboys arose

in school and left on Thursday at 10 A. M. Much spontaneous action of this kind occurred all over the city.

The mayor went about the task of preserving the peace in the time-honored way. Machine guns came into town, large numbers of troops were brought over from Camp Lewis and quartered in Seattle, 600 special police were employed by the city and 2,400 volunteer "special" police were hastily sworn in.

But despite all the usual provocations to violence, the strikers did not retaliate; 60,000 men were out for five days without a single arrest in connection with the strike. Why? Because, while the authorities prepared for violence, the workers organized for peace.

"It was the members of organized labor who kept peace and order during the strike. To no one else belongs the credit." These are the words of Robert Bridges, President of the Port of Seattle.

"Labor's War Veteran Guards"—this was the name given to the organization formed by labor to police the strike. All labor men who had seen service in the U. S. Army or Navy were invited to join. The purpose of the organization was "to preserve law and order without the use of force." Its first rule was that "no member shall have any police power or be allowed to carry any weapons." Men who could have received good pay from the city police as special officers, preferred to give their services free to labor, in return for two meals a day.

They worked in cooperation with the police; but their standards were higher. While the police would allow threatening crowds to gather, crowds which might become a riot—the Labor Guards would mix quietly with the bunch and say: "Brother working-men, this is for your own good. We don't want crowds that will give the machine guns a chance."

"You're right, brother," would come the answer, and the throngs would scatter.

Even when the city car-line started, with armed men in the cars, the Labor Guards succeeded in dispersing the irritated crowds. A state of such peaceful strength was brought about that self-important youths swinging big sticks could pass right through crowds at the Labor Temple and receive good-natured, ironical smiles from men who refused to be angered. "It is your smile that is upsetting their reliance on artillery, brother," was the theme of many a Strike Bulletin editorial. And indeed it was the fact that "nothing happened" that perplexed the business men and the authorities most.

When after five days, announcing that the main objects of the strike were accomplished, the General Strike Committee called off the sympathetic strike, most of the men went back to work in good spirits, realizing, not indeed that they had won the recognition of the shipyard workers which they had asked for, but that perhaps they had done something bigger. They had educated the City of Seattle in the knowledge of its dependence on labor; they had learned much in the process. They had had an intimate contact with

the interrelation of the city's industries and the city's life; they knew the sources of food, and what happens when City power goes off. They had come close "to the problem of management." They had done it all quietly, without a touch of violence, without an arrest.

They went back to the old relations. But the Milk Wagon Drivers have faced the problem of running the milk business of the town. They know it; and their bosses know it. And the Cooks have faced the problem of provisioning a city. And the barbers are starting a chain of cooperative barber shops. And the plumbers have opened a profitless grocery store. And the Labor War Veteran Guards are forming a permanent organization for the policing of labor dances, labor parades and strikes.

No, it wasn't a revolution! "The seat of government is still at the City Hall" boasts Mayor Hanson. Yet more than one business man, riding to town in his auto, looked at the garbage wagon marked "Exempt by Strike Committee" and said bitterly: "There goes the new government!"

(It is impossible to keep up with Cooperation in Seattle. Just as we go to press word comes of a Cooperative Bank opened March 1st in which the workers of Seattle deposited \$1,000,000 the first day!)



Drawn by Stuart Davis.

"Yes, the murderers were very interesting. Would it be too much trouble to show us the martyrs now?"

Tell us about rapine

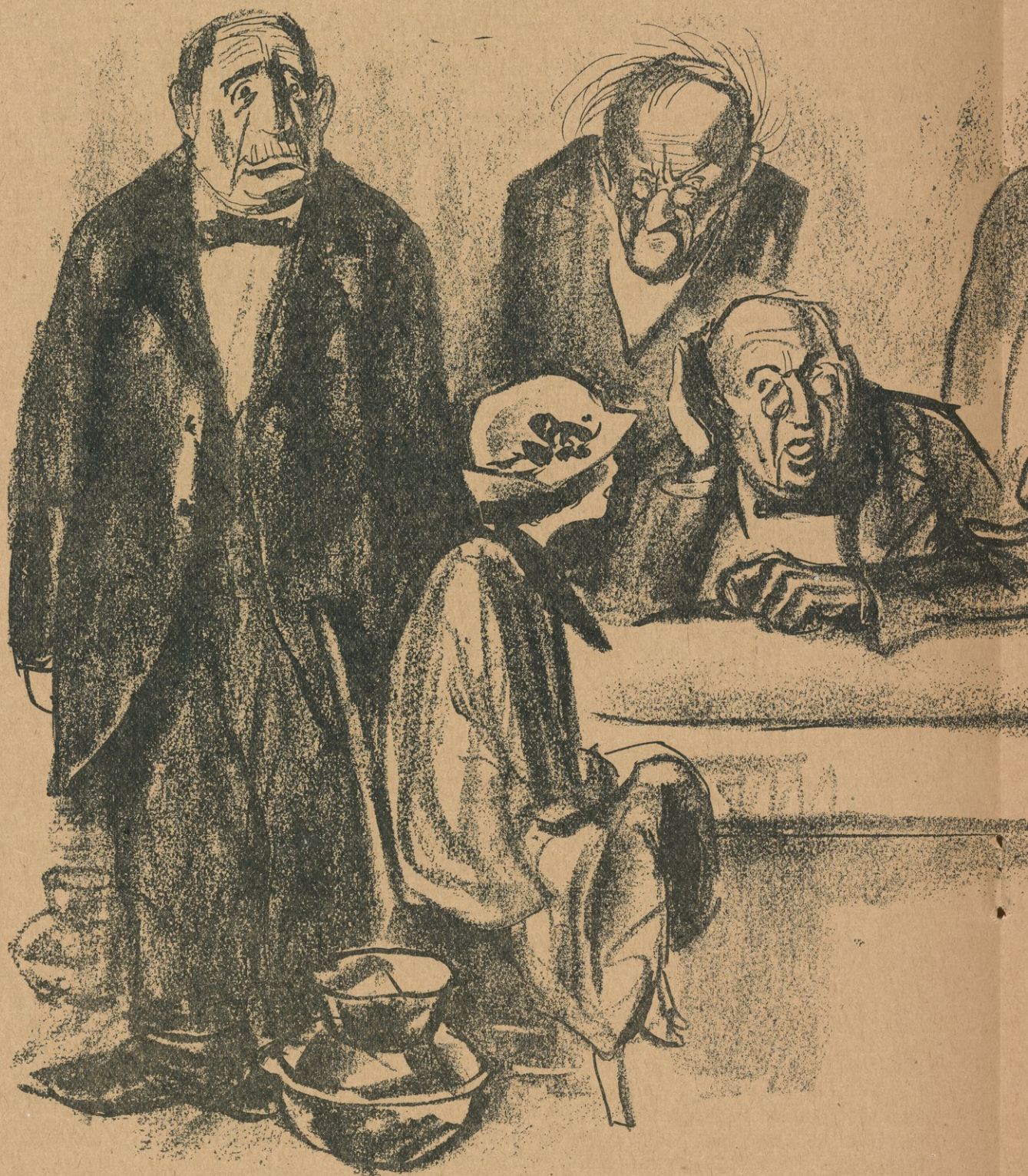


Was the Doomy settin
when you left Rooshy?



Do you believ
Infant dam

Whazzat?



Drawn by Boardman Robinson.

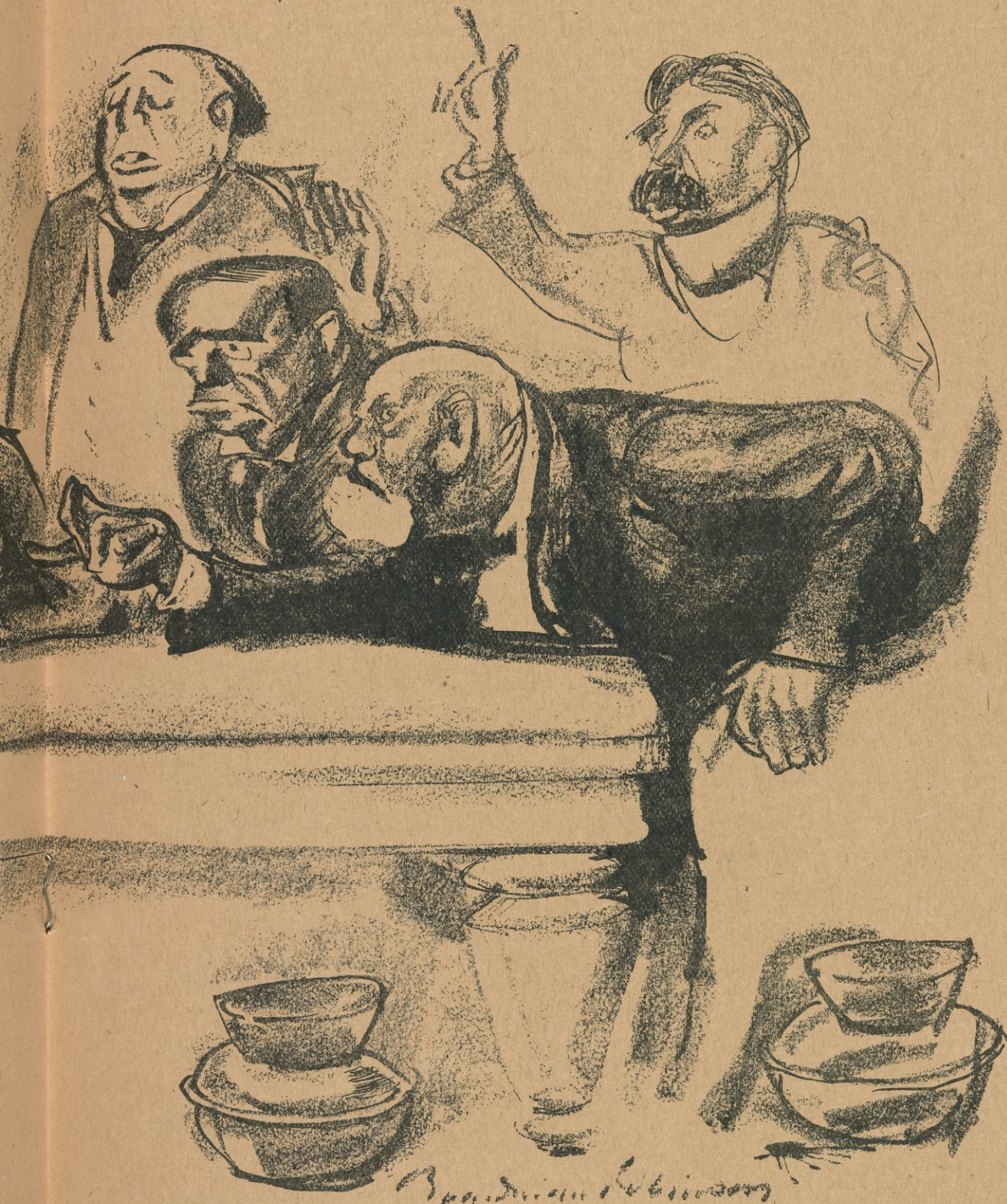
Our Elder Statesmen Inv

Do you believe in
hell and damnation?

