

Liberator

JUNE, 1920

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Is it a fact that

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Last March we wrote an emergency letter to our subscribers asking them to put up \$2500 to enable us to bring an injunction against the San Francisco police who, at the instigation of the Manufacturers' Association, have illegally prohibited the news-stand sale of the Liberator, and whose example is rapidly being followed in other Pacific Coast cities.

Within thirty days, 1390 of our subscribers responded; we have the money and our attorney is proceeding with the suit.

The letters quoted in italics above are typical. Most of the money came in one-dollar and two-dollar bills from people like that who could not afford to send it. Their letters made us feel a new responsibility and a new determination to keep the Liberator in the fight at all costs.

Why are we telling you all this when the money is raised and the emergency past? **Because another emergency has arisen,—paper has gone up again.**

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Sincerely yours,

MAX EASTMAN,
CRYSTAL EASTMAN.



THE LIBERATOR, a monthly magazine, June, 1920. Twenty-five cents a copy, \$2.50 a year. Vol. 3, No. 6, Serial No. 27. Published by The Liberator Publishing Co., 138 West 13th Street, New York, N. Y. Application pending for entry as second-class matter at the post office at New York N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1920.



Drawn by Boardman Robinson

May Day, 1920

Don't be alarmed, gentlemen—he's only stirring in his sleep!

THE LIBERATOR

Vol. 3, No. 6 [Serial No. 27]

June, 1920

Palmer and the Outlaws

By Robert Minor

ATTORNEY General A. Mitchell Palmer thinks that "Red" agitators are the cause behind the "outlaw strikes" which have been chewing up the railroads and many other industries. The epidemic of difficulties in every conceivable wage occupation in all America he believes to be the conspirative work of a few melodramatic individuals.

Mr. Palmer is like a doctor practising obstetrics on the theory that storks bring babies.

His Department of Justice says, "the railroad strike is not spontaneous, but one of the most highly organized that ever occurred;" that the workers "have been fed for months on descriptions of the benefits to be gained from a One Big Union," and that "unless there is an immediate check on the spread of the unrest it might progress to a revolution of the workers, as the present outbreak is but one phase of the world revolutionary movement which was begun in Russia."

But I tell Mr. Palmer that the American railroad workers know nothing about the world revolutionary movement. They know nothing of any sort of social theories, and, sad to relate, they have never heard of any of the social theorists. They would not even let me into their meetings, and had never heard of the "Liberator." They have no knowledge of Marx, except Mr. Marx of Marx & Cohen, who sells overalls in Hoboken, and they never saw a red flag except the one inscribed "Cook with Gas" and the other one which they carry on the rear end of all trains.

There has been no connection between the railroad men who refuse to work and the "Reds" or the I. W. W.'s or "radical agitators," or with Moscow, or with anyone or any town off of their own division—except Washington, the headquarters of the great Railroad Brotherhoods. And their relation to the Washington headquarters is an antagonistic one.

Washington is the Home of Labor Leaders. It's a great life there, in the marble palaces and the theatres

and the avenues, where the Keepers of the Labor Unions are to be found. And one must understand this, to understand the railroad trouble.

Grand Dukes of Labor

Here I must make a definition. I must tell you that the word "Labor" in its Washington usage has grown to have a distinguished and very high meaning. It does not apply to the riff-raff in overalls, but only to those well tailored men who sit in the Labor Headquarters, at Washington and some other cities.

Nowadays you can ring up "Labor" with just two nickels, in Washington, one phone number under the name of the American Federation of Labor and the other for the Railroad Brotherhoods. You can interview one man and be told authoritatively "what Labor wants." You can whisper in one corner, behind one mahogany desk, and you'll have had a conference with "Labor."

And "Labor" too, can call up with one voice on the telephone.

During the war the Labor Leaders were all patriotic. While great business men at a salary of one dollar per year went into such Government service as regulating the profits of business, the Labor Leaders at twenty dollars per day, went into the Government service of preventing strikes. In that service the Labor Leaders felt justified in worming out any man that talked against employers and turning his name over to the Secret Service department.

It became a custom during the war for Labor Leaders, being also members of Government boards, to call up the Secret Service department and mention the name and address of some overalled member of a Labor Union in a distant industrial center, and to say:

"Labor wouldn't care if you were to nail him."

There are some who earnestly believe that one of these telephone calls from Washington "Labor" conveyed words to the effect that "Labor" wouldn't care if the

Government police put William D. Haywood and all others who talk industrial unionism into prison for twenty years.

But we are here mainly concerned with that portion of the Washington Labor Hierarchy which is called the Railroad Brotherhoods. The Railroad Brotherhoods have never been mass-controlled unions; the Washington Labor Grand Dukes have made the unions into Grand Duchies. There has been no power of the workers through the referendum or recall to do much of anything but accept the commands of their officers without question.

Railroad Finance

It was said that government possession of the railroads was necessary to the public welfare during the war. Lower voices said that it was necessary for the railroad stockholders' benefit, because during the war-scarcity of labor, running railroads was an expensive business.

War time was a growing time for unions. The workers were independent and restless and determined to get a living wage as soon as the war-time excuse against strikes was gone. Postponed demands were piled high, waiting on end-of-the-war promises. As the war came to a close, the railroad managers saw a great danger to their profit-making ahead. There were pending wage-increase demands which would cost them from ninety million dollars to one billion dollars per month if they were to lose in a grapple with the now strong and spirited Labor organizations. They wanted to get the railroads back, but *did not want to take over the prospects of a heavily increased payroll.*

It was a delicate job, but they managed it. The dangerous popularity of the Plumb Plan made haste necessary. They saw the right people in Washington, and a bill was put through Congress to return the railroads to their "owners." The railroad managers wrote the law, through Cummins, and the master stroke of the bill was this: *For six months the railroads are guaranteed a five-and-a-half per cent profit, to be made good out of the Government treasury.*

The Government did not nationalize the railroads, as had been hoped by many soft-hearted liberals; the Government only *nationalized the deficits of the railroads* and guaranteed to pay the stockholders a profit out of the United States Treasury if they couldn't make it out of the railroads.

The period of a guaranteed five-and-a-half per cent "profit" out of the United States Treasury was for six months, November, 1919—April, 1920; the railroad managers thought that between November 1919 and April 1920 would be a good time to fight and break any railroad strikes that might be coming. The Government would pay all losses and a good profit on top of that.

There is reason to think that some of the owners played for a strike by ignoring the growing misery and impossible living conditions of the workers. The Government played its part by failing from week to week and month to month to appoint the glittering Labor Board that had been promised, to settle the men's postponed demands. Never was a body of workers more goaded toward trouble than were the railroad workers during these six months.

Only an incident was necessary to precipitate the trouble. It came.

I said a while ago that the Grand Dukes had a habit of giving tips to secret service police and employers to frame up and "break" this or that union man who dared to oppose the Grand Dukes and their friends of Capital. In labor ranks that is called "playing with the bulls," and the workers' humble morality, right or wrong, holds it the most contemptible conduct of which a man can be guilty. It is below scabbing. A scab can reform; a "bull" or a "stool" never can.

It is a serious charge to say that the average Labor Union head has for years been "playing with the bulls" and giving secret information to employers for the breaking and firing of labor union sub-leaders. It was for doing such work toward the hanging of Tom Mooney that Brouillet was thrown out of the presidency of the Labor Council of San Francisco. I might hesitate to make the charge against the heads of the Railroad Brotherhoods if the proof were not openly spread in the press.

A trainman named John Grunau dared to speak up for the interests of the common railroad man. The Grand Dukes swooped down upon him. Word was passed out to the railroad bosses that "Labor wouldn't care what happened to Grunau." The train regulations in the Chicago yards were juggled around so as to leave Grunau out of a job, and without the union protection against wrongful discharge.

The Chicago yardmen recognized in the discharge of Grunau the old "lettre de cachet" method of the Grand Duke. The canning of Grunau caused the immediate canning of all the freight business of the Chicago district, and the walkout spread from California to Maine. It was the signal for the break-loose of all the passions for betterment that had been repressed during three years of railroad "patriotism."

It was entirely spontaneous. It was not financed. During the past many years colossal sums of money have been accumulated from the wages of the railroad workers for purposes such as sustaining strikes. The workers entrusted these funds to the Grand Dukes. Now the walkout is without funds—absolutely without a penny for the men—and the Union treasuries are available for any use against the men, for any strike-breaking measures that the Grand Dukes care to utilize.

What is this movement? A strike? No. Correctly speaking, it's not a strike, it's a vacation. The Department of Justice, working in cahoots with the "Labor Leaders," has made the word "strike" dangerous. The "Labor Leaders" have trade-mark rights to the word "strike," and anyone who dares talk of a strike unsanctioned by them—which is called an "outlaw strike"—may be programmed for twenty years in the penitentiary.

From November to February the Government treasury had already been called on to make good to the railroad owners \$136,971,000. The walk-out now made heavy cuts into the freight revenues for the entire country which had been running about \$10,000,000 a day and passenger revenues which had been \$3,000,000 a day. It is estimated that, with the cost of breaking the "strike," the money given to the railroad owners during the six months will average about fifty million dollars per month, or a total of \$300,000,000. Now, if the workers' ambition for a ninety-million-dollars-a-month wage increase could be broken and the Unions crippled, all at the Government expense, the railroad owners would have plain sailing and prosperity ahead of them.

I don't mean to credit our bourgeoisie with completely conscious purpose in the matter. I think some of the more shrewd managers worked consciously and that the rest of them merely followed their natural bent in doing nothing for employees.

On April 14th, President A. H. Smith of the New York Central Railway in a speech to the Merchants' Association said that the "strike may prove a blessing in disguise." He explained, "My own inside view reveals splendid results and most encouraging facts concerning those elements which are really important and determining factors in the railroad situation. . . ."

What is the workers' object in this so-called strike? That's a very illuminating question, because there is no answer to it. The men's most common demand is for a substantial increase in pay, aggregating at least ninety million dollars for the whole country, as I have said. The next thing you hear is that the men want to get rid of all the "Labor Leaders" in the National Headquarters. Then we learn that they want rank and file control, with the referendum and recall. Next, it is said that they demand the One Big Union. I think Mr. Palmer is the one who first said that the men want the One Big Union. He seems to have convinced the men of it. The capitalist press quotes McHugh as saying in regard to the One Big Union, "There will be no high-paid leaders like President W. G. Lee of the Trainmen, who gets \$15,000 a year and expenses. That makes him an autocrat. Our officers will be elected by referendum. All the lodges whose charters have been revoked will belong."

And now Mr. Palmer propagandizes that the railroad

and other workers have the further object of overthrowing the United States Government and nationalizing all industries under the control of a council of workers.

I do not think that he has as yet convinced the rank and file of this.

Government Business

On April 13th President Wilson took personal charge of the program of the Government to control the situation. Although the Grand Dukes and the authorities had said that they would not do a thing until the workers returned to work, *that labor wage board was appointed*. The Grand Dukes were highly satisfied with the personnel of the Board.

On April 15th the railroad workers offered to submit their case as provided by law, to the new board. But, no! It appeared that the job of the "Railroad Labor Board" was not to solve the difficulties of the railroad workers, but to save Grand Dukes, break the strike and whip the workers back into submission to the marble "Labor Headquarters" in Washington.

The Grand Dukes insisted on their vested right to control all Labor organization, flatly demanding and receiving government protection in that right. William G. Lee, after conference with Warren S. Stone and W. C. Carter, declared that the Brotherhood officials would not be present at any conference to which representatives of the strikers were allowed to come.

The Grand Dukes will not bargain with workmen.

