

Liberator

JANUARY 1920

20 CENTS



LYDIA GIBSON

RUSSIA VICTORIOUS

The Story of Isaac McBride's
Adventures in the Soviet Republic



This new photograph of Lenin, standing in the courtyard of the Kremlin, was brought to America by Isaac McBride

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DEBS!

DEBS!

DEBS!

DEBS!

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Boardman Robinson
Boardman Robinson.

A Typical Bolshevik Atrocity

Five minutes after prisoners of war are brought into a Bolshevik camp they are served with bread and tea, and five minutes later they are given propaganda literature in their own language. See page 8.

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January, 1920

Russia Victorious

Verbatim Report of a Conversation with Isaac McBride



Isaac McBride.

MR. McBRIDE: I reached Riga the latter part of August, and applied to the Lettish Staff for permission to go through the front. They advised me not to go, because they were in action on the front, but I finally secured permission and started.

The train stopped about 16 versts from the Lettish battle-front and from there you either had to walk to the front-line trenches or hire a Russian hay-rick; so I hired a hay-rick. The

Bolshevists were shelling this side and the Letts were returning the fire; it was heavy shrapnel they were using. We drove along a way, the Russian driver on the front seat and I sitting in the back end of the rick.

QUESTION: You were all alone?

MR. McBRIDE: Yes, all alone, with my feet braced against the sides so that the jar of the wagon wouldn't shake my kidneys loose, because they haven't any springs and the roads are very rocky. We had gone about 5 versts, I think, and those shells were dropping very heavily and I was scared to death. All of a sudden a shell burst about fifty feet away, and a chunk of shrapnel, about twice the size of my fists, dropped between my legs and busted some of the slats out of the wagon; one of the slats, struck me in the leg and I took a black and blue leg to Moscow. I came near telling the driver to go back home, but then I thought, as I had gotten this far, it would be a shame not to keep going.

Just then the driver stopped the horse, he looked back.

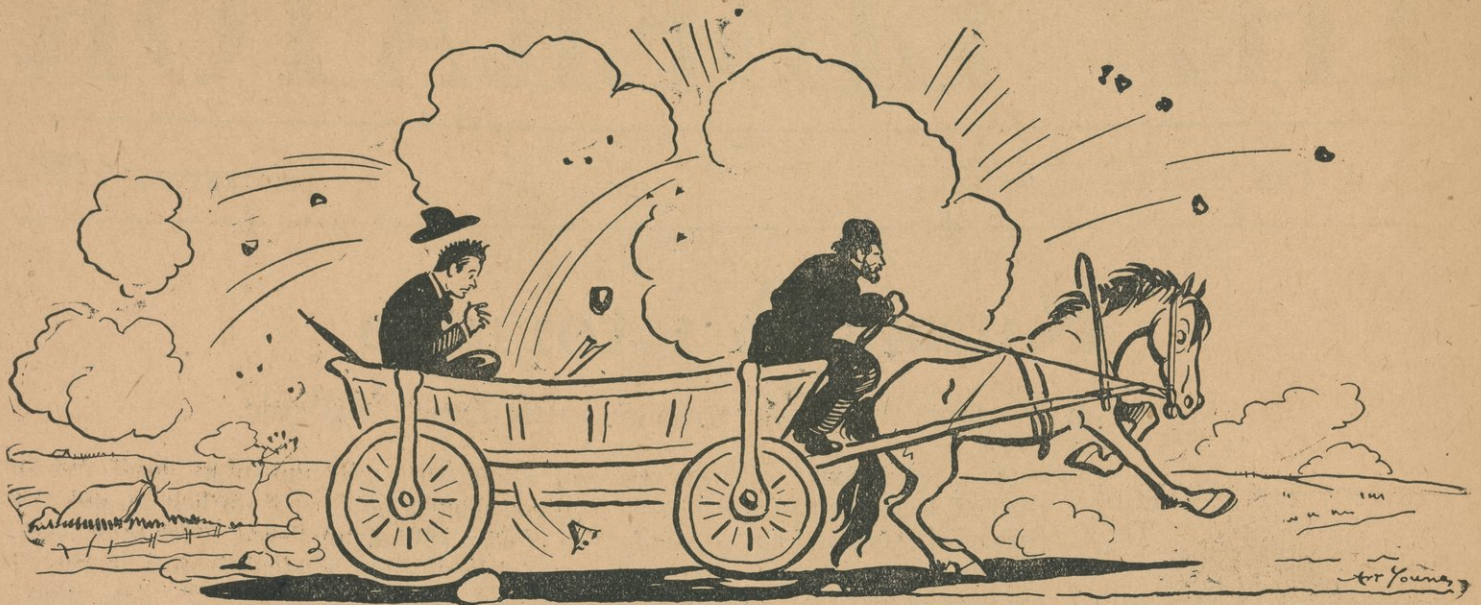
He was very white, but I told him to go ahead and he started. We got about a half verst further on and met some Lettish officers with a gun placed under some trees, returning the Bolshevik fire. I asked them if it was all right; they laughed and said: "Go ahead." They didn't care whether anybody got killed or not. So I finally got down to the front-line positions and went to the Commander and I showed him that I had the right to go across the front. It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. He says: "You can't go now; they are engaged in the trenches over there." Well, the nights were very cold; if I had stayed there over night, I'd have had to sleep outside and I thought if I could get across I might find a warm place to sleep. So I insisted on going.

Right across the neutral zone you could see the Bolshevik trenches, running at right angles to the railroad with barbed wire on each side so that a motor train couldn't rush through. He said: "You can't go into the front line trenches; nobody is allowed in there except military men, but you can climb over that barbed wire fence and start down in the open." That was the best I could do, so an officer took me around those barbed wires and down into a ditch at the edge of the railroad and pointed to me to climb the bank. Well, I climbed up somehow, it was about 25 feet; and started down that track with a big suitcase and a heavy overcoat on, holding up my umbrella with a white handkerchief tied to it. It was a very hot day and I had to walk two miles across the neutral zone.

QUESTION: Two miles straight down the railroad?

MR. McBRIDE: Right straight down the tracks. You could see the Bolshevik trenches in the distance. Pretty quick the firing started. I couldn't feel anything dropping near me, so I decided those Lettish soldiers were popping their heads out of the trenches to see this damn fool go across and the Bolsheviks were taking pot shots at them.

The Lettish officer had told me: "If they start to fire



"I hired a Russian hayrick and started across country along the railroad track."

on you, roll off down the bank and crawl back to our positions." But I'd have had to roll 25 feet and probably crawl a mile. So I kept on. Just then I felt something whiz right past my ear, and I knew some fellow had spotted me. Instead of getting scared that time I got very mad.

QUESTION: This was from the Bolshevik side?

MR. McBRIDE: Yes, the Bolshevik side. The Letts were back of me.

QUESTION: You had the Letts' protection so far?

MR. McBRIDE: Yes. So I went on up the railroad, walking very fast, with my head down, but nothing struck me. When I got within a hundred yards of the other side they signalled to me to get down off the railroad track, go across a field and through an opening in the barbed wire that they use in going over the top. I did what they said and finally came up to the Bolshevik line. By that time I was exhausted and nervous from being scared, and tired from carrying the suitcase, and I remember the first thing I said to one of the Red soldiers was: "What the hell did you shoot at me for?"

He called a fellow up from the other end of the trench who spoke English.

"The man made a mistake in shooting at you," he said. "It shouldn't have been done, but you also made a mistake. You should have had a red flag instead of a white one!"

QUESTION: What happened next?

MR. McBRIDE: They began checking me up. It makes no difference who you are, it does not make any difference what kind of passport you have got, they take no chances on anybody. They have had a great deal of trouble with spies, so they have established a rule that

anybody going in has to be relayed from one army post to the other and questioned everywhere. It took me nine days before I got to Moscow. I was relayed from the company to the regiment, from the regiment to the brigade, from the brigade to the division, from the division to the army command, from the army command to the high command.

QUESTION: Questioned at each point, you mean?

MR. McBRIDE: Oh, yes, and every time by a trusted Communist, a man well versed in world revolution, a man that knew just the questions to ask you and who could determine by the replies whether you were a safe person to allow in the country or not. And you are accompanied by a Red guard all the way. You sleep at night in the barracks and the Red guard sits at the door with a gun thrown across his knee all night. Until you are checked in as O.K. they take no chances.

QUESTION: How did you get along in this ordeal?

MR. McBRIDE: I got along because I knew something about the Socialist movement.

QUESTION: Did they ask you if you were a Socialist on your first entering?

MR. McBRIDE: No. they don't ask you that; they find out themselves. If they asked you that, you'd say yes, and they know you would. They're not stupid like ordinary government officials. Well, my Red guard finally delivered me, like a bundle of goods, to the Foreign Office in Moscow; he took a receipt for me from Tchitcherin's secretary, and left me there. And then the Foreign Office grilled me; and I'll tell you those people know how. They've got the most efficient organization for spotting a spy that I ever saw.

I had gone through the hands of Litvinoff, and then of

Crassin, and then of two other men of the Foreign Office. I finally reached Tchitcherin.

QUESTION: Does Tchitcherin speak English well?

MR. McBRIDE: Very well. When they decide you are all right, they give you free rein of the city; you are at liberty to do anything you want, "Go ahead and do as you please," they say, and they establish you in a home where you can live.

QUESTION: Do they provide you with food?

McBRIDE: Yes, the best food that Russia can give anybody. For breakfast I would get black bread, coffee, and a piece of butter; about one or two o'clock in the afternoon, for lunch, I would get cabbage soup and a small piece of fish, and that's all; in the evening, about seven or eight o'clock, I would have some tea, black bread—no butter—and an egg. The same thing every day in the week; it never varied.

QUESTION: Is it real coffee?

MR. McBRIDE: No; coffee made from wheat.

QUESTION: Does everybody get alike?

MR. McBRIDE: No. The people who do the hardest physical work get the most food; the people who do sedentary work get very little food, and they've found out that the sedentary workers are becoming real fit on this account. There were several days just before I reached Moscow when there wasn't a pound of bread in the whole city. They drank tea and ate apples from the orchards. It is pretty hard to conceive of a population of 96,000,000 people subsisting on black bread and tea, interspersed with cabbage soup. It is very hard to believe sometimes, but it's true.

QUESTION: Are the peasants hoarding food as we hear they are?

MR. McBRIDE: Yes, the Soviet Government is having difficulty with some of the peasants, because they won't give up the supplies they produce. They are hoarding



McBride talks to Tchitcherin.



"You should have a red flag instead of a white one."

what they produce because they want machinery and they want shoes and they want clothing.

QUESTION: Are they hoarding it with any ill-will towards the central government?

MR. McBRIDE: No, I think most of their ill-will is towards the forces outside Russia whose action they resent. You must remember that peasant life in Russia is a very isolated life, and though the Bolsheviks endeavored to reach the peasants there are thousands of them that have no conception of what Soviet Russia is trying to do. But the peasants in general are supporting Soviet Russia.

The big reason for the lack of food in Russia is that 60% of the man-power is employed at the present time, in either the combatant or non-combatant service, in the business of repelling invasion. The railroads for instance are wholly given over to the military; there isn't one civilian in 3,000 on the Russian railroads.

Another big factor is transportation. In certain sections of the country there has been quite a production of wheat and they made every effort to move this wheat to given centers where there are dense populations, but their rolling stock is broken down, useless most of it, and they haven't any method of reconstructing it because of the complete mobilization.

QUESTION: They haven't the materials either, have they?

MR. McBRIDE: If the man-power was released from the front they could dig the material out of the ground. They know how to do it, and they know how to convert it into the finished product.

QUESTION: They have all the resources?

MR. McBRIDE: Yes, but of course if they could get hold of some machinery and some locomotives and some rails and some cars, all ready for use, that would relieve the immediate food situation more than anything else.

QUESTION: Tell us some more about Moscow?

MR. McBRIDE: First, let me tell you what I saw along the fighting fronts. I traveled along the front for a thousand miles. Twice I was with them when they were in action along the western front, once against the Letts and once against the Lithuanians. The thing that surprised me most was the wonderful self-discipline in the Red Army. I'd go into a commandant's office along the front, a high command, and he would be sitting at the table playing cards or checkers with some privates. Maybe the door would burst open and a bunch of privates would come in with some officers and they would all sit there talking. All of a sudden the telephone bell would ring—something going on along the front—the commandant would give an order, and right off the soldiers are at attention, the cards are dropped and they are out of the door like a shot. They move in unison. You see, they thoroughly understand the difference between being comrades off duty, and obeying orders while the fighting is going on.

QUESTION: Is it in other respects like an army—court-martial, death penalty, etc?

MR. McBRIDE: They have the death penalty, but it's very seldom used. The reason for that is because the Red soldiers at the present time in Russia are absolutely heart and soul for Soviet Russia. Even when they are crippled, when they are wounded, they don't want to go to the hospital—they want to go back to the front, and what's more, they can tell you in an intelligent way why they want to go back. It isn't the desire to fight; it is the desire to protect this thing they've got.

QUESTION: How do they treat military prisoners?

MR. McBRIDE: Oh, they have a wonderful system. I was on the Lettish front on several occasions when they took prisoners. This is what they do. They take them straight to the barracks, sit them down all around on the floor, and then in will come a Red guard with a big basket of bread, another with the samovar; they make tea, cut up the bread and pass it around. And while they are sitting there eating, another Red guard will come through the door with a bundle of literature. If there is a German soldier there, he receives some German literature; if a Lithuanian, he receives some Lithuanian literature; if he happens to be French—oh, they have it in all languages, whatever language you can read. All the while they are holding the prisoners they feed them three times a day, sometimes bread and tea and sometimes cabbage soup, *and they keep them reading all the time*; when they are not reading some of the Commissars are in there talking with them, telling them about the world, and what the war is about and why they were sent there. Why, they've got the organization of it perfected to such an extent that they're not prisoners five minutes before they're eating, and they're not eating five minutes before they're reading.

QUESTION: Did you meet any English or American prisoners?

MR. McBRIDE: Yes, I met 30 English prisoners in Moscow. Some of them are working now for the Soviet Government. I walked up to three of them on the street one day and said:

"How could a person get out of this country? I have been here now for six months and these people won't let me out."

"Why do you want to get out?" one of them said.

"I don't like the country. There isn't any food in it, they restrict your personal liberty and everything's rotten," I said just to see what they would say.

"Well," he replied. "We have been prisoners here for six months. There is only one objection we have to the Soviet Government, and that is, food is scarce; we get just as much food as anybody else, but nobody gets much food in Russia. You see us walking around the street, nobody following us, we are free to go where we please. They send us to the theatre three nights a week; we witness Schiller's dramas, we witness Gorky's and Tolstoy's plays, we go to the opera and to the ballet. That's what happens to all prisoners."

"Where were you taken prisoner?" I asked him.

"In Archangel. There were 90 of us in the company and we were ordered to charge a Bolshevik position. We were told by the General in command before we went into action that each of us was to put a bomb in his pocket, because if you were taken prisoner the Bolsheviks would first cut your finger off, then they would cut an ear off, then cut the end of your nose off, and they would keep stripping you and torturing you until you would be dead 21 days later. We didn't know but what that might be true, and we took the bombs with us."

QUESTION: They took the bombs to commit suicide with?

MR. McBRIDE: Yes, to blow their heads off. "Well," the Englishman went on, "we moved against their position and they got us in a hollow and we saw them all around us, and there was nothing we could do except to throw down our arms and throw up our hands, and we decided it was all over. However, there wasn't a man among us who had nerve enough to touch his bomb. So they took us prisoners and they marched us back two



The prisoners decide not to kill themselves

versts to the barracks; they sat us all around the floor and three men brought big loaves of bread, they brought samovars in and made tea, they gave us food and drink, and two men came to the door with big bundles of literature all printed in English so that we could read. They kept us there for two days and then they brought us to Moscow, and," he said, "if you want to, I'll take you with me and show you where we're staying—we are staying in a very nice place—and several of my associates are working for the Soviet."

I said to him, "Is that the usual thing?" and he answered. "Yes; that is the way they treat people when they come in. They don't kill you; they just feed you with this—what they call outside, 'poisonous propaganda.' They say: 'You read this stuff for a week,' and you do, and you believe it, you can't help it."

So, you see, in Russia they like very much to take prisoners. The only objection is that they haven't got much food and they don't like to starve them. They told me that they would like to take a million prisoners a day, if they had plenty of food and paper. After all, the biggest war they are carrying on in Russia is a war of education. All along the battle-front you can see streamers telling the other side what the thing is about, you can see them a hundred yards away.

QUESTION: What do you mean by streamers?

MR. McBRIDE: You know what a streamer is—you simply put two posts in the ground and fasten the streamer between them. In the morning, when the sun rises, there it is.

QUESTION: What does it say?

MR. McBRIDE: It says many things. For instance, there was one that they translated to me on the Lettish side when I was coming out, it said: "The Germans are now marching on Riga! German soldiers are assisting you to destroy the working-class republic in Russia! If you want to defend Lettland, go back and drive the Germans out of Riga!" and that's the way they disorganized the Lettish army.

QUESTION: It's better than shrapnel. Isn't it?

MR. McBRIDE: Yes, why I talked to those Lettish soldiers on my way back. They wanted to quit fighting the Bolsheviks and go home. They were absolutely done for, as an army.

But the Soviet forces are remarkable in a military way, too. You remember three weeks ago when Yudenitch marched on Petrograd? First, let me tell you, the army that the Soviets are afraid of is the Denikin army; he has the Cossacks, he is getting food and clothing from England, he is getting tanks from the British. The Russian soldiers had never seen a tank, and when these monstrous things came across the field they couldn't withstand it, they started to retreat in disorder, and a lot of men were killed. Well, in order to stop Denikin, they had to practically strip the western front, especially

the Petrograd front. They even had to go into the various offices in Petrograd and other Russian cities and take the Commissars out and send them to the front. And it was just then that Yudenitch marched on Petrograd; knowing the poor condition of transportation, of course he expected to take the city before they could bring any soldiers back from the south. But look what happened. In two days the Bolsheviks got three regiments back to defend Petrograd. And where is Yudenitch now?

QUESTION: Is there some great military intelligence in the Russian Army that is directing all this?

MR. McBRIDE: At the present time they have got 75% of the Czar's officers in the Soviet Army. Now, that does not necessarily mean that they are for Russia because it is Soviet Russia, but because it is Russia. They are military men of course and patriots. It was Trotzky who insisted on allowing these old officers to come into the army. Many of the Communists thought they would betray the soldiers on the front and turn them over to the enemy—and Trotzky said it was a question of permitting the experienced officers to train the men and teach them military tactics or the Red Army would be destroyed. Well, Trotzky had his way, but at every army post, whether it is a company, a brigade, a regiment or a division, wherever there is an old army officer there is a trusted Commissar who works in the office, and every move the old army officer makes the Commissar knows it. But I don't know whether this system will be necessary for very long. When I was in Moscow, 167 of these old regime officers drew up a petition—I read it—which they sent through to the Denikin lines—appealing to their fellow officers to leave Denikin's army and quit making war on Soviet Russia, because the people of Russia wanted Soviet rule.

QUESTIONS How big is the Red Army now?

MR. McBRIDE: 2,000,000 men—I saw a million of them on the western and Ukrainian fronts, where Denikin and Yudenitch were operating. It's like any other great well disciplined army, but there's something more. They actually move like a revolutionary army. You see the spirit of the thing right in the faces of the men. And when you realize that hanging from the back of each man, in a sack, is a small tin teapot, a cup, a loaf of bread,—that that's what they're fighting on mainly, tea and bread,—I tell you it's wonderful. They sing the "Internationale" as if it reached down into their souls.