Do you believe in GOD?

Do you mean the Volga RIVER?

I thought so



Vladimir Mayakovsky

Investigate the Bolsheviki

"Finding Out About Russia"

[BEING VERBATIM EXCERPTS FROM THE INQUISITION OF LOUISE BRYANT BY THE OVERMAN INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.]

SENATOR OVERMAN. The committee will come to order.—Miss Bryant, do you believe in God and in the sanctity of the oath?

MISS BRYANT. Certainly, I believe in the sanctity of the oath.

SENATOR KING. Do you believe there is a God?

MISS BRYANT. I suppose there is a God. I have no way of knowing.

SENATOR NELSON. Do you believe in the Christian religion?

MISS BRYANT. I believe all people should have the sort of religion they wish.

SENATOR NELSON. You are not a Christian, then?

MISS BRYANT. I was christened in the Catholic Church.

SENATOR NELSON. What are you now, a Christian?

MISS BRYANT. Yes, I suppose I am.

SENATOR NELSON. And do you believe in Christ?

MISS BRYANT. I believe in the teachings of Christ, Senator Nelson.

SENATOR OVERMAN. Do you believe in God?

(Here Senator King made it plain to Miss Bryant that if she did not answer in the affirmative, she would not be allowed to continue her testimony.)

MISS BRYANT. Yes, I will concede that I believe in God, Senator Overman.

SENATOR KING. This is important because a person who has no conception of God does not have any idea in the sanctity of an oath, and the oath would be meaningless.

SENATOR WOLCOTT. Do you believe in a punishment hereafter and a reward for duty?

MISS BRYANT. It seems to me as if I were being tried for witch-craft.

SENATOR OVERMAN. It is not so at all.

MISS BRYANT. I did not hear any previous witness put through such an ordeal.

SENATOR OVERMAN. It is not an ordeal, it is the ordinary procedure in court to see if a witness appreciates the sanctity of an oath.

MISS BRYANT. Very well, I will concede even that there is a Hell.

(Witness is sworn by the Chairman.)

SENATOR OVERMAN. Now, I want to find out about matters in Russia and what you observed there. What is your name?

(A discussion over the witness's two names follows, and the Senators learn that it is legal for a married woman to use her own name.)

SENATOR OVERMAN. Your home is in New York?

MISS BRYANT. Yes.

SENATOR OVERMAN. Where have you been living since you have been in Washington?

MISS BRYANT. I stopped for awhile at the National Women's Party's Headquarters. * * *

SENATOR NELSON. Did you belong to the picket squad?

MISS BRYANT. I do not know what that has to do about Russia, but I did. I believe in equality for women as well as for men, even in my own country.

SENATOR NELSON. Did you participate in the burning of the President's message?

MISS BRYANT. Yes.

SENATOR NELSON. Did you participate in the burning of the Effigy?

MISS BRYANT. I did, and I went on a hunger strike.

SENATOR OVERMAN. What do you mean by that?

(The Senators are told just what a hunger strike is.)

SENATOR KING. Where did you live before you lived in New York? You lived in Oregon, did you not?

MISS BRYANT. Yes, sir. But I do wish you would let me tell you something about Russia.

* * * * *

SENATOR KING. And your husband and Mr. Rhys Williams, were on the staff of the Bolsheviki for the purpose of preparing propaganda for—

MISS BRYANT. A revolution in Germany.

SENATOR KING (*shouting*). For the Bolsheviki!

MISS BRYANT. No, for a revolution in Germany. * * * If you will allow me, I will show you the kind of papers they printed there. There has never been any secret about this propaganda. For instance—

SENATOR NELSON. We do not care about that.

MISS BRYANT. You do not care about it?

SENATOR NELSON. About those papers. We want the facts.

MISS BRYANT. These papers are facts and you must admit the facts. Here is an illustrated paper in German prepared for sending into the German lines in order to make—

SENATOR NELSON. Don't be so impertinent.

* * * * *

SENATOR OVERMAN. I think she wants to tell us about Russia.

* * * * *

SENATOR OVERMAN (*as the witness starts to tell something about Russia*). Do not go into that.

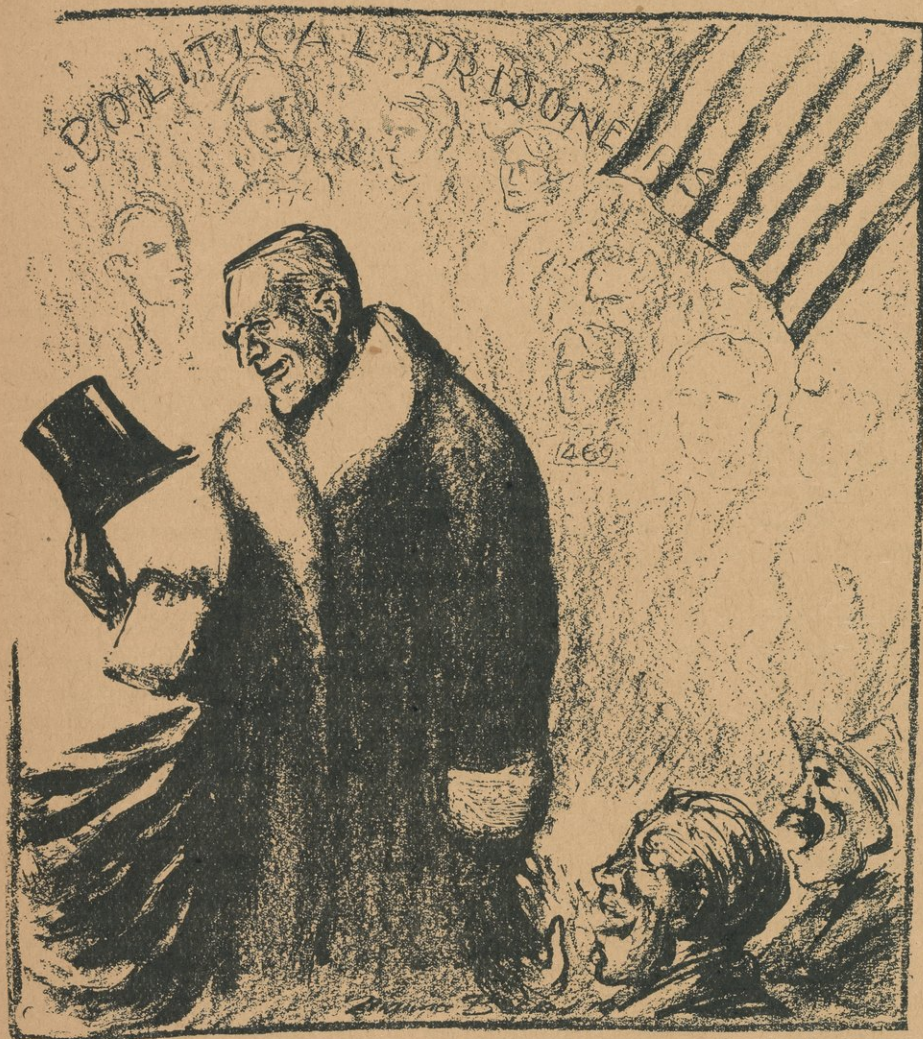
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SENATOR OVERMAN (*interrupting*). That is all we want to know.

* * * * *

SENATOR WOLCOTT (*in conclusion*). You have said, have you, all you wanted to say?

Ten Days that Shook the League of Nations



Drawn by Maurice Becker.

"A Cloud of Witnesses"

THERE are those who question the propriety of Mr. Wilson's return to France at this critical moment in American affairs. That is because they still think of Mr. Wilson as the President of the United States. This is the view cherished by those whose minds, as Mr. Wilson significantly remarked in his Boston speech, "have no sweep beyond the nearest horizon." Mr. Wilson's first trip to France was a diplomatic errand abroad of the spokesman of the United States. But when Mr. Wilson landed in Boston it was as the spokesman of the League of Nations, on a diplomatic errand to America.

The proper question is not whether he did well in going

back to Paris, but rather if he did well in leaving his post there at all. It may be that Mr. Wilson's visit to the United States was a fatal mistake. For the plain history of those ten days reveals the desperate weakness of his position, and of the League which centers about him.

In order to understand precisely the significance of those ten days, it is necessary to understand the relation of Mr. Wilson to the League of Nations, and the sudden conversion of the Machiavellis of Europe to Wilsonian idealism.

There was an interesting passage in the diary of the late Czar of All the Russias, as published in the newspapers after his death. It was dated back in the early days of the revolution, and told of some visits made to him by Kerensky. The ex-Czar wrote something like this: "What a nice fellow that man Kerensky is! And what a pity that I did not have the pleasure of knowing him several years back. He understands things very clearly, and with his ability he could have prevented all this trouble."

Mr. Wilson also sees things very clearly. He sees what Kerensky saw—a revolution ahead. He is an excellent, because candid, counsellor to the Rulers of Europe. And he is a man of ability, too; he has precisely Kerensky's gift of words. And with his ability, it is hoped by his new friends, he may prevent for them the fate of the Czar of All the Russias.