The Pennsylvania Railroad broke step by consenting on April 13 to a conference with the "outlaw strikers" in which the Brotherhood officers "would be allowed to be present." The Grand Dukes demanded that the Pennsylvania rescind this offer and they did. It seems that the craft unions have become a department of the Government—a control system of Capitalism. One newspaper spoke of "action against the strikers" by "the brotherhoods and the public authorities," for "violation of brotherhood, State and national laws!"

Time after time the heads of the Brotherhoods were quoted in the press as calling for union men to scab and savagely demanding that the strikers be arrested and jailed and that the anti-strike laws and injunctions be enforced.

Samuel Gompers, the shrewd old bird, was the only conspicuous exception. There's the glue of wisdom on his Grand Ducal throne. He was the one Grand Duke who could see far enough ahead to understand that it was fence-riding time. They couldn't get him to commit himself against the railroad workers' cause more definitely than by the following subtle commentary:

"No wonder that we find workers, non-members of organized unions, and even some who are union men, becoming impatient and disregarding the discipline usually practiced in labor unions."

"I urge upon all workers in their interests to organize and practise self-restraint, so that in an orderly and rational manner the demands of labor may be presented and secured. Little or nothing can be accomplished by wildcat strikes."

One puts his hand upon his forehead and thinks and thinks and thinks, and then remembers—ah! yes! For years hasn't Mr. Gompers been hoping to get the Railroad Brotherhoods into the A. F. of L? And here are the men breaking pell mell from the Brotherhoods and talking about organizing another union. Yes, a One Big Union. If they should give up the One Big Union idea under the coercion of Department of Justice detectives and the persuasion of some shrewd old bird!—Well, it would be only a change of Grand Dukes;—no harm would come to property.

Strikebreaking

All the machinery of Society that could be controlled by Business, Press or Government, was mobilized to break the strike. The railroad bosses were athirst to have the strikers do something to "hold up the United States mails,"—the old gag for breaking railroad strikes. The workers refused to stall any mail trains. I don't know whether the bosses finally hired stool-pigeons to do it or not, but finally came the much wanted story of "Chicago Mail Train Abandoned at Port Jervis!" and "Also at New Orleans." Palmer's detectives arrested six labor organizers in New Orleans.

Employers dragooned numbers of their employees to "lend" them to the railway corporations as strike-breakers. Business men nobly notified railroad superintendents to call on them if more help was needed—and some of them were the very superiores of young gentlemen who had been this, that or the other kind of an officer in the army or navy.

The best families did their bit. And where strike-breaking is, there of course pops up the Roosevelt family. The son of the president of Oyster Bay National Bank tried to fire an engine, the engine stalled, and Doctor Richard Derby, son-in-law of the late Colonel Roosevelt, did the noble work of bringing the engine through. That is, he rode on the engine and was much exhibited through the cab window at each station. Thus is the great tradition upheld.

Columbia University was recorded as contributing 5,000 scabs (though I doubt it), and New York University one thousand. Eleven sons of the bourgeoisie came in their motor cars from Princeton to Jersey City and volunteered to scab without pay. The Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute was accredited with 200 scabs.

It was like a costume ball of the best families. Young "college athletes"—Ah! how many of them there are in the newspapers—put overalls on and had their pictures taken with shovels in their hands, sleeves rolled up

showing handsome forearms, and corn-cob pipes in their mouths, very swagger.

The private mob system was applied, too. What the newspapers like to call "the citizens" of suburban villages organized in mobs and tried to force all railroad men of those localities to go to work on pain of violence. Of course the propertied press approved, as did the legal authorities.

The American Legion members began "running trains," which I suppose means that they turned switches and fired the engines beside such Brotherhood engineers as were loyal to the Grand Dukes. The name "American Legion" was seized upon. Reporters fixed up "lead" paragraphs, excellently written to signify that the American Legion—which is a council of soldiers' deputies with a reactionary point of view—had decided to order the strike stopped. These paragraphs sounded snappy, Rooseveltian and conclusive. Unfortunately the strikers wouldn't read the papers.

The Newspaper Game

I hung around the workers' meeting hall in Jersey one Sunday; I had under my arm all the Sunday papers, which were so bulky that I was mistaken for a news vendor. The railroad vacationists crowded around me, asking brusquely, "Have you got the Call?" "No, but I'll let you read my Times or World or Sun-Herald." "Oh, Hell, take it away!" These men had never before read the Call, and cared nothing about it except that it was the one newspaper not lying about their affair. I got tired and sat on the edge of the Bologna sausage wagon. Pretty soon a half-dozen men left the hall, timidly sliding past the door-keepers, and gathered with a half-dozen more, a half block away, to put their heads together. "Look at 'em! They've got cold feet!" exclaimed a railroader called Shorty. "They've gone over there to talk about going back. After two weeks! Hell, let's go over and talk to the cold-feet."

He went. Someone followed with a copy of the Call. The two argued, reading aloud from the Call story of the "strike." A boy alighted from the street car with a big bundle of the Sunday Call. Men bought handfuls of the paper and took them over to give to the wavers. The group broke up and most of them drifted back into the hall.

If they had only been willing to look at these quarter-ton Sunday editions of the big papers, they would have seen that all the best families' athletic sons were in overalls and that there was no hope for the workers; but they wouldn't look.

Representatives of the Grand Dukes drove to the New Jersey meeting place with a "proposition." It was the customary plea, "Return to work and allow all matters in dispute to be settled by the Railroad Wage Board nominated by President Wilson." The vacationists voted unanimously "No."

The bourgeoisie was scared, and up and stirring. In the midst of the uproar, the "Wadsworth bill" was suddenly jammed through the United States Senate. The bill has two purposes. One of these is obviously the same as the purpose of the "Rheinhart Regiment" in Germany—which is to get under arms a large body of men of definite loyalty to the employers in the labor struggle, eliminating "the rabble" which would be included in universal training. The "pacifists" who have considered themselves victorious when universal military training was dropped from the program, are an innocent lot.

The other purpose is to enable the Government to conscript the strikers into the Army and then force them under pain of death under military law to operate the trains. This can be done by a presidential proclamation of a "national emergency." It is copied after the French law with which Briand broke the railroad strike of 1910.

A new crop of strikes appeared nearly every day.

At Kewanee, Illinois, the nose of the machine gun peeped through the situation on April 15th. Two battalions of the Eleventh Illinois Infantry occupied the strategic points of the town for the handling of a factory strike. General Wood smelt blood and quit his campaign for the presidency to rush to Gary.

Doctor Palmer decided that this strike business would have to stop. On April 13th the Department of Justice called upon the presidents of the Pennsylvania and the New York Central Railroads to furnish a list of the names of all strikers, with an indication as to which of them appeared to be playing an intellectual role.

This was the definite beginning of a program similar to that of General Mannerheim, who was put in control of Finland by the Kaiser and who proceeded to list and then jail or shoot all workingmen showing powers of intellectual leadership of their fellows.

Important sounding "Merchants' Associations" formed councils of merchants' deputies to voice their will. The Grand Dukes of Labor seconded these employers' demands and renewed their clamor that the workers who were showing leadership be arrested under our modern criminal laws against striking.

"Red Raids" on Railroaders

On April 15th, the secret service police rushed into a meeting of the railroad workers in Chicago and pulled John Grunau off the platform where he was speaking. Seventeen other workers were arrested with Grunau, and twelve were said to have eluded the secret service men. The workers believe that reporters of the Capitalist press pointed out the workers for arrest. Palmer's dicks crept about the crevices, searching for "evidence." "Who are your leaders?" asked they. And they got an answer that will become historically famous, "We ain't got any leaders." It was the mate to the old Wobbly

battle-cry, "We are all leaders," but these men didn't know that, for they are unacquainted with history.

Attorney General Palmer said that Elmer Bidwell had taken Grunau's place, amongst the Chicago workers, and issued a warrant for his arrest. Carpenter's Hall, Chicago, was also raided while 150 railroaders were holding a meeting, and three men arrested for apparent leadership. Several other halls were suddenly approached by taxicabs loaded with secret service police who rushed in and arrested whomsoever they thought might be a leader.

These acts of terrorism were served up to the workers' meetings in the East to break their morale, and simultaneously the Brotherhood Grand Dukes re-appeared with arguments and pleas and threats to get the workers to vote to return to work. With shouts of rage the workers caused the Grand Dukes to beat a retreat.

It seemed impossible for all the dicks and the Dukes to find anyone in the New York district to call "Leader" except Edward McHugh. I think McHugh is not a leader, but that the railroaders found him thrust by accident into public notice and that it was tacitly agreed to let it be so, let him speak for the men. At the present writing he has not been arrested. McHugh looks like just one of the uncounted thousands of workingmen who have grown in the past years into a type—the type that won't scab and won't scare and knows "e pluribus unum."

About seven hundred railroad workers were sitting in Odd Fellows' Hall in Jersey City. When General Chairman Parks of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers entered to make a speech urging them to break up the strike and return to work, the seven hundred men got up in a body and marched out to Grand View Hall.

Fifteen hundred firemen and enginemen were allowed to meet in the City Hall of Hoboken, N. J., and all day long were fed by the railroad managers and Brotherhood officers with reports that "hundreds were deserting them and going to work." Then Tim Shea of the Firemen, L. G. Griffing of the Engineers, and several of these men's subordinates, came in with whirlwind arguments for a breakup and return to work under an agreement which they said they had made with the General Managers' Association. (The capitalist press described Tim Shea as "the kindly faced leader, grown gray in the service of the Firemen's Brotherhood.") The workers sat stolidly ignoring them until they had finished their speeches, and then voted to remain out.

Department of Justice Agent John Sawken entered a meeting of 1500 "striking" railroaders in Cleveland and ordered that they go back to work or be thrown into jail. The chairman of the meeting put to a vote the question "Shall we go to jail or go to work?" The vote was unanimous to go to jail.

The railroaders saw the comrades they loved the most

dragged away as "Reds" by the men they loathed the worst, until perhaps they began to wonder what a "Red" is.

The storks were all rounded up. But the strike babies kept coming. Twins, triplets, quadruplets—centruples.

More railroad men went out. Even Edward McHugh's suggestions of modification were rejected.

Next day the New York elevator men walked out to the number of 18,000, tying the financial district almost completely. They won.

The 11,000 members of the striking Kansas Miners' Union ignored a court order to return to work, backing up their organizer Alexander Howatt who was jailed for calling the strike.

The Drivers, Truckmen and Porters' Union went out in New York and won after 11½ hours.

The Staten Island trolleymen went out on April 27th.

Came rumors of a monster textile strike throughout the Massachusetts mills.

Bourgeois Social Science

Perhaps, after all, it would be better to reduce the cost of living; maybe the workmen would then be satisfied with their wages. All right—"Curb the Profiteers! Curb the Profiteers!" A merchant running a little clothing store in Brooklyn, was arrested for selling a raincoat at a high profit. He committed suicide. He didn't understand. Then three commission merchants were arrested for making a profit of \$60,000 on the sale of 627,000 pounds of butter on April 13th. Two brokers were arrested for holding supplies of sugar at a high price, then three more sugar brokers, and it was played up in the papers—but I guess that's all there is to that. For the bourgeoisie to be constantly arresting itself is a disagreeable way of making a showing. The scheme drifts into disuse.

Still, something has to be done.

It was decided to reduce the cost of clothing by some means.