If you have any conscience at all, if you have any honesty, if you have any decency—it doesn't make any difference whether you are opposed to Bolshevism or not, if you go into Russia and see the struggle those people are putting forth for freedom, freedom as they understand it—if you have any goodness of heart at all, you cannot help but come out and protest just as vigor-

ously as you can against any further invasion of their country.

QUESTION: That accounts for the fact that everybody, every decent soul who goes in, feels he's got to devote his life to raising the blockade and stopping intervention, after he gets out.

MR. McBRIDE: Yes, absolutely. I feel the same way. Why, you have no idea of what suffering is unless you go into Russia now. I don't eat a great deal ordinarily and I almost starved to death in Russia and I almost froze to death, and yet they gave me the best they had.

QUESTION: I want to hark back to the question whether there is any supreme military intelligence. Is Trotzky really a genius in the conduct of his campaigns?

MR. McBRIDE: Trotzky instills revolutionary fervor in his army; he is one of the most wonderful speakers you ever heard. He is the spiritual force in the army, but he is not a general. He doesn't actually conduct the military campaigns.

QUESTION: There is nobody in Russia talking about a return of Napoleon, a military genius?

MR. McBRIDE: No, you will never have the man on horseback again in Russia. You see, the Bolshevik government has lasted two years, it's had time to educate the rank and file, and when you give the rank and file education unhampered, you can't get your "man on horseback" into power again.

QUESTION: Trotzky devotes himself entirely to the army, does he?

MR. McBRIDE: Trotzky moves along the front from one command to the other, comes to Moscow once in awhile for consultation and to make a speech, telling the civilians what is going on along the front, and then goes back.

QUESTION: Does he speak to great crowds of soldiers? Is that the way he leads?

MR. McBRIDE: Yes.

QUESTION: He does not sit in an office, then, but is actually a leader who is out and is seen?

MR. McBRIDE: Don't misunderstand, Trotzky doesn't lead the army; he is not on the fighting front. You see, in Soviet Russia they will not allow a capable man to go out and get killed; they can't afford it. They are all willing to sacrifice and die, but the communists have some sense and they insist that the capable leaders, from Lenin down, have got to be kept away from the firing line so that they won't be killed.

QUESTION: Did you see Lenin?

MR. McBRIDE: Yes, I saw Lenin; I talked to Lenin for an hour and twenty minutes.

QUESTION: What was the most important thing he had to say?

MR. McBRIDE: I'm going to tell that in an article later.

QUESTION: Well, what was your impression of him?

MR. McBRIDE: Lenin? I'd like to have him for a brother. You know, before Lenin was shot, he used to run loose through Russia; he had no guards at all. Now you have to show your pass to four sets of guards before you can get in to see the man.

QUESTION: Is he quite recovered?

MR. McBRIDE: He is all right now, but he still carries the bullets in his body. He lay between life and death for six weeks and they were afraid to make any effort to extract the bullets for fear they might kill him. Let me tell you a story about him: You see, in Moscow at the present time the government is feeding 359,000 children and in Petrograd 200,000; this is being done regardless of whether the parents are working or not. The Soviet Government has taken upon itself the responsibility for every child that is born in the country. They have established several maternity homes where mothers are allowed to come three months before the birth of a child and remain three months after. And they have a school with a six months course in the care of children; 500 young girls come there from all over Russia, take the six months' course and then go back home to make room for 500 more, and so on. That will give you some idea of what they're doing for childhood in Russia, and all the time, understand, they're fighting on the longest front that has ever been fought on in the history of the world.

Well, to get on with my story, Lenin was almost dying that time. He could not take food, only some kind of a liquid, but he was conscious all the time. It finally reached the stage where the doctor thought he should take some of this liquid gruel made for the children. Lenin refused to take it and his wife stood over the bed and fought him for two days to take it, and he wouldn't. He said it was scarce and the children needed it. "But," the doctor said: "You may die." And they say he smiled—he always smiles—and said: "Other men have died." And he absolutely would not take it and he recovered without it.

QUESTION: I'm interested to know about distribution. What are the stores like? Are there still private shopkeepers?

MR. McBRIDE: Of course the big department stores in Moscow and Petrograd have become Soviet institutions and the large clothing stores and shoe stores have been taken over by the government, but here and there you will find a small shop where the petty bourgeoisie of the olden days are still holding out. In Moscow there's a speculators' street. You go up there any day and you will find thousands of people within seven blocks. There you see the bourgeoisie of the olden days out on the street peddling, women as well as men, with dress suits in their hands, ladies shoes, jewelry, opera hats and so on, out there trying to sell their old possessions in order to get sufficient rubles to buy food.

You see they have to pay the private speculators 75 rubles for a pound of black bread, whereas if they were working for the Soviet government they could get it for 10 rubles a pound. But these people will not co-operate with the Soviet Government. They're always thinking that the invading forces are about to restore the old order.

QUESTION: Do these people get any supplies from the Soviet Government?

MR. McBRIDE: The people who do no work? No, they are not recognized at all. You must be performing some service in Russia now; it does not make any difference how many rubles you have buried in the yard, you can't go into a Soviet store and purchase supplies unless you can show a card that you are performing some useful work. Of course if you're not able to work you get a card.

QUESTION: You mean there are private speculators still in existence who are selling food and necessities to the unreconciled at enormous prices?

MR. McBRIDE: Yes, there are a few.

QUESTION: Why is it that these few still exist?

MR. McBRIDE: Because 60% of the man power of Russia is mobilized. They are busy about something more important. But the speculators are gradually being eliminated. The Soviet worker generally buys in a Soviet store; but he can buy wherever he wants. There is no law against it.

QUESTION: Is the Soviet worker paid in rubles?

MR. McBRIDE: Yes, the average wage in Moscow at the present time is 3,000 rubles a month.

QUESTION: A ruble is worth now what?

MR. McBRIDE: A ruble is worth now about 4 cents. The ordinary soldier in Russia gets 400 rubles a month; but he gets his clothes, his shoes, a pound and a half of bread a day. Lenin, Trotzky, Tchitcherin and the other Commissars receive 4,500 rubles a month each—about \$180. They must pay their own rent and buy their own food and own clothes. Tchitcherin is half starved. He looks like a shadow. He eats in his office—some cabbage soup and a little piece of fish in the afternoon. Along about midnight, still in his office, he'll have a glass of tea and a piece of black bread.

QUESTION: Are they in that class of sedentary workers who don't get the biggest amount of food?

MR. McBRIDE: Absolutely. They are not allowed any more food than any other sedentary worker.

QUESTION: Who determines the wages?

MR. McBRIDE: The Supreme Council of Public Economy in every town gets together with the Trades Unions every two months and adjusts the wage scale in accordance with conditions.

QUESTION: Do the peasants accept this Bolshevik money?

MR. McBRIDE: The peasants are reluctant to take it;

in fact they don't want money at all, they want shoes. But what can the government do? It cannot give the peasants clothes, it cannot give them shoes, it cannot give them machinery, it cannot even give them salt. If you want to ride half a mile in Russia, you get into a drozhky and the man charges you 300 rubles; but if you say to the drozhky man, "I will give you some salt," he will haul you for six hours.

QUESTION: You said that there are small private merchants still in existence. Isn't it true that there are also big concessions to large private capitalistic enterprises? We hear so many accusations made against Lenin's government from the left, that he is continually making more and more compromises with private industry. Is that true?

MR. McBRIDE: Within Russia?

QUESTION: Yes.

MR. McBRIDE: Absolutely not; the only corporation that the Soviet Government has any dealings with at the present time is the World Literature Publishing House, led by Maxim Gorky. It is composed of the best minds in the literary and scientific world in Russia, and is translating the great books in all the languages to distribute by the million to the peasants as soon as they can get paper enough. There are 500 volumes ready now. That is a private institution under the control of the Soviet Government and subsidized by the Soviet Government.

QUESTION: What about the Norwegian timber concessions?

MR. McBRIDE: Oh, yes, they were willing to grant concessions to the Norwegians. They are willing to grant concessions to the Swedes, to the Danes, to any outside exploiter, so long as he agrees that the people working for him are subject all the time to control by the laws governing the Soviet Republic. He cannot work them longer than the Soviet hours, he must pay them the regulated Soviet wage regardless of whatever profit he is able to make.

QUESTION: The point is they can exploit the forests and mines but they can't exploit the workers, they cannot make slaves of them?

MR. McBRIDE: Yes, that's it. Tchitcherin said to me, "Tell the people of the United States that there is flax here, there is timber here, there are many things here in Russia. We will give them a lease for 49 years, provided that the exploitation goes on subject to the control of the laws of the Soviet Government."

QUESTION: But they don't make concessions to anybody inside? There simply don't exist any great rich corporations?

MR. McBRIDE: Absolutely not. And the only reason they make concessions to foreigners is because they need their technical help.

QUESTION: What is the philosophy of this revolution?

Uncompromising before the revolution takes place, then after—?

MR. MCBRIDE: Then after, compromise to preserve the revolution.

QUESTION: Yet, you would call men like Lenin uncompromising men?

MR. MCBRIDE: I certainly would. Lenin and Tchitcherin say to you: "Now, go back to America. Tell them to take their forces away. We will grant them concessions, we will give them anything they want, we will pay all the debts that the Czar contracted. Just let us alone and give us a chance to go back into production. We know we compromise, but *we compromise in the interests of the revolution.*"

QUESTION: In saying that, has he the support of the Communist Party back of him?

MR. MCBRIDE: Yes, and of the Executive Committee, composed of 200 men, and of the the Soviet Congress. There was a dissension at the time those concessions were offered, but almost everybody in the party is reconciled now.

QUESTION: Does all the Left opposition, now, come from the anarchists?

MR. MCBRIDE: No, it comes from Extreme Left Bolsheviks, too. There is just a thin line of demarkation between them and the anarchists. They object to the central control, and they object to restriction of liberty in Russia.

QUESTION: Aren't the leaders themselves fearful sometimes that there may be too much centralization in their government?

MR. MCBRIDE: Yes, Lenin especially is always fearful of it; but they hold that centralization is absolutely necessary at present, and only a fool would hold otherwise. You can't have absolute local autonomy with an enemy that has a ring around you. You have got to have a compact organization that compels revolutionary obedience, and that is what they strive for.

QUESTION: How does Gorky lean?

MR. MCBRIDE: Gorky is just a pure and simple pacifist. He is a literary man and has never mingled in the politics of the country, one way or the other. The thing that sickened him in the revolution was the killing on both sides.

Gorky said to me, (I wrote it all down and I'll read it to you), "When you go back tell the Americans for the sake of humanity to leave Russia alone. I thoroughly understand that there are many, many people in America who have no vision, who have no comprehension of what Russia is, but after all you have a few enlightened people in America, and please tell them that Russia is not a Central Africa without statesmanship or constructive genius.

"Russia is well able to take care of herself. In the near future a statement will be issued to the outside

world in the name of the best brains of Russian science and literature showing the accomplishments under Soviet rule. The Jews in Russia are playing a part that will live in the future and will be written in golden letters to the memory of the Jewish race."

It was Gorky, who told me about the factory right outside of Petrograd where they are converting sawdust into sugar.

QUESTION: That's a new discovery?

MR. MCBRIDE: Yes; that was discovered by workmen in the factory. Another workman invented some new way of making the big fishing nets they use; the nets used to last two years, now they don't have to bother with them for eight years. Gorky says that during less than two years of Soviet rule they have made more discoveries than in two generations of Czars.

Gorky is a wonderful man. This is what they are doing under his leadership: They are preparing a series of dramas and scenarios illustrated with scientific exactness, showing the history of man from the Stone Age, through the Middle Ages, up to the French Revolution. They now have 25 scenarios ready.

QUESTION: Now, I want to ask you a question about individual liberty. Suppose I was one of those bourgeoisie women that had been out selling jewels for the sake of getting food and that I was tired of it and wanted to give in and become part of the Soviet system and get a job. What would I do and what kind of job would I get? Would I be simply ordered to work in a certain place—take it or leave it?

MR. MCBRIDE: No; you would apply for work to the Soviet Government and they would ask you what you could do, and you would tell them you were proficient in some calling, and they would refer you to that department and if they could find a position in there for you they would do it. Or suppose they would say, "We do not have any opening in that department. Are you willing to do this?" mentioning a particular job. "Well," you'd say, "I don't think I can do that," and they'd say, "We would like very much to allow you to do what you want to do, but this is the nearest we can come to it, and it's much needed work. Now it is not hard work, and we would like you to go and see what you can do with



This streamer says: "Brothers, why are you fighting us? Ask your officers!"

it." If you were really interested and were willing, you would go and try. Of course, if the factory in which you work is closed because of the lack of fuel or something of that kind, you are given an out-of-work card and you appear at the end of the month and receive the same amount of rubles as you would receive if you were working.

The only serious restriction of personal liberty in Russia is in connection with the counter-revolution. They will not allow you to concoct schemes against the government. For instance, when I was in Moscow they shot 60 men and 7 women, and it was a good thing they caught them when they did. They had been circularizing the Red soldiers on the Denikin front for two weeks past, telling them that Moscow and Petrograd had fallen, and they had arms stored secretly in different places. These people were brave—Russians are not afraid to die. They confessed they were trying to overthrow the government, so they took them and shot them.

Ten days later the Bolshevik Executive Committee were holding a meeting in Moscow. They were in session ten minutes when two bombs went off under the floor, killed 15 of them and wounded 65. Trotzky had been in the meeting ten minutes before. The secretary of the Bolshevik party in Moscow—I forget his name, a very clever man—was sitting at his desk writing, and they never found any part of him. This was a reply on the part of the Cadets for those who were executed.

They are a desperate people in a desperate situation; they are surrounded by enemies and they have enemies on the inside, and they know if these forces move into the interior every Communist will be killed, just as Denikin is weeding out every Communist that he finds.

QUESTION: Did you see a court?

MR. McBRIDE: Yes; the People's Court.

QUESTION: Are they professional judges in any sense?

MR. McBRIDE: No, a worker, a peasant, an artist, a soldier—they run down the category, a representative of each group, no lawyers. In this particular People's Court that I saw the peasant was chairman of the court. The government gives the prisoner the right to choose any defense he wants. He may bring one of his own friends in to defend him. And the government selects a worker or a peasant or somebody connected with the government to defend the government, and the trial proceeds. After the evidence is all in the court decides whether the defendant is guilty or not guilty, and they decide by majority.

QUESTION: Do these judges act permanently as judges?

MR. McBRIDE: They are subject to removal at all times. All officials in Russia are subject to removal.

QUESTION: Will you tell us something about the art-

ists? How do such more or less non-utilitarian workers get representation in the government?

MR. McBRIDE: They function as an organization, and are represented in the central Executive Committee. The artists are represented, the drozhky drivers are represented, the restaurant waiters are represented, the hotel workers are represented, the doctors are represented—all the professions are represented. The actors are represented.

QUESTION: Are artists paid just as other workingmen are paid?

MR. McBRIDE: Yes; some work for the Soviet Government, and then they try to keep a fund to sustain private artists, and let them do what they please.

QUESTION: Did you go to the theatre while you were in Moscow?

MR. McBRIDE: Yes; I went to the Great Theatre in Moscow; I went to the Ballet. I saw Schiller's "Robbers," and Gorky's "Lower Depths." My, how those people crowd the theatres.

QUESTION: Cheap seats?

MR. McBRIDE: Well, they range from three rubles to four hundred. The first four performances a week are set aside for the Soviet workers. You know, there are hundreds of sculptors at work in Russia. You go along the streets in Moscow and you'll see a fellow tearing a hole in a building and you wonder what he is doing; you go back the next day and you see a sculptor working there. All over Moscow, all around Theatre Square and Red Square and up towards Soviet Square, they are chipping into the old buildings and setting up statues.

QUESTION: Are they well done?

MR. McBRIDE: Some of the monuments are very bad.

QUESTION: Bad from what point of view? Bad from an academic point of view?

MR. McBRIDE: Bad from the point of view of artistic sense; some of them would shock you. They've got a statue of Karl Marx in front of the Smolny Institute; it looks pretty good from the front; you get around past it and take a look back, and Marx is standing there with a big silk hat in his hand. You can't get over Marx standing there in Soviet Russia with a silk hat in his hand!

QUESTION: You said that women have never been so economically and politically free as in Russia. In what way is their position different?

MR. McBRIDE: It's different in this way: No man meets a woman in Russia and marries her and then sticks her in a home and compels her to bake beans for him and make beds for him and stay at home. The woman can appeal to the Soviet Government for work, and she goes out and she works, and they dine in the Soviet Restaurant, with the regular Soviet employees preparing the food. And so the woman is at all times

free to earn her own living, and as a result of her feeling of independence there is a greater affection developed between the man and the woman.

QUESTION: If there are children is she then paid by the Soviet Government to stay home and take care of them?

MR. MCBRIDE: Yes, on the ground that she is in production for Russia—and the raising of a child in Russia is just as much production as working in a steel mill. It is part of their whole policy of preserving the revolution. They are counting on the children to preserve the new Russia in the future. That's what they care about. From Lenin down, at the present time they are not interested in world revolution. They are interested in preserving their own revolution.

QUESTION: Hasn't Lenin recently said that they would promise not to conduct propaganda in foreign countries?

MR. MCBRIDE: Yes, and he repeated that promise to me.

TOM MOONEY

I.

TOM MOONEY sits behind a grating,
Beside a corridor. (He's waiting.)
Long since he picked or peeled or bit away
The last white callous from his palms, they say.
The crick is gone from out his back;
And all the grease and grime
Gone from each finger-nail and every knuckle-crack.
(And that took time.)

II.

Tom Mooney breathes behind a grating,
Beside a corridor. (He's waiting.)
The Gold-men from ten cities hear in sleep
Tom Mooney breathing—for he breathes so deep.
The Gold-men from ten cities rise from bed
To make a brass crown for Tom Mooney's head;
They gather round great oaken desks—each twists
Two copper bracelets for Tom Mooney's wrists.
And down sky-scraper basements (all their own)
They forge the spikes for his galvanic throne.
The Gold-men love the jests of old Misrule—
At ease at last, they'll laugh their fill;
They'll deck Tom Mooney king, they will—
King over knave and fool.
And from enamelled doors of rearward office-vaults,
Lettered in gold with names that never crock,
They will draw back the triple iron bolts,
Then scatter from the ridges of their roofs
The affidavits of their paper-proofs
Of pallid Tom fool's low and lubber stock.

III.

Tom Mooney thinks behind a grating,
Beside a corridor. (He's waiting.)

(Tom Mooney free was but a laboring man;
Tom Mooney jailed's the Thinker of Rodin.)
The Workers in ten nations now have caught
The roll and rhythm of Tom Mooney's thought—
By that earth-girdling S.O.S.,
The subtle and immortal wireless
Of Man's strong justice in distress.
The workers in ten nations think and plan:
The pick-axe little Naples man,
The rice-swamp coolies in Japan
(No longer mere embroidery on a screen),
The crowds that swarm from factory gates,
At yellow dusks with all their hates,
In Ireland, Austria, Argentine,
In England, France, and Russia far
(That slew a Czar),—
Or where the Teutons lately rent
The Iron Cross (on finding what it meant);
At yellow dusks with all their hates
From fiery shops or gas-choked mines,
From round-house, mill, or lumber-pines,
In the broad belt of these United States.
The Workers, like the Gold-men, plan and wake,—
What bodes their waking?
The Workers, like the Gold-men, something make,—
What are they making?—
The Gold-men answer often—
"They make Tom Mooney's coffin."