For Kerensky, whose candid conversation gave the Czar such pleasure, understood the inarticulate demands of popular idealism, and could utter them to the soul-deep satisfaction of the populace. It was no part of his purpose to carry these ideals into fact in any extreme and literal form. He was a practical man, and—after their first suspicions of him were allayed—was recognized and dealt with as such by the chancelleries of Europe. He was, in truth, an invaluable man, for none but one speaking the dearest hopes of the Russian people could hold their confidence. His eloquence bridged the gap between the practical intention to maintain the status quo, which underlay the bourgeois reform politics of the period, and the wild fervor of the

masses for a new state of affairs. He was the only man who could hold power in Russia. When Milyukov opened his mouth and naively said "Constantinople," he was done for. It needed a man who understood both practical politics and popular ideals, and could do the one while saying the other, without missing a point. Such temperaments are rare, and it is a fortunate age which can produce two perfect examples.

To return to Mr. Wilson.—His idealism has been discovered by the rulers of Europe to be less intransigent than they had imagined. It was found above all not hostile to their main purposes in the practical matter of territorial gains. If in some respects his idealism appeared stern and immovable, it was for reasons that they began to understand. Before his entrance into their councils they had been inclined to pooh-pooh "the menace of Bolshevism." Events, or Mr. Wilson's candor, or a happy combination of both, have instructed them in discretion. After all, some actual arrangements in the shape of a League of Nations might be advisable!

It is necessary to realize that—as Mr. Wilson's admirers say very truly—without him there would be no League of Nations. It is an arrangement holding in abeyance or actually denying some of the claims of old-fashioned statesmanship, in deference to a sense of the peril in which the property-system now stands throughout Europe. It is a plan which baulks the cruder instincts of grab, and these baulked instincts are being restrained only by the conviction that the working-people of Europe are to be held in line by such an arrangement. It is a compromise based specifically upon the mutual confidence of the Rulers of Europe and the working-people of Europe in Mr. Wilson.

In America we have the same elements in conflict, precisely, as in Europe; conflict tending toward precisely the same end—bitter and relentless and *open* class-war. But it is still possible to veil with a shining web of words the nature of this conflict—and Mr. Wilson, encouraged by his European success, may have imagined that he was going to do the same thing here.

He came, and saw and—talked. His first words were of the sort that had brought the workingmen of Europe to his feet. They were no less than a threat to the "present Governments" of the world (including perhaps the Senate of the United States?) that if they do not do the people's bidding, "some other Governments shall." But we have heard that sort of thing before, and we know just how much significance to attach to it. It read better in Europe than it sounded here. A compromiser, however expert, gets found out in his own country. When European statesmen used to come to America and pay, first of all, their respects to the Great Man at Oyster Bay, they would wonder at our half-humorous attitude toward him. But we had stood at Armageddon and battled for the Lord until the time came to sell out to the enemy; and we knew that politics is just politics. So the populace did not bate its breath at Wilson's speech, nor the Senate tremble, nor Henry Cabot Lodge propose that our distinguished visitor

be interned as a Bolshevnik. The Senate merely refused to pass the Railroad Bill and the Army and Navy Appropriations, and pledged more than a third of its members to vote against the League of Nations plan, and waited to see what the President would do next. And nobody in this country takes that seriously, either; it is just a move in the political game. But over in Europe it makes a different impression. What will Mr. Wilson's confreres at the peace table think when he tells them that America is for the League?

The fact is that such a conflict as exists in America between the forces of utter reaction, of which the Republican Senate is representative so far as it is representative of anything, and the half-conscious revolutionary masses—such a conflict requires the most constant rhetorical attention if it is to be kept within the limits of the prettified compromise which we call "democracy." Mr. Wilson cannot be talking here and in Paris at the same time, and unquestionably the situation abroad is the more perilously in need of his eloquence. It was rash of him to come back at this moment and draw the attention of the whole world to the impotence of his verbal idealism in our domestic affairs.

Far from allaying the conflict, his visit only served to dramatize it more poignantly. Every step he took on American soil was dogged and haunted by evidences of his failure to make good his amiable ostensions. From the time he landed, to be greeted by the Suffragists with the reminder that through his specific responsibility the women of this country were still waiting constitutional enfranchisement, to the night of his great speech, when those who sought to remind him of Tom Mooney in prison for life, of Ireland ignored, and again of voteless women were hunted from his path by policemen and mobbed and beaten by soldiers and sailors—every moment of his stay held its record of the growing suspicion with which his words are greeted in America.

"I uttered as the objects of this war ideals and nothing but ideals," said President Wilson. And like a cynical echo came the servile whine of the Supreme Court, in upholding one of the two thousand barbarous sentences* under Mr. Wilson's Espionage Act: "free speech depends upon surrounding circumstances." And, by way of a reminder that "this is in no sense a conscription of the unwilling," came a new strike of military prisoners at Ft. Leavenworth, where conscientious objectors are serving their 5, 10 and 20 year sentences.

"Intrigue cannot stand publicity"—a profound utterance from his final speech. At that moment, 34 men were lying on Ellis Island, waiting to be deported; men who had been in this country for years, and given their labor to creating its wealth; but obnoxious to the lumber barons

* This barbarity is scarcely mitigated by the shameful hypocrisy of the fifty commutations of Espionage Act sentences which he signed before he left. The reduction of the sentences of innocent people (as these were in every case) from ten or twenty to *two* years or *one* year, represents the attempt of a guilty bureaucracy to "save its face." And with one exception all cases of political and labor leaders sentenced for their opinions are conspicuously ignored.

and other commercial interests of the Northwest; arrested, held incommunicado, tried by an Immigration Inspector who was prosecuting attorney, judge, jury and even court stenographer, with the privilege of falsifying the record, all in one; found guilty of being "likely to become a public charge" because of holding opinions which "would be almost certain sometimes to bring him into conflict with the laws"; sentenced to be deported for being members of the I. W. W. and for no other crime; among them three American-born citizens who had been unable to produce *proof* of their citizenship; held in jail at the pleasure of the officials; shipped across country in closed cars; held incommunicado at Ellis Island; denied a writ of habeas corpus; prevented from seeing their lawyers; shut in behind a solid wall of secrecy which the most devoted efforts of some few friends of freedom barely sufficed to break through

—the first of ten or twenty thousand "undesirables" which Mr. Wilson's Department of Labor is planning to deport in this manner.

* * *

The struggle has become too open in America for words to conceal. The reactionaries know what they are fighting for, and labor is beginning to know. Mr. Wilson's visit has simply served to show that the time for words is past. How much confidence can the uneasy rulership of Europe put in the magic of Mr. Wilson's eloquence now? In Europe, more swiftly than here, the class-struggle rushes toward its climax.

"The peoples of the world are in the saddle and they are going to see to it that if the present Governments do not do their will some other Governments shall."—Prophetic words!
F. D.

THE HERETICS

A ROW of bearded fellows . . . four . . .
In hand-cuffs . . . chained to an iron bar . . .
Their fare feet straining to the slimy floor . . .
Stripped to their ragged underwear . . .
Their bruises not yet hardened to a scar . . .
Four bearded chins upon four breasts in prayer.

The twilight made by one high oblong's dim
On him . . . and him . . . and him . . . and him.

Perhaps no matter . . . there's not much to see . . .
No blanket on the cold and clammy bricks . . .
No bread . . . no pitcher . . . bowl . . . or pail . . .
But once in twenty-four or thirty-six
Slow hours of this well conducted jail,
The keepers come with cups of water . . . four . . .
At which each chained man licks . . .
Come with four crusts for jaws . . .
At which each chained man gnaws . . .
(Chained man! . . . chained dog? . . . chained bear?) . . .
Between the cursings . . . clubbings . . . kicks.
The keepers go . . . they climb the long stone stair . . .
And all below's the same once more—
Four bearded chins upon four breasts in prayer.

It is a quiet place . . .
Quiet for four . . . or three . . . or two . . . or one.

A little moaning . . . "Father" . . . "God" . . . "thy face,"
And . . . "will be done" . . . "thy will be done!"
That's all . . .
Except at times the free
Far wash and rumble of the western sea
Against the rocks beside the dungeon wall.
For though the dark brine seep . . . and seep . . . and seep . . .
And crumble the mortar . . . it's so silently,
At least when four are standing in their sleep.

Quiet, so quiet, while the thunders pass,
And the great winds of sunset sweep
Over the prison-island Alcatraz.

Quiet, so quiet . . . where each stands,
Two hands strung up, beside two strung-up hands . . .
They do not hear
The statesmen, far and near,
In hills, and fields, and towns above,
Proclaiming liberty to all the lands
And all the inhabitants thereof!

No motion in this damp, chill under-air . . .
A kind of stale and stagnant fog . . .
For ages pent . . .
The Spaniards brought and housed it there . . .
Of old from some Peruvian bog . . .
And now it's poisoned by such excrement
As hollow hunger and dry thirst can spare
Of four men in a row, half-spent—
Four bearded chins upon four breasts in prayer.

Why bother?—
There has been many another . . .
For instance, Bonnevard and brother . . .
Isaac of York and sundry Jews
Who got the rack or screws . . .
And Torquemada's heretics,
For dabbling in forbidden tricks,
Were put to boil in Christian oil,
Or roasted over consecrated sticks.
There has been many another—
Why bother?

A row of bearded fellows . . . four . . .
And all because
So gentle, and long-suffering, and odd . . .
They had an understanding with their God . . .
They had the will and strength to keep the clause . . .
To bear . . . and bear . . . and bear . . . and bear . . .
They would not give their bodies up to war . . .
Four bearded chins on four dead breasts in prayer.¹

William Ellery Leonard.

¹ I owe an apology to the authorities at Alcatraz for this poetic license—only two of the four are dead as yet, and they died only after their broken bodies had been taken down and shipped to Leavenworth, where scurvy and pneumonia finished the business.

The Soviet of the Far East

Verbatim Report of a Conversation with Gertrude M. Tobinon, wife of Krasnochokov, President of the Far Eastern Soviet in Siberia

MRS. TOBINSON, what was your husband's business in Chicago?

A. He was the superintendent of the Workers' Institute. It is an institution controlled by the working men—a sort of proletarian university.