An overall parade! No more need to strike—we'll relieve the poor people's suffering by having a parade march right down Fifth Avenue in plain, naked overalls, unashamed. All the great newspapers gave their earnest support to this social project. An organization called the Cheese Club headed the movement. Stories of the Railroad strike were stuck away in obscurity, and all the greatest newspaper brains united to give proper support to the overall parade. They stood behind the president during the war, and they'd stand behind the Cheese Club now. 2,000, 3,000, 4,000, 5,000, the estimates grew as to how many would join the demonstration. Just before the start of the parade, the Evening Journal screamed: "Thousands in Great Thrift Parade." The Evening Telegram head-lined: "10,000 Men and Women in Overall Parade," and the Evening World declared: "20,000 Line Up for Overall Parade." Et cetera.

When the parade appeared, it consisted of three hundred and eleven people, and three elephants and four camels from Ringling Brothers' Circus. I counted them.

The Cheese Club of Manhattan carried a banner at the head of it, inscribed "Down with the Profiteers." After



Overalls!

a long gap, followed a determined little fat man with a suffering face and obviously his only suit of clothes. Space. Fifteen women in overalls, one of them placcarded: "Wife of Naval Officer." Gap. Seven men with Ringlings' elephants and camels. Theatre troupe in overalls, advertising show. One silk hat. Automobile load of "Wedding Party in Blue Denim." More gap. Sex appeal: a good-looking woman in white cotton baseball trousers; men craned their necks; a woman said, "Now look at that fool!" Gap. More women in overalls. Four boys in barrels. Two women and a man on horseback with tailored riding habits of overall-cloth. Gap. A tall man from the "Living Curio Palace" on Broadway. Gap. An overall peddler.

May Day "Terror"

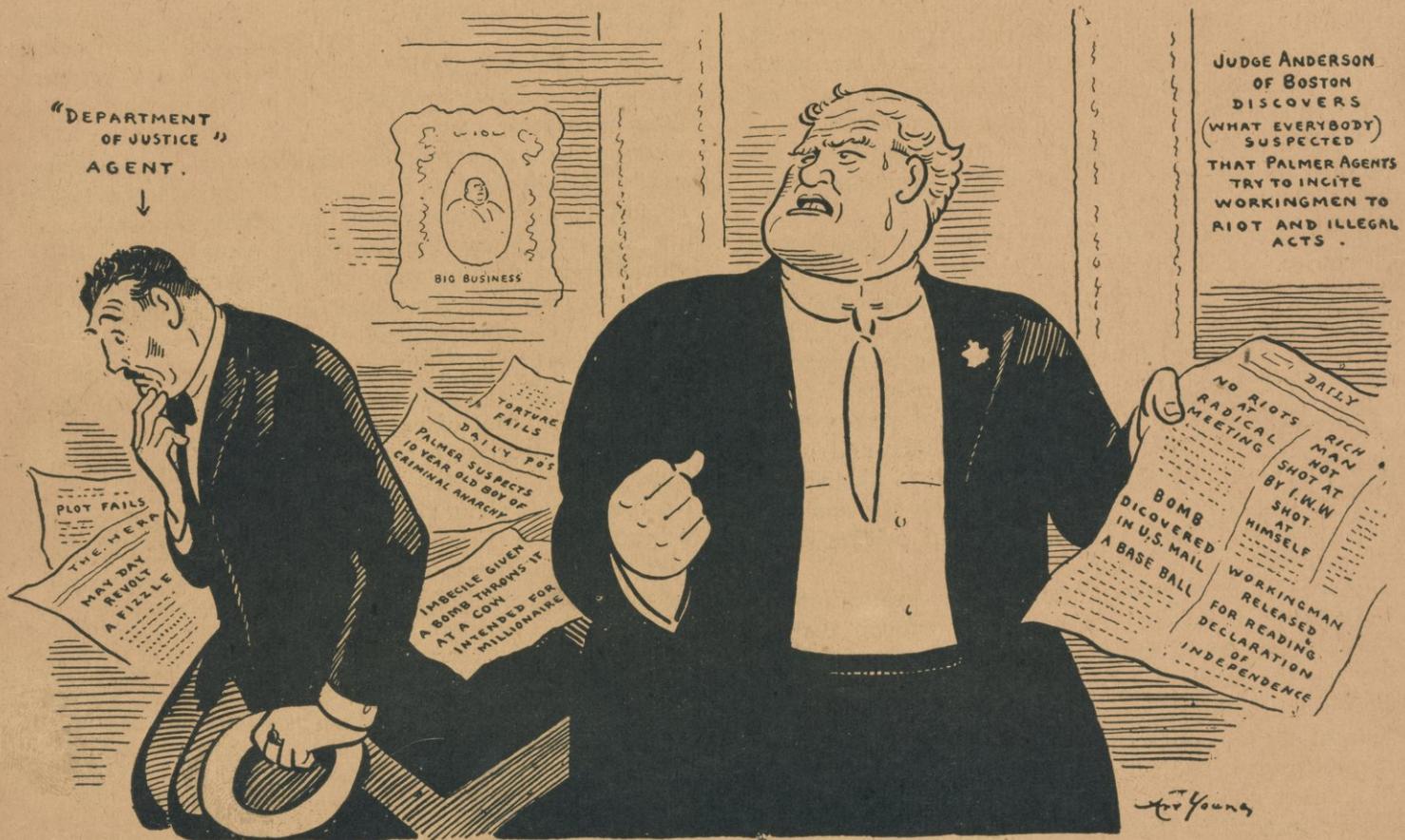
Approaching the end of the six months period in which the railroads could fight the strike at Government expense, Mr. Palmer and the newspapers tried one last "terror" rush to frighten the men back to work on the first of May, declaring that there were "plans for the assassination of public men, strikes in important industries and other spectacular demonstrations arranged to occur to-morrow as a May Day effort to terrorize the

civilized world." Note that he spoke in one breath of "assassination and strikes."

But it didn't happen. It would have been a nice excuse for throwing the army onto the strikers everywhere, but the workers resorted to no futilities; they just went on striking, and held a few peaceful meetings to celebrate May Day.

The landlords had planned to raise rents 100 per cent or thereabouts for the first of May. Tenants had been ordered onto the streets, by thousands all over the city of New York. This was a little too dangerous. At least the cost of flats could be reduced. Another crusade! Down with the Rent Gouger! The Assembly at Albany decided to legislate the rents down; or rather, on second thought, to forbid rents being raised more than 25 per cent. So the efforts to reduce rents only resulted in giving landlords permission to raise rents everywhere 25 per cent, except in some instances where they could raise it more.

The City Courts became crowded by workingmen's families appealing for relief. The courts made a great humanitarian stand against tenants being gouged more than twenty-five per cent more, until the flaring headlines announced:



Attorney General Palmer: "Say, look here—if something doesn't happen pretty soon, I'm a ruined man!"

"20,000 in Secret Union Plan Rent Strike on May First, Caused by Radical Agitators Who Preach 'Hell for Landlords, Free Houses for Tenants.'" Sabotaging the plumbing!

Then the courts began back-watering to their proper function of lambasting tenants who are not loyal to their landlords. No end of "Outlaw Strikes!"

Thus the machinery of State is settling back, notch by notch, into the single main function of *dealing with strikes!* Bewildered, our statesmen see themselves being pushed into the same experience as that of the British rulers. They were obliged to transform the whole government into a machine for dealing with economic discontent. And the government must always be, of course, against strikes. That puts the Government in the light of being the policemen for Capital.

The working masses, finding the Government more and more exclusively engaged in the function of breaking strikes, cease to rely upon it. They look to their own industrial organizations; they quickly gravitate to one big industrial organization of labor.

This creates a phenomenon to which I wish to call your very careful attention. I mean the growth of a *dual power*. In the continuous up-boiling, the stock and bond holders learn that they can always rely upon the Government and the strikers learn that they can always rely on their industrial organization. Gradually the old mists clear, and the two great structures stand out sharply; two great towers side by side, heavily fortified each against the other; two governments in one land.

The workers have no intention to bring this about. But they cannot prevent the results of economic evolution.

In the later bickerings, we see the *issue* slowly come into clarity. It is a fight for that portion of produced wealth which goes for *profit, rent and interest*. It is not a fight for a percentage of raise in wages, to be added to the cost of living, thus operating only to depreciate the dollar's value. It is not a fight to reduce the cost of living, thus necessitating a reduction of wages or increase in hours so as to still give the stock and bondholder his division. It becomes a fight to abolish the stock and bondholders' share. That means the abolition of the propertied class. The abolition of private property in industry.

The strikers have not yet the vaguest dream of such an issue; but when the pot boils long enough that is the only issue left in the bottom.

We see the mass of labor half-consciously trying to shake off its "Grand Dukes" and to move over toward its side of the dual power. When Labor sees the Government *always* in the role of strike-breaker, it begins to build another god.

Do we remember that this happened to Kerensky's government, beginning with Miliukoff's? Do we remem-

ber the towering growth of the "Workers' and Soldiers' Council," the dual power which gradually overshadowed the political government, until the whole working mass of Russia looked to the Council for guidance instead of to the government?

Do not assume that I mean to predict a violent overthrow of the United States Government, as inevitable. I will leave that to Doctor Palmer, who believes that storks bring babies and "Reds" bring economic pressure.

I do not mean that the only way the thing can come out is the overthrow of the political government by armed force. There is another way in which it might come out.

Marx is credited with having said that "England is the one country [of Europe?] where the revolution might come without violence." Without seeking to make Marx responsible for my interpretations, I understand that the way in which this might occur in England is through industrial strike action of one big organization of workers, before which power the English propertied classes might permit the nationalization of industry without resorting to civil war; nationalization later giving way to socialization.

But, however it may be, every land of the earth witnesses the growth of a colossal industrial workers' power by the side of the political State.

The bourgeoisie of the world could well afford concessions right now, if they could thereby get a certain bald-headed scientist in Moscow to tell them what's the matter with their machines.

But no damned foreigner scientists for our Government! No followers of Karl Marx! Marx was a German, and besides that he was a Jew, which showed something was wrong with him, as Judge Weeks said of Ben Gitlow, by not accumulating any property. Instead of Jew science, we take American Christian Science; Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy instead of Karl Marx.

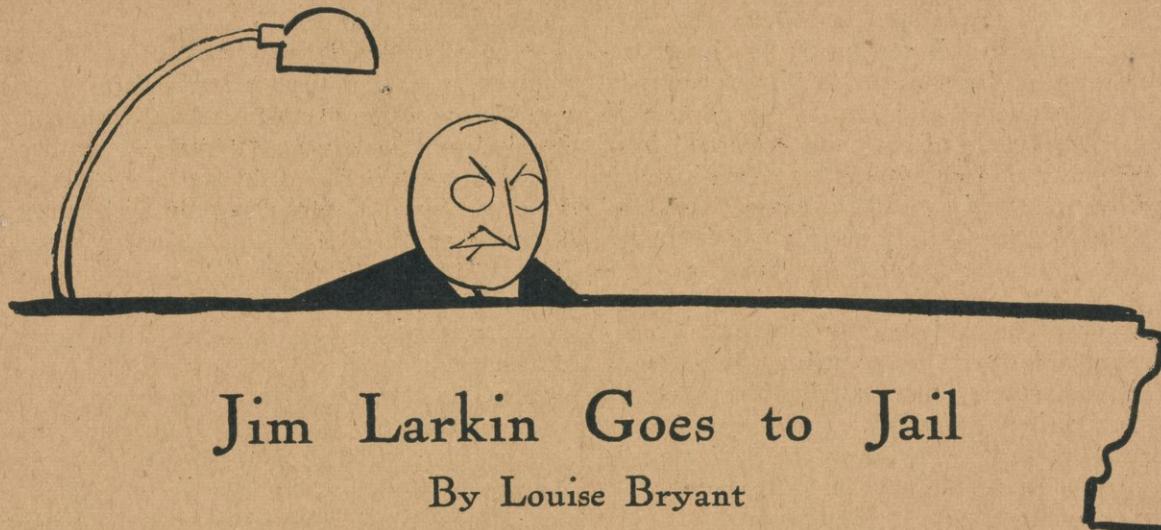
For, Christian Science it is: the Government, the railroad managers and the press are now trying to put the "Outlaw Strike" out of existence by saying that it does not exist. "The strike is over," say the papers, and then silence.