IV.

Tom Mooney talks behind a grating,
Beside a corridor. (He's waiting.)
You cannot get quite near
Against the bars to lay your ear;
You find the light too dim
To spell the lips of him.
But, like a beast's within a zoo
(That was of old a god to savage clans),
His body shakes at you—
A beast's, a god's, a man's!
And from its ponderous, ancient rhythmic shaking
Ye'll guess what 'tis the workers now are making.
They make for times to come
From times of old—how old!—
From sweat, from blood, from hunger, and from tears,
From scraps of hope (conserved through bitter years
Despite the might and mockery of gold),
They make, these haggard men, a bomb,—
These haggard men with shawl-wives dumb
And pinched-faced children cold,
Descendants of the oldest, earth-born stock,
Gnarled brothers of the surf, the ice, the fire, the rock.
Gray wolf and gaunt storm-bird.
They make a bomb more fierce than dynamite,
They weld a Word.
And on the awful night
The Gold-men set Tom Mooney grinning
(If such an hour shall be in truth's despite)
They'll loose the places of much underpinning
In more than ten big cities, left and right.

William Ellery Leonard.



“And there was no room for them at the Inn.”

Come On In, The Waters Fine!

THE “national conference of American liberals,” under the auspices of the Committee of Forty-eight, was initiated at St. Louis by an instructive incident. The American Legion announced that it would “break up the meeting,” and the management of the hotel notified the committee that it could not be held.

After recourse to legal proceedings, including an injunction and the furnishing of a large cash bond to guarantee the hotel against damage, the meeting was held. The eminent respectability of the committee’s membership is still such as to protect them against official anarchy and terrorism. But the committee should not take too much comfort from this temporary victory of law and order over the Black Hundreds of Capitalism. If American liberals are going to do anything except

sign their name to polite protests, they will find, as those of their number who have adventured further have already found, that they are dangerous characters. They may expect to have the fire-hose turned on them at their next meeting, and their heads broken by the members of a police bomb-squad.

Europe Please Take Notice

“CHEYENNE and Arapahoe Indians gave visitors to the Canadian county fair at El Reno some idea as to what their old dance of victory meant. In the regalia of former days, these Indians gave their old dance, and *German scalps and other trophies brought home from the world war* by the young men of the two tribes were used to make the occasion one of the olden kind.”—*Harlow’s Weekly, Oklahoma City, Okla.*

The Steel Strike

By Mary Heaton Vorse

AT the beginning of the fourth month of the strike, at a moment when the newspapers have definitely decided that there is no strike, the strike still cripples production of steel 50 per cent. These are figures given by the steel companies to the financial columns of the daily press. One would think that the strike would have been definitely battered down and the account closed for good in at least a few towns. One would think that the might of the steel companies, backed by the press, reinforced by the judiciary, local authorities and police, and self-appointed "citizens' committees," would have finished this obstinate strike.

One would think it would have been kicked out, smothered out, stifled out, bullied out, brow-beaten out, stabbed out, scabbed out, but here they are hanging on in the face of cold weather, in the face of abuse and intimidation, in the face of arrests, in the face of mob violence—and these are dark days too.

These are days when the little striking communities are steeped in doubt, when the bosses go around to the women and plead with them almost tearfully to get their husbands to go back to work before their jobs are lost. These are the days when in these isolated places every power that the companies know is brought to bear upon the strikers to make them believe that they and they alone are hanging on, that the strike is over everywhere else and that this special town will be the goat.

People talk of the steel strike as if it were one single thing. In point of fact, there are 50 steel strikes. Literally there are 50 towns and communities where there to-day exists a strike. The communication between these towns is the slenderest, the mills and factories which this strike affects line the banks of a dozen rivers. The strike is scattered through a half a dozen states.

This is something new in the history of strikes—50 towns acting together. Pueblo acting in concert with Gary; Birmingham, Alabama, keeping step with Rankin and Braddock, Pennsylvania. How did it happen that these people, so slenderly organized, separated by distance, separated by language, should have acted together and have continued to act together?

Some of the men have scarcely ever heard a speaker in their own language. Some of the men are striking in communities where no meetings are allowed. Sitting at home, staying out, starving, suffering persecution, suffering the torture of doubt, suffering the pain of isolation, without strike discipline and without strike benefits, they hold on. What keeps them together?

It seems as though a great spiritual wave had lifted

up the heaving mass of the people and sent them irresistibly forward, hurled them against the reactionary might of embattled steel. As though their will to freedom from industrial tyranny had resulted in some conflagration of the spirit which made nothing of space.

The strike has gone through three phases. The first was terror. Men were beaten and arrested. Houses were searched. In Allegheny County the State Constabulary rode down the strikers. They rode their horses into stores and houses. They rode their horses up church steps and into crowds of school children. The idea was to stamp out the strike.

It refused to be stamped out.

The next phase was intimidation, silence, persistent reports that the strike was over. If they couldn't stamp it out they might smother it.

But the strike couldn't be smothered.

The situation of the consumers of steel became desperate. Everything from wire and ball-bearings and nails, to engines and parts of buildings necessary for structural iron work, was lacking. If the strike was over, the consumers wanted to know why there was no steel. Something had to be done.

Violence began again. This time mob violence added to judicial and police violence. Leaders were arrested. Secretaries were run out of town. Citizens' committees were formed. Negro strike breakers, and more negro strike breakers, were brought in. Mills were pried open by fair means or foul, and a constant drive of intimidation was brought upon all organizers and secretaries. We are in that phase now. When an organizer is missing for two or three hours foul play is feared, and every day brings the news of arrests. Every day a new community takes its turn in the limelight.

It is now Donora's turn. A few days ago, F——, the local organizer of Charleroi, telephoned that 101 men had been arrested.

A house in Donora had been blown up. This was the chance for which the authorities had been looking. They threw a cordon of police around the Lithuanian hall, the strike headquarters, and arrested every one there indiscriminately, including the secretary. You may be sure that he was not omitted. He is an active man, the secretary of Donora, and they have been after him a long time. They have told him they "would get him." They would have gotten him long ago if they dared.

The first time I saw Donora was on Thanksgiving Day. The car that takes you there is called the "scenic railway." It goes through a country as romantic as the

Berkshire Hills. There are abrupt hills and swift streams, dense woods. This sweet country has here and there a blot of a little black sordid town. Towns made of shacks, towns without self-respect, towns that offer the worker nothing but his existence.

Steel and coal have reigned here. They have reigned here undisputed since the beginning. They have given their workers a scant livelihood without the decencies of existence.

Their long reign has made towns like Donora. It is a long thin meagre town. Mills rampart it. It is desolate, abandoned—an aggregation of mean streets and meaner houses. Groups of men were standing about the corners idle. I asked the first man I met where the strike headquarters was, and he directed me to the Lithuanian Hall, which contains both strike headquarters and the commissary. The never failing group of men stood around the bulletin board reading the latest strike news.

"Where's H——?" I asked.

"Two plain clothes men came and got him—we're afraid they are going to arrest him just to spoil our dinner." One of the men, H——'s assistant, took me down the stairs.

"I tell you I had a pretty hard time to keep the boys quiet after they took H—— away!" he told me.

The smell of turkey was in the air; long tables were set out. The men were eating their dinner or lining up for it—the dinner was 5 cents a plate—to those who could afford it. Men who had savings had contributed to this fund, so that the single men without savings could have turkey. The place was full of good fellowship. But there was something else in the air—an uneasiness—as if everybody was waiting for something to happen—a lurking sense of disaster.

It had persisted even after H—— came, unharmed this time, merely warned there could be no speeches after dinner. This atmosphere of uneasiness exists in all the towns. For not only are the police suspicious and hostile, but the threat of white terror lurks continually. "Citizens' committees" are formed, and there is no telling when the mob spirit will unloose itself, and the strikers and the organizers know it.

I went up to the office of the constabulary and there I met the burgess.

"Our people were all right," he said, "before these agitators got in here," and he shot a poisonous glance at H—— as he talked with the chief of police. That, in the minds of the authorities and the officials, accounts for everything. Outside agitators made the trouble. The people were all right until they came. The 350,000 men who walked out of the mills were happy and satisfied and they walked out just to make a living for these agitators. That is what the organizers came for. They are professional trouble-makers and would have to do an

honest day's work if they were not stirring up the contented people.

Such is the simple reasoning that you will meet in the steel towns on every hand. The obvious conclusion is, "Lynch the organizers—if you cannot lynch them, deport them, arrest them—and the ignorant foreigners will be good again."

So things were stewing and boiling, getting ready for the recent arrests. The superintendent of the mills spoke from his automobile urging the workers to go back; no one stopped him—naturally. Had a strike sympathizer spoken publicly it would have been called inciting to riot, nothing less.

When Z—— was shot in the leg by a colored scab while he was on picket duty he was arrested. He was in jail from Thursday to Monday, nor was his wound dressed. His money was not returned to him. The doctor who afterward dressed his wound charged him \$5 and turning to H——, who accompanied him, said accusingly:

"Young man, you are following strange gods."

"They shouldn't be strange to you," H—— answered, "they're the gods of Thomas Jefferson."

Well, this dangerous H——, who started soup kitchens for single men and followed the gods of Thomas Jefferson, has finally been arrested on a charge of intimidation and conspiracy, he and a hundred others.

While they were in jail the bosses came to them and offered to withdraw all charges if they would return to work. They all refused, and 75 refused bail. So they were loaded into open trucks to cart them over to the county seat, a four hours' journey. This by way of breaking their morale. But, before they left, their wives and their friends crowded around them and cheered and they went off cheering.

This is the history of one town, the latest to add to the collection, for violence and the menace of violence is always around us.

We cannot forget Fannie Sellens. They "got her," as the saying is. She was bending over some children. The gunmen shot her in the back. There was no one arrested. They shot her in the back—they shot her again in the temple after she died.

The other day some men from Hammond came in. They had with them photographs of four dead strikers, lying stiff and rigid in their Sunday clothes, flowers about them, flags behind them. They had been shot in the back also after the gunmen had called "Hands up!"

Foster's strangely quiet office is the clearing house for all these happenings; the victims come here in an unending trickle. Now the 'phone buzzes the news of a fresh arrest. Now it is M—— from Clairton, with two Slovak boys. M—— is a black flame flickering with the wind of anger. He is one of those thin dark men who make you think of a drawn blade. An indefatigable worker, M—— has given to his union the intense and

passionate allegiance that some men give to their country. By his own efforts he has brought in 1,200 men. They have arrested him, fined him, threatened him, and each and every threat and each and every arrest is like oil thrown on a blazing fire. He is a Croatian, and his lean dark face looks as though he had Gypsy blood. He was quiet in the excitement of his anger.

"Show your wrists," he said. The two boys stolidly exhibited their wrists. They were swollen and bruised. "You should see them when they got loose four or five hours ago," he said with dramatic gentleness. He waited for our question of what had happened.

"Handcuffed all day to beds in hotel room," he threw at us laconically—the boys nodded. They had round blond heads, fine looking boys, sturdy and clean. M— went on in quiet intensity with his story, the boys from time to time throwing in unemotionally a detail like, "Then the Cozack hit me and called me 'you damn Bolshevik.'"

Simmered down, their story is this: Led by a scab, members of the constabulary entered the house of these boys and conducted a search for the scab's trunk—he said that some one had stolen it. I quote from their affidavit:

"The members of the state constabulary went to the room of the two complainants and slapped Ferkas and punched Tasich and took both of them to a room on the third floor of the Clairton Inn where the Constabulary makes its headquarters.

"About six or seven members of the state constabulary began to torture the two strikers.

"The men were taken to different rooms. Ferkas was placed on a chair, arms were twisted and handcuffs were slipped on and fastened to the iron rail of the bed, so that he was forced to bend over. He remained in this position from 9 A. M. to 4:30 P. M., weeping and crying from pain of the handcuffs, which were fastened so tightly that the wrists became swollen. A drink of water was refused and appeals to loosen the handcuffs resulted in state troopers coming in at different times and making them tighter. When he was released Ferkas could hardly see.

"Tasich was fastened standing up to the end of a high-iron bed, the handcuffs were fastened so tightly that the pain was intense and after four hours the handcuffs were hidden in the swollen flesh. Cries of pain resulted in Tasich loosening the left handcuff, but tightening the right one. He was hardly able to walk when he was released. He was beaten while handcuffed by three members of the state constabulary. A piece of cloth was given Tasich so that the blood flowing from his nose after the beating would not drop on the floor. Blood did get on the carpet. Between beatings, Tasich was asked of the whereabouts of the trunk, of which he knew nothing. Finally he was released and his hands were so badly swollen that the next Sunday at noon marks of handcuffs could still be seen at the wrists.

"Three \$50 Liberty bonds and a bank book showing deposits of \$1,150 in the Union Trust Company of Clairton, were taken from Ferkas. Tasich lost \$11.00 in cash and his bank book showing deposits of \$1,380 on the Monongahela Trust Company of Homestead."

I have given this in full because I would like some light on the psychology of this constabulary with its

arrogant contempt for human life and liberty, its scorn for justice and law.

Stories like these have poured over us in a deadening stream—we have stopped realizing their full significance, so accustomed have we become; but that is not the worst. It is serious, but it is a condition made possible by another terrible circumstance, and that is the silence which surrounds us. To all the waiting public of America nothing of our struggle or our reasons for it has penetrated. We shout out to the sympathy of the world, but it is as though we are in a vacuum. No one hears us. No one knows what has happened to us. No one knows what we are fighting for. We have the sense of living in a world of deaf people.

What strange hate to visit upon the simple men who have made the wealth of the country, and whose youth and strength withers before the fierce blast of the furnaces, and whose crime it has been to ask only the conditions which the Government gives its employees, the conditions which England's workers in steel have long since had.

Out in the world they are banging away about Americanization. Yet the fight for Americanization is going on here. It is the strikers who are waging it. Out in the world they are diverting public attention by wagging at the public a red bogey which has Foster's face.

We know that women have met together in this town, kind women no doubt, no doubt good women—women from comfortable homes, women dressed in furs—and railed at the strikers. It is fashionable to call this strike by the dread word "unAmerican." Why do they hate these toiling people? Is it hate, perhaps, for people they have deeply wronged? With the hate is there perhaps mingled a subconscious memory of who it was who first said, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

In these pictures you have the elements of what keeps the strike alive. It is strongest where oppression is strongest. It is strongest where persecutions have been most constant.

Such stories are not the only ones you get in Foster's office. The amazing details of devotion that pour in daily would break your heart. Households on the edge of want, waiting a week and another week before going to the commissary. In one town the ration is for 300 families, yet 500 are served. Do you know how this is done? These needy people give back food-supplies voluntarily, taking what only will barely suffice them.

Weekly they are drawing from their store the money that has meant self-denial of the strictest sort. It was to them their insurance for old age. It was insurance against those bleak hours, when unemployment thrusts its gaunt face of starvation in the door. For they are investing their money in freedom. Freedom from the terrible twelve-hour day. Freedom to join the organizations they choose, unmolested. It is this will to freedom

which inspires the inarticulate anonymous people who form the background of this strike.

When they came through the gateway which leads to America, the eyes of the men and women now striking in the steel industry rested with faith upon the figure of a woman who held a lighted torch to heaven.

This figure was not merely a monument. It was a promise. This lighted torch was the symbol of a deep reality. Through many years they have held the memory of it enclosed within their hearts. The steel companies betrayed that promise. Now they are demanding that it should be kept. This was why the strike swept through the country like a flame. It leaped from town to town and from one state to another. A common impulse swept these people forward. A common impulse toward freedom gave them steadfastness and gave them their desperate and enduring patience.

The stuff of their resistance is made of a hundred thousand sacrifices and kindnesses. They have opposed the might of the steel corporations with hundreds of acts of unconscious heroism.

To know this one must go around among them in their homes.

There is no investigator for the commissary who will fail to testify to this. Instead of strike benefits, rations are given twice a week to those who need it. There are two sets of rations; one for a family of five and one for a family of over five. Before the commissary card is given out an investigator goes to see the striker. In Braddock I went around on a tour with a Polish investigator. "What do you say to them?" I asked him.

"Me? Oh, I say like this: 'Ma'am, could you maybe wait one week or perhaps two week? Ma'am, think how it is that you want this strike to win; and if there is somebody maybe needs helping more than you.'"

A rather hard proposition to put up to people who have already applied for aid—a hopeless mission, one would suppose. We went down Braddock's mean streets. The decencies of life ebb away as one approaches the citadel of the Edgar Thompson Plants. We passed along an alley in front of which there was a field where the filth and refuse of ages had been churned into a viscous mud. A lean dog was digging in the slime. Refuse and ancient rubbish littered the place. Some pale children were paddling in the squashy mud. Beyond was the railway track; beyond that the mills. Two-storied brick houses flanked the brick street. The courtyard back of the houses was bricked; there was no green thing anywhere. But in the back courtyard some Croatian women were weaving rag rugs. In their own homes they had woven the winter clothes of their men; and here in the squalid Braddock alley they wove bright colored rugs and sang as they wove. Here and there men had brought tables out of doors and were playing cards. They nodded to us in a kindly village fashion as we passed by.

We went into a house in which there was a superficial untidiness. The work that this woman had to do was getting hard for her. There were two babies already, and very presently there was going to be another one. She came forward smiling, greeted me in little broken English and began talking eagerly to my guide. He turned to me.

"She say, it all right. She say how she don't need commissary after all. She say let somebody else take her place right off. She get a lady to give her some washing to do. Pretty soon she ain't able to wash no more. Then she take commissary, she say."

He told me this in a matter of fact tone. These stories are commonplace among these people working to win the strike; this woman whose tell-tale house showed how hard the work already was getting for her, who acted as though a legacy had been left her when she got a "lady's washing to do" is no exception, no isolated case. On all sides they are fighting oppression with the weapons of courage and endurance.

I went out from this house into the sordidness of the Braddock streets. A woman was sitting quietly beside her door, a child in her arms, another playing at her feet. Her mild eyes gazed placidly in front of her as though they did not see the monotony of the dreadful street, punctuated with its obscene litter. The street ended with the red cylinders of the mills, vast structures rearing their monstrous tanklike bulk far into the air. Above this landscape at once squalid and monotonous rolled the sombre magnificence of the smoke. It seemed to me that this woman had the patience of eternity in her broad quiet face.

She seemed to symbolize the people of the strike. There is about them neither threat nor menace, but a patient sort of certainty that comes with the sure knowledge that their battle is a just one and is being fought with the weapons of justice.





Boardman Robinson

He put on the lid, and the bottom fell out.

The New Wild West

A LETTER from Anna Louise Strong, of the Seattle Union Record, brings us a picture of the wave of terror and indiscriminate retaliation, which swept the State of Washington after the shooting at Centralia.

In Centralia itself,—she writes—the belated knowledge that the lynchers had hanged the wrong man, one Everest, a veteran from over-seas, but presumably an I. W. W., gave but a momentary pause. Armed posses continued scouring the hills and woods for victims. Even when one of their own number, a rancher named John Haney, was shot by mistake in the general excitement, the feverish man-hunt went right on. Within three days, a total of 1,000 arrests had been made in the State of Washington, 250 are still held for trial.

The Press all the time fanned the terror with editorials calling in violent language for reprisals. "Terrorize the Reds" was one blazing headline.