Q. Was your husband born in Russia?

A. Yes, he was born in Kiev. He came to this country in 1902 and studied at the Chicago University, and worked at painting. Then he studied law and passed the Bar examinations in 1911. He had an office and practiced law for five or six years. It was in July, 1917, that we left for Russia.

Q. Did you go back at the expense of the Russian Government with the rest?

A. Our party consisted of about a hundred Russian people. Yes, we went at their expense.

Q. That was at the expense of the Kerensky Government?

A. Yes. And when we came to Vladivostok—the second day after we came, my husband was made the secretary of the Central Union. There were many who knew him from Chicago of course. We stayed four weeks in Vladivostok and then he was urged to go to Nikolsk, a small city about six hours ride from Vladivostok, and he was elected there very soon to be a member of the City Soviet. That was in Kerensky's regime. He tried to organize the soldiers and peasants in the villages into Soviets, and he was elected chairman of the Soviets.

Q. Did Kerensky's regime encourage the formation of the Soviets?

A. Oh, no. There were Soviets while Kerensky's regime was in existence, but they didn't have any power.

Q. When you were forming these Soviets, was that consciously with the purpose of another revolution?

A. Yes. We all knew that the time would come when the workers would get the power through these organizations. . . . My husband was a member of the City Soviet about four months, I guess, and then the crash came. The Kerensky regime fell in Russia, and as soon as it fell in Russia, naturally it fell in Siberia without any revolution and without any fighting or bloodshed. The Soviets simply took over the power.

Q. He was Mayor and Chairman of the Soviets, both, wasn't he?

A. Yes. Then immediately they called a conference in Habarovsk of all the Soviets of the Far East. That was in January 1918, and he was sent as a delegate to that conference. He was elected Chairman of the conference—tem-

porary chairman, and afterwards Chairman of the State Soviet.

Q. Of the whole Far East—and how much does that include?

A. Well, Louis Edgar Brown of the Chicago *Daily News* Staff wrote once in a newspaper that he found Tobinon the dictator of a territory one-third as large as the United States. Of course the population isn't as large. We had in Vladivostok about 100,000, and in Habarovsk about 50,000. Brown called him "dictator" only because he had a great influence over the people, over the peasants and workingmen. They loved him; he was a teacher and comrade. He would sometimes work for eighteen hours a day with the Soviets. In the evenings he would go out and teach the people, eat with them, and sleep with them.

Q. Is he back in America?

A. No, he is not back; I don't know where he is.

Q. Up to the time when this great change took place all over Russia, when the Soviets got in power, the industries and the land and the various economic enterprises of Vladivostok were still in private hands and were still private property?

A. Yes.

Q. Had the workers made any attempt to control or to appropriate them under the Kerensky regime?

A. No, they were just organizing towards this change.

Q. Your husband, while he was Mayor under the Kerensky regime, functioned exactly as a socialist mayor would function here in America?

A. Yes—only at the same time he educated and taught the people.

Q. But there was no form whatever of nationalization or municipalization of industry?

A. No, the Soviets were simply educating and organizing against the Kerensky power all the time.

Q. Now, I would like you to describe as accurately as you can just what happened as soon as the Soviets got control of the situation there.

A. Well, they went very slowly. First, they organized the State Soviet,—the central power—the State Soviet of the Far East. Next they went quietly to work and nationalized the fleet. You know the Far East is surrounded by the Amur River; there are many sailors and many boats that belong to private people, and they nationalized these first. Then they nationalized the mines. First, of course, they would call a conference of the peasants and miners, and these would pass resolutions favoring the nationalizing of the mines, and then they would proceed to take them over.

In Blagovieschensk a big fight was put up by the White Guards and the Cossacks. While this conference was in session, and after the resolutions were passed they surrounded the building and arrested 400 peasants and workers and all the members of the conference. My husband was arrested among them, and kept in prison for six days.

When the peasants of the district learned that the members of their conference were arrested, they came running from all the villages and all the cities around, not organizing at all but just pouring out, about 10,000 of them a day, with hammers and hatchets and wood and whatever they had in their hands, to free the members of the conference. It happened just in one day—the minute they learned that the conference was arrested. Everybody came, — women with wagons bringing bread and meat, cooking right there in the open air for the fighters. It took them about a week to recapture the city. They had to put up a hard fight because the White Guards and the Cossacks got the help of the Chinese, who were just over the frontier.

When the Red Guards had captured the depot, and the White Guards saw that they were coming back strong and would soon take the prison, they issued an order to shoot Krasnochokov. But just at the same time the keys of the prison were given over to the Red Guard. They came, opened the doors and took out all the prisoners. They took him out and carried him almost all day on their shoulders in the streets. Afterwards he stayed there for six weeks, organizing the city, putting the Soviets on a solid footing, and nationalizing the fleet and the gold mines and coal mines. Blagovieschensk is a big city, and there is plenty of white flour and plenty of food there, and so the bakeries also were nationalized, and things were sold at half the price they had been in private hands. And the hotels were also nationalized, and the moving pictures, etc.

Q. Were such popular demonstrations organized in any way?

A. Usually it was spontaneous.

Q. Did you say they came across the country in wagons or in trains?

A. They walked and came in wagons from the surrounding villages. Many times they walked a whole day, or a day and a night, to the front. They kept on this way for four or five days—coming more and more—until there were enough to get back the city.

Q. These mines that were nationalized, were they owned by Russian capital?

A. Yes, Russian owners. I once met the wife of a former owner of the mines. She didn't know who I was, and she just went on telling me about her hard luck, and how now they had to live quietly on a farm. "Of course we did get away some money," she said, "and so we live quietly, and wait until the Soviet power is abolished again, and we hope we will get back our mines." I said: "What does your husband do now?" And she said: "Well, he has to work; he works in the mines and gets wages."

Q. Now those mines that were nationalized by an edict

of the Soviet, the titles were thereby transferred from the hands of the capitalist class, so to speak, into the hands of the Russian Republic, but what happened after that? Who ran those mines? How did they organize the work in those mines, and to what organization was given the power to regulate all the internal affairs, and who employed the men?

A. First of all, they organized unions—industrial unions. There were no unions there before—or if there were, they didn't have any power. Now only the unions have control over the shops and factories.

Q. And these unions were responsible only to the Soviet?

A. Every union had a representative in the Soviet—every industry. If the union consisted of more than three hundred it had two representatives. If it consisted of three hundred it had one representative, who knew all the inner affairs and protected the union.

Everyone—the manager and the common worker—received the same wages—four to five hundred rubles a month, and the Commissars also received four hundred rubles a month. The President of the State Soviet received four hundred rubles a month.

Q. Now those managers, those engineers and the highly technical experts that manage industries, you know, are generally selected by the capitalist class, and they don't come out of the working class. Were those men, the same old managers belonging to the bourgeoisie, employed by the workers, or did the miners themselves develop—

A. Well, many of the experts didn't want to work. The managers would sabotage against the Soviet and the unions and simply fold their hands and say, "We won't work with you." And they finally would go to Shanghai or Japan and join some counter-revolutionary plot. But many of them rolled up their sleeves, and helped us in the work. They remained on the job at our salary.

Q. And in other cases the workmen would select someone from among themselves to be the manager?

A. That is exactly how it was—in case they didn't get an expert. . . . The Soviets also tried to organize the unemployed—tried to give them work so that they should produce something. All the unemployed were put in one big building, and everyone had to work. They produced clothing and hats and shoes and everything in that building. It was called by a Russian name which means "Work for the Commune."

Q. And they were paid regular wages?

A. Paid regular wages.

Q. Could you tell us something about the schools? Did your children go to school under the Soviet regime?

A. Yes, my children went to school. We organized the schools. The teachers also formed a union and called a conference and laid out their program—how they wanted to teach the children and what was best for the children. Of course, this was probably abolished when the reactionary power took control again. I spoke to many teachers before I left, and asked if they would continue teaching under the old laws again, and they said: "No, we are going to quit

teaching in the cities and go to the farmers and villages and teach quietly, where nobody can interfere with us."

Q. When the teachers organized a union and took over the schools themselves, did they improve them?

A. Yes, they improved them greatly. They tried to bring the free spirit into the schools. They tried to learn to know every individual child, and they would go home to the mothers and learn their life at home and they would find out the child's position and the child's background, and would act accordingly with the child. In the classes every-morning the children would elect their own chairman for the day, and the teacher would just sit aside and watch them. Then if anybody had to be punished they wouldn't come to the teacher, but would call a meeting—a revolutionary tribunal—and decide what to do. Of course it was somewhat comical, but the children would rarely do any mischief because they would be ashamed before each other. I spoke to many young teachers and asked them if they had ever heard the name of Montessori or Ferrer, and they said, "No." But they had the same ideas. It just came natural to them.

Q. Did you stay there long enough to see whether the people in general seemed more healthy and happy or were they worried and was there a great deal of trouble?

A. No, they were not worried or troubled. The people were very happy because of the fact that they lived better economically under the Soviet Government than they had lived before. The wages were higher, bread was cheaper, and the theatres and moving pictures were better and cheaper. We had a Soviet Theatre. Of course the workingmen and the peasants could hardly reach the theatres at all before, and they all enjoyed them under the Soviet Government.

Q. Was it a free theatre?

A. Not free, but cheaper. It was a cooperative theatre.

Q. What about the priests and the ministers of religion and all that?

A. They all opposed the Soviets.

Q. What is the relation of the people to the church? Do they neglect the church?

A. Yes. You see before they really didn't have any other enjoyment or any other amusement but going to church. Under the Soviet there were more meetings and more lectures and theatres and moving pictures, and they would go to the churches more rarely. The priests didn't like that. . . . There were many days that the White Guards and the reactionary power would try to rise against the Soviets, but they had very small power because the people wouldn't back them. They didn't have any ammunition or arms, and so they just did their howling in the streets and then went home to sleep.

Q. Did you have to keep a lot in prison?

A. Yes, but we never kept them for long, because the Soviets in Siberia felt strong, and they were not afraid of the counter-revolutionists. They knew that they didn't have any power at all. The people and the soldiers were all with the Soviet Government. They really loved the Soviet Government and they wanted to fight for it.