No more news about the "Outlaw strike," but I see a gay headline: "A Fortune in Gifts for the Vanderbilt Bride!"—and pictures of the enormous wedding cake designed in the model of the Tower of Babel.

Less Disturbing

LIfe is less disturbing than it used to be—
I can look now, and not see,
I can touch torture with a cool hand,
And not pity nor understand.
And when wings beat at the door,
I need not open it anymore.

Miriam Vedder.



Jim Larkin Goes to Jail

By Louise Bryant

INTO the putrid air of the Criminal Court, made foul by the presence of detectives, stool-pigeons, rat-men from the bomb squad, rat-men from the Department of Justice, rat-men from the Security League, imported rat-men from His Majesty's Secret Service, the great booming voice of Jim Larkin blew like a Spring wind. Full of human indignation against all the foulness gathered together in that one room, it sent vibrations of fear into the mean little souls who sat in judgment.

Once as I sat huddled over the long reporters' table as the trial dragged on, a line from Victor Hugo's history of "Ninety-Three" came to me, and I wrote it down idly on my sheaf of notes without realizing what I had done: *There is one Himalaya and there is one Convention.* I looked up at the towering figure of Big Jim and I wrote underneath that line: *There is but one Irish freedom and it is precisely that deep and all embracing freedom conceived in the heart and brain of Jim Larkin.*

At that particular moment the Assistant District Attorney was baiting Larkin as a matador baits a bull. "You are opposed to the Sinn Fein," he said in his insinuating way, Larkin replied, "I am not opposed to it but I don't sympathize with it. The very meaning of the word '*Ourselves*' is too small and too limited for my imagination and my enthusiasm. I am an Internationalist. I believe in freedom for the whole world."

After every remark of this kind the whole court gazed at the prisoner with the most naked hostility. Every face in the audience was scrutinized. A smile or a tear on the part of any sympathetic friend of Larkin's, who had managed to wedge his way past the guards at the door and weather the insults of the Judge, was the signal for an ejection.

Names and addresses of all persons entering were taken at both morning and afternoon sessions. If any soul was brave enough to resent this conduct in "an open court of justice" he was seized, brought before the judge and publicly questioned. Reporters' cards were scrutinized

again and again, various magazine writers had to leave the press table although there was always room there for a detective and a man from the Security League who wore a Hoover button and said he did not believe in unions. One reporter who wrote a "fair" story was denounced to his paper as an Anarchist.

In such an atmosphere of coercion Jim Larkin, acting as his own lawyer, struggled to find Justice—Justice which has, at least temporarily, departed from these United States. One is not sure where Justice can now be found, but one guesses she is taking a vacation roaming the broad valleys and high mountains of Soviet Russia. Perhaps she is picking wild flowers there and will not return to us again until we show that we are worthy of her affection.

Many people criticized Larkin for being his own lawyer. Personally, I believe he was entirely loyal to his ideals in so doing. He knew what happened in the trial of Ben Gitlow and what happened in the trial of Harry Winitsky. Neither of these men had a chance. Darrow is an able lawyer and he defended Gitlow. He told me himself that from the very first he realized that the case was hopeless. The Judge over-ruled every objection he made. The authorities are "out to get" these men innocent or guilty. In what other way can the thousands and thousands of dollars being spent by Mr. Palmer on his army of rats be justified? After all, Mr. Palmer has troubles enough without allowing men like Jim Larkin loose on the country to shout the truth from the rooftops. Every reader knows that Palmer is a hard-working and unfortunate man. Every "toy" revolution that he has staged has fallen through. The radicals in America have no idea of what is expected of them. Over and over again they demonstrate that they are a peaceful, law-abiding lot and they prove that the only people who believe in violence in this country are enlisted in Palmer's army and the 500 per cent American association.

Could anything be more embarrassing? Still, if Mr.

Palmer can manage to put Larkin and men like him in jail, he thinks he will get the country to believe that he has avoided a bloody revolution. I haven't any idea how Mr. Palmer came to this conclusion but I am perfectly certain that he did not major in history when he took his college degree. I did; and I would like to give Mr. Palmer the benefit of one thing I learned from those dusty volumes: *No nation and no administration has ever been able to stand against the strength of prisons full of political prisoners!* And if anybody in the United States ought to be indicted for bringing on a revolution it is Mr. Palmer.

Larkin was consistent in defending himself. To secure an able criminal lawyer a fee of at least \$5,000 must be raised. This fee comes from contributions made by the poorest workers in the country. Jim Larkin knows what it is to be poor and he has given all the forty-two years of his life to lifting the burden of the poor. So he refused to take their pennies in his defense.

Not being trained in law, he was continually breaking some stupid little rule of procedure, sweeping it aside as he would a fence made of straw. It annoyed the judge, it annoyed the Assistant District Attorney. The judge interrupted him, picked at him, screamed in irritation, "Can't you comprehend the rules of this court?"

Once Larkin answered in desperation as if he felt smothered. "You must excuse me, sir. I am not a man used to four walls. My way has been the way of the farm and the factory and the broad high-road. . . ."

All through the trial he was full of poetry, poetry that went over the heads of the Court, over the wooden jury, and floated out the windows into the Spring sunshine.

"When I went to school I was taught that the brother-

hood of man was a living thing. . . . And then I went out of school and I found that men were wolves and had to be wolves in order to exist. Then I discovered the sorrow of men and the sorrow of their women."

Every now and then the Assistant District Attorney would accuse him of holding America in contempt. This implication Larkin always resented sharply—

"It is not true that I do not love America! How did I get a love of Comrades—only by reading Whitman!" Then he spoke of Emerson and "that great man, Mark Twain." Again, "I dream of America as Lincoln dreamed of it, as some of your revolutionary fathers dreamed of it, as a man who lies now in Washington, somewhat chastened in his body, once dreamed of it. . . when he wrote The New Freedom. Gentlemen, if I am charged with printing the Communist Manifesto, why is Mr. Wilson not charged with printing The New Freedom? In that book he claims that this very court is governed by an *invisible force*. He knew what he was writing. He is an American and his father was knit in the fabric of this country."

Once he said to the jury: "Go back and read Professor Beard and see how this Constitution came to be, . . . and then go back to Lincoln."

His only complaint was: "I am indicted by persons who do not even understand my philosophy. I am a Socialist, I believe in a higher form of social order. If you believe me guilty, stand by your country as I do by mine. No man in this country knows the law; the whole structure, from the higher court to the lower, is calculated and built up to hold the victim in its clutches. On your head is charged the safety of this realm. There are forces in this country you know not of . . . the forces



Larkin on Trial

that brought down Rome are working here. They go into your schools and put back the King of Ignorance. You freed yourself from George. But remember King George was only a man. . . .

With painstaking care he explained what "Revolutionary Socialism" means. "It is a Socialism that is fundamental in its aspects. Revolutionary Socialism is sovietism—it is Socialism in action."

Only by education, Larkin maintained, can this country be reclaimed for freedom. "But what is the *final* act?" cried Mr. Rorke, beating the table. "I cannot tell you what the final act is," said Larkin in all seriousness, as if he had before him a questioning child, "there is no final act in life. And my church teaches me that Death itself is not a final act." He began then to discuss Soviet Russia and how Socialists had worked out certain theories there. The Judge objected violently to any discussion of Russia.

"You don't know anything about Russia," said the Judge, "you haven't been there. . . ."

"I have never been in Rome, Sir, but I am certain that Rome exists."

In strikingly ugly contrast to the directness and sincerity of Larkin was the weakness and insincerity of the district attorney. Here are a few of his inanely hysterical utterances:

"The people of New York are closing in on these Archangels of Anarchy."

* * *

"The defendant professes to have met Lloyd George. Where was Lloyd George during this trial?"

* * *

"Why he went back to Gallileo, he tried to disrupt the jury. To make one man hate another. He ran the entire gamut of class action. He brought in the Confederacy. Alien! Citizen of the world—not an American!"

* * *

"As they say among the working class—sabotage the leaders. Divide and conquer! The psychology of the Red Socialist game comes in here."

* * *

"My God! It's bad enough for Americans to talk that way. What does it mean for this—this—this *enemy alien* to come here and criticise our institutions?"

* * * * *

"We will starve you into submission, that's what he says. To hell with the country, to hell with the flag.... we'll starve all the babies and shut up the cities....we'll give you mass action!"

* * *

Over and over again, he insisted, "If you turn Larkin out you commit a crime against his comrades, Gitlow and Winitzki. These men, pawns in the hands of this devil, are entitled to justice if he is. This man is the leader—the most sinister force in America today."

After hours and hours of this fearful oratory, Mr. Rorke, Assistant District Attorney for the State of New York, sat down perspiring and proud of his own special brand of nationalism. It is worth noting that the only insulting phrases used, the only hint of violence, the only evidence of treachery, came from Mr. Rorke and not from Jim Larkin. As Larkin told Rorke during the trial: "You try to put in *my* mind what is in *your* mind; you try to make these twelve men think *I* think *your* thoughts. All the men I am associated with believe in the force of intellect over the force of bullets and the violence of the police."

Nevertheless, they railroaded Jim Larkin to prison as they will railroad every leader they can reach until the tide turns. Men like Weeks and Rorke and Palmer and Stevenson would close the singing mouths of all the poets in America, if they could comprehend their songs. They would shut up Lola Ridge and Carl Sandburg and Arturo Giovannitti, as well as John Reed. As Larkin himself expressed it, all genius, all invention which upsets old theories will be suppressed if this new autocracy in America is allowed to go on. He was speaking of Anatole France and Rolland and the men who lead the thought of the world and he came in his discussion to Einstein's Theory. Turning to Rorke, he remarked: "You would not allow such a man to function. You would put a steel cap over men's minds—and yet—within this very groove a windstorm may be in motion."

There are many side lights on the Larkin case. I have space only to discuss the two most important issues. Larkin is a world figure, the legendary hero of the hero loving Irish. In prison in a far-away country on a trumped-up charge, he will excite all their sympathy. As long as he is in Sing Sing he will be the pivot for an International labor fight. How does intelligent conservatism regard his imprisonment? Let me tell you a story.

My father was an Irish-American and a Democrat. All his life he worked for Irish freedom. He used to go up and down this country lecturing for the Irish Land League against the old land-lord system. As an orator he played a conspicuous part in Grover Cleveland's first presidential campaign. Many old diplomats remember him with affection, and I talked with one such after the Larkin trial.

"Well," I said, "how do you feel now that Larkin is behind bars? Don't you consider it rather an obvious compliment to the British government?"

"Yes," he answered, weighing his words, "a little too obvious. My chief criticism of my country has always been that we are governed by mediocrities. And now that we have gone into world politics the results are terrifyingly disastrous. This Larkin trial is a glaring example of the fear and stupidity exhibited by small minded officials. How can that man Rorke, who has no fundamental knowledge of anything, who mispronounces every

word with two syllables, how can a man like that realize the significance of Larkin? Think of the absurdity of that jury of small shopkeepers, men who admitted that they read nothing but the headlines in the newspapers and believed all that they read, think of them trying the Commander in Chief of the Irish Citizens Army and the champion of a new system of economics! Such men would condemn Danton or Napoleon—or Lenin with the same vapid complacency. They would never realize the world chords they were stirring. Larkin should have been tried by experts in economics." He sighed. "That's how your confounded Soviets will defeat capitalism, they believe in a government run by experts."