This is not just an attack on foreigners. Take the case of Elmer Smith. Two years ago Elmer Smith was one of the most popular young fellows in Centralia, an all-round "good fellow" and especially treasured as football coach of the victorious high-school team. To-day he is in jail accused of murder in the first degree, although no one claims that he fired a shot, or was present in the I. W. W. hall, or even that he is a member of the organization. He has been their attorney, that's enough. He is also county chairman for the Triple Alliance, a political combination of labor and farmers and railway men which seems in some quarters to receive as much persecution as the I. W. W. because it shows greater possibilities of success.

The downfall of Elmer Smith began when a workingman who was hopelessly in debt through the illness of his family and was being hounded by creditors, came to him for advice. Smith had a novel idea. "The bankruptcy law was invented by business men to save them in just such troubles," he said. "I don't see why it shouldn't be used for a workingman." And he put the man through bankruptcy. From this point on his descent was swift. He became the workingman's lawyer, later, the "wobblies'" lawyer. Now he lies in jail on a charge of murder, a warning to all young men who let their ideals of justice carry them beyond the pale of conventional action!

As in most of these boss-ridden lumber towns of the Northwest, there was a long standing feud between the business men of Centralia and the I. W. W.'s. I'll take you back only to the Spring of 1918, when during a Red Cross parade a mob of paraders broke into the I. W. W. hall, smashed furniture and typewriter, dragged down an

American flag from its prominent place on the wall, and auctioned off in the streets a Victrola which the Wobblies had bought for their entertainments. The law furnished no redress; James Churchill, the purchaser, still holds the stolen goods.

On July 5 of this year another burning outrage was committed. The news-stand of Thomas Lassiter, a blind I. W. W., was raided by a business group containing some members of the American Legion. They burned his books on economics, the extra clothes and bedding he had in an adjoining lot, and used his own American flag as a rope to tie his door shut! When Lassiter returned to his ruined office and opened it again, they kidnapped him in broad daylight, took him to the next county and warned him to stay away.

These are just isolated instances of violence. The determination to get rid of the I. W. W. was growing stronger every day. In August or September, I forget which, the Centralia papers announced the formation of a citizens' league which would settle the I. W. W. question. Its plans were to be secret. But many people state that for three weeks the prospects of a raid on Armistice day were common talk in Centralia.

Of course, it is pretty generally known now that the coroner's jury in Centralia failed to fix a verdict of guilty, as there was testimony that the raid on the hall started before the I. W. W.'s opened fire. One Associated Press man sent out this story:

"Dr. Frank Bickford, one of the marchers, testified that the door of the I. W. W. hall was forced open before shots were fired from the building, or from the Avalon hotel opposite. Dr. Bickford said that he was immediately in front of the hall at the time and that during a temporary halt someone suggested a raid on the hall. 'I spoke up and said that I would lead if enough would follow' he stated, 'but before I could take the lead there were many ahead of me. Someone next to me put his foot through the door and forced it open, after which a shower of bullets poured through the opening about us.'"

The correspondent who sent out this story, left Centralia shortly after in a hurry, it is said, without his hat or suitcase. Intimidation is denied by the local prosecuting attorney.

During the days following the shooting, the American Legion, controlled the town. They threatened the chief of police that they would remove him if he didn't show more interest in jailing I. W. W.'s, and quit releasing the prisoners they turned over to him. They censored the news, boldly stating in one case for instance, "Legion

officers refuse to make known names and forbid newspaper correspondents, on penalty of expulsion from the city, from printing them."

"We would have power to arrest the Mayor if we chose," said one of the young captains to a professor from the University of Washington who went down to investigate.

Pierce, the attorney for the arrested men, when he arrived at the station on November 14, was met by armed men who denied him admission to the city. The Lewis County Bar Association pledged its members to refuse legal aid to the suspected I. W. W.'s, and threatened to disbar any man who gave them legal assistance. Coroner and local undertakers refused to handle the body of the lynched soldier, Everest. The whole community was terrorized.

On November 24, occurred one of the most amazing events in the history of the state. Attorney General L. L. Thompson called together the prosecuting attorneys from the state's 39 counties, to meet in Olympia and devise concerted and immediate action against the I. W. W. The proceedings were secret, but news leaked out, and one of the attorneys present has admitted to me personally that the following account is substantially correct:

In a printed statement the Attorney General advised immediate moulding of public sentiment against the I. W. W. and other anarchistic elements, using the press as a medium. With public sentiment thus favorable, the statement continued, special juries were to be selected, and I. W. W.'s and radicals, both leaders and members, rushed to trial in large numbers throughout the state, to preclude the possibility of their obtaining adequate defense. Local bar associations were to handle investigations of prospective jurors in order to ensure juries of "courageous" Americans who would "do their duty."

The Union Record which carried the above account had, as you know, already been through the fire and emerged. Ten days before, on November 11, local officers of the U. S. Department of Justice entered the offices of the paper while the main edition was coming off the press, arrested the editor, E. B. Ault, and the president and secretary of the Board of Trustees, declared the building and all within it seized, and turned out the employees.

Two hours before this occurred, the news of it was on the streets, published by a competing newspaper.

In the evening the scattered employees were surprised and cheered by telephone messages to the effect that the officers had now removed all material wanted for evidence, and that they were free to return and get out their paper. They produced an Extra that night.

The following day, however, the Marshal and deputies returned, told everyone to leave and stated that the entire place was now the property of Uncle Sam.

But the editors insisted that the Union Record itself had not been seized; nothing had been seized but the plant! And they began at once to issue a small daily sheet printed on a flat-bed press, under grave difficulties. When this sheet was denied the use of the mails, and at the same time the newsboys, threatened by the wholesalers of the other papers, refused to handle the Union Record, the Longshoremens came to the rescue and sold copies on the street faster than they could be printed. Then the supply of white paper was cut off. When some paper was secured in a round-about manner, the man selling it was arrested on a minor charge. Advertisers were visited by committees and threatened with arrest if they continued patronizing the paper.

After a week's time, the U. S. Commissioner ruled that the plant was not lawfully held and must be returned to its owners. The Union Record moved back, with an increased subscription list. After another week, orders from Washington restored the mailing privileges. The proprietors, however, are still under arrest.

Of course the Centralia affair was only the excuse and not the cause for the seizing of the Union Record. The Record is the organ of the regular A. F. of L. movement in Seattle, and as such is strongly opposed to the I. W. W. as a dual organization. It denounced the violence employed in Centralia, but it denounced violence "on both sides."

There are three reasons why the business interests of Seattle want to get rid of the Union Record. One—it has become a strong competitor of the other papers in the city, and they are bitter against it. Two—in the important school election now on, labor is making its first attempt to organize politically, and the Union Record is the mouthpiece of its publicity. Three—the big business group of Seattle, through the recently organized Associated Industries, are massing all their forces in a campaign to make Seattle an Open Shop town, and the Union Record is the most powerful obstacle in their way.

The labor situation in Seattle is critical. Thousands are out of work; within a few weeks tens of thousands expect to be dropped by the shipyards for a period of three months. It is widely believed by the workers that the Associated Industries is deliberately encouraging wide-spread unemployment in order to break



"Kid, if you know wot's good for ya—keep ya damn trap shut."

the labor movement in a city where it has a nation-wide reputation.

On the day of the seizure, mounted police patrolled the downtown streets, in evident expectation of trouble when the boys should come up from the shipyards and find their paper gone. But the boys came up,—and no trouble occurred. The tiny four page *Records* with news a day old because of the handicaps of a slow press, sold on the streets like hot-cakes, and kept on preaching reliance on reason and law. The noisy clamor of the other papers grew noticeable by contrast.

At last a full-page advertisement appeared in two of the local papers which was so glaring in its incitement to murder against the labor leaders, that the president of the State Federation wired its contents to Attorney General Palmer, and as a result the papers carrying it were held up at the post-office, and the author of the advertisement arrested. It is one of the saving bits of local humor that he is at present up before the Grand Jury, along with four I. W. W.'s on the charge of criminal syndicalism!

That advertisement marked the turning of the tide. The opposition had overplayed its hand, and public sentiment began to swing back.

Two unusual examples of solidarity will go down in Seattle's labor history in connection with this incident. The union teamsters, sent to the plant to cart away the seized files and books of the *Record*, refused to handle them until, on appeal by the marshal, one of the arrested editors came out and told them it was all right. And the whole mechanical staff of the *Post Intelligencer*—printers, stereotypers, photo-engravers, mailers and pressmen—refused to print a certain particularly vicious advertisement. I quote from their resolution which they forced the *Intelligencer* to print on its front page:

"We have been patient under misrepresentation, faithful in the face of slander, long-suffering under insult; we have upheld our agreements and produced your paper, even though in so doing we were braiding the rope with which you propose to hang us; day after day we have put in type, stereotyped, printed and mailed lie after lie, calumny after calumny, insult after insult.

"We have even witnessed your unfair and reprehensible campaign of falsehood result in the suppression of the last medium of honest expression for our cause in Seattle.

"There must be a limit to all things. If your editorial heads must remain blind to the thing they are bringing us to; if you have no more love for our common country than is manifested in your efforts to plunge it into anarchy;—then as loyal American citizens, many of us ex-service men,—we must find means to protect ourselves from the stigma of having aided and abetted in your campaign of destruction."

So labor marches on.

Economic Determinism

WHEN Edward Morris, the Chicago packer, denied dealings with Mr. Martens, the Soviet representative here, and said that his company "would not sell them (the Soviets) a dollar's worth of goods for cash or credit," he got a front page story in the daily press. Subsequently, on the Tenth page of the *New York Times* for Nov. 19, appeared this letter from Morris & Co., to the Soviet Bureau: "Referring to our conversation this a. m., should you be so kind as to place a contract with us, you have our assurance that it will not only be a pleasure to give you all the assistance possible in obtaining permits, shipping, etc., or in any other way we can expedite the shipment. We thank you very kindly for your attention." Similar letters were received from the other Chicago packers, soliciting orders.

The truth is that capitalism must sell goods, and the need for a market is paramount to sentimental considerations. Newspaper publicity may pay the politicians who are fighting Soviet Russia with their mouths, but American capitalism yearns for contact with "the only cash market left in the world."

A New Dred Scott Decision

JUSTICE HOLMES contributed an interesting editorial to the *Nation*, the *Survey* and the *New Republic*, in his dissenting opinion on the case of Mollie Steimer and her comrades; and, for practical purposes, that is all his eloquent and true argument amounts to. The important and sinister fact is that the *legal* struggle in behalf of free speech has been brought to an end in this country by the majority decision in the same case. It is no longer possible to hope for *legal* redress of such judicial tyrannies as those inflicted under the Espionage Act. The highest legal authority has abrogated our Constitutional rights to the expression of opinion, and there is nothing—nothing legal—that we can do about it.

It will be remembered that the problem of Negro Slavery hung for a long time in the balance of legal discussion and legal compromise. During all that time there remained the hope of ultimate legal victory by the friends of freedom. But the Slave Power in its arrogance brought the legal struggle to an end by the Dred Scott decision. There was no longer any refuge in the United States from the whip and manacles of Slavery. That refuge had been abolished by the highest court. And yet there were those who solemnly felt that that decision could not stand.

And, though it took a civil war to settle the question for good, that decision did not stand.

There are many to-day who are saying that this pres-

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ent decision is not the end of the matter. Capitalism in these days survives by its capacity for compromise of some sort with its victims. Those who wish it to survive yet awhile will not be the least anxious for some reversal of this decision, before it comes for judgment into that still higher and final court, the terrible court of the people's anger. By this decision capitalism has too rashly drawn a clear issue between itself and its victims, too arrogantly flung down the gage of conflict.

It is not our problem to avoid that conflict. It is up to the eminent legal intelligence of our Liberals to find peaceful ways and means of reversing the irreversible. It is their interest, and not ours, to hide the naked ugliness of the present situation. And it is their turn to deal with the Supreme Court, before it will be ours.

TO S——

“GOD’S Masterpiece!” “God’s Masterpiece” indeed!

Seems she so trite, so paltry, then, to you
That her perfections you must so endue
With this worn phrase from men’s most common creed,
This poor mouthed thing that’s served each mating need
For ages? By the great and pagan blue
Of bending heaven, is this all Song can do
For one whose wonder Beauty’s self decreed!

For your great-bearded, bourgeois patriarch God
Could not create so bright a thing as she,
Nor Zeus, with all his thunder-shaking nod;
She is the slow-built pearl of century
On century; since chaos first did stir

All Beauty has been built through dreams of Her!
Harry Kemp.

Well, What about Mexico?

Mexico City, December 5th.

DEAR FRIEND AND COMRADE: You ask for news from this flowery battleground known as Mexico, and what I can answer is that all is as it was, and is, and shall be, forever and ever, I guess, amen. Carranza has come out a bit more in his true outline, with an assault on the Socialists of Yucatan and the unions of Tampico, in which at least a hundred of our comrades have been killed. The various bandit factions are a bit more in hand, though every other day or so you hear of a train spilling its passengers into kingdom come, women, children and all, this being the approved bandit method of showing disgust with the President. You seem to think the Jenkins affair is big, and a certain forerunner of a real intervention. I don’t know; no one is very much excited over it here; I imagine Mexico is a bit blasé, and through repeated false alarms, has lost all sensitivity to these rumors, and mayn’t know the real thing when it comes along, finally.

As to this Jenkins—we think here that he is one of the most feverish little interventionists now at large, and is using a little direct action to get results. I feel morally certain his kidnapping was not as orthodox as it should be. The Mexicans seem to have the goods on him. It is a long and Conradesque story—his late disappearance—but it sure has a fishy look and smell. The man disappears one morning—from a ranch filled with people; then a demand for ransom comes out of the jungles—then the government refuses to pay it—then Mr. Jenkins reappears smooth and unruffled, the crease still perfect in his trousers—then the big howl goes up; and you know the rest. Either Jenkins thought of dividing a fat ransom with his captors and got tired of waiting for it to come, or he has wanted to be the spotlight hero of intervention and had a keen press agent’s apperception of the possibilities.

One thing is certain—the Mexican Government, on the whole, is too scared of the United States to have taken the stand it did if it hadn’t felt positive it had a sure-fire case against the man. Even such pro-Ally organs as *Excelsior* credit Jenkins with a frame-up, and some of the American colony down here are inclined to a philosophical doubt as to the late adventures of their fellow-countryman.

You ask about the general social and political situation, and, what do I think of intervention? To begin with, I wish to confess that I have had, as a Socialist, the most painful disillusionment on the subject of Mexico. I came down here a year or more ago with all the rosy ideas of Mexico most of us up there have shared. I was nurtured on the tales of Lincoln Steffens, John Reed and Turner, and wasn’t quite prepared for what I

found. These writers and investigators had been quite honest in their reports, but they were all here during the revolution, when all was in a ferment of the grandest hopes, and the bourgeois class was telling the workers wonderful fairy tales to hold them together in the bloody fight against Diaz. No northern Socialist has yet reported on how these promises of the revolution have been cashed in, and now the disagreeable task is to fall on me, I see.

The Revolution, you must understand, was very much the same thing as the Milukof revolution against the Czar. The business men and wealthy farmers of Mexico found they couldn't get very far under the military oligarchy of Diaz, and so they egged the workers on to revolution. They couldn't do this except through promising the masses everything the masses need—"Land and Liberty" was the battle-cry on the banners of the revolution. Diaz overthrown, there was a strong drift toward Socialism for a year or two, but now every healthy current of this sort has just trickled itself away, and the workers are as badly off as before, and Carranza and his clique of millionaire-generals have revealed themselves for the iron-handed, anti-labor coin-grabbers they are.

I am not a historian, and will not bother you therefore with a careful account of the whole letting-down process. Here are two or three recent episodes in the Mexican version of the class war, however, which show which side the Mexican Wilson, Mr. Carranza, has arrayed the government forces on.

It was in Yucatan, for various reasons, that the only real Socialist experiment was made after the revolution. The whole State went Bolshevik, under the leadership of the only honest man in Mexican political life—Felipe Carrillo. The Maya Indians, workers all in the hennequen fields, were organized into a Socialist party which was all-powerful, and which elected for four years *every* official in the State from the governor down. They could not effect a real Socialist revolution independently, for Mexico on the one hand, and the United States on the other, would have stamped it out. But the Indians were getting good wages and decent working conditions at last. They had been formerly feudal serfs, and could not leave the hacienda on which they were born. Now they were living easily and well, some of them were studying Marx, all of them were hearing of Debs and Lenin; and on May 1st every Yucatan pueblo and town was wrapped in red, and the workers sang the Marseillaise and the International at the jolly three-day fiesta that was held. They were going somewhere, and every man was ready to die for Felipe Carrillo and the benefits Socialism had brought them.

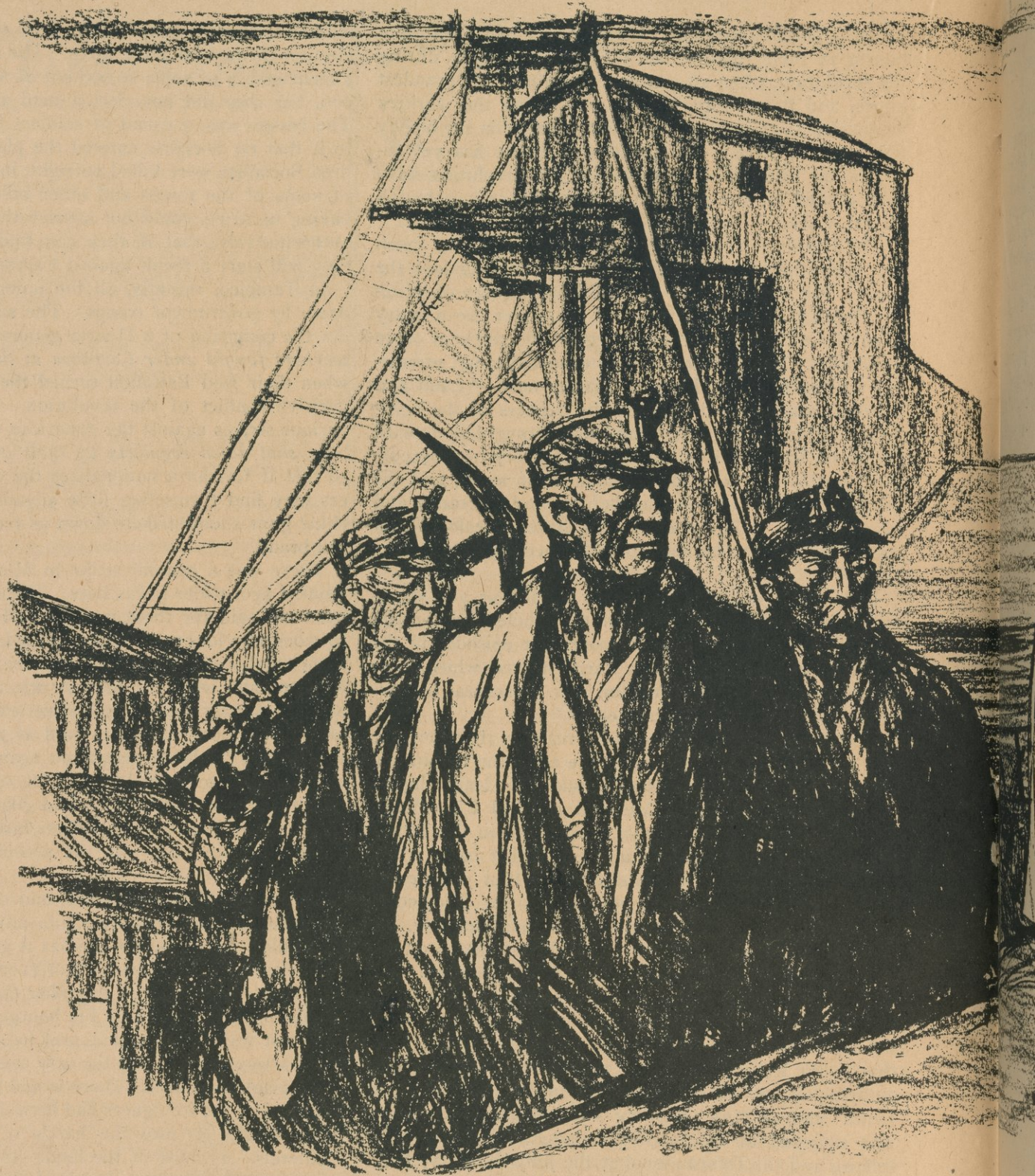
Now Carranza has changed all that. About a year ago he sent down troops, disarmed the peons, and shot a few of the leaders. A reign of military terror set in,

culminating at the last election in an open robbery of the election through military force. The Socialist party had a membership of some 20,000 out of a population of 36,000, but they did not elect a man at the last election. The reason was, a squad of soldiers in every booth saw to it that no Socialist entered the place. About a hundred Socialists were killed outright, including the mayors of some of the towns and other officials. The people, having no arms, could not answer the attack, but I say authoritatively, that if they can find arms somewhere, they will start a revolt against Carranza, soon.