Q. The bourgeoisie—the few that there were around—they were living merely on the actual cash that they had, were they?

A. Yes, most of them lived on what they had before. Many of them, though, went to work, because we invited anyone that wanted to work to become a member of the union and take a job, and they could become managers or select any work that fitted them.

Q. Were there any executions of counter-revolutionists in Siberia?

A. No, not a single one during the nine months—of course we had fights. While the Soviet Government was in power, it always had an army standing guard on two fronts. One was in the Central part of Siberia; the other near the Chinese frontiers.

Q. What did you start to say about nine months?

A. I said during the nine months that the Soviet was in power there wasn't a single execution. Not a single death-sentence imposed by the Revolutionary Tribunal. We were most all of us against capital punishment. We had them in prison, those that were dangerous.

Q. How long were the sentences of conspirators?

A. They were indeterminate—just until we felt strong enough to let them free.

Q. Say that again.

A. Well, the Tribunal decided that they would not give or issue any sentence. We kept them in prison as long as we felt that they were dangerous. As soon as the Soviet felt that they wouldn't do any harm, they let them free. We had many counter-revolutionists that became sympathetic to the Soviet afterward, some from necessity and others from understanding.

Q. Will you tell us your viewpoint about the Czecho-Slovaks?

A. At first the Czecho-Slovaks came through Siberia with the intention of going to the French front. Many regiments stopped in Vladivostok, and of course the Soviets gave them the best reception and the best buildings, thinking of them as guests and trying to accommodate them. But then many regiments arrived in Central Siberia carrying Russian arms with them, and the Central Siberia Soviet became a little suspicious, because the Russian arms could not be any good in France. So they asked them to leave the arms in Siberia—the rifles and the guns. They refused to do that and the Red Guards surrounded the trains, and wouldn't let them proceed to Vladivostok. A good deal of trouble followed, but finally we tried to come to an understanding with the Czecho-Slovaks. We organized a peace conference in Central Siberia, to which all the cities should send delegates and the Czecho-Slovaks should send delegates. The conference took place in Irkutsk. While the peace conference was in session a shot was heard outside the depot where the trains were—the Czecho-Slovak trains. Of course, we don't know by whom that shot was fired. Supposedly it was fired by some of the counter-revolutionists trying to make trouble. Well, anyway, one Czecho-Slovak was wounded and then the fight

began. The Czecho-Slovaks fired from the trains and the Red Guards fired back. It was a two-day fight. Very many wounded Czecho-Slovaks came to us in Habarovsk and we shipped them to Vladivostok. The Czecho-Slovaks heard the news in Vladivostok and with the help of the Japanese and the English they arrested the Soviet in Vladivostok, without giving them time or helping them to investigate by whom that shot was fired or who started the trouble. They just simply jailed the members of the Soviet. While they were being arrested, one member shot himself in the Soviet. He didn't want to give in. He knew what was coming. It came so suddenly they weren't prepared for a fight. The shops were busy and the sailors were at work.

After the Soviet was arrested there were about three or four days of fighting. Many factories wouldn't give in until they killed out everyone.

Q. What did they do with the leaders of the Soviet?

A. In Vladivostok they are keeping them in prison. When they took Habarovsk, however, they put out sixteen people in a row and shot them, many of them teachers. Some of them were the most intelligent people we had.

Q. What had become of your Government—the Commissars, had they gone farther away?

A. When Nikolsk and Vladivostok were taken we organized a strong army and tried to put up a fight. We held the front four weeks—until the English and Americans came. The Czecho-Slovaks and Japanese could not take Habarovsk; for four weeks they were put back. During that time a special conference was called in Habarovsk of the remaining Soviets to decide what to do—whether to retreat or fight on. The people would not listen to giving up the power. They wanted to fight. Of course they couldn't see the uselessness of it as the leaders could, but the leaders urged them to retreat and wait until the allies should come to their senses. The commissars and leaders retreated in two boats to the wilderness alongside the Amur. I left them about two weeks before they retreated, taking my childrei to Nicolaievsk and waiting ther for a boat to take me to Vladivostok. It took me six weeks to get to Vladivostok. During that time I was recognized once, and arrested, and my cabin was searched, but I was allowed to go on. When I came to Vladivostok I read in the newspapers that some of the Commissars had been caught and among them my husband, and they were—the news was that he had been shot.

The last time I spoke to him was when I was waiting in Nicolaievsk for the boat. The day they were to leave I spoke to him over the long-distance, and he said: "We are leaving at 6 o'clock in the evening." He just told me that they were leaving "for business," and I understood that they had given up.

* * * * *

Q. You didn't tell us about the nationalization of the land. I wish you would describe how that was done. Were there any fights about the allotment of it?

A. No, there were no fights. Of course, there were some

small misunderstandings, but they called meetings, and people would explain to each other what was being done, and they always came to an understanding. They didn't want any fights. I think they are very good-natured people.

Q. Were there large estates there?

A. No, in Siberia there aren't. They are just settlers, you see. I think they had it harder in Russia—in Central Russia—than in Siberia, because there were great landowners.

Q. And during the summer when you were there all the peasants went to work and tilled the land?

A. Yes. Many soldiers that were set free went back to their homes and farms and cultivated the land, and they were really expecting to have a very good crop. They had most of them tried to put in an eight hour day's work, and they expected to have enough bread this winter to feed Russia—to feed Central Russia. And they would have if it hadn't been for the counter-revolutionary uprisings and for the attacks of the Czecho-Slovaks and the armies of the Allies. They would no sooner start to work than they would have to leave their tools and take a rifle in their hands and go out and defend themselves. And so it was whenever we wanted to do any constructive work. Even in the State Soviet they would have a meeting about organizing some important work, and then a telegram would come of an uprising, and they would have to leave the meeting and raise an army. We never had two months of quiet to show what the Soviet could do.

Q. When anything like that happened, did you need to do any urging at all? Did the people just simultaneously throw down their implements and go?

A. Oh, yes, they just went—happily.

Q. When they went to fight, what did they think they were fighting for or against?

A. They thought they were fighting for the preservation of the Soviets.

Q. Were the ordinary people quite conscious that it was a new kind of political and social life they were defending?

A. Yes, indeed. All the peasants and working men went to the fight consciously. We didn't even have to call a meeting; we just had to announce that there was an uprising of the Semionoffs, and they all knew what that meant.

Q. How many people do you suppose there were who were opposed to the Soviets before the Allies came?

A. You mean in Habarovsk? Well, you see that city is really an officers' city. It was the capital always of the Far East, and all the officials and all the banks and many governmental institutions were there, and, of course, all these officers were against it. Out of 50,000, perhaps, five or six thousand would be against the Soviet. All the higher officials were in the beginning against it. They would try to sabotage. Banks would go out on strikes. The higher teachers, too, went out on strike, but the parents called meetings and compelled them to go back and teach their children. We declared that if they did not go back they would have to go to work in the shops, and so they went back.

Q. Do you think that there was a higher percentage of people against the Soviets there than there was in other cities?

A. Oh, yes, because it is an officers' city.

Q. How close connection did you have with the government at Petrograd and Moscow?

A. In the beginning all the decrees that they had in Russia we had in Siberia, and telegrams came every week. My husband once spoke on the long-distance phone to Lenine in Moscow. But later, about four months before the Allies came, we didn't have any communication whatever with Russia, and we didn't know whether the Soviets there were dead or what had happened. We had to work independently. We issued our own money in the Far East.

Q. Is there a bitterer feeling against the Allies than against their own reactionaries in Russia?

A. It is the same feeling; they feel that it is just one company. They don't discriminate between them.

Q. They haven't any admiration for Mr. Wilson there, have they?

A. Well, they heard of Mr. Wilson, and they had faith in him, and really the people in Siberia thought that the Americans would not send in their troops. They hoped and believed that the Americans would not send in troops, and they were surprised when they did, I was surprised, too.

Q. How did you manage to get away?

A. I got a passport under a false name and went to Yokohama. While I was there I bought a copy of the Japanese Advertiser, published in English, and I found there a paragraph about my husband. I will read it to you.

"The most important personage in Siberia at present is Krasnochokov, the leader of the Siberian Bolsheviks. No one now knows his whereabouts, but he is really an admirably strong man, while being in possession of a large sum of money with which he can easily start disturbances in either Mongolia or Manchuria. Four of his colleagues are now imprisoned in Vladivostok, and the allied authorities are exerting themselves for the arrest of Krasnochokov. He may, perhaps, have the intention to go to America."

That makes me hope that my husband was not executed, after all. But, of course, I do not know. If he is alive he will communicate with me as soon as he can.

* * *

Q. After the revolution did the people think that they had to work less?

A. In many cases they worked harder, not because they were compelled but because they saw the necessity for it. Now, for instance, the sailors in Chabarovsk. It was in April, 1918, when the ice on the Amur cracked and the sailors had to prepare the boats for the navigation. The commissars and leaders at first doubted as to the faith of the sailors. But to their greatest surprise, when the day of navigation came, the fleet on the Amur River came out in its full beauty, every boat newly painted. With red flags on each boat they floated, covering the Amur. They were ready for the summer work.

* * *

I also remember the time when we could not obtain money from Petrograd because Semyonoff stood between. The railroad men worked for three months without getting wages. They knew that the Soviet had no money to give them and were willing to work without compensation.

* * *

Q. Why were the people against the Constituent Assembly?

A. Well, I think because they didn't have confidence in the intellectuals. They were afraid to have those former lawyers and all those shrewd people go to Petrograd and put down iron laws for them. They felt that the Revolution was too young for that.



"Give him just enough to keep him alive until the indemnity is paid."

Can the Workers Run the World?

[The Bolshevik revolution in Russia, the struggle to establish a proletarian dictatorship in Germany, the programs of the labor movement throughout Europe and the premonitory symptoms of revolt here at home, are forcing even the American middle-class to face the prospect of a future in which the working-people will own and manage industry. That prospect is agitating some minds with the question, "But how *can* they do it?"—accompanied usually by an anguished wringing of the hands. We would have of course every confidence that they could do it, even if it were as futuristic a problem as the question implies. But it should give us a quiet satisfaction to realize that, even outside of Russia, the question has already been answered in the affirmative by the working people's co-operatives all over the world. The solid proofs which these institutions afford of the people's ability to run their own affairs economically as well as politically are described briefly in what follows. The author of this article is, as he pointedly remarks, "engaged in the Co-operative movement not primarily because of interest in Co-operation, but primarily because of interest in Revolution."]