"Why does Larkin interest you?"

"Because he is a force and because I am against that force and because he is extremely intelligent. He realizes, for example, that it is only through the awakening of British labor that Ireland nears its chance of freedom.

"But because his heart and soul are in Ireland, he did not have any considerable influence in America—until now. And consider: Any protest either here or abroad will be bound to embarrass the British Government. In prison Larkin becomes a stone in the sling of David, if the British Labor Party should aim that stonewell....one can hardly estimate the effect."

Now and again during the weary hours in court I thought of that other Irish leader now in America, of Eamonn De Valera. I wondered a little how he regarded all that was happening to his fellow countryman, to a man whose fate must always be of deeper concern to the heart of Ireland than his can ever be. Why had he not sent a representative or appeared himself to protest against the unjust treatment of so distinguished a citizen of the Irish Republic?

De Valera came to America to accomplish a great task—to secure the recognition of the Irish Republic. He has, in all justice, performed wonders toward that end. He has been forced to compromise. Whatever De Valera may feel about Jim Larkin he will remain silent.

I believe De Valera is an honest rebel and behind him in Ireland are men who are in prison, men who are on hunger strike and men lying in the never-to-be-forgotten graves of martyrs. De Valera has the narrowness of a nationalist but the courage of a brave man. But as for many of the American politicians who surround and advise him, they have about as much conception of real freedom for Ireland, the nation of slums, as they do of freedom in any other spot on the earth. They find the slogan of freedom for Ireland a slick recipe for getting votes.

Jim Larkin went to prison because he is a champion of labor and it will be the strength and the will of labor and labor only that will open the prison doors and bring him back into the sunshine. Labor must fight for its own.



One—two—three—go!

WE extend our thanks to the many readers who contributed anonymously to the fund for the legal defense of our right to distribute the Liberator in California.

THE EDITORS.

Why Copper Is Red

By W. F. Dunne

ANOTHER crimson chapter has been added to the bloody history of Butte, Montana. It was written on April 21 when Winchester repeaters in the hands of gunmen of the Anaconda Mining Co., poured their deadly loads of buckshot into a peaceful assemblage of striking miners.

Thomas Manning is dead, two more lie at the point of death, twelve more were wounded. Every one of the victims was shot in the back.

The miners struck on Monday, April 19. Their demands were as follows:

Release of all industrial and political prisoners. Six-hour day from collar to collar. Minimum wage scale of \$7 a day for all workers in the mining industry. Abolition of the rustling-card. Abolition of contract and bonus and so-called efficiency system. Two men to work together on all machines, and two men to work together in all workings.

The picket lines were sent out and by Tuesday evening, as they say in Butte, "the hill was clean." The hoisting of ore ceased. The strike was called on Sunday, April 18, by Local 800, Metal Mine Workers Industrial Union of the Industrial Workers of the World, at two meetings attended by over 2,500 miners. For several weeks miners had been leaving Butte by the dozens, dissatisfied with the contract and bonus system instituted by the mining companies. Men were forced to take contracts and if they made more than a day's pay received but a fraction of their increased earnings in their envelopes; if they failed to break enough rock, at the price per cubic foot paid, to equal a day's pay, they were fired. At the Sunday meetings some speakers urged postponement of action until June but were greeted with silence. The miners wanted to strike and strike at once. The demands were drawn up, the strike declared and a committee appointed to close all of the boot-legging joints to eliminate trouble as far as possible. Between forty and sixty illegal places were closed on Monday evening by the miners committee but they were immediately told to open up the following morning by the authorities, and did so.

The picketing was peaceful, the only violence coming from the company gunmen who adopted the practice of driving up in machines, leaping out, blackjacking pickets and driving off before any resistance could be offered. Outside of these incidents—not unusual even when there is no industrial trouble—the city was quiet—too quiet. That indefinable something that precedes tragedy—the intangible feeling that the workers of Butte have come to know so well—was in the air. "The company is

framing to pull off something," was a phrase frequently heard on the streets.

Anaconda Road leads from Wyoming street "up the hill" past the Never Sweat and Anaconda mines. It is a county thoroughfare. About five o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, a crowd of pickets were assembled on the road below the Never Sweat mine. A curious throng had also gathered because it had become known that the sheriff's force and the city policemen had been "ordered on the hill."

Sheriff O'Rourke interviewed the captain of the pickets and told them they must keep off of the company property. They asked him if they were not on a county road, and he admitted that they were. They told him to arrest them if they were violating the law. He said that he was there to protect everybody and when some of the striking miners pointed out gunmen standing nearby who had slugged them he said he would investigate.

Roy Alley, (the private secretary of John D. Ryan who is head of the Anaconda Mining Co.,) commander-in-chief of the gunmen, had driven up with several machine loads of thugs, armed with automatics, rifles and repeating shot-guns. The gunmen by this time numbered at least fifty. According to witnesses, Alley said to the sheriff—who had just assured the strikers of protection—"If you don't clear the road, I will." Witnesses heard O'Rourke reply, "All right, go ahead!" Alley turned to the gunmen with the words, "Go and get the sons of b—s, boys!"

The pickets had started to run when Alley gave his orders but could not escape the murderous fire of the gunmen who continued to shoot into the fleeing crowd. One wounded miner was jerked to his feet by the thugs and would have been beaten to death if he had not been rescued by the chief of the city detectives. Numbers of the strikers took refuge in a nearby boarding house but were pursued by the gunmen who shouted to the landlady "get those sons of b—s out of there, or we'll kill them all." They forced their way into the house and beat horribly twenty-two of the strikers.

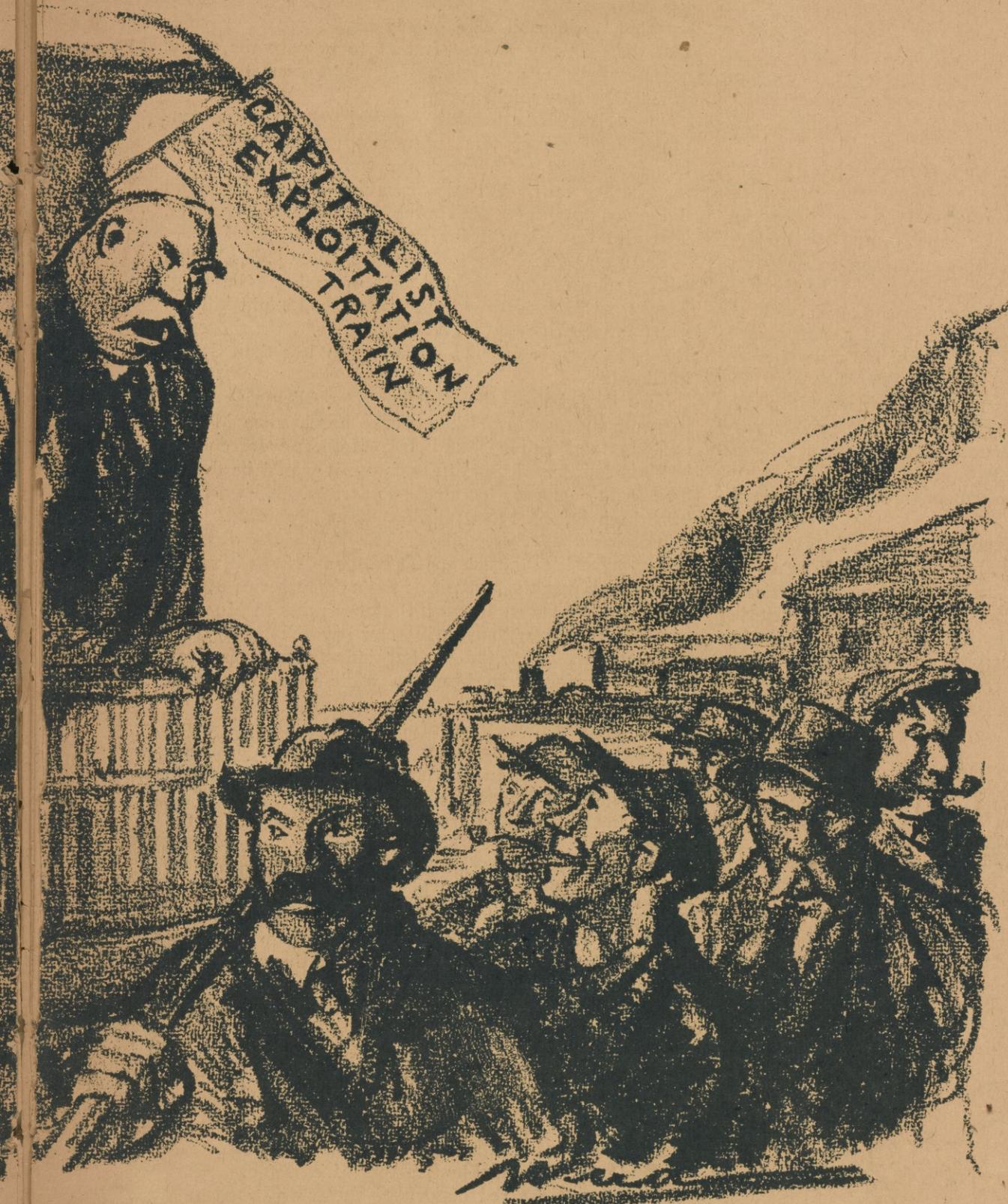
After the first panic some of the pickets went back and attempted to rescue the wounded men but were again fired on and forced to retreat.

The Butte Daily Bulletin got out an extra carrying a call for a mass-meeting in the hall above the Bulletin office. Press trouble caused some delay but by nine o'clock the crowd began to gather, a crowd that jammed the building and stayed until after twelve o'clock, hearing speakers tell the story of the tragedy.

* William F. Dunne is editor of the Butte Daily Bulletin.



High Salaried Union Official: "Boys, if you
Railroad Worker: "Sure, tha



Drawn by Clive Weed

You don't move this train, we can't ride either."
the idea."

The next day the troops arrived and the capitalist press, safely ensconced behind the bayonets and machine-guns of the soldiery, burst forth in denunciation of the strikers, of the murdered and wounded men, so venomous that it is entirely without parallel in journalistic annals. Its hysterical frenzy was not even exceeded by the sadistic debauch indulged in by the press after Centralia.

From that bloody affair they took their cue. A shot had been fired from a boarding-house, the same house in which the strikers took refuge, before the "deputies" began shooting, shrieked the copper-press. Pictures of the house appeared in the papers with the window from which the shot had been fired marked X. The sheriff, a cowardly tool of the Anaconda Mining Co., with the mentality of a ten-year-old child, issued a statement in which he said that it "was not a strike but a revolution." He denied that his deputies had done any shooting. The city police denied that they had done any shooting. The press never mentioned Roy Alley and his private army but dwelt on the promiscuous shooting that followed "the shot from the boarding-house."

The inference is that the miners shot themselves in the back.

The Associated Press of course sent out the same lying story, writing up the tragedy as an "affray," or a "battle" between the strikers and the authorities, declaring that a soviet had been set up, and even the closing of the boot-legging dives by the miners themselves after the authorities had refused to act, was pictured as a riot. The arrival of the troops allowed all of the foul pack of kept press journalists to give tongue.



"That's the guy!"

It became evident that the copper-interests were preparing to launch a campaign of wholesale extermination directed against all who openly challenged their rule; that the publicity was all framed to prepare the public outside of Butte for anything that might occur, to justify any crimes they might commit.

The Butte Daily Bulletin received word from an unimpeachable source that the next move of the copper-interests would be to wreck the Bulletin plant. As on many other occasions, the miners armed themselves and did guard duty in the old church that houses the Bulletin. The raid was planned for Sunday morning.