In Tampico, recently, all the union halls were closed down by government troops. The suppressions are under the command of a Huerta general *against whom the workers fought under Carranza at the battle of Celaya*, when their Red Battalion turned the tide and won this decisive conflict of the revolution. These workers, in various strikes against the American oil companies, have been *shot down regularly by their own Mexican army*, so that if Carranza nationalizes the oil wells, the workers may find themselves little advanced. Mexican machine guns shoot strikers down as readily as the American brand.

There was a general strike in Mexico City about six months ago, while I was here. The school teachers had not been paid for three months, and when they refused to work any longer, Carranza issued manifestoes calling them "traitors." He turned the fire hose on a meeting of them, and when all labor struck, and the newspapers stopped coming out, and the street cars stopped running, he was furious. Carranza said at this time, he would never meet "a labor delegation again," and though the strike was practically lost because of the machine-guns and infantry and cavalry he had guarding the scabs, the workers have not forgotten those historic days, and Carranza may some day pay the account they charged up against him.

No, do not delude yourself, and do not let American Socialists delude themselves into any vain fancies as to the radical government Carranza is giving us down here. The class war rages here as in every other nation, and Carranza is decidedly in the other camp. All his talk of nationalization is part of his bourgeois patriotism. He does not want intervention, and he sees in "nationalization" a way of removing the only cause of intervention—the foreign capitalists. There would be no true nationalization after the foreigners had been dispossessed. The oil fields would go into the hands of favorite Carranza "generals," as most of the lands confiscated at the time of the revolution have gone. I have seen nowhere in Mexico, and I have travelled its four quarters, a sign of the dividing up of the land. Zapata was a rebel to the time of his treacherous murder by Carranza a few months ago because this principle of the revolution had not been carried out. The oil fields would share the



Operator: "Trouble with you is,
Miner: "Trouble with you is, we got



Clive Weed.

with you people is, you want the earth."
you is you've got it."

same fate—and the Mexican workers would find their new Mexican bosses just a trifle more ruthless and blood-sucking than their American masters.

But, even at this distance I can read your mind and that of the American Socialist movement as you read the foregoing lines. You are all eager and hot against intervention, and these scattered facts of mine throw ice water on your enthusiasm. But they should not. Intervention should be fought ceaselessly and determinedly, just as we opposed the war with Germany, even though at the same time, though the plutes would know it not, we were the best Kaiser-haters on this side of the water.

For intervention, as is obvious, is the conscious effort of America's plutocracy to lay the first cornerstone of the next great world empire. All this babble of "barbarous Mexico" is part of the old familiar imperialist propaganda that has salved a conquering nation's conscience from the time of Alexander the Great. Mexico is primitive—Mexico is wild and woolly, but so is America. I would tell old Mexican ladies and young Mexican workers stories of American Socialist persecution—of hangings and jail sentences and raids—and they would murmur, horrified, "*Que bruto!* How brutal!" Both governments are rotten and capitalistic, and the war between them does not deserve a single dollar or gun.

It would take at least five years, and a million men, to thoroughly pacify Mexico. Anyone knowing Mexico and its people and great deserts and impassable mountains will know that. I do not think the American Government wants to intervene, but is being pushed by the powerful dictatorship whose Smolny is Wall Street. But intervention, being an economic need of American capitalism, is bound to come, and there will be another long and bitter Boer war, and after that, another Ireland on our south.

I am against intervention, of course, though I am bitterly against Carranza and his system. The Mexican workers, unaided, can in time destroy Carranza and his works, and do not need the help of American crusaders in khaki in doing it. The Socialist party of Mexico recently voted to fight intervention, but refused to do it under Carranza. That should be the attitude of American Socialists and industrialists, who owe it to their comrades of the south to speak out against the White Terror which Carranza has installed.

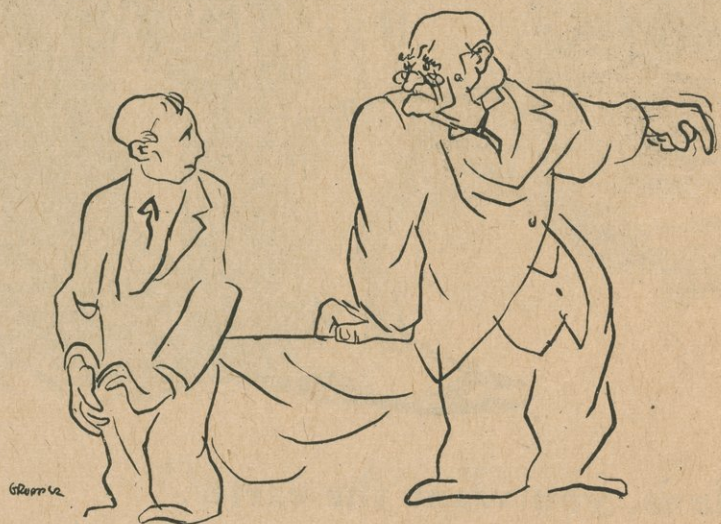
Intervention would strengthen American capitalism in its fight against the American working class. Intervention would delay the Social revolution in Mexico, as it has in Cuba, where American aeroplanes and warships broke the last general strike. Intervention would poison the minds of the Mexican workers with a burning nationalistic patriotism, and for many years they will not want to think of the class-war, but will turn all their efforts toward the ousting of the "gringo" invader. Intervention, finally, will give a different cast to Mexican de-

velopment and life, which for all its rags, filth, poverty, ignorance and bloodshed, is to me something more lovable and serene than the mad, helter-skelter, squirrel-cage twitching that is America's idea of life.

To my mind the Social Revolution should do more than install the workers in charge of the factories, and place the farmers firmly on their land. I conceive of the revolution as an attack on all that we have named western civilization—its great, nervous cities, the gray commercialism and shallow, eager competitiveness that marks its every feature—even its art and science and so-called culture.

The Social Revolution will, I hope, give a different tempo and direction to our western life. I want to see a more serene, a less ambitious, a slower, more patient and nature-loving race come forth. The skyscrapers must be levelled, with all they are monuments to. In Mexico City there are no skyscrapers, and the people move slowly about the streets, and there is always a faint fragrance of flowers in the air. We have more time to know one another here. The food is simpler, the houses simpler and more beautiful, the people, except for their flashes of childish violence, are sunnier and sweeter and unconsciously comradely. In the United States I found in the radical movement many Socialists but few comrades. You have no time, for even your own souls have received ineradicable marks of the fever and rush and impatient superficiality of the American life. There is something different here, and though I cannot quite analyze what it is, I know it is nearer that manly love of comrades on which the new world is to be built. It is nearer to the quieter, more natural and contented life of the future. Intervention would change it all, and inoculate this healthy, sweet Mexico of the Indian Pueblos and ranches with the horrible germ of our western disease.

IRWIN GRANICH.



"You Bolshevik! Leave my house this minute."

Inquisition

I HAD been annoyed by the attentions of agents of the Government for about a year, ever since I helped organize the Russian Workers' Council of Chicago and vicinity. They hung around my home and questioned my wife about me, attended the meetings where I spoke, and presently took me from the shop where I worked to the Federal Building to warn me that "we hang people in America" for having such ideas as mine. After this, it got to be a habit of theirs to call me to the Federal Building every little while, to ask me what I knew about various real and imaginary revolutionary events. Then it happened again, and this time I was interviewed by the Assistant District Attorney. I give here an account of that incident.

I took a seat near the table, opposite him. The detective handed him the index card. He glanced at it, and gave me a black look. I smiled.

"What is your name?" he asked sharply.

I was tired of that comedy. "I told it to this gentleman, and I think you have it on that card," I said.

He raised his voice. "I am asking you!" he said. "Will you be so good as to answer my question?"

I replied that I would. I did.

"When did you come to this country?" he asked again. I told him.

"Did you participate in the Revolution in Russia?"

"Yes, I did, in 1905 and before."

"How many government officials had been killed at that time?"

I told him that I didn't know, but could find it out for him.

"How many had been killed in your town?"

"Just about two or three; but hundreds of citizens had been killed by the police and Cossacks, and two pogroms organized by them where innocent women and children had been brutally murdered and houses burned."

"How did you get out of Russia?"

"Without asking any permission from the Czar's government, of course."

"That means that you are a fugitive from justice?"

"Oh, no; I am a political exile."

"That doesn't make any difference, it is the way I say—you sneaked out of Russia like a criminal, you are a fugitive from justice."

"If you cannot distinguish between justice and the Czar's government, have it the way you want it."

"And how did you come to this country, did you sneak in with a false name? What is your real name?"

"Oh, no, I did not have to use a false name after I was outside of the Russian border; I came here with, and am using, my own name."

"What do you think about our government and our laws, do you like our laws?"

"Some I do, and some I don't."

"Which laws don't you like?"

"Those that are contrary to the Constitution of the United States, and those that do away with free speech, free assembly, free press. . . ."

My inquisitor was getting angry; I noticed that he could hardly control himself. After my last answer he was unable to control himself any longer. Pointing his finger at me, with a face red with excitement, he exclaimed: "Do you expect us to allow all those enemies of the government to preach against the war, to interfere with the successful prosecution of the war, and to criticize the government?"

"I think that citizens who are being called upon to give their lives in the war should have a right to say something about the war. Doesn't the Republican party criticize the government? Doesn't your Democratic party criticize the city government, which is Republican? Why deny these rights to the Socialist party?"

"You want to criticize the government? You foreigners who are cast out from Europe, who are being given good jobs and who are making good wages here."

"Will you listen to my reply?" I interrupted him, as I did not intend to listen to him, if he was not willing to hear my answer.

"Yes, yes, I will," he waved his hands, and jumped from his seat. But he didn't. "You are like snakes," he went on, "snakes who are being warmed in the bosom of our nation, and then you crawl out preaching discontent and revolution. What right have you foreigners got to tell the American people how to rule ourselves?" His face was red, he was shaking, he almost screamed.

"I have been in this country almost ten years. All the time I have been working hard, being able hardly to make a living for my family. I declared my intentions some time ago to become a citizen of the United States, and I thought I had a right to think and to say something about the government and the laws of this country. I know that in the land of the Czar I had no right to think or to say anything about the government. But this was the reason I fought against the Czar and his government. You say that I have no right to express my opinion about the form of government here because I am a foreigner, but what right have you got, does your government have to send the American soldiers to Russia to murder the Russian workers and peasants, to burn their villages and towns, just because you don't like their form of government? Have you got a right to do that?" I became excited myself, jumped from my seat and was shaking my hand at him.

He blushed, opened his mouth and did not know what to say. At last he stammered out: "We want to kill off Bolshevism."

"By killing Bolsheviks?" I continued. "Is it any of your business the way the Russian people want to rule

themselves? Is that your business if the Russians are being ruled by the Czar or the Bolsheviks? Did you help them to get rid of the bloody Czar?"

He did not know what to answer.

"We are just having a little conversation, you know," he said, lowering his voice, "and I am a little higher than you are, you know."

"Oh, yes, I know that you are a government official," I replied calmly.

"We are going to deport you," he said; "I have been watching you for the last three months."

I nearly burst out laughing. I knew that I was being watched for the last year, but I calmly replied: "Yes, I know it."

"I recommended you for deportation," remarked the Chief of the Investigation Department, who was present.

"Thanks," I nodded my head in his direction.

"Such as you are undesirable citizens," he said.

"I am undesirable to you," I replied, "but I am very much desirable in Russia. Will you permit me to cable to the Russian government for money, as I would prefer to pay my own fare and not to use the money of your government?"

"You don't need any money," he replied; "we will accommodate you."

"Are you going to send me to Siberia to the Kolchak gang, to be murdered by them as other of my comrades have been murdered?" I asked.

"Oh, no, we don't want to kill you," he replied. "We just want to get rid of you."

"May I know when you are going to deport me?" I asked in a businesslike manner. "I have to sell my furniture, and prepare clothing for my children." They didn't know what to answer.

"We will let you know," the Assistant District Attorney replied.

"Can't you tell me approximately?"

"You can go; we will let you know when we will take you."

"All right," I replied, and turned away to go.

On a chair in the corner of the room was sitting a young girl. Big tears were running down her cheeks. 'Here is where they show their power.' I thought, leaving the room.

M. A. STOLAR.

Recognized!

EXCEPT for the "now-you-see-it-now-you-don't" Prinkipo proposal, and the quickly disavowed Bullitt Mission, the United States government has never even known there was such a place as Soviet Russia, let alone "recognizing" it. It has been deaf, dumb and blind in that direction. But now find it "recognized" at last, in a letter from Commissioner General of Immigration Caminetti to Harry Weinberger, Counsel for Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman.

"You have our assurance," writes Caminetti, "that your clients will be deported in the usual way to Soviet Russia." So they knew it was there after all!



"You vos outa luck?"

"Yes—I vant to be deported—I go to redical meeting, dey raid de place, don't arrest me!"

Bogalusa

By Mary White Ovington

ON Saturday morning, November 22, in the town of Bogalusa, in the state of Louisiana, three men marched down the street. One was black; the other two, armed, walking on either side, were white. A negro criminal, one says at once, guarded by two officers of the law. No, there was no look of criminal or of policeman on any one of the three faces. Those men, marching abreast, one black, the others white, were brothers, comrades-in-arms in the interminable battle of the worker for the product of his toil. The black man had dared to organize in a district where organization meant at the least exile, at the most, a death by lynching. On either side of him two white union men, carpenters by trade, risked by their espousal of the black man's cause, not only their lives, but, if they were permitted to live, their reputations. They knew every vile taunt the cheap type of southerner, whom Dixon has made familiar to the world, would cast upon them. Yet together the three men marched down the broad highway of the Southern lumber town.

Unionism is far from popular in Bogalusa. The town is controlled by the Great Southern Lumber Company which this autumn ordered 2500 union men to destroy their union cards. Those refusing were thrown out of work. The Lumber Company has at its command the Loyalty League, a state organization formed during the war, not of soldiers but of men at home, part of whose business it was to see that every able-bodied man (Negro understood) should work at any task, at any wage, and for any hours that the employer might desire. They had back of them the State "work or fight law," and might put to work men temporarily unemployed, save that the provision of the act did not apply to "persons temporarily unemployed by reasons of differences with their employers such as strikes or lockouts." Under this legislation it was small wonder that unionism was forbidden by the Lumber Company; or that, though the war was ended, the Loyalty League continued its work. Returning soldiers joined it, and the night before the three men marched down the city street five hundred armed Leaguers held up a train half-a-mile from the railroad station and searched it for undesirables. Failing to get any one on the train, they turned back into town and proceeded to chase undesirables there. A number of union negroes were beaten up, but their chief quarry, Saul Dechus, president of the local timberman's union, they could not find. They wanted the "nigger" to be handed to them to be lynched, and failing to get him, they went discontented to their homes.

The next morning, members of the Loyalty League saw Saul Dechus, Negro union labor leader, protected by Daniel O'Rourke and J. P. Bouchillon, white union carpenters, parading their city street. Astonishment gave place to action; the three men were permitted to reach their destination, a garage owned by L. E. Williams, district president of the A. F. of L., but after they had entered, the Loyalty League demanded that they be immediately given up. This Williams refused to do, and as he raised his gun he was shot dead. The Loyalty Leaguers then rushed into the garage and killed two other men, Thomas Gaines, a carpenter, and Bouchillon. O'Rourke, the second man to stand with the negro, was severely wounded. Dechus himself escaped. Two members of the Loyalty League were reported seriously wounded.

To understand the story of November 22, one needs to know the determined and successful efforts of the southern lumber men in these recent extraordinary years of prosperity, to keep unionism out of their camps and mills.

Fred W. Vincent, writing in an interesting article on the lumber industry in *Sunset*, August, 1918, says: "On the Pacific Coast all logging camps and everyone of the big lumber mills operate on the eight-hour schedule. Of the 70,000 West Coast timber workers, virtually every man holds union membership. The government practically guarantees them high wages, sanitary camps, plentiful food, and the eight-hour day. In Dixie there isn't a single organization among the 237,000 workers. They toil ten and eleven hours. Their wages are from one-half to two-thirds what is paid in the Douglas fir region. Forty percent of the Southern timber workers' wages range between \$1.50 and \$2.25 a day. Organization is prohibited. Once the I. W. W. tried it seriously. When the gun fire ceased in that small Louisiana mill town, 14 radicals and their sympathizers were dead. Southern labor is unprotected. The majority of unskilled laborers are black. They are not allowed to vote. The whites, excepting the skilled men, are poor, ignorant, and are denied the power of the ballot box because they are unable to pay the poll tax. The South is a land of only one political faith controlled by the business element wholly. The workers are at its mercy."

The timber workers of Bogalusa, white and black, were in this helpless state. Not even the Federal Government was protecting them, all the war-time recommendation and commands of the labor department, which were accepted by the West, being quietly passed over by the southern employer. One Federal mediator, awarding an

eight-hour day in the oil fields of Houston, was told to leave and mind his own business. "Organized labor is not recognized in the South," was the statement of the superintendent of the United States Shipping Board, Gulf District.

But since Mr. Vincent wrote his article, organized labor has been at work; and even in the town of Bogalusa—though it is owned by the Lumber Company, and has its Loyalty League armed to show the poor whites and the poorer blacks the virtue of a government of the employer, for the employer and by the employer—white and colored men have joined together to secure better conditions for themselves and their families. They have striven for some of the advantages of the Pacific timber workers, who indeed need an advance in wage less than their southern brothers, for the western timber worker is usually single while the southern supports a wife and children. And they have done this at the risk of their lives.

My first knowledge of labor disturbances at Bogalusa was in June, 1919, at the annual conference of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, when the president of the New Orleans Branch of that body reported on the work of his section. Among other matters he made the following statement:

"At Bogalusa, Louisiana, men who had violated no law, but who refused to advise colored people not to join the unions—among them a doctor owning about \$50,000 worth of property—were visited by a committee of the district and told to leave town. They were given so many minutes to get out of the city, some twenty minutes, some an hour, some six hours, depending upon their condition. When they asked why this was done, they were given no reason. They carried the matter to the head of the town and he refused to hear them. The police refused to hear them. No local authority would give them any answer except—'what we ask is that you go.' Finding that they could get no protection these citizens came to New Orleans. We took their statements and the Branch strove to assist them. The colored people are fast leaving Bogalusa, and as a result the employers of the town are going throughout the country to get men for their work.