BEFORE the war, the Co-operative movement in Europe was growing five times faster than the population; today it is growing ten times faster. In several European countries it now embraces more than one-half of the population. In America, heretofore most backward in Co-operation, its growth during the past two years has exceeded that in any preceding ten years.

There are now about 2,000 consumers' societies in the United States. A survey three years ago reported 700. They used to fail; now they are succeeding. The Co-operative League of America functions as a central organization to which these societies look for propaganda, education and guidance.

Around Puget Sound is a group of fifty societies which have grown up in the labor unions. As an illustration of what they can do, the Seattle Society took over the public market and proceeded to supply its members with groceries and meats. This market now does a business of \$700,000 a month, with a saving (commonly called "profit") of \$20,000 a month over all operating expenses. They take milk directly from the farms; what their membership do not consume they evaporate and put up in their own canning factory. They have three co-operative bakeries, with restaurants, club rooms and reading rooms attached. They run their own ice plant and slaughter house. Whenever the co-operators need capital the unions supply it. They are now organizing their own flour mill, and a committee is at work on a banking system.

All through the Northern States are the societies of agricultural workers and industrial workers. In Illinois is a

group of seventy-five societies among the United Mine Workers, slowly crowding out capitalistic business from the mining towns. A group of societies among the garment workers of Chicago conducts a school for co-operative education with five hundred pupils. Western Pennsylvania has a federation of seventy societies. Many of these organizations own their own buildings, issue monthly, weekly and daily periodicals from their own printing plants, and carry on recreational activities. Six different groups in the United States are federated into wholesales. At the First National Co-operative Convention, in 1918, these six wholesales federated into a single national wholesale. This is the beginning of the new era.

The technic of this movement by which the people take business out of private hands and administer it themselves in their own interest has been systematically worked out, proved and standardized. A society of people, in the spirit of mutual aid, begin by organizing as their own storekeepers, to supply themselves with the homely necessities of life. Each individual subscribes to at least one share of stock.

Three fundamentals are observed: (1) Each member has one vote and no more; (2) invested capital receives interest limited to the current or legal rate; and (3) the savings (or profits) of the business are not apportioned to the capital but are returned to the members in proportion to the amount of their purchases or are retained in the society and used for social purposes.

With these simple provisions the society proceeds with its business. From an economic standpoint it saves its members the retailers' profit and protects them against short weight and adulteration. Its next step is affiliation with other societies into a co-operative wholesale. Then the members add to their savings the middlemen's profits. The wholesale then proceeds to manufacture; and when this step is taken the people are producing for their own use, and the revolution is attained.

The economic saving is the entering wedge only. The same organization is used to supply every other social and personal need. Thus are provided by the people through their free societies, all of those things which the socialized state aims to provide. Steadily—without haste, without rest—Co-operation is growing and widening its way into the economic and social life of today, crowding out the old, supplanting the vicious and outworn.

This Co-operative Movement disregards the political state. It is closely allied in every country with the Labor Movement. It is Labor's necessary companion. While unionism aims to control the wages that labor shall receive *Co-operation aims to control the prices that the wages of labor shall pay for the necessities of life.*

All this is not a dream of the possibilities of the future. It is a hope come true.

Against the arguments to discredit the ability of the people to administer their own affairs stands one mighty fact—the Co-operative Movement.

JAMES PETER WARBASSE.

PRISON POEMS

Visions, Go Not from Me!

VISIONS, go not from me!
In my softest hour,
Pierce through and fashion me
After your power.

Though I be failing
In sloth or in sleep,
Reach up your voices
Out of the deep.

Visions, go not from me!
If I be content,
Spur me to thirst again
Ere life be spent.

Charles Ashleigh.

(I. W. W., serving ten-year sentence in Federal Penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas.)

A Rose

PINK petals of rose:
Bloom.

You will share this prison-cell with me,
You in your tincup of water in the corner,
I in my narrow cot.
You were sent rather unwillingly—
And so was I—
— for dear love's sake
— and I, for liberty's.

Perfumed petals of rose:
Bloom.
Suffuse your fragrance through the corridor.
Your sweetness
Will be a sign of beauty in this bitter place—
O! so may I!

H. Austin Simons.

(Conscientious Objector, serving eight-year sentence at Fort Leavenworth.)

Christmas 1917

IS it a mocking jest that Christmas bells
Ring out in this grim hour of strife and pain,
That in the misery of conflicting wills
Breathless men whisper words of love again?

I HEAR the poets singing in the jail,
Never do their songs of courage fail.
Songs of human aspiration ring—
Though the scaffolds rise, the poets sing!
Standing with their backs against the wall,
While guns crackle, while their comrades fall,
Strong in courage—never do they fail—
Singing songs of freedom in the jail!

Mary O'Reilly

Is it a jest that Europe's stainless snows
In beauty mask her dark immortal scars
Where man's blaspheming thunder comes and goes
In this the last and maddest of his wars?

Is this the freedom that we bought so dear,
To live among the wolf-pack in a cage,
Spurr'd by a Sycorax to hate and fear—
Ingenious brutes that cower and kill and rage?

Have we no further end, no nobler plan,
No subtler vision and no nobler will?
Is this the creature that we called a man?
Is this the jungle that we live in still?

Be dumb! sweet bells; or ring more wild and clear,
Proclaim the sunrise on youth's Calvary.
Ring out the madness with the dying year,
Let nations pass so Man himself is free!

Brent Dow Allinson.

(Conscientious Objector, serving a twenty-year sentence at Fort Leavenworth.)

The Living Dead

I AM the Endless Procession of men
Down the ages, around the world
Traveling in irons through grim, barred gates
Into the black and silent cells,
Into the pits of Fear and Hate
Where souls of men are eaten out.
I am the millions hanged and shot.
I am the countless legions lost,
Walled alive in the iron tombs
I am the horde of the maimed, turned out,
Marked forever with brand of hate.

I am an Old Man, bent and spent,
Hollow-eyed wreck of street and saloon;
I am a man who might have been.

I am a youth in the fire of life,
Twisted by bonds the Old Men make,
I am a man who will never be.

I am a man, with an Infant mind,
Heir to the sins of the dead long gone,
I am a man who never lived.

I am the age-old slave of toil,
Striving to lift the ancient yokes;
I am the man who is going to be.

I am a man who dared to speak
Against the wrongs that make men slaves.
I am chained, but my truth is free.

Not till the ancient march is done,
Not till I'm gone shall you be free;
Not till you've loved away fear and hate
And made of my millions a memory

Roger Baldwin.

(Conscientious Objector, serving one-year sentence in Essex County Jail, New Jersey.)

Romance

SITTING at the foot of the bunk in my cell

At the end of the day of work over my typewriter in the prison office,
Thinking of past gaieties
And the old-time faith in the youthfulness of life,

I enter a vale of happy mood and thought,
And so record the romance of prison life.

Why, the errant knights, the Sherwood band,
Nor the ribboned and rapiereed courtiers of the Louis periods,
Made no more adventurous step than I have made—

Out the plodding usual-ways of life
Into the dangerous demesnes of insurgency!

Varied faces, strange to me:
The suffering, the imbecile, the mask of ugly deeds and hateful thoughts,
The stubborn, hopeful, careless ones,
The fanged, swelled-eared, thick-lipped mongrel faces—

How odd, how oddly good, that I should live and laugh with these.

And, ah! the everlasting true romance
That, among these, were countenances clear and strong,
Awaiting me, to be my comrades.

Gratitude and daily mutual encouragements
To these, my new companions in the lines of black;

But O! unspeakable throbbings of love
For the old-time friends who love and serve me still—

(Dearest of all my comrades,
Lover of me, desire of my soul,
Thus we set a seal upon our common passion;

These desolate years of separation will only make our love the lovelier!)

And the mystery of discovering high, embellished thoughts
In the stone-bound life upon this Kansas hill;

Treasuring each sky-tossed scrap of morning loveliness,

Visioning the beauties of the past and the more free splendors yet to be,
Ah! this is modern, manly romance!

Adventure to challenge the free virile soul,
Experienced to banish the stupendous pettiness of little living,

The romance of imprisonment for a cause.

H. Austin Simons.



"The Ft. Leavenworth Soviet"

A meeting of prisoners in one of the wings of the military prison during the great strike in late December. Austin Simons is speaking:

"Commit no violence," he is saying, "but stand like this, with folded arms! A man who stands like this cannot be conquered."

The picture was drawn by Maurice Becker, a C. O. serving a 25-year sentence, who took part in the strike. He has since been released.

International Labor and Socialist News

By Alexander Trachtenberg

Switzerland

ON the eve of the International Socialist Conference at Berne, The Social Democratic Party of Switzerland held a national congress for the purpose of deciding whether it should participate in the conference. Three different positions were expressed. The party executive favored participation. Two different groups opposed it. One, led by Schneider, while opposing the sending of delegates to the conference in which German Majority Socialists were participating, asked the national executive to issue a call for an international conference of all parties and groups which were organized on the basis of the class struggle and which had opposed the policy of coalition with the bourgeoisie, and had generally followed the policies enunciated at the Zimmerwald and Kienthal conferences. The other, led by Platten, not only demanded the refusal to participate at the international conference but wanted an open condemnation of all those who participated at this conference.

Platten suggested that the following legend should be written over the portals of the hall where the international conference was convened: "Ten millions of dead, twenty millions of cripples and wounded, with your approval." Platten, and those who represent the extreme left of the Zimmerwald movement, went so far as to claim that even such Socialists as Friedrich Adler of Austria and Kurt Eisner, Haase and other Independent Socialists of Germany, who attended the Berne Conference, ought not to be considered representatives of the true Internationalist Socialist Movement.

When it came to official action Schneider's resolution withdrawing the support of the Party from the International Conference, was carried by 238 against 147 votes.