From one o'clock until after three, automobiles loaded with gunmen drove around and around the building. They went back and reported that a "raid might kill too many innocent people." Wednesday night ten thousand Bulletin extras were sold—in a city of less than 85,000 inhabitants.

Two days before the shooting Roy Alley was heard to make the statement that "Butte needs some MORE hangings and killings," and that "if there were enough red-blooded Americans in the camp, it would be done." The county attorney has made no arrests. No warrants have been issued. Centralia has been duplicated. The miners know all these things. They know that there is no law to which they can appeal with any hope of justice. They know that the Bulletin is the next target of attack. The company knows that with a labor press in Montana some of their henchmen will soon pay the penalty for their crimes. They know that industrial slavery can never be enforced in Montana while that press is in existence.

The corporations, their official tools and their army of thugs, their multitudinous organizations of businessmen, every courtesan journalist, the boot-leggers and gamblers, the underworld, all know these things.

The lines are tightly drawn. The stage is set for the second act.

That is why in Butte to-day you pass a dozen men in every block with one hand in their coat-pockets. That is why the men marked by the copper-barons go armed and ready and avoid dark places. That is why, every night in Butte, the machines filled with heavily armed mercenaries, circle the Bulletin office hour after hour in the dark still hours of the early morning. That is why, in the shadows of the Bulletin plant, the Red Guard of Butte stands every night, waiting grimly for the attack that is inevitable unless the power of publicity causes the plotters to abandon their plans. That is why the nation may soon be shocked by a tale of another attack of the wolves of capitalism on a working class institution and may be thrilled by the story of its defense.

If it occurs, the red history of Butte will take on a deeper tinge of crimson and the list of casualties will include those who are not of the workers.

Self-Determination of Nations

A Speech by Nikolai Lenin

ALREADY the Scheidemannists are saying that we wish to conquer Germany. This, of course, is ridiculous; but it is to the interest of the bourgeoisie to say so—the bourgeois press in millions of copies throughout the world shouts it out, and Wilson for his own purposes supports this absurdity. The Bolsheviks, they say, have a huge army, and they intend to implant their Bolshevism in Germany by force of conquest.

"The best people in Germany, the Spartacists, have told us that the German workers are being incited against the Communists. 'Look,' they say, 'how badly things are going in Russia!' (And we cannot say that things are going any too well!) But our enemies in Germany are influencing the masses by the argument that a proletarian revolution in Germany will bring about the same kind of disorders as in Russia. We ourselves are aware that our disorders are our chronic Russian disease. We are struggling with desperate difficulties while creating a proletarian dictatorship at home. And so long as the German bourgeoisie, or petty bourgeoisie, or even a part of the German workers, are terrified of this scarecrow: 'the Bolsheviks want to thrust the Soviet system upon you by force'—so long as this is true, the formula of 'self-determination of the laboring masses' will not help the situation abroad.*

"Such a proposal leaves out of consideration with what difficulties, and by what a winding road, the class-differentiation within the nations is now taking place. In Germany it follows a different course than ours—in some respects a speedier, and in some respects a slower and more bloody course. In Russia such a monstrous idea as the combination of the Soviets and the Constituent Assembly was not conceived by any party. But it has been so conceived in Germany—and we have to live next to our neighbors.

"We must so present the issue that the German social-traitors [moderate Socialists] will not be in a position to say that the Bolsheviks are forcing a universal system upon anybody. It must be made impossible to allege that we wish to bring Bolshevism to Berlin at the point of the bayonets of the Red Army—a conclusion which might well be made if we repudiated the principle of the self-determination of nations.

"The path by which the working-classes of various na-

tions arrive at class-separation from the bourgeoisie, is full of zig-zags; but in any stage of the journey, the recognition of the right of the nation to self-determination facilitates the self-determination of the laboring masses. In Finland the process of class-differentiation is taking place in a remarkably vivid, deep and forceful manner. But events there, without a doubt, will follow a course different from our own. If we should say that we do not recognize any Finnish nation, but only the laboring masses, it would be the emptiest nonsense. It is impossible not to recognize *that which is*. It will compel its own recognition. I repeat that toward the nations in which the separation of the proletariat from the bourgeoisie is taking place—and in an individual manner in each case—we must guide our behavior with the utmost carefulness. There is nothing worse than the mistrust of a nation.

"And we must recognize the fact that the laboring masses of other nations on our borders are still full of mistrust for the Great Russians, as a nation of 'fists,' an oppressing nation. We must reckon with that mistrust and overcome it. I was told by a Finnish representative that among the Finnish bourgeoisie, which used to hate the Great Russians, voices are now heard saying, 'The Germans proved to be a devouring beast; the Allied powers even a bigger beast. Give us better the Bolsheviks.' This is the greatest victory which we have won in dealing with the Finnish bourgeoisie, and it is a victory for our nationality-policy. This policy does not interfere in any way with our struggle with the Finnish bourgeoisie as a class-enemy; we merely use this policy in that struggle as the most appropriate possible weapon.

"I remember well the scene which took place in Smolny, when I had to give a charter, guaranteeing the independence of Finland, to Svinhuvud—which translated into Russian appropriately means pig-headed—to this representative of the Finnish bourgeoisie, who later played the part of executioner to the Finnish workers. He amiably shook my hand, and we exchanged compliments. I must admit that it was unpleasant! But it was necessary—because at that time the Finnish bourgeoisie were deceiving the people, deceiving the laboring masses, by saying that we—Muscovites, Chauvinists, Great Russians that we are!—wished to strangle Finland. We had to disprove that lie.

"A Soviet Republic, organized in a country whose Tsardom oppressed Finland, must say plainly that it respects the right of nations to independence. Otherwise they would suspect us—and not without warrant! With

* These paragraphs are taken from remarks made by Lenin at the Eighth Convention of the Russian Communist Party, which was held in Moscow, March 18-23, 1919. The proposal to substitute "self-determination of the workers" for "self-determination of nations" in the party program was made by Boukharin.

the Red Finnish Government which existed for a brief time, we concluded a treaty, and made certain territorial concessions, regarding which I have heard not a few purely chauvinistic objections: 'There are good fisheries there, and you have given them away!' It was concerning such objections that I said: 'Scratch some Communists, and you will find a Great Russian chauvinist!'

(Skripnik, a Ukrainian Communist applauds, crying, "True enough!")

"With reference to this Finnish example, and as regards also the Bashkirs, we may say that it is not necessary to have economic unity at any cost. Economic unity is of course necessary. But we must attain it by sermon, by agitation, by a voluntary union. The Bashkirs are justly mistrustful of the Great Russians, because the Great Russians, who are the possessors of a superior culture, have used their culture simply as a means of robbing the Bashkirs. Therefore, in these far-away corners, the very name of a Great Russian means, to the Bashkir, 'oppressor' and 'swindler.' We must consider this situation, and we must combat it. But the situation is one which cannot be cured speedily, or by decree. Caution is especially necessary on the part of such a nation as the Great Russian, which has created among all other nations about it a mad hatred against itself, which we have learned only now how to correct, and at that very poorly. We have, for instance, Communists who say, 'Now that we have a universal public school system, there must be no teaching in any other language than Russian!' In my opinion, such a Communist is merely a Great Russian chauvinist. He lives in many of us, and it is necessary to combat him.

"This is why we must tell other nations that we are internationalists to a finish, and are aiming for a purely voluntary union of the workers and peasants of all lands.

"This does not, however, exclude the possibility of war. War is another problem, which has its roots in the character of imperialism. If Wilson makes war against us, and uses a little nation as his tool, we say: we are fighting his tool. We have never expressed ourselves against this. We have never said that a Socialistic Republic can exist without a military force. Under certain conditions a war may be a necessity.

"Comrade Piatakov is right, a thousand times right, we need unity; but we must fight for it by propaganda, by party influence, by creating united and single trade unions. However, even in this matter, a single standard cannot be set. Take for instance Germany. We ourselves have won over the trade-union movement. But the German comrades say: 'We have such yellow leaders in all the trade unions, that our slogan is to wind up the whole trade union business.' We replied to them: 'You have doubtless your own peculiar problems, and

you are quite right not to try to imitate our methods of solving them.'

"Without our proclaiming it, the self-determination of the proletariat is taking place in Poland. Here are the latest statistics of the make-up of the Warsaw Soviet of Workers' Deputies: Polish Social-traitors (Social-Democrats) 353; Communists, 297. These figures would indicate that, according to our revolutionary calendar, October is not far off—it would seem that it is now either August or September, 1917, in Poland! But we must observe that it has not yet been decreed that all countries must go according to the Bolshevik revolutionary calendar; and even if we did so decree, the other countries might not be so obliging as to obey. We must further note that at present the majority of the Polish workers—more advanced than ours, and more cultured, though they are—nevertheless linger in the stage of social-defenceism, social-traitorism. It is necessary to wait.

"It is useless to proclaim the class-differentiation of the laboring masses; we must bring about this class-differentiation by propaganda. This we are doing. And meanwhile there is no doubt whatever that we must recognize the self-determination of the Polish nation, bourgeois though it be. The Polish proletarian movement is coming to the dictatorship of the proletariat, but not in exactly the same manner as in Russia. We must consider if our efforts to hurry them are not more likely to scare them. They are being told that we Muscovites, who have always oppressed the Poles, are attempting to inflict again upon Poland our Great Russian chauvinism, camouflaged this time as Communism! Whereas we know that not by way of violence is Communism to be inculcated.

"To one of our best comrades among the Polish Communists I said, 'You will do it differently from us.' 'No,' he answered me, 'we shall do the same thing as you, but we will do it better than you did.' To such a prospect I can offer no objection. It is necessary to give them the opportunity to carry out their modest desire, to make a better Soviet government than we did. We must not try to decree the course of revolutionary history from Moscow."

Debt

'T WAS not their love that held the life within me,
When half-content I faintly strove with Death;
'Twas not the anguish of their faces lifted,
Their shaken breath—

It was not tear nor prayer of theirs that kept me:
It was a sudden flaming thought that thrilled
And moved my blood again—a promise given
But unfulfilled.

Anna Spencer Twitchell.

Democracy and Revolution

II.

(In the first part of this article, which appeared in these pages last month, Bertrand Russell discussed the possibility of realizing mankind's dream of freedom. Capitalism has begun to fail as a method of production, and by arousing the discontent of the workers has raised up a power sufficient to overthrow it. But will Socialism secure freedom for mankind? And ought we, then, to seek to promote its complete success—or should we refrain because of the evils involved in a conflict of classes?—"For my part," says Bertrand Russell, in answer to this question, "I feel convinced that any vital progress in the world depends on the victory of International Socialism, and that it is worth while, if necessary, to pay a great price for that victory. . . . When I speak of Socialism, I do not mean a milk-and-water system, but a thorough-going, root-and-branch transformation, such as Lenin has attempted. And if its victory is essential to peace, we must acquiesce in the evils involved in conflict, in so far as conflict is forced upon us by capitalism." With these words he concludes the first part of his article, upon which this present installment immediately follows.)

THERE are, however, some things which must be borne in mind as qualifications of this conclusion.