"We have tried in every way possible to get into the white papers something in respect to this particular matter, but not one will say a word about it."

The next word that came to our office concerning Bogalusa was news of a particularly atrocious lynching. The negro's body was riddled with bullets, dragged through the streets to be burned outside the house of the woman who had accused the murdered man of assaulting her. No arrests, of course, were made.

The night before the attack on Dechus, when the Loyalty League were hunting the town for undesirables, more than one negro was beaten up. One of them,

George Williams, age 65, escaped to New Orleans and gave his story to a courageous little colored paper, the *Vindicator*, of that city. Among other things he said:

"I moved to Bogalusa in 1907. I worked off and on for the Great Southern Lumber Company up to the time the labor troubles began. In November I met a member of the so-called strong-armed squad and he said to me: 'Why don't you go back to work?' I said that the Company demanded that I tear up my union card and that was the only condition under which we would be allowed to go back to work—renounce our union membership and get back into the old rut where we had always been until just a short while ago when we joined the union. He replied to me: 'Well, you had better get out of this town.' I thought little of the remark at first because I have always tried to live peaceable with everybody; and secondly I could not think that any civilized man in this day and time could think of killing a man because he tried, in a legal way, to get an that he could for his labor. This man proved to be one of the gang that came to my house Friday night and dragged me out and beat me. I know him well and he knows me. I know a lot of others, too, and before this matter is over, there is going to be more dirt uncovered in Bogalusa than the average man would think possible.

"About eleven o'clock Saturday night, as I sat in my home—I was tired, having worked rather late that night—I was aroused by some one at the door. I was nodding and did not know what was happening until the gang had hold of me, dragging me outside. They cursed and swore declaring they were going to kill me that night. They beat me with clubs and sticks until, almost lifeless, I dropped to the ground. I reckon I did not drop sooner because they were holding me up so that they could hit me better. When I fell, helpless, a man weighing in the neighborhood of three hundred pounds jumped upon me and stamped me. I could do nothing, but take it.

"I have something like sixteen hundred dollars worth of household goods, and a very large house. I hope some way can be arranged that my things can be taken care of."

This is the story of one man, beaten so that his hands were broken as he tried to ward off the blows. "And just like I know these things," he says, "a lot of other men know them, and it is hardly likely we will all be killed before the cover is pulled back. In fact, if anyone is killed it will make all the rest that much more anxious and willing to tell."

After all, with all its tragedy, there is much of this story of Bogalusa that is commonplace, and nothing about it is more a commonplace than the way in which it is hushed up in the press. William L. Donnels, General Secretary of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, telegraphing to the Attorney General

and Samuel Gompers and the Secretary of War, concerning the murder of the three men, said: "We have asked repeatedly that an investigation be made of conditions in Bogalusa without avail. If something is not done at once we are going to take the law into our own hands."

But it is very doubtful if there will be any investigation. Special protection has been accorded the southern lumber companies and it is not likely to be withheld now. And in this the present government is like many another government that this republic has known.

Bogalusa is a commonplace story of the attack upon organized labor by force, but there is one thing unusual in it. Not since the days of Populism, has the South seen so dramatic an espousal by the white man of the black man's cause.

The three white men who died in protecting a negro in that lumber town, marked, let us dare to hope, the turning point in the history of southern labor. For centuries the white and the colored laborers of the South have been taught to despise one another. The slave despised the poor white trash, and the poor white despised the bondsman; and both grew up in ignorance and dirt and heart-rending poverty. Freedom brought little change in the status of labor. By an appeal to race pride, by clever playing up of old animosities, the master class has prevented the white and the black from uniting to secure decent labor conditions. Something of the same sort has been done in the North in pitting American-born against foreigner, but it has been less successful than the southern pitting of race against race.

If they wished, the influential people of the South could stop lynching to-morrow. They have only to recognize the Negro as a citizen, to mete out justice to those who commit crimes against him, to stop the orgies whose records defile our daily press. They make entertaining excuses for refusing the black man his citizenship, but the excuses are camouflage. Far back in their minds is the undefined realization that if white and black laborers come together, if they pool their interests, profits will grow less. And so, we find the Florida legislature, with a fine gesture of contempt, tearing up a Negro petition for better schools, throwing it unread into the waste-paper basket. This is a bow to the poor white, part of the policy of impressing him with his immense superiority over the black. It is a policy which leads to many a lynching, but it also prevents many a strike.

Lawlessness and cruelty will continue in the South so long as this carefully stimulated race hatred keeps the working class apart. We know then how to judge the splendid courage, the spiritual dignity, of the two carpenters who walked down the street of Bogalusa guarding their colored brother.

A Letter from a Negro

THERE came to our hands the other day a letter from a Negro, recently a soldier in the army. Had the State given the man schooling his spelling would have been better, but he could hardly have written with more simple power.

"Marvell, Ark., Nov. 12, 1919.

"We are haveing a hard time down here senc the War has been over. The White People down here have been allways agenst the Negro, but senc the Northern Men have called us Boys to the Searvice and sent some of us to France, and these White Peoples down here knows it, it looks like they aught to be more kinder and treat the Negro more fair now. But they are got more narsty agenst the Negro than before the war. There was a Riot down here among the Races and a good many of Negros were killed, and the White Peoples called for the troops from Little Rock. And they went down their and killed Negros like they were nothen but dogs, and did not make no arest on the Whites whatever, while they arested and unarmed a lots of Negros, and left the Whites with their armes and the Negro with nothen but their hands to face all the punishment that the White wished to give them. Now they have convicted 11 of the Negros to the electric chair, and the White Peoples are driveing ever Negro that is weltha enough without working out of Helena or they will be put to death. No matter how much Propity they has they are got to leave it and get out jest as quick as posibel.

"And we Negro Ex Soldiers they ant got no use for us at all. And we wonder why it is that Uncle Same have called us to the Searvice and maid our Homes unhappy. While the dorashion of the War the White Peoples said to the Negros down here that this was as much they Home and Country as it was the White. But senc the War have been over they say it is they Land and Country. I knows this is they Land and Country, but all we Negros is got to help perfect it, why not we cant be pertected? The White Men down here haves our Womens, Wives and daughters and will mob we Negros mens if we talk about it.

"When I was in the Army and allso other Negros our Commanding officers would tell us to stand up and hold up our Heads like men but senc the war have been over we are got to tuck our heads like dogs.

"Now how come the Negros dont leave the South? because the North cant furnish every Negro occerpashion and they have got to have occerpashion to make a living and I think they aught to have pertection.

"If the Govement would jest give us Ex Soldiers a Job that we might mak a liveing out of and take care of our Wives and Familys. Of cose we Negros could contenua at our old occerpashion but the White of the South is making surch unjust laws untill we will soon be back under peonage again. They said we Negros were fighting for Freedom of Democracy but it seems like down here we fought for Slavery."

Aphrodite Without any Nightie

NEW YORK is a purer city than any of us have dreamed.

The capacity of the Century Theatre is 5,028. On the opening night of "Aphrodite" the house was filled to the limit of its capacity. There were present on that occasion (as I gather from subsequent newspaper reports) some 5,027 pure-minded lovers of art and beauty. I would not have imagined there were so many of them in New York. Evidently I have done my city an injustice.

That just shows the importance of having an untrammelled press. If I hadn't read the newspaper criticisms I wouldn't have known why that audience came to see "Aphrodite." It came, as I realize now, from the loftiest and noblest motives. It came in its enthusiastic devotion to the cause of the independence and dignity of the theatre. It came to applaud an act of bold defiance to the smug puritanism of American morality.

I wish I had known it at the time. I was there that night, and I saw that audience. If I had known that the emotion which made them lean forward so anxiously at critical moments of the performance was an awed aestheticism, and the enthusiasm which made them applaud other moments so frantically was a holy rapture, if I had only guessed that I was in the presence of 5,027 beautiful and upright minds, 5,027 sublime souls—the very flower of metropolitan moral pulchritude,—I would have got a real thrill out of the evening.

For I, the 5,028th in that exalted company, was there for no such austere reason. I had come in the hope of seeing something naughty.

Yes, I alone among that pure assembly, was there for no worthy purpose. It is sad. And yet I think there is something to be said in my defense. I have always wanted to see something naughty, all my life. Some



Pure-minded lovers of art and beauty



This, children, is what the program calls "choreography."

people are more fortunate than I—the late Anthony Comstock, for instance, could see naughtiness anywhere and everywhere. And most people seem to be able to find something naughty to enjoy every now and then. But I have been unlucky. How many times have I gone hot-foot on the trail of naughtiness, only to find that it wasn't there! I have read innumerable books, looked at thousands of pictures, haunted the theatre, frequented the society of low characters. And all in vain. For me it has been a veritable Hunting of the Snark. I am always hearing about it, and never seeing it. My futile quest began when I was a child, and first opened, with eager anticipations, the whispered-of-in-the-corner pages of Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis." I opened thereby for myself the gates of a realm of poetic beauty in whose changing landscapes I have wandered enchanted all my life. But I did not find what I was looking for—neither there, nor later in Krafft-Ebing, nor yet in "burlesque."

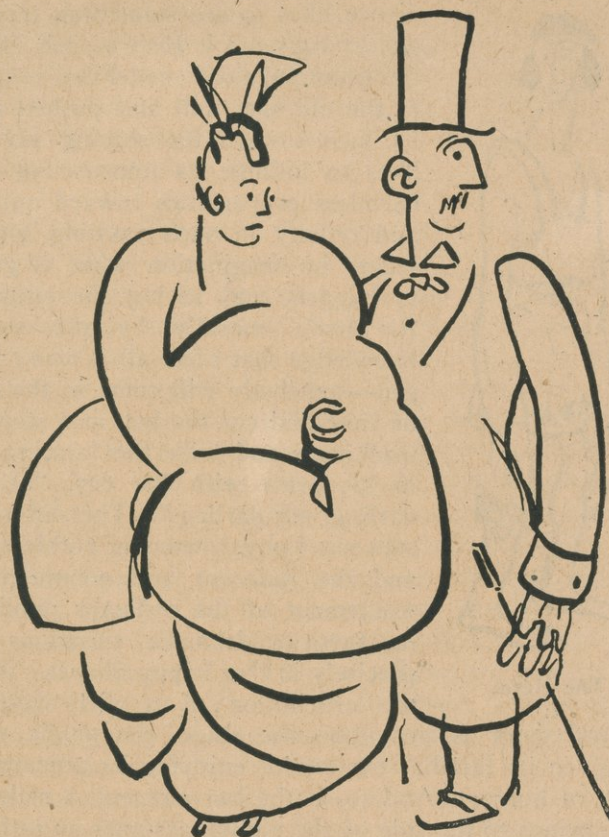
Sometimes I have been enchanted, sometimes edified—but most generally I have been bored. Is it not pathetic? It seems little enough that I ask for—one little glimpse of real naughtiness, one tiny experience of that delightful shock which most people have every day of their lives—just once, so that I would know what it is like! I had almost given up hope when the advance notices of "Aphrodite" began to appear. Paris, said the notices, had gasped. So I began to hope again.

My hope was somewhat qualified by the fact that I had read the book upon which the present spectacle is based. It was in French, and I had to read it with the aid of a dictionary, which just shows how dogged has been my hopeless quest. For this book was touted as the real stuff, not mere everyday naughtiness, but downright wickedness par excellence. I found instead an instructive case in mental pathology. Pierre Louys, its author, was a man afraid of life, a delicate soul who shrunk back from its least touch; he was in love with death, and he found beauty alone in the world of the dead. So he became a literary necrophile, digging up like his master

Flaubert, a dead city, and caressing its pale corpse-like beauty with tender and loving phrases. In this world of shadows he who was so afraid of life became enamored of a violent shadow-life. He tortured his poor ghosts, he inflicted phantasmagoric cruelties upon them, he crucified them, and revelled in their silent cries of agony. He compensated himself for his own frail sensitiveness by an imaginative sadism, in which he killed, with slow delighted strokes of the pen, one bloodless character after another, which all the while dripped ink.

All this was interesting, after a fashion. It shed no light on the manners and customs of ancient Alexandria, which was on the whole very much like present-day New York, except in the respects in which it was like present-day Mexico City and present-day Port Said. But the book did shed a light into the human soul, which loves cruelty more than we like to admit. Here was a sick soul who had told the truth about himself—who had said to the world: "This is the kind of thing I love to think about." If one took his shadow-horrors seriously one might be nauseated, but the nakedness of his descriptions was no more alluring to the ordinary mind than the nakedness of a morgue. If Pierre Louys's story was going to be made a titillating spectacle to theatregoers it was going to be necessary for those responsible for the production to change it a lot.

I'll say they did. The names of the characters, the nominal setting and some reminiscences of the plot remain. Those responsible for the production had done their work thoroughly. And I don't blame them. If they had decided to make a "spectacle" out of "Oedipus" they would have had to make Oedipus challenge his father to



The Flower of Metropolitan Moral Pulchritude.

a duel and discover the old gentleman's identity just in time; they would have had him almost married to his prospective mother-in-law before the messenger arrived with the papers; they would have jazzed it up with music and dances, and spent a million dollars on the scenery, and put in an undressing scene in the second act. The result would have been more popular than the original, there is no doubt about it.

And so with "Aphrodite." Pierre Louys had spared no pains to make his picture of sacred prostitution in Alexandria a passionless, cold dream, an icy nightmare; and he effected this by drawing what was essentially a picture of ordinary commercial prostitution *without* its rosy veil of alcoholized sentimentality. The producers of "Aphrodite" reclothe the scene in its warm familiar veil, and the result is that the "Garden of Love" looks exactly like the second act of every musical comedy ever produced. Pretty girls, dancing, singing, music, kisses. If any one had suddenly awaked in the midst of that scene without knowing how he got there, he would not have asked, "Where am I?" He would have known he was on Broadway.

But the impulse which made Louys write "Aphrodite" and the impulses which make the populace go to plays on Broadway are, after all, very like. Any Broadway au-



Annoyed by the trumpets.



The Hero.

dience likes to see something terrible almost happen; it likes to see Nellie the beautiful cloak model tied to a log in the old saw mill and pushed inch by inch toward the shining saw; it likes to indulge its unconscious and harmless propensities toward murder and cruelty in such exciting scenes, seeing in imagination what is going to happen, and saving the situation for itself morally by the secure knowledge that after all it *won't* happen—somebody will come in the nick of time and cut the belt and stop the machinery and seize the fainting girl in his arms with the cry, "O, my darling, my darling!" The difference between Louys' neurotic ruthlessness and the innocent and commonplace excitement of the ordinary public in its favorite dramatic situations lies precisely in that happy *almost*. When the crucifixion of a girl slave in Louys' story is put upon the stage, the public must be given its familiar excuse for enjoying its accustomed food of horror. And so, at the last moment, a male actor springs to the side of the victim, assumes an attitude of defiance toward her tormentors, and masticates some gutta-percha blank verse which nobody can understand but which seems to be in effect: "Who touches a hair of this lovely head dies like a dog! Pull down the curtain!" It means nothing, but it gives the audience the impression that the victim is being saved, and so they are not ashamed of having enjoyed her cries of terror and anguish up to that point. By a simple twist of the producing wrist, the Satanism of Louys has been reduced to the melodrama of the ten-twenty-third shows of our boyhood, where, with but a mere shade of morbid difference, it properly belongs.

All this is very well. The public must have what it wants, and it wants a Hippodrome circus, Belasco lighting effects, chorus girls, more chorus girls, jokes out of Ayer's Almanac, melodrama and a touch of the Russian ballet. It got them all. And that's all right, but where do I come in?

I was there that first night, because it was rumored that there was to be some very special naughtiness pulled off, which our virtuous Mayor and police force would not allow to happen again. That sounded very promising. But I confess I was surprised when I heard just what this special naughtiness was to be. It was to be a naked woman. I puzzled a good deal over that. Just why should a naked woman be supposed to be so especially naughty? It would suggest—since this was to be the crowning delight of the performance—that the theatre-

goers of New York have never seen anything of the kind in their lives. After thinking about this, I decided that it was upon the whole rather improbable. But there was no doubting the fact that a good many people seemed to think that such a spectacle *would* be naughty.

My own reflections were upon this line: The human body, like anything else, including printer's ink, has no particular quality of inevitable emotional appeal. It all depends on what is done with it. Printer's ink, when distributed upon a page, produces in me a variety of different effects; sometimes, when it is a beautiful poem, it enchants me; sometimes, as in the great majority of books and magazines, when it seems to me to have been used to no purpose, it just bores me. You cannot excite me by holding up a printed book and saying, "Behold!" I have seen books before, and most of them, I will say, are very uninteresting reading. What is the use, I ask myself, of grammar, however impeccable, of spelling however flawless, of punctuation that is perfect, unless all this is used to an end that means something to me? Or, as a sentimental poet of my boyhood put it about the human body, "What is the use of the lips' red charm, the heaven of hair, the pride of the brow, and the blood that blues the inside arm, unless one turns, as the soul knows how, the earthly gift to an end divine? A lady of clay is as good, I trow." And I trow sometimes much better. I trow that a lady of clay by Phidias or Rodin, or even by Picasso, would have interested me much more than the lady of flesh and blood who, decorously kalsomined to resemble a statue carved by a very young and conventional art-student, posed on a pedestal for twelve weary minutes with her arms over her head: a very difficult pose to maintain, and I was as relieved as she was when just as the lights went out she brought her arms down with a passionate jerk—the only moment of real human feeling in the performance!

FLOYD DELL.



S-sh!



Hope Revives in Hungary

Budapest, October 4, 1919.

AS my train drew into the railway yards in Budapest a week ago to-day, the skyline was murky and chill. Spasmodic reports of rifle shots, fired into the air by plundering Roumanians to intimidate their victims, echoed crisply among the freight cars. In one corner of the switchyards I saw a group of workmen clustered together, studying some chalk-writing on the wall of a hut. Too far to read the inscription, I was nevertheless close enough to catch the expression on their faces. A smile, a happy note in conversation, a song, a quickening into hopefulness—these are tokens of such rarity in these dead nations that their presence among these workers attracted me. There was something consciously joyful and heartening in this group, and I wondered what words were written on the hut. When the train stopped, I got down and walked over there to see. Written in a big uncouth scrawl by one of the workmen, were the words—in Hungarian, of course—"Long Life To The Proletarian Dictatorship!"

So, I thought, the revolution is not dead in Hungary. And my week of intensive investigation here has confirmed that first impression.

But Communism will not revive during the next six months, unless it receives an effective impetus from the west, from Italy, France, Austria, Germany or the new fragile states of Mittel-Europa. In all probability, a revolutionary Italy will resuscitate the Hungarian communist elements. Do you realize that the Italian socialist labor unions which numbered 300,000 members when the armistice was signed, now number 1,200,000? Is it known in America that the demobilized workers of the Italian army are retaining their weapons? At the first clear signal from Italy, Hungary will answer, for the revolution here has not been crushed, its roots remain intact. In Budapest, industrial soviets are still quietly functioning, while the peasant's Soviets operate throughout the country.