Russia

Le Journal du Peuple of Paris gives further details concerning the call to a new revolutionary international congress, issued by the Communist Party (Bolsheviki) of Russia. The following Socialist Parties and groups have been invited:

1. The Spartacus League (Germany).
2. The Bolsheviks or the Communist Party (Russia).
3. The Communist Parties of:—3. Germany-Austria;
4. Hungary; 5. Finland; 6. Poland; 7. Esthonia; 8. Lettland; 9. Lithuania; 10. White Russia; 11. Ukraine.
12. The revolutionary elements of Czecho-Slovakia.
13. The Social Democratic Party of Bulgaria.
14. The Social Democratic Party of Roumania.
15. The left wing of the Social Democratic Party of Serbia.
16. The left elements of the Social Democratic Party of Sweden.

17. The Social Democratic Party of Norway.
18. The groups advocating the Class Struggle in Denmark.
19. The Communist Party of Holland.
20. The revolutionary elements of the Labor Party of Belgium.
- 21 & 22. The united groups and organizations within the Socialist and Syndicalists movement of France.
23. The left wing of the Social Democratic Party in Switzerland.
24. The Socialist Party of Italy.
25. The left elements of the Socialist Party of Spain.
26. The left elements of the Socialist Party of Portugal.
27. The Socialist Party of Great Britain (elements represented by MacLean).
28. I. S. P. R. (England).
29. I. W. W. (England).
30. I. W. W. (Great Britain).
31. The revolutionary elements of working-class organizations in Ireland.
32. The revolutionary element of the Shop Stewards in Great Britain.
33. Socialist Labor Party (America).
34. The left elements of the American Socialist Party (tendencies represented by Debs and by the Socialist Propaganda League).
35. I. W. W. (America).
36. I. W. W. (Australia).
37. Workers' International Industrial Union (America).
38. Socialist Groups of Tokio.
39. The Young Socialist International Organization.

The statement of reasons for calling the congress is not very clear, and the list of groups invited, according to *Le Journal du Peuple*, is "very defective." It is, however, evident that the Bolsheviks intended to invite parties whose position during the last few years was in accord with the principles of revolutionary international socialism. In countries where the parties as a whole were not known to have maintained this position, elements adhering to the revolutionary and internationalist position, are invited. The aim of the Russian Bolsheviks is apparently to build a new International with the elements of the international Socialist movement which, according to their conception, have maintained the true international and revolutionary stand during the war, and whose programs and policies at the present time are such as to make for a vigorous revolutionary movement of the working class.

The American Socialist Party can claim full representation at this congress. It has the same record as the Italian party and the minorities of other countries. Its St. Louis program was a courageous assertion of the true International Socialist position. It must not be forgotten also that the American Socialist Party endorsed the Zimmerwald program.

The Central Committee of the Social Democratic Party (Mensheviks) have issued a proclamation calling upon members of the party and its followers to cease fighting the Soviet Government and unite with it in opposition to the intervention of foreign powers in the internal affairs of Russia.

The Socialist Revolutionist members of the Constituent Assembly have issued a statement, reading in part:

"We invite all soldiers of the People's Army to end the Civil War against the Socialist Government, which at this historical moment is the only revolutionary authority representing the exploited classes in the struggle against their exploiters, and we ask them to turn their arms against Kolchak."

The Petrograd People's House has been renamed the House of Luxembourg and Liebnicht in memory of the murder of the Spartacan Leaders. Memorial demonstrations were held all over Russia.

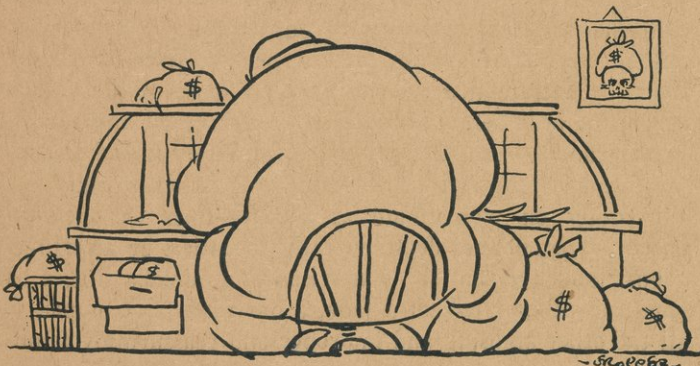
Great Britain

A "Hands Off Russia" conference was held on January 19 under the auspices of the London Workers Committee, with 306 delegates representing about 30 different labor and Socialist organizations. A resolution which was carried by 145 against 4 reads in part as follows:

"This rank and file conference of delegates from British and Irish Socialist and Labour organizations hereby resolves to carry on an active agitation upon every field of activity to solidify the Labour movement in Great Britain for the purpose of declaring a general strike, at a further conference to be held, unless before that date the unconditional cessation of Allied intervention in Russia—either directly by force of arms, or indirectly by an economic blockade, by supplying arms or money, or by other sinister means—shall have been officially announced, and to continue the strike and agitation until the desired announcement shall have been made, until we are satisfied of the truth of the announcement; and also, until the Allied attack upon the German Committees of Soldiers and Workmen is stopped and the blockade raised."

India

The London *Times* brings word that 100,000 mill hands in Bombay have gone out on strike, making revolutionary demands on the government. The news is meager but it seems clear that the strike has political as well as industrial significance.



Peace and Plenty

Half a League Onward

THE government's statement that there are 8,592,000 illiterates in the United States sounds like an underestimate. One has a vague feeling that there are that many in the Overman Committee alone.

THOSE who are demanding the full truth about Russia are confronted by W. J. Ghent with the question: "What will they do with this information when they get it?" His question suggests the old retort to the demand for higher wages. "If they get it they will only spend it for beer."

SERGIUS SAZONOFF has declined an invitation to the Prince's Island conference, saying that he will not meet with assassins. Judging from Sazonoff's position in the assassin department of the old Czar government, he'd rather be than see one.

REV. CHARLES A. EATON says his head is bowed in shame over the appointment of Herron to meet with the Russians. In the distressing years ahead Dr. Eaton's head will be bowed so constantly that he will look like a doughnut.

A MERRY old rogue, Father Time! Three months after the armistice the Bolsheviki were being *accused* in a New York paper of having deceived the Germans at Brest-Litovsk and weakened the Central Powers with propaganda.

PROFESSOR JOHN GRAHAM BROOKS says that labor will bungle horribly in its new policy of mixing in world politics. Obviously the bungling should be left to the experienced professional bunglers who have always done this work.

THE courts martial rule for cases of disobedience seems to be substantially as follows: If he is a private, have him shot; if he is an officer, take his wrist watch away from him.

THE Women's Republican Club of New York has opened a fight upon the display of lingerie in shop windows. Perhaps this is the Issue for which the G. O. P. has been searching so long.

GARVIN of the London *Observer* says that the result at Paris is only half a league though it is headed in the right direction. Maybe that is what Tennyson meant:

"HALF a league onward."

HOWARD BRUBAKER.

BOOKS

After Freedom—What?

Growing Pains, by Jean Starr Untermeyer.
B. W. Huebsch. \$1 net.

DEAR JEAN UNTERMAYER:

This (to come right to the point) is not at all the sort of book of poems I would have expected you to write. What kind of poems did I think you would write? I will tell you! In the first place, you are living in a glorious period of which the watchword—no, not the watchword, the key-note, rather—is Freedom; an age in which it has been discovered that the traditional rules of conduct in every department of life can be broken without any danger from divine—and not much from human—wrath; a time accordingly, which the younger generation—having already torn the locks from the doors, and taken the doors themselves from their hinges—is spending exultantly in battering down the front-gate. Unquestionably that is the period in which you live. And as you are a young and presumably an impressionable person, you ought to be glorying in your new-found freedom, and all that sort of thing. And you're not glorying! Not in the least.

Not even as an artist do you give the impression that you are having a rollicking, reckless good-time with no fear of a hereafter. You write unrhymed poetry, it is true; but it can scarcely be called free-verse. You don't write it as if it were the easiest thing in the world to write and it didn't make any difference what you said; you write it as if you were obeying laws of composition as strict (and no doubt they are) as those of the sonnet—rules unformulated, perhaps unformulatable, but none the less authoritative. Your words come as though you were engraving each of them in the "stubborn rock" of which you speak in that poem which begins your book; your poems have, as one of my friends has happily said, a sculpturesque quality. There is struggle in them—and a hard, unexultant, chiseled victory.

But more than that, you disappoint my expectations in the specific emotional nature of your self-revelation. You do not celebrate implicitly or explicitly the spiritual enfranchisement of your sex, their liberation to the joy of life; you do not tell us how wonderful it is now that the lock is off the door, nor even how wonderful it would be if the front-gate were removed. It would be all right for you to be discontented, if it were that divine discontent which expresses itself in complaining of conditions, barriers, restrictions; but it appears that you are discontented with yourself. I fear you are no true Daughter of the Age. There is a stern, uncompromising relentlessness toward yourself which keeps your wistfulness, your hurts, your records of pain, from being pathetic. You have the same detachment toward yourself that you have toward everything else, a detachment which permits you to give the same unflinching care to the presentation of a storm of emotion—(lover and loved one,

snatched up as if "in some huge hand . . . out of the world")—as to a snow-storm—

("Driving ahead with chilling haste,
Going to some white splendor,
Leaving behind a white desolation . . .")

—and sometimes, as in "Birth," reaching the austere heights of impersonal tragic beauty.

But never beauty for its own sake: only as incidental in the search for truth—and a strange truth at that. "I would find out what I really am." A strange, unhappy search!

"Not for Art's sake," you repeat, "but to rid me of an ancient sorrow." And there is a sense in which you seem to despise art and artists; you despise any preoccupation with the lesser, more charming aspects of sound and color and form, those aspects which are so yielding to the play-instinct in us, and so capable of distracting us, if we let them, from the sober business of growing up. To those who follow after Beauty, I think you feel as you do toward those who

". . . have run too long with Compromise,
That girl of easy virtue,
Who yields to all with a slack smile,
And weakens her paramours by their quick and
musty victories."