One point of very vital importance is that Socialism should not lose its internationalism. It is perfectly possible to imagine Great Powers, each organized communistically on a national basis, coming into conflict for the possession of raw materials. The oil in the Caucasus, for example, might well afford ground for such a conflict. Nor is there anything in Socialism, so long as it is merely national, that is incompatible with a new kind of Chauvinism. The contempt for the rule of the majority during the revolutionary period which the Bolsheviks inculcate, and their belief in winning over the majority through the temporary dictatorship of a class-conscious minority, obviously justify wars for the spread of the socialist idea, and such wars would easily become nationalistic when waged between a socialist and a capitalist Power. The abolition of exploitation at which Socialism aims, and which would make it a guarantee against war, is of course not complete so long as exploitation by nations continues. It is only secured when the raw materials of the world are dealt with by an international authority. It may well be doubted whether Socialism will be strong enough to overcome nationalist interest and feeling so completely as would be involved in this method of dealing with raw materials,

yet until it has achieved this, it will have done little by way of affording a safeguard against wars.¹

And, apart from raw materials, there is another question, which might well cause wars between communistic national States: I mean the question of the right of immigration. In Australia and throughout North and South America, this question may be of paramount importance for many years to come.

Against international socialism there stands, except in America, only one really strong popular force—the force of nationalism. By nationalism I mean the determination to secure the interests of one's own nation at no matter what cost to other nations, and the belief that the interests of different nations are essentially antagonistic, or rather the hatred of other nations of which this belief is a rationalized expression. In all the new States which have been created by the Peace Treaty, nationalism in this sense appears to be absolutely dominant. Most of them would rather kill their neighbors and starve, than live in plenty, at the cost of friendly relations with races whom they hate. This attitude of mind is partly instinctive, partly the result of education and propaganda, which probably cannot be eradicated at all quickly, except by the use of force, in preventing hostilities, promoting freedom of trade, and setting up a new kind of education. The League of Nations, with its legacy of war hatreds, is quite incapable of performing this work. International Socialism alone, of all the forces now in the world, can really alter the mentality of bellicose populations. I do not say that even International Socialism can achieve this quickly, but I do say that, if it were in power, it could achieve it in the course of a generation, since what it has to combat is instinct and tradition, very palpably contrary to self-interest, and what it has to substitute is a generous ideal from which the enormous majority of the population would derive material benefit.

In spite of the serious difficulties and problems which Socialism will have to face if it becomes dominant, I am firmly convinced that it is the necessary next stage in the world's progress, if the things for which Western civilization has stood are to survive in any degree. I believe, also, that the degree of good it can accomplish depends upon the degree of generous hope in those who bring it about. If the evils that flow from economic exploitation are thoroughly realized, and the new world that can result from its complete abolition is vividly desired, a new force will be generated, sufficiently strong to dethrone nationalism from men's hearts; and

¹ See "Self-Determination of Nations," a speech by Nikolai Lenin, in this issue.—Ed.

it is nationalism alone, in Europe and Asia, that enables capitalism to preserve its power for evil. With nationalism removed, idealism and self-interest alike would prompt the enormous majority of the civilized population of the world to adopt International Socialism, and, once adopted, this system would be stable through its palpable advantages, and through the fact that there would be no class with an obvious interest in overthrowing it.

* * *

Freedom, democracy, peace, efficient production and economic justice, can come through International Socialism, and cannot come, so far as I can see, in any other way. But although Socialism *may* bring these things, it is not certain that it will do so. Whether it brings them or not will depend largely upon the manner of its advent, upon the fierceness of the struggle, and upon the temper of the victor.

I think that our own country, especially through the guild idea, has a very definite contribution to make in the transitional time. I think that we can effect the transformation without violence and that we can do more than any other country to keep alive, during the struggle, those ideals of individual liberty without which a socialist society, if created, would be stereotyped and unprogressive and lifeless. Liberty and war are not compatible, yet an extension of liberty is one of the professed aims of socialists: collective liberty in work through self-government in industry; individual liberty outside work through the shortening of hours. The relative merits of different forms of socialism, and of different tactics for securing socialism, can be judged by capacity to secure these ends.

Socialism, no doubt, like capitalism, will be a phase in human development, succeeded by something of which we do not yet foresee the nature, perhaps by anarchism. It would be fatal to future progress if Socialism established itself, like the Church after Constantine, as a persecuting orthodoxy, fettering the human spirit, and delaying progress for a thousand years. Such a result is not impossible, especially if the victory of Socialism is brought about by military means at the end of long and disastrous wars. For this reason, if for no other, the victory of Socialism by peaceful means is immeasurably to be desired.

Every strong conception of human life tends to pass through three phases. In the first, it is amiable, humanitarian, persuasive, seeking to convince by argument rather than by force. In the second phase, having acquired a certain strength, and roused an opposition of a certain fierceness, it ceases to be amiable and becomes militant, justifying its militancy by the belief, inherited from the amiable phase, that its victory will bring the millennium. In the third phase, having acquired power, it becomes oppressive and cruel. Christianity exhibited

the first of these phases down to the time of Constantine; in the Crusades it exhibited the second; in the Inquisition it exhibited the third. Capitalism has passed through similar phases. In Adam Smith, Cobden and Bright, we see its amiable phase. In its overthrow of feudal institutions it exhibited its militant phase. In the exploitation of inferior races, and the anti-socialist reign of terror, we see its third, tyrannical phase. The same thing has happened as regards Nationalism, though here the rate of development is different in different nations, according to their strength. Mazzini exhibited its amiable phase, Bismarck its militant phase, and modern Imperialism its tyrannical phase.

Socialism has passed, with the accession of Lenin, from the amiable to the militant stage. In so passing, it has lost much of its attractiveness for certain types of mind. There are those who feel acutely the evils of the existing world, and desire ardently the existence of a world free from these evils, who yet shrink from the stern conflict which is involved in getting rid of them. I confess to a very strong sympathy with such men. I observe that, in the course of a conflict, every ideal becomes degraded, and that the forcible victory of a party is invariably accompanied by loss of the greater part of what made their victory desirable. And violent conflict in itself, especially when it is prolonged and wide-spread, tends to degrade the societies which indulge in it. I cannot believe that a socialism which would achieve victory after a lengthy and world-wide civil war, would retain the kind of temper necessary for a happy and progressive society. Progress after its victory would probably depend upon those who would oppose it in its victorious form, in the interests of some freer, less cast-iron set of institutions, embodying once more something of the old ideals of Liberalism—not, it is true, the economic ideals, such as free competition, but the social ideals, and the intellectual freedom which no party engaged in a life and death struggle can permit.

* * *

Socialism has many forms, and it is not improbable that the victory in different countries will be for different forms. Subject to the paramount claims of order and efficient production, the most important thing that any socialistic system has to aim at is freedom. National Guildsmen have always remembered the importance of freedom, far more than their Collectivist predecessors. Their system of balances between the rival powers of Parliament and Guild Congress is designed to secure political freedom. Their system of self-government in industry, as opposed to bureaucratic management by State Socialists, is designed to secure freedom for the collective workers in any industry, both nationally, in the general problems of the industry, and locally, in all matters that can be decided locally. The system of devolution, not only geographically, but in-

dustrially, is of great importance for creating the sense of freedom, the possibility of personal initiative, and the opportunity for beneficial experiments.

Self-government in work is the most important of all the forms of freedom that have to be conquered, because his work is what touches a man most closely, and because, owing to this, it is the best way of arousing his political consciousness. Freedom in work was the chief aim of syndicalism, and it is the aim of guild socialism. I believe that it is secured better by means of the national guilds than by any other economic organization of production. I believe that the sense of self-direction and independence, which will be thus secured, will entirely alter the outlook upon work of ordinary workers, and will, at any rate while it is new, stimulate production enormously more than the old capitalist incentive of terror.

But in addition to freedom in work there is of course freedom outside work, in leisure hours, and this will be secured by the shortening of hours, which more efficient methods will render possible. At present, more efficient methods are viewed with suspicion as redounding only to the advantage of the capitalist. Under the new system, the whole advantage of them will be obviously derived by the workers, and technical progress is likely to be enormously accelerated by this change. This is illustrated by the Bolshevik adoption of the Taylor system of scientific management (See "The Soviets at Work," by Lenin.)

There is, of course, another kind of freedom, applicable to rather few individuals, and yet of very great importance to the progress of mankind, and that is the freedom to refuse to occupy any place in the organized system of the community. The man who wishes to teach a new religion, to invent a new science, or to produce a new art, may find no guild ready to receive him. He will be officially classed as an idler or vagabond. All fundamental innovations must necessarily go against the will of the community, no matter what the economic system may be. For the sake of such men it is highly desirable that complete emancipation from the system should be possible for anyone willing to endure sufficient hardships. Exceptional behavior which is probably slightly harmful, but may be very beneficial (such as painting pictures which the experts consider worthless) may rightly be discouraged, but should not be made physically impossible for those who believe in it enough to incur sacrifices rather than discontinue it. Loopholes and exceptions are absolutely vital if society is to remain progressive. We, in this country, if we adopt socialism at all, are sure to adopt it in a piecemeal and unsystematic fashion, which gives a far better chance than systematic Bolshevism for the toleration of loopholes and exceptions. We may hope that Continental socialism, when once it has become secure, will be strong

enough to admit the advantages derived from such failure of systematization. In this respect, I believe that we have something of importance to contribute to the ultimate outcome.

Capitalism can no longer make a tolerable world, or preserve for us the heritage of civilization. International Socialism can do these things, provided it can achieve power without too prolonged or ruthless a struggle. Those who oppose the advent of Socialism take upon themselves a very grave responsibility. It is impossible to believe that the old system will be preserved, and all that the opposition can effect is to rob the new system of much of its merit. We who stand for Socialism have to remember that it is not enough to defeat our opponents, if in so doing we defeat ourselves, and that we shall defeat ourselves if the new society which results from our efforts does not embody more of freedom for the creative human spirit, and for the lives of ordinary men and women, than has ever existed in the world before. I do not believe that it is possible to dispense wholly with the use of force, though I do believe that, in this country, the necessary force can be acquired without violent revolution. Force, if it is to succeed in its ultimate purpose, must be always subservient to propaganda. It must be employed in ways which help to persuade, not in ways which alienate the ordinary citizen. And at every stage, everything possible must be done to make it clear that the use of force is temporary, and that the goal is a society where force shall no longer be needed. It is only through the inspiration of a great hope, through the vivid realization of the better world at which we aim, that we can prevent our aims from degenerating in the conflict, and that we can secure the victory, not only of our party, but of our ideals; the ideals of freedom, economic justice, and international co-operation, which the world needs, and which only Socialism can achieve.

BERTRAND RUSSELL

City Street

WHEN the white silences of winter pass
And Spring's green curtains rustle to and fro,
There are no flowers here, no leaves, no grass
To throw a perfume on the winds that blow;
There are no twinkling waters here, no traces
Of earth unfolding under April skies,
Only the endless sailing by of faces
With spring alert and gleaming in their eyes.
These are the only flowers I have known,
Young faces drifting thru a sea of air:
Each corner blooms with roses of its own;
And, spring on spring, I have stood watching there,
Lost in the splendor surging on and on,
A blind man stumbling on an open dawn.

Joseph Freeman.



Drawn by Gropper

"Lay off that stuff, lady—I'm in the same business."

Free Advertising

"**I**S America Worth Saving?" by Nicholas Murray Butler. His presidential candidacy has aroused nation-wide lack of enthusiasm. This may be your last chance to get Dr. Butler's views on any subject.

"**U**NITED AMERICANS," constitution savers, asks you for funds to help it violate the First Amendment. If your remaining liberties are hurting you, have them extracted. "United Americans," 2 West 43rd St., New York.

LEONDAR WOOD desires responsible executive position. No experience. After studying primary returns Mister Woods finds that he is practically opposed to preparedness and could almost hate armies.

STOLEN. Somewhere between Georgia and Ohio, a small presidential boom answering to the name of "Mitch." The culprit will be regarded by the Attorney General's office as an alien, and will be boiled and hung up by the thumbs.

THE Jerkwater Railroad wishes to thank its kind friends who volunteered their bungling help during its recent bereavement and to ask them to close the door as they go out.