Propaganda is being distributed subterraneously but extensively; a known enemy of socialism said to me that if freedom of speech and press were allowed, communism would soon emerge with concentrated energy. Friedrich's brazen traffic with Austrian and German monarchist coterie has gone far toward replenishing proletarian defiance. If hundreds of the comrades of Bela Kun are imprisoned, assassinated or in concealment, those leaders still at liberty are daily gathering the dismembered forces of revolution; some in Budapest, some in Vienna, others among the peasants. Those workers whose faith in communism has been shaken are still existing upon savings accumulated under Soviet rule; within a few weeks, when their dwindling funds

are exhausted, they will return to penury and discontent. Sixty-five percent of Hungarian peasants possessed no land until the regime of communism when they tilled their own fields. Now, once more, they toil for the profit of the Gutsbesitzer. But they have not forgotten, and the landowners sleep badly.

The White Terror in Budapest can hardly be exaggerated. It is usually unnecessary to do more than denounce a person to the police to cause that individual's imprisonment and torture, and often his murder. If one wishes to jeopardize a man's life, one must merely whisper discreetly in the ear of the White Guard, "He is a communist," or "This is an undesirable Jew," or again, "He still adheres to the bourgeois-radicalism of Karolyi." No one—not even the Friedrich government itself—is aware of the number of men and women, who have thus been imprisoned under the White misrule. That these prisons are as gruesome as the Black Hole of Calcutta, that 50 to 100 citizens are packed into one cell without trial, that the tortures inflicted have made each cell a Chamber of Horrors; these are truths to be verified during a day's visit to Budapest. For example, a certain group of Pacifists who served in the educational department under the Bela Kun regime were asked whether they were responsible for any executions under the "Red Terror." When they denied the charge, they were beaten, boiling water was poured into their mouths, their limbs were broken, a procedure which was continued with the object of making the victim "confess" that he or she was personally "guilty" of 2 or 200 murders (what matters the number if such a lie will give pause to the torture?) under the Soviet government. The survivors of this Inquisition are now to be seen in the prison hospitals, where the accommodations are too slight to hold more than a small proportion of the sufferers. Suicides among the prisoners have become trival commonplaces, though drunken White Guards will confidently credit these deaths to their own imposing score.

The savage persecution of Jews exceeds belief. At the outset of the White regime, more than 400 Jewish teachers were summarily expelled from Budapest elementary schools; against some, perfunctory charges of bolshevism were leveled; against most of them an Isrealite name or a nasal heresy was its own sentence. The intelligenzia of Hungary happen to be Jews; their supreme offence is enlightenment. Hence, those who occupied chairs in the University of Budapest faculty were arbitrarily discharged. Jewish professors of the highest scientific and scholastic repute were given short shrift, since their unpardonable sin had been to labor for the proletarian republic. The medical faculty of the University was so wrecked by this policy that the entire college has now been closed for the semester. In the High Schools no new students are permitted to matri-

culate if they are of Jewish extraction. Before the gates of the University, a gang of White terrorists stand guard. They are the sons of those Junkers who flooded Europe with blood. They call themselves Ebrede Magyar—awakened Hungarians. It is the function of this band to stop every student entering the portal of the University and demand his certificate of baptism. Jews are, of course, halted at the gate and driven, frequently with a whipping, from the premises. Throughout, Jewish financiers sit at the feet of the persecutors of their race, adding dignity to these ceremonies. The same program of anti-semitism pervades factories, banks, shops—is, in fact, impregnating the whole social and economic fabric of Hungarian life.

Oscar Beregi, a Jewish actor famed as the most gifted interpreter of classical drama upon the Hungarian stage, appeared at the initial performance under the Whites at the Budapest National Theatre. The theatre was crowded, and as Beregi stepped to the fore of the platform, the audience was silent and expectant. Beregi, perhaps swayed by the solemnity of the moment, read the Sermon on the Mount. When he had finished, a confused turmoil arose from a small group among the auditors. A band of Ebrede Magyar rushed to the stage, clutched Beregi and beat him until, bruised and bloody, the actor escaped through a rear exit. The reason they gave for this cruelty was, "Beregi is a Jew, and the passage he quoted from the bible was intended as communist propaganda."

I'm not going to give you a recital of White outrages; it would be a futile and interminable task. Just let me tell you this: I had a long talk with Julius Peidl, prime minister during the three days after the strangulation of the Soviet Republic. Peidl plumes himself upon his antipathy to communism. He is called "the grave-digger of the revolution. Yet even Peidl said to me, "*In the first two weeks of the White Terror, more murders and persecutions occurred than during the 131 days of Bela Kun's rule.*"

Ten thousand citizens have been arrested in Budapest, charged with being members of trades unions, according to Peidl. As a protest against the debauchery of the press by the Whites, the entire union of printers struck. Leaders and strikers were hustled into prison in hordes, and then informed that Friedrich was prepared to release them, should they consent to publish his official journal. The men unanimously elected to remain in prison.

Peidl is amusing—a stubby, pickwickian-looking man, sleekly tailored and a shade too ingratiating in manner. When I questioned him further, he admitted that every trades union member and every peasant in Hungary is bitterly opposed to the Friedrich government. "In Budapest," he continued, "300,000 unemployed are growing more desperate and more enraged. They have no money;

the trades unions' funds are exhausted; and the reactionary government fails to take notice of them. Hunger and cold are all that are needed to impel these workless men and women to the wildest extremes."

"If you are able to resume the conduct of Hungarian policies," I asked, "what political color will characterize your cabinet?"

"From the outset," he replied, "I shall have a coalition government."

"You will see to it that every element of the people is represented?"

"Yes, except, of course, that there shall be no communists."

"You mean that your government would be a coalition of liberal capitalists and reactionary labor leaders?"

"Mine would be a government in complete accord with the Entente. During the three days when I was premier, there were several communists in my cabinet; but I fully intended to replace these men with bourgeoisie. We should seek the aid of the Allies in obtaining raw material and capital."

"Would you socialize land and industry?"

"Perhaps: to a limited extent. We should go no further in our socialization than the Entente countries permit. Hungary would conform its destinies to the wishes of the Allies."

"In other words, Hungary would do well, you believe, to become a colony of the Entente?"

"Yes, I believe that would be very salutary for Hungary."

* * *

When your papers refer to the atrocities under the Bela Kun government, remember this: Columns of names of the victims of Friedrich's outrages have been published in the columns of Friedrich's own organ, *Reggeli Hireck*, under duress of the Roumanians who thereby seek to absolve themselves from complicity in these crimes; meanwhile, the same journal has been able to publish a grand total of *seven names* of men executed under Bela Kun.

The whites, with all their bellowing have failed to get the workers excited about Bolshevist atrocities. As one workman said to me, "They talk so loud, you can't hear what they say." On the other hand, you can hardly start a conversation with a group of working people without being reminded of the works by which Bela Kun gained their trust.

Fixing of Soviet officials' salaries at 3,000 Kronen a month; the abolition of child labor, the establishment of compulsory education up to the age of 17; the creation of a workingmen's university to train future administrators and teachers; the removal of the stigma of illegitimacy from children; a decree wrecking an intricate system of prostitution and providing free medical treatment for diseased women and subsequent train-

ing for trades; feudal estates opened for children's recreation grounds; great villas converted into hospitals; agricultural schools opened; special schools established for children with particular talents; the best literature printed and sold at 5 cents a volume; theatre tickets to enlightened dramas sold at half-price through workers' councils; free access to daily concerts for all laborers; working conditions universally made congenial and healthy; the most commodious homes taken from the bourgeoisie and shared by the poor in Budapest where 54% of the families had formerly dwelt in homes of 1½ rooms; landowners expropriated and their fields distributed among the peasants.

These things are remembered.

FREDERICK KUH.

The Presumption of Innocence --in Kansas

FRED ROBERTSON, United States District Attorney of Kansas City, is the man who, for two years, has kept thirty-four members of the I.W.W. under indictment in an effort, so far vain, to prove them guilty of violating the espionage law. Once he substituted a new indictment on the very day set for trial—once his poorly drawn indictment was squashed; then a third was drawn under which at last the survivors are being tried.

For twenty-six months these men have lived in dark and disease-breeding cells in Kansas county jails; they have been fed insufficiently; they have lived with rats and vermin; they have been crowded into quarters too small for them and have spent their days within smell of their own excreta; many of them have gone for months at a time without seeing the real light of day, much less being allowed out-of-doors. All have suffered in health, two have gone insane, one has attempted suicide, one has died,—*prisoners of the United States Government awaiting trial.*

Fred Robertson is the man largely responsible for this. When the first indictment was set aside in favor of a new one last fall, Caroline Lowe, attorney for the men, went around the state of Kansas, hunting for jails in which they might be fairly comfortable during the winter. She found three. Then she went to the district attorney and asked him to help her induce the judge to commit the men to these jails. Robertson refused; a prisoner had no voice in choosing his place of incarceration, said he. In vain did Miss Lowe dwell upon the necessity, to the men, of having clean and sanitary surroundings. *Robertson used his influence with the judge to have the men kept in three of the worst jails in the state.*

WINTHROP D. LANE.

Liberals and Laborites

IT is worth while to compare the Platform adopted by the Committee of 48 at St. Louis on Dec. 11th with the Platform of the Progressive Party adopted at Chicago in 1912. It seems to be about the same group of liberals at work, but they have gone a long long way since 1912. With all the religious enthusiasm which attended its creation, the 1912 Platform, after all, asked only for a few electoral reforms, some mild labor legislation, and government control of the big trusts. At St. Louis, apparently, they talked economics instead of singing hymns. The result is a platform of vigorous intention:

1. Public ownership of transportation, including stockyards, large abattoirs, grain elevators, terminal warehouses, pipe lines and tanks. Public ownership of other public utilities and of the principal natural resources, such as coal, oil, natural gas, mineral deposits, large water powers and large commercial lumber tracts.

2. No land (including natural resources) and no patents to be held out of use for speculation or to aid monopoly. We favor taxes to force idle land into use.

3. Equal economic, political and legal rights for all, irrespective of sex or color. The immediate and absolute restoration of free speech, free press, peaceable assembly and all civic rights guaranteed by the Constitution. We demand the abolition of injunctions in labor cases. We indorse the effort of labor to share in the management of industry and labor's right to organize and bargain collectively through representatives of its own choosing.

The men who drafted that platform evidently mean business. Perhaps those Legionaries who started in to break up the meeting weren't so far wrong after all.

Shorn of its indignation and eloquence, the Labor Party platform, adopted at Chicago, Nov. 25, emphasizes the same fundamental economic demands. If these two groups can unite and persuade the Non-Partisan League to join them, there will come to life in this country a genuine third party, a liberal-labor party of opposition.

We cannot be indifferent to such a development in American politics. For one thing, the mere existence of such an organized political party would very likely have the effect of reducing our inevitable jail sentence from twenty years to six months. I have heard many definitions of an American liberal. Perhaps the best one for practical purposes is this: A liberal is a man who believes an I. W. W. ought to have a fair trial instead of being shot on sight. As an individual, expressing this view privately among his friends or occasionally signing his name to a protest, he doesn't help us very much.

But, politically organized, united with the liberal farmers and the radical but non-revolutionary part of the labor movement, he will count against the program of violence and anarchy upon which our government seems to have embarked.

The Real Thing

IT is good to see the signature of William D. Haywood signed once more to these strong simple moving appeals sent out by the I. W. W. General Defense Committee,—to know that he is free if only for a few months, and back on the job.

"We are appealing the Chicago and Sacramento cases," he writes. "The financial cost will be tremendous, but we are determined to give normal and rational-minded judges an opportunity to review the meager evidence against us. We urge you to be alert and open-minded. The decisions in these cases are of as much importance to you as to the men in prison or to those of use who will have to go back to prison if these cases are not reversed."

To raise an I. W. W. defense fund is the hardest thing in the world. Its enemies, not content with arresting its leaders by the hundreds and holding them in prison for months and even years awaiting trial, destroy its property, and hold up its mail so as to make the raising of funds for legal defence almost impossible. It is an outlawed organization trying to fight a difficult legal battle against a government which does not even recognize its elementary right to exist.

The violence and persistence with which the persecution of the I. W. W. is carried on suggests that in the faith which holds them together their enemies secretly recognize the very soul of truth. What is this terrible truth? Perhaps it is the paragraph with which the famous Preamble opens:

"The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace as long as hunger and want are found among millions of the working people and the few who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life."

Practical Feminism

THE most revolutionary thing about the recent Labor Party Convention at Chicago was its decision to appoint a National Executive Committee composed of two members from each state, *one man and one woman*. To force women to take an equal share in the actual business of building up the executive machine,—it's never been heard of before in the history of the world, not in trade-unions, not in co-operatives, not in Socialist parties, not in Utopias. It means more for feminism than a million

resolutions. For after all these centuries of retirement women need more than an "equal opportunity" to show what's in them. They need a generous shove into positions of responsibility. And that is what the Labor Party has given them. It is proof that there is some very honest idealism among the thousand delegates who gathered at Chicago.

Whether this quixotic generosity can be turned to good political account depends on how soon women get the vote.

Woman suffrage is an almost forgotten issue today, and yet the battle is not won. Despite the capitulation of Congress last June, nearly three-fourths of the women of these States will be denied the right to vote in the Presidential Campaign of 1920, unless a miracle is accomplished in the next two months. The miracle will not fall from Heaven. If it occurs, it will be the result of hard work on the part of those same good fighters who picketed the White House and went to jail and finally wrung the Federal Amendment out of a distressed and embarrassed government,—Alice Paul's gallant band of militants.

They are still at it,—seeing that the necessary 36 states ratify the Amendment in time for women to vote next fall. Twenty-one States have ratified. Their chief effort now is to force the Governors of States whose legislatures hold no regular session this year, to call a special session in order to ratify the Amendment. If you go into their headquarters thinking this is unimportant,—women can wait another four years,—voting doesn't amount to much anyhow—you are pretty sure to come out thinking it is important, no matter who you are or how far to the left of the Left you stand on political action.

They are working more inconspicuously than in the old days, but with the same amazing clarity and tenacity of purpose. You come out wanting them to win and hoping with all your heart that those Western Governors who, for private political reasons, don't want to call a special session this year, will see that they are out-matched and hurry up and give in, so that the women of the country can declare themselves politically free on February 15th, 1920,—one hundred years from the day Susan B. Anthony was born.

CRYSTAL EASTMAN.

WORDS

WHAT do they mean
Who tell me you are gone?

Is the bird gone
While yet the slender bough
Of the forsaken tree
Is trembling with his flight?

G. M.

BOOKS

La Belle Dame Sans Merci

I.

"DEAR CRITIC: Have you read 'The Arrow of Gold'? I've resisted it for some time because I was fed up on Conrad, and even the reviewers who seemed to be Conrad fans thought it was not so good as most of his books. But I've been desperate for something to read, and at last I stumbled on this book. I think it's the best thing Conrad has done! It's the only book of his I know where he has created a real woman. Psycho-analysis has gotten him too—only he doesn't show it so directly as Beresford or the Middleton book.

"When he has the girl, Rita say: 'I have got to be what I am, and that, amigo, is not easy, because I may be simple but like all those in whom there is no peace I am not One. No, I am not one!'—it goes right to the heart of the matter, and it shows that Conrad has gained a kind of understanding that he never seemed to me to have before. He analyzed and psychologized about his mysterious people before, but I never felt that he understood them really any better than we, at the end. Now he knows, and his subtleties and suggestions enhance this story instead of making one furious by interminable entanglements that seemed to have no motivation.

"I like this passage, too, where one of her would-be lovers wants her to be different: 'I told him plainly that to want a woman formed in mind and body, mistress of herself, free in her choice, independent in her thoughts; to love her apparently for what she is and at the same time to demand from her the candor and the innocence that could be only a shocking pretense; to know her such as life had made her and at the same time to despise her secretly for every touch with which her life had fashioned her—that was neither generous nor high minded.' And then the understanding, at the end, of what her fate would be, makes me feel that Conrad has sensed the tragedy of woman in a completer way, perhaps, than even Fiona Macleod in the 'Rune of the Sorrow of Women.'"

II.

DEAR RITA:

Do not be surprised that I address you by the name of the heroine of Conrad's book. It is very simple. You like the book because you find yourself in it. You understand Rita because you *are* Rita. That is a familiar enough fact to us Freudians. And it does not interest me half so much as the other fact—that Rita is *you*.

That, if you like, is staggering. For Rita, whom you understand so well, is a creature whom men—poets and story-tellers and lovers—have never understood. She—the mysterious Rita of this tale, so warmly near and yet so coldly remote, so human and yet so inhuman, so lovable and so loveless, so altogether tantalizing and bewitching and unseizably alluring, so vivid and so fatal (that is Conrad's favorite word for her), is the witch-woman, the fairy-child, the naiad and dryad and mermaid, the creature not quite of this earth, beautiful yet soulless, of many and many a tale. And—amazing discovery!—she is you.

Yes, my dear, all this talk, which has so often annoyed and wearied you, in poetry and prose, about a mysterious and mordant charm by which beautiful and baleful heroines who were more and less than women lured bewildered males to destruction—all this fuss was not, as we thought, a mere silly literary tradition; it was the type reaction of masculine mankind to the perplexing if familiar reality of yourself. I had a splendid laugh when I realized it. You do not know it, but you are very mysterious. You are La Belle Dame Sans Merci. Yes, you are the faery child who leaves the poor Knight-at-Arms alone and palely wandering.

You are also—painful as it is to tell you this—the Lilith concerning whom so many maudlin verses have been written—Lilith, from whom our first forefather turned with relief, but not without regret, to the less wild and more companionable and understandable Eve. You are also (forgive me!) the Vampire, not of the movies, but of Kipling's verses. These verses have been much misunderstood, and they are properly interpreted by reference to Kipling's novel, "The Light That Failed." Maisie, I believe his heroine's name was, wouldn't keep house for the painter-hero—she wanted to be a painter herself; and so the poor painter-man became blind and all sorts of tragic things happened. Well, you are Maisie, you are the Light That Failed, you are the woman for whom so many years and tears and toil and spoil were wasted and lost, you are the woman "who never knew why—and now we know that she couldn't know why—and did not understand."

If it is any comfort to you, after all this, you are also the heroine of most of Turgenev's novels—those women who are so much more vital than his men—profoundly ready for life, ready to act nobly and beautifully, but destined always to disappointment, for the men are only talkers, and can offer nothing but words, words . . . And this brings us back to Conrad. I had always said that Conrad's women were out of Turgenev; and so they are—creatures for whom life is too poor and meagre, figures that are tragic by virtue of an infiniteness of possibility that must go to waste, a magnificent expectancy that can only be disappointed with what the world has to offer. Rita is one of this mysterious and beautiful sisterhood; but in this book, at last, he is not content with seeing her through a haze of adjectives, he does not simply make literary gestures of adoration and pity before her. He tries to picture her in some degree of intimate and realistic detail. I do not know whether he understands her, or not; but he paints her truly enough, so truly that I can, in the light of your enthusiasm, discover you in her and her in you.

You are indeed like Rita, to whom a Royalist plot was a grateful adventure, not because she believed in Royalism but because she believed in adventure. You know of causes better worth dying for—but where is the cause

for which you could so completely and triumphantly live? Rita might have been a dancer, for what she wanted was to create beauty with all of herself; it was with her, as with you, a half-stultified artistic energy, which swept her into the current of a cause in which she but half expressed herself.

In the passage from which you quote, in which she confesses a soul divided against itself, she goes on, as I remember, to say that she is in that respect a symbol of all womankind; to which her would-be lover doubtfully rejoins, "Then God help them," or words to that effect. Men, you see, prefer to believe with Byron that love "is woman's whole existence." And they can give only unflattering or awed or hysterical accounts of those women who do not trouble to pretend that this is true of them.