In truth I feel that it is not merely toward such, but for all who too easily love life that you are moved "by a fury and by a pity too." And though the Puritan in the bottom of my soul rejoices in these rigors, yet I am really surprised—and perturbed. I never imagined that you, who in our acquaintance of some five years seemed always to me implicitly in tune with our modern easy-going neo-pagan world, were at heart a fiercely intolerant seeker after austere truths. And I wonder if my surprise and perturbation is not significant of something more than the casualness of my acquaintance with you—if it is not perhaps indicative of a notion deep in my mind about women, with which your revelation of a woman's spiritual attitude disastrously conflicts. I have just been reading Aristophanes, and I find in him the same surprise and perturbation. He has been forced to see that the women of Athens are "up to something" of their very own; and he is made very unhappy by the discovery. I understand why, too; because masculine vanity demands that women be fairly contented with the world which we have given them to live in, and in especial with their rôle as recipients of our bounty. Ordinary discontent we can deal with; we buy her the jewel or the new frock, or declare that women have no sense of the value of money, or beat her up, according to our mood and financial circumstances—and all is well. But if what she wants is something *we* can't give her—something which mankind cannot confer on womankind as a gift—then we are really upset. Aristophanes dealt with the situation by asserting in robust language that she was a hussy, a minx, a slut, a baggage, a trollop, a vixen, a jade, a harridan, a strumpet, and all the other amusing and improper and reassuringly familiar kinds of female person; after which, he (and doubtless his audience) felt much more comfortable.

Contemporary manners do not permit us modern males this genial relief of our feelings; and if women are really discontented in the way your book leads one fearsomely to suspect they are, we are indeed in a sad situation. Vanity is the most profound of the masculine instincts; and nothing is so intolerable as not to be able to give a woman what she wants. In the old days, it came as a hard wrench to our traditional feelings to give her freedom; nineteenth century literature is a record of the gulping of the pill. But the more advanced portions of our masculine population have adjusted themselves very happily to the new state of affairs; we give a woman her freedom just as our ancestors gave her a home and support—and we take just as much satisfaction in our generosity. It costs less, financially, but it has a glamor of spiritual nobility which keeps it from seeming cheap; and it does in fact involve a certain strain on our other instincts which, were it not for the compensatory satisfaction to our vanity, would be unendurable. But, having given it, we expect the dear creatures to be happy. Many of them are—just as happy as their grandmothers used to be in their nice comfy little gift prisons—though even the most earnestly modern young women sometimes find the vast freedom of all outdoors a little chilly. And as long as they're happy, and realize that we have given them their heart's desire, we're satisfied. But if they are going to be discontented *now*, what can we do? We cannot—and I speak confidently for all males in this matter—we simply cannot *stand* it to see women unhappy! When we find we cannot make them happy, we beat them, take to drink, and run away.

And this new discontent which your book of poems presages is one which we cannot remedy. For it is a demand by women, not upon us, but upon themselves! And if they are not to be cajoled into playing at life, if they are going to throw over pleasure as a career just as they threw over duty, what are we do?

FLOYD DELL.

Women Abroad

The Red Heart of Russia, by Bessie Beatty.

\$2 net. Century.

Behind the Battle Line, by Madeleine Doty.

1.25 net. Macmillan.

TO read Bessie Beatty's book, *The Red Heart of Russia*, is to see and understand the soul of the revolution through the lively personality of Bessie Beatty; to read Madeleine Doty's new book is to see and understand the soul of Madeleine Doty through the medium of the revolution. One is a vigorous personal narrative; the other an intensely subjective "sentimental journey." Both are interesting pilgrimages. Bessie Beatty deals in details, concretely reported, Madeleine Doty in wide gestures. The single adverse criticism that applies to both, though to Madeleine Doty's book in largest measure, is their common emphasis upon the sex of the authors. Now that women are travelling the world much as men are,—struggling with passports,

insulted by customs and military officials, herded in with folk to whom they have not been introduced by a mutual friend,—it would seem that they might forget about their sex and let the rest of us forget it. It would seem so—did one not realize that the great reading public would any day rather see the Russian revolution in company with a valiant young woman like Bessie Beatty than see it alone; and will certainly show more interest in the psychology of a Don Cossack if it finds him in the act of kicking off his boots and going to sleep in Madeleine Doty's compartment on the trans-Siberian train.

Bessie Beatty is a journalist, not a propagandist; she has written an honest book—more honest, perhaps, than could be written by some of the rest of us who feel that we have found our holy city in the red streets of Moscow, and could hardly avoid seeing through the eyes of our desires. And she has written with humor. Her brief sketch of Charles Edward Russell wearing the reddest necktie in Petrograd, should be deeply treasured. The whole episode of the Root Mission is told with discernment. Her visit to the dark stretches of the Russian front gives a new picture of a piece of the war. Her story of her life with the girl soldiers of the Battalion of Death leaves a vivid impression of the idealism and valor and passion and cold cruelty that made up the character of that strange movement.

Bessie Beatty's book is particularly a book for the honest American who wants to know. After all, the great use of the liberal in these days of swift and brutal change, lies in his faculty of getting a hearing. A young comrade on the East Side demands the recall of troops from Russia, and is sent to jail for five years; Senator Johnson says the same thing, louder,—and lands on the front page of the *New York Times*. The moral is easy. Liberalism should be cherished.

Behind the Battle Line is an honest book, too. It is the reaction of a shocked individualist, a bruised idealist. Madeleine Doty had built herself a perfect revolution, in which the rights of minorities were given a fair chance, in which force yielded to reason, resentment to love, and the individual dissenter had a hearing. The Russian revolution, she discovered, was not of this stuff of dreams. It crushed dissenting minorities, sometimes by force, it showed small love for its enemies, and in its passion of tearing down and building anew it trampled Madeleine Doty's ideal revolution roughly to the ground—and neither knew nor cared. Yet her story of events is important, whatever interpretation one puts upon them. She happened upon a few of the most significant moments of the revolution, and got hold of valuable documents which she wove with what she saw into a vivid narrative.

Her story of Russia is not the whole story. In the course of two hundred pages she leads us through Japan, China, Siberia, Red Russia, Sweden, Norway, France, England; and everywhere she goes she urges us to take a long look at the women. Too simply, one feels, through incidents or the personality of an outstanding woman, she interprets the soul of the feminist movement in each country. To

those of us who believe that the differences between individual human beings are of vastly more account than differences of sex or age or nationality or race, the convenient pigeon-holes in which Madeleine Doty docket the women of the world seem too confining. "Woman, the comrade" in Russia. . . . Doubtless there, where women and men have had to sink everything in the great common fight for light and air, women—*those women who have shared in the fight*—are comrades first. But what of "woman, the genius" in Sweden, standing apart from and opposed to man? And "woman, the lover" in France? It seems too easy. There are too many of all of them everywhere, to settle any of them anywhere. Nor can one woman stand for a nation of women.

In spite of solid dissent from Madeleine Doty's conclusions, one is interested in her women. The warm, vital personality of Ellen Key comes out in word and gesture. It is good to meet her—not as a type, but as a human friend. And so with the other women. In spite of her use of them as types, Madeleine Doty introduces them as living people, until one suspects that she is really more interested in women than in woman, and that the play of personalities and the deep values of individual human relations mean more to her than all the revolutions of Europe.

And so she herself is more interesting than the story she tells. The book is important as a revelation of a spirit, unwilling to submit to the indignities life imposed upon humanity; defiant, often, of the brutal evidence of fact; insistent upon the reality of a dream. *Behind the Battle Line*, for all its brisk, journalistic title, is in reality a love story that could not quite achieve its happy ending.

FREDA KIRCHWEY.

The Meaning of History

Modern and Contemporary European History,
by J. Salwyn Schapiro. Houghton Mifflin Co.
\$3.50 net.

IN the course of my formal school education there used to be thrust on my unresisting intelligence a variety of text books which assumed to inform me of things I was told I needed to know. Among those books were those which assumed to tell me of the history of various countries during various exciting periods. From these text books I drew a certain conception of history, a false conception, it is true, but as clear as it was false. I assumed that people were important only as subjects of dynasts, justified in rebellion against their sovereigns only when those sovereigns were conspicuously unworthy. With the exception of the French and American revolutions, history was a conflict between dynasts, between Christian and infidel, between lords spiritual and lords temporal. History was conflict and history was melodramatic as conflict always is. The people within national boundaries were always united, even in rebellion. There were never any conflicts motivated, say, by sharp economic needs. I read never of the people, always of the state. There were never any class movements. I never read

of Wat Tyler or of Mary Wollstonecraft or of the conflict between the clerics and the liberals in those old history text books. I never got a sense that people were moving, either backward or forward. Everywhere, except during wars and the two great revolutions, a great oppressive unanimity seemed to take hold of all the peoples. I never doubted that the Crusades were fought for the purposes of liberating the holy places or that the North fought the South to liberate the slave. That there might be shades between right and wrong and that the United States (meaning the *government* of the United States) might perhaps have been unjustified in a single authorized act, such as the Mexican War, never

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occurred to me. It never crossed my mind that the English schoolboy might be reading a text book which might present the facts of the Revolution of 1776 rather differently. Books, because they were books, were always faithful to the truth and national egotism or the need for national self-justification never colored the historian's version of the immutable fact. So I thought. . . .

That is why Professor Schapiro's text book ought to be got (surreptitiously, if necessary) into the hands of our mal-educated young people. If it has a fault it is that it attempts to tell too much and to include within the word "history" more series of facts than the writer can easily handle. It errs, if at all, through excess of zeal. The jacket informs us: "It is a social and economic history as well as a political one. The significance of literature is not overlooked and there is a full treatment of such significant social movements as socialism, syndicalism and feminism." This is one of the few history books of modern times which subordinates military campaigns to the inconspicuous place they really hold in mankind's progress—would it be seditious to say, in mankind's retardation? It is precious to the student of modern Europe because it gives such a vital sense of the conflicting forces within each nation which were struggling (and still are) for recognition or predominance. The author has managed to include a chapter on the Great War, as he calls it, a chapter on the Russian Revolution of 1905 and part of a chapter on the Revolution of 1917. It is the most complete text book of these times and the writer seems to be animated by that sympathy for things of the modern spirit which is so lacking in men who feed their souls on the past.

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(Continued on page 48)

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(Continued on page 50)

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