When women wish to be human beings as well as wives and mothers they find themselves in precisely Rita's situation. It seems that they must choose. And if they were as the comic papers used to picture them, if they were all excessively plain, the choice for them would be, truly, a little easier. But their beauty makes every man they meet want to carry them off to his harem. What is more trying than the position of a good-looking young woman who wants to act, or dance, or sing, or write poetry or novels, or hold down an interesting job, or agitate for suffrage or socialism or what not—and who finds herself besieged by inflammable males who want to make her their private property! Men, it seems, cannot understand that women also want a good time—that they want to create. The truth is that men do not want to understand this. A man's vanity requires that he shall be able to make a woman happy. He does not want to believe that she wants anything he cannot give her. And so when she seems to encourage his attentions and yet eludes his purposes he calls her a flirt or a vampire or a heartless jade. Of course her soul is divided against itself; of course, in a world in which there is little room for women as creators, they will be tormented and tormenting creatures.

But Rita, the masculine readers of the book will exclaim, is not a suffragette bothered with the honorable attentions of possessive male admirers! Oh, is she not? What do they know of suffragettes that they should be so sure? Mr. Wells, in his very silly story of "Ann Veronica," represented Ann as thinking wistfully of her professor the night she spent in jail after the suffrage riot. You and I know better. She was thinking scornfully that the poor boob never would understand how much a healthy girl liked fighting policemen. Mr. Shaw understands that; you remember the scene in "Fanny's First Play" in which the heroine tells how she felt when she bashed the cop? What Rita wishes is that these men would stop making calf eyes at her for a while—would really *lose* themselves in the magnificent adven-

ture they are having, forget that she is a female and be children or enthusiasts along with her, live for a moment in the life of the spirit in which, as in the Kingdom of Heaven, there is no marrying nor giving in marriage. And when she finally does give herself to Monsieur George it is because his absurd pride has at least kept him from showing what a maudlin love-sick imbecile he really is, and given her a chance to find in him some promise at least of what she wants—a playfellow. When he gets to fighting duels in behalf of her good name—well, that is too much; he is behaving like a regular husband—and after nursing him back to health, she disappears. He is not sorry either, for what he wants is a regular wife. Rita is altogether too bright and good for human nature's daily food. The fact is, he does not want to be fighting duels all the time, or playing at Tristram and Isuelt in the woods, or dancing upon the mountains like a flame—he wants to settle down. And he is quite right. When love undertakes to provide the excitement that is properly to be had from royalist plots or suffrage activities, it gets to be too hectic to be long endurable.

But, still other readers will protest, Rita was an extremely neurotic person. They are right. Anybody would be neurotic who was in Rita's position, of having to choose between two modes of life, each incomplete and unsatisfactory. That is what neurosis is, a conflict of desire. Rita is a very interesting case for psychoanalysis; she presents the symptoms of some fascinating complexes. And so, for that matter, do most of the modern women who are in her situation!

And if it were true, as we have so long supposed, that men were interested in women, we would have some very great psychological novels. But men are interested in themselves—in their own reactions to women much more than in the women. That is why we have so many fantastic accounts of you, as witch and fairy, demon and vampire. That is why even Mr. Conrad chooses to tell us what Monsieur George and the other men think about Rita, rather than the full story of Rita herself. He does not, I think, want to tell too much, for fear of dissipating the charm which inheres in mystery. If he knows all the truth about Rita, he chooses not to reveal it. For the rest of the truth is the perhaps unromantic fact that Rita does not want to be a mystery. She does not want to be a tormented and tormenting flame. She wants—and you know how true this is—work and love, free admission to the world of high creative endeavor, and the simplest old-fashioned joys and comforts of domesticity. For these she would give up her mysteriousness, her enchanting and baffling elusiveness, her lurid and quasisubversive glamour, her ineffable romanticalness. It is not of her own wish that she torments with sex and dismays with sexlessness the masculine world which she inhabits. But she will continue to do so until we make

room for her as a comrade in our world of adventure and play and effort. We are ungraciously enough beginning to do that. But imaginative literature has yet to begin to interpret her to us in that light—not as a terrifying intruder, but as one who has every right, as a human being, to be there. When she is not in peril of her life as a human being, she will be able to give herself with less doubt and anger and sense of self-betrayal, as a lover. She will not be divided against herself in spirit when she has come into her full inheritance.

Tell me, if you—who are so tantalizingly feminine and unfeminine—if you lived in a world where you could be, as it were, as much of a boy as you liked—and what a gallantly adventurous lad you would be!—would you not feel freer than you have ever been yet, to be—a girl?

FLOYD DELL.

The Paintings of William Sanger

THERE is an intimate bodily connection, undivorceable connection between a man and a piece of canvas or paper that his hands have worked upon to the aim of beauty. I remember that once upon a time when I rode in a subway train and my thoughts did not, I saw a man reading a paper in which was published a drawing of mine that was very dear to me. I took the paper off his knee and automatically, thoughtlessly, started to fold it and put it in my pocket. The man's astonishment brought me back to earth, whereupon I quickly relinquished the paper and apologized. I had felt that the paper was mine.

More recently, someone in matter-of-fact conversation said that certain drawings that I had made were his property. I flew into a rage. I may have controlled my words, but in my heart was almost the desire to murder the man for this brazen impudence, this tyrannical assault upon me. He dares to say that he *owns* my drawing! My hand made that; my fingers—*my* fingers tingled to the joy of shaping those lines—and this impudent cannibal dares to put a claim upon it! This work is mine; it is a part of me. I would as soon have him claim my leg, my hand or a pound of flesh from over the heart. . . . Abruptly I separated from the person, broke engagements and kept away for several days, knowing that I could not meet him without some unreasoning expression of hate.

A piece of canvas that I have shaped and painted is a part of me and forever so; let anyone come between, and I boil with primitive anger.

William Sanger used to come to see me in Paris. Many times I used to stumble up the dark stairway to the thing he called his studio in the *Impasse du Maine*. We drank two-sou cups of *jus de chapeau* together, borrowed half-loaves of bread from each other, sang "Halleluja I'm a Bum" many nights along the Seine. In the Louvre we stewed over the Primitives, which Sanger seemed to



"The Two Women of Vigo," a painting by William Sanger

have a strange power to understand; we got drunk on Manet's "Olympe" and went on sprees of Greco and Cezanne, interspersed with discussions of Bakunin who is their brother.

There was something wrong with Sanger, those days. No, there was not anything wrong—there was something *tied up* in him. There was something lashed around his heart, tight and wounding. . . . Do you think that is something wrong? . . . If you think so, you don't know an artist. . . . It must be so. . . . Fellows who are going to paint, have to ache.

Sanger painted tight, in those days. He painted what was in him—an ache, a monotony. He looked always into himself. He painted fancies. He painted mostly what was inside of him or near him. He painted his children, over and over again. Once in a while, when he got very close to a friend, he would paint the friend, but his paintings always brooded around him. They were good, but they brooded.

Four years and a war, and a revolution, passed.

Then I came back and found Sanger again. I see an exhibition of his paintings. What is this? Sanger has changed. He has broken the thing that contracted his

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THE LIBERATOR,
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heart; the ache turned first to raging anger—see? you can view it on that canvas there—and then it turned into singing—see it on this canvas, here.

There's a group of sweet-singing little landscapes in greens and blues and rust-red-yellows—that is the new Bill Sanger.

Sanger is *fluid* now. Come and see him here, see his loosened-up genius, flowing, expanding, in fifty laughs and shouts and weepings, on fifty canvases; all phases of him; and he's so rich, there's no end of him. He has expanded into variety. He paints what's in the world, now, instead of only what's in him. He has quit looking into himself and looks outward; and his eyes are richer for having looked in so long. He used to paint only things that were near him; now he paints things that are far. Yet they are all a part of William Sanger.

Some bourgeois will come along and buy Bill's pictures. The bourgeois will call them "his." I feel a malicious hope that that bourgeois will pick the wrong ones.

But those great ones—those which are subjective but outward-looking—I hope they stay within reach of the eyes of the friends who need to live with Bill and love him through those parts of him.

And what made Sanger turn loose? What suddenly

made his genius fluid? What made him quit brooding with his brush and look outward?

Well, he has been to Spain and communed long with Greco; some will say it was that. Some will say he has gotten "atmosphere" in Spain, where most of his subject-matter was found, and some will explain that he has acquired a brush-discipline. But to some of those who used to have sausages and beer and all-night wrangles about Bakunin around Bill's broken-down stove, I want to say something else.

William Sanger is not the only man who is becoming boomingly articulate in these times. Others are changing. There is a great Articulateness seemingly coming into the world. It is associated with various things; it has a thousand causes; all causes are its causes. It is something which makes us look Outward as well as In, for our emotional material. But I haven't said what it is. I can't say what it is, but the Russian Revolution is its most tangible manifestation.

ROBERT MINOR.

Our America

Our America, by Waldo Frank. (Bonis & Liveright.)

THE generation to which Waldo Frank and I belong is a peculiar and unhappy generation, and I don't wonder that the older generation looks at it askance. It is a generation of individuals who throughout the long years of their youth, felt themselves in solitary conflict with a hostile environment. There was a boy in Chicago, and a boy in Oshkosh and a boy in Steubenville, Ind., and so on—one here and there, and all very lonely and unhappy. They did not know each other's existence—they only knew of themselves and the great ugly environment in which they were imprisoned. They were idealists, and lovers of beauty, and aspirants toward freedom; and it seemed to them that the whole world was in a gigantic conspiracy to thwart ideals and trample beauty underfoot and make life merely a kind of life-imprisonment. So it was that these youths came to hate and despise the kindly and excellent people who happened to be their elders, and who were merely hard at work on the necessary task of exploiting the vast raw continent which Christopher Columbus had not very long before discovered.

This generation has had to make, painfully enough, two important discoveries. It has had in the first place to discover its own corporate existence, to merge its individual existences together, and get the confidence and courage that can come only from the sense of mass-thought and mass-action. But the trouble is that each of us, in our loneliness has become a little odd, a little peculiar, and more than a little suspicious. We do not speak the same language, even. Here is Waldo Frank, writing—as he did recently—in the pages of the Seven



ALFRED A. KNOPF has just published these books of
of special interest to *Liberator* readers

Were You Ever a Child?

By Floyd Dell

An analysis of our outworn school system, centering attention upon the two things which constitute, in their juxtaposition, the essential problems of education—namely, the nature of modern life and the nature of the child. With his customary brilliancy of style and thought the author shows how the present school system became what it is, and why it is now in the throes of revolutionary change. He analyzes the current conceptions upon which the existing system is based, and shows why those conceptions are inadequate to sustain the burden which education is called upon by twentieth century civilization to bear. The original papers which appeared in *The Liberator* have been amplified and added to. \$1.60.

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Arts, and me in the pages of the Masses, both of us having, I think, essentially the same things to say, but saying them in such a different idiom, and with such a different emphasis, that I fear our writings produced in each other more exasperation than enthusiasm. And now comes this book, and instead of hailing it as the work of a comrade in the great task in which we are all engaged, I corrugate my brows over its style and sniff suspiciously at its critical principles.

Again and again I have the sense, in turning these pages, of there being more geniuses in America than I had thought there were in the whole world. Here are Smiths and Joneses and Robinsons who may be geniuses to Waldo Frank, but who occupy far from such a place in my hierarchy. I fear the describer of these greatneses is a romanticist. I, too, would like to live in an America which is as chuck full of tremendous and profound writers as this book makes it out to be. But I have read some of these writers and (I told you I was a suspicious person) I can't see them all just as he does. My America, as distinguished from Waldo Frank's, is much poorer in significant literary activity.

Q. E. D.! It is hard for me to realize that common identity of our cause; it is easy to see the differences which separate us. That is one of the things which is the matter with the generation to which we belong. We are still in the process of achieving spiritual unity. And this intellectual trait has its basis in our social habits. Young people in Oshkosh and Steubenville think of New York as a place where people like themselves "get together." It is not so—we flock by ourselves. And they, when they come to New York a few years hence, will do the same thing. Each will occupy his solitary mountain peak in Greenwich Village, and utter his thoughts in his own peculiar dialect, which the other fellow will not even try to understand. Individualism is the very fabric of our lives, we have brooded too long apart to become without pain a part of the social group to which we belong.

And if it is true that we find it hard to accept the communion with each other for which, when we were young, we yearned with deep adolescent desire, it is still more true that we find it hard to realize that we are a part of the America which has so much hurt and offended us. We are cut off from the very tradition of protest, of rebellion, which we are actually carrying on. We do not even know that the literature of America is above everything else a literature of protest and of rebellion. We actually know, most of us, no more of American literature than a European knows. For most of us there are two American writers—Whitman and Poe; and we do not know that Whitman and Poe were only the perfect flower of the American literary tradition—not exceptions in any sense. We do not guess how many of our "experiments" merely reproduce the efforts of the generation of Longfellow to escape from an unfriendly milieu; and, not knowing the past, we cannot learn by its mistakes—we must go ahead enthusiastically and make them on our own account. We only slowly come to learn that what we sometimes contemptuously call "American" is not American at all; that it is, astonishingly enough, we who are American: that Debs and Haywood are

as American as Franklin and Lincoln, and that the Loyal Legions are no more American than the Klu-Klux-Klan.

Waldo Frank's book is a gallant effort to give young and lonely idealists a background. My suspicious complaint is that it isn't "our" America—it's just Waldo Frank's.

FLOYD DELL.

The Federated Press

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Enter from the right, Second Citizen who does likewise.

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Second Citizen: "Yes, it is good to own them."

First Citizen: "It's fun to give them away, too."

Second Citizen: "And some people even like to read them."

First Citizen: "But it's no use. I can't afford to buy books with the H. C. L. where it is."

Second Citizen: "Why do you buy them, when you can get them for nothing?"

First Citizen: "For nothing? How is that?"

Second Citizen: "Well, practically nothing—just a little trouble. Haven't you heard of the Liberator's plan of giving away some of the most timely and important books to people who get new subscribers for the magazine?"

First Citizen: "That sounds good. What sort of books do they give?"

Second Citizen: "Oh, Rhys Williams' new book called 'Lenin' and 'Bullitt's Mission to Russia'; and Floyd Dell's 'Were you ever a Child?'—just the books you most want. The Liberator offers any one of these if you will get them two new subscribers."

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A WORD TO YOU

The Capitalists and reactionary labor politicians are making a determined effort to crush the militant labor organizations. Both groups realize that their special interests are menaced by the steady growth of the I. W. W. and are resorting to every means at their disposal to wipe out this organization. Wherever signs of I. W. W. activities appear, tyrannical methods are employed to suppress them, the masters not realizing we thrive on persecution.

Ever since its inception the I. W. W. has undergone systematic persecution and abuse. The kept press has inaugurated a campaign of systematic misrepresentation, villification and slander, imbuing an unsuspecting public with false impressions of the ultimate aims and objects of our organization.

Our members are constantly subjected to the vilest abuse, incarcerated for long terms without trial in jails and deportation pens. Many have died, others lost their reason, through the persistent application of what is supposed to be democracy. Many have been foully murdered by hired thugs.

Our halls are continually raided, our property destroyed and confiscated, our members cruelly beaten by hired thugs and gunmen whose brutalities pass all human understanding. In the West open season has been declared for the I. W. W., the jails are overflowing.

Everything possible is done to hinder legal defense there as well as here. Members receive prohibitive sentences by prejudiced judges. Our mail is constantly interfered with and confiscated.

We have to combat these insane methods and wholesale lies with education and organization. Publicity is essential. Our fellow workers in jail must be protected and cared for at all hazards. They need clothes and extra food. Adequate legal defense must be provided. This fight is your fight, is in your interest. These men and women are suffering the tortures of hell for you. We appeal to your sense of justice and ask for your moral and financial support. Lend us your liberty bonds to procure real liberty. We ask you to do your duty and stand by those that stood by you. Send what you can. Every cent is needed. We depend on you. Send all contributions to M. de Wal, Secretary, New York Defense Committee, 115 East Tenth Street, New York City.

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An Appeal from the Chinese Workers

[The following appeal from the Chinese Socialists to their American Comrades was smuggled into the United States in a way that cannot now be revealed. Those who care to aid in the work are requested to send their donations to Otto Branstetter, 220 So. Ashland Boulevard, Chicago. They will reach the proper parties in China.]

FELLOW WORKERS IN AMERICA:

GREETINGS from the Workers of China!

China is a vast grain and vegetable garden. Each man owns his plot of ground, where he raises enough to supply his family and sells enough to clothe them. He owns his house, whether it be a mud hut, a sun-burnt brick house, or a hole dug into a sandy hill. He is lord of the little he calls his own. He is independent, and he knows it. No race is more democratic and enjoys democracy more than the Chinese. They cannot endure the thought of subordination to any man.

At the present time as a nation they are trembling on the brink of a new national system. They, as a tottering child, are trying to come up to the other nations by great strides, but have not a national organization strong enough to teach them to do so. Being so democratic by nature, they refuse military control or to be governed by the treacherous officials who have not the best interests of their country at heart, but are trying to sell China to foreign capital.

The students and merchants have combined in a strong, sturdy movement to withstand this, and their method is boycott of Japanese goods and peaceful education of the people in China, and seeking the help of America. All the schools and colleges have gone on a strike, and most of the students have turned into lecturers in halls and on the streets, principally the latter. They distribute much literature and have many parades.

The field is ripe to sow in China the seeds of Socialism. They will accept it with the eagerness that a hungry child receives bread. Already I have talked with some who listened with deep attention, and an occasional sigh, showing the depth to which it fell. They at once see in Socialism a solution of their national problems, as indeed it is. Social industrialism is the only way that great democratic China can retain its democracy and yet accept the great new industries which are bound so very soon to come into a country as rich in raw materials as is this.

A great democracy-loving people are now groaning in the birth-throes of a new industrialism.

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They do not begin to realize the extent of their loss of independence under capitalism, but they feel vaguely that their freedom will be lost.

When the evils of capitalism are explained, they listen with keen attention, with open eyes and hearts, for they begin to realize fully that their freedom would be gone, even though there would be apparent gain to the country. They are against capitalism by nature in their hearts, but not in having a knowledge of its evils.

The field here is ripe for Socialism or industrialism.

If we could have the means, in an incredibly short time all of China could be reached by the knowledge. The system for the propaganda is already organized through the student body. All we need is the literature and the money to print and send a few lecturers out. One man's salary is fifteen to twenty dollars a month. Already I am acquainted with men of education who are willing. They realize what a knowledge of this would mean to their country.

Oh, lovers of true democracy in America, your fellow-workers in China are in a position where they can accept or reject capitalism. A few years will tell the tale of their freedom or their slavery. A few dollars now for literature will accomplish miracles. Will you send a few hundred of dollars to accomplish this work?

I have some knowledge of the language, also I have engaged a Chinese writer who is interested, and before this reaches you I shall have ready for publication in the Chinese language a pamphlet showing the evils of capitalism and the setting forth of industrialism.

Will you send the means to have it published and spread abroad? In less than a year all China can be reached. Now, before it is bound, how easy to avoid capitalism; but after it is once established, how difficult to cast off the iron fetters!

I must know your decision as soon as possible, so as to know what to plan. If you can raise money and support this work, send a cablegram and we will choose workers even before the money comes.

Friends in America, in doing this now you are helping yourselves at a point which will count a hundred fold, and which will reward you greatly for a little effort!

*Chinese Socialist Propaganda Committee,
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