"**T**HE New York State Association of Legal Instructors" wishes to admit that it can no longer compete in intelligence with socialist lawyers and asks that radicals be barred from law schools.

BARGAIN. Empire two-cylinder legislature. Runs on gas and alcohol. Broke down on April Fool's day. Reputation badly damaged. Free to anybody who will take chauffeur. Disgusted: Albany. H. B.

The New Patriotism

Assemblyman Theodore Roosevelt, chairman of the legion's Americanism commission, called a meeting of that body to-day, at which it was decided to thoroughly Americanize all war veterans, then to utilize them in the work of making good citizens of the foreign born of the State.—The New York Tribune, March 3.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ROOSEVELT
Has very generously felt
That what the country chiefly needs
To kill Sedition's subtle seeds
And save the State from wreck or schism
Is powerful Americanism—
That vigorous and certain cure,
That cult incomparably pure
And only to be understood
By people who are wise and good,
Like Major-General Leonard Wood.

And to this end he first will teach
The men he thinks his rank will reach—
The men who only yesterday
Learned not think but to obey
And, netted in a cruel mesh,
Opposed the guns with living flesh.
And he will teach them to forget
The scars of that steel-woven net:
How they were badgered and inspected,
Court-martialled, censored and suspected;
How they said "sir" and touched their hats
To save the world for democrats
And how they suffered Hard-Boiled Smith,
Lest liberty become a myth.
And when they've learned to save the face,
Defend the privilege and place
Of their instructor and therewith



"Hey?"

Of Leonard Wood and Hard-Boiled Smith,
 He'll set them on the loathsome clan
 Who outrage every honest man
 By holding that The Tribune's clerks
 Are worse economists than Marx,
 And those—more terrible to tell!
 Who think that people mean so well
 They need no punishments to pain 'em
 Nor Law and Order to restrain 'em;
 (Though Franklin once expressed a doubt),
 They'll turn such filthy fellows out;
 They'll not allow such fools to rave;
 They'll hunt such license to the grave,
 (As Jefferson once tried to save.)

And then the sun will shine indeed,
 The stars with greater calm proceed,
 The factories never cease to ply,
 Unvexed by treasonable sigh;
 Production will have burgeoned so,
 No honest man need ever go
 Without his seven motor cars,
 His twenty kinds of chocolate bars,
 His fifty different brands of hose,
 His eighty makes of underclothes,
 His morning dish of Shrivelled Rice,
 (That is, if he can pay the price);
 And business will be very good
 And men will vote for Leonard Wood.

* * *

But what of those young men who died
 Before they could be purified?—
 Who never drank to cheer the peace
 Nor had their holidays at Nice

Nor climbed, harassed and weary men,
 The tragic hill of Brest again
 Nor scarce believed the day had come
 To lie on hard decks going home?...
 Well, some are lying, deaf and blind,
 In places difficult to find—
 In shattered barracks, trench and barn
 Between the Argonne and the Marne;
 And some are lying side by side,
 More easily identified
 By wooden crosses in a row—
 But even these whose names we know
 Cannot be reached in their position
 By Colonel Roosevelt's commission....

Yet stay! it never shall be said
 We cannot still redeem the dead!
 Strike out from any epitaph
 The kind of name that makes us laugh:
 The Ivans, Isadores and Fritzes,
 The Rosenburgs and Meyrowitzes,
 The Kellys, Kovalskys and Krauses,
 Schapellis, Swensons, Stanislause—
 And give us graves with every man
 A simon-pure American!—
 Though he have never quashed a plot
 Nor learned to be a patriot
 And have, for all his sweat and pains,
 This bed beneath the winter rains.

Edmund Wilson, Jr.



"Jakie, come here—I won't hurt you!"

BOOKS

Pilgrimages to Moscow

Bolshevism at Work, by William T. Goode. (Harcourt, Brace and Howe).

The Russian Republic, by Colonel Cecil L'Estrange Malone, M. P. (Harcourt, Brace and Howe).

Raymond Robins' Own Story, by William Hard. (Harper and Brothers).

THE truth will out! There is always, even in this age of bourgeois cowardice and habitual panic-stricken lying, some member of the governing classes who possesses the old aristocratic virtues—who will tell the truth though the heavens fall. France, decadent bourgeois France, once the very home of truth, can still furnish a Jacques Sadoul, to give her Russian-bondholding militarists the lie. England, with all her faults, has never failed to produce a truth-lover or two at a time like this—men, who, like Goode and Malone, will go out of their way to discover truth and tell it when all their class is hungry for lies. And America, poor miserable, hypocritic America, has still its Raymond Robins. Against the shameful mob-cowardice of all their class, the candor of these men stands out as magnificent; and by the loneliness of this courage we can measure the ignobleness of all their class.

Professor Goode's book represents the careful and patient study of the Bolshevik administrative scheme and accomplishments by one who, as an English educator, is less interested in the picturesque aspects of revolution than in the difficult tasks of organization which go on behind the panorama of victory and speech-making. He finds that the Bolshevik government is soberly at work solving the immense problems of industry, agriculture, education and administration, and he tells exactly what is being done in each department. His book is an invaluable one for any student of Russian affairs and of current tendencies in economic organization. It is clear, simple and utterly convincing. There are some events of which a professor proves to be a much better reporter than an ordinary newspaper man, and the Russian revolution in its present stage is distinctly one of them.

"The Russian Republic," is very valuable as supplementary to, and corroborative of, Professor Goode's book. Colonel Malone is a member of the British Parliament who made a journey to Russia to find out for himself what was going on; but he is not our American idea of a politician—he is quite lacking in the provincial ignorance of almost everything which distinguishes our ordinary member of Congress. But Colonel Malone is not, of course, an ordinary member of parliament. (And, when you come right down to that, he is not an Englishman, but

an Irishman!) He is a man with a real knowledge of history and a sympathetic understanding of new political and economic movements. Colonel Malone's conclusion is that the Western world, which is "skating over thin ice" in its economic policy, at a time when "a slip may bring about the collapse of our social fabric," has much to "learn from these social experiments." The book also contains some Russian documents bearing on the atrocities committed by counter-revolutionary troops in the anti-Bolshevik wars financed by England and supported by President Wilson. If you want to find out just what kind of atrocities President Wilson apparently thinks are all right, since they are against the citizens of a Socialist Republic, you should read these documents.

Both these books are published very attractively in paper covers—an innovation in American book-making for which the publishers are much to be commended, and which it is to be hoped they will continue as a custom. Such books are easier to hold and read, and are incidentally less expensive.

Colonel Robins' story, as related to William Hard, is familiar to most of us from its serial publication in a popular magazine. Colonel Robins' story is different from those of Professor Goode and Colonel Malone in the rather amusing respect that he feels it to be necessary to convince the American public that he, who has shaken hands with Lenin and Trotsky, has not thereby become contaminated with the principles of Bolshevism! He feels obliged to assert over and over again that he is unalterably opposed to Bolshevik economics. So far as we are concerned, his anxiety is superfluous—we would never in the world have mistaken the Colonel for a Bolshevik. His story deals with the period centering about the Brest-Litovsk peace, but beginning before the advent of the Bolsheviks into power and carrying the story well into the period of their consolidation and success. It is most remarkable for its documentary evidence to the effect that the Bolshevik government offered to refuse to sign the Brest treaty, and to renew the war against Germany, if the United States would lend its assistance—an offer which was received by the United States and never acknowledged, and of which the American people were never informed by President Wilson. A corollary of this fact, is the fact that President Wilson and all those concerned in publishing the foolish forgeries known as the Sisson Documents, which purported to show that the Bolsheviks were German agents, knew that they were perpetrating what will go down to future generations as the greatest lie in history.

But the charm of the book lies in the dramatic instinct of the author (or authors) of the story. I do not know of any current book of popular fiction which has one-tenth of the thrilling dramatic interest of this narrative. Colonel Robins has the American gift of making a good story out of what he saw and heard and did—and in this story, Colonel Robins, despite his modesty, stands out



Why not pamphlets?

In Europe substantial books have long been issued in paper covers. We did not observe the custom because cloth binding was so cheap. But no longer! The only way to meet the high cost of reading is to bring out paper-covered books in large editions. Mr. Huebsch invites attention to these pamphlets, some new, some forthcoming and some as good as new:

"WHERE IRON IS, THERE IS THE FATHERLAND!" By Clarence K. Streit.

This note on the relation of privilege and monopoly to war, is an incredible revelation of the manner in which the German and French owners of iron-ore worked side by side, waxing fatter as their brothers were killed by shells whose materials were mined in a protected area. These facts came out in an investigation before a committee of the Chamber of Deputies. *Just out. 50 cents.*

SOCIALISM ON TRIAL. By Morris Hillquit.

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as one of the fine and few representatives of an old American tradition of courage and candor. We are glad that the ranks of the American bourgeoisie, in its rotten decay, can still produce, now and then, a real man—and it was as such that Colonel Robins was known and respected by the Bolsheviks in Russia who were merely amused by the Colonel's antediluvian economics. They liked him so much that they let him preach Christian Capitalism to them, and cheered him to the echo before they went off to nationalize another factory in their own fashion—and so should we.

FLOYD DELL

Primitive Man

Primitive Society, by Robert H. Lowie, Ph.D., Assistant Curator, Anthropology, American Museum of Natural History. (Boni and Liveright).

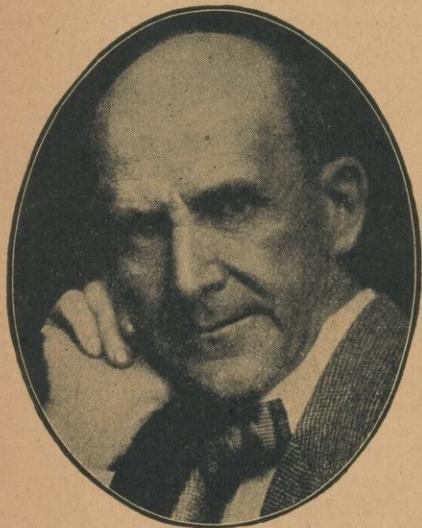
IN this book Professor Lowie permits me to renew acquaintance with an old friend—an old and valued friend, with whom at an earlier period of my life I was on more intimate and familiar terms than with anybody else in the world. I refer, of course, to Primitive Man. How well I knew him once upon a time! How many a time and oft have I shared with him the simple can-

nibalistic repast by which he gained for himself the virtues of a slain enemy! How many times have I been best man at the exciting exogamous wedding parties in which the bride was dragged by the hair from her father's tent and carried weeping away amid a shower of old shoes—excuse me, I mean arrows. Life was so simple then!

It was such a comfort to me to have somebody whose mental processes I could thoroughly understand. At a time when the adults among whom I lived were strange and incomprehensible beings, and the young people of my own age even more queer and terrifying, it was nice to know somebody whose actions and thoughts were, if somewhat quaint, yet always perfectly intelligible to me. It is true that, as I got older, I began to realize that these strange beings among whom I lived could be read in the light of my knowledge of Primitive Man, their hearts unlocked by the key provided by Tylor, Morgan, Lubbock, Lang, Frazer and the rest of his biographers. The people about me were only a somewhat disguised version of my old friend—disguised by a veneer of pretended reasonableness. When I learned to disregard the reasons which they gave for their actions, and began to look at the real motives beneath, I found myself on safe and familiar grounds. I knew how to get along with them perfectly well—and I flatter myself that I have done so. But just the same, I liked my honest old friend better—he made no foolish pretences to being civilized.

So it was with the emotions of auld lang syne that I greeted him again in this book. . . . But he is not what he used to be in the good old days. He has changed, and I think for the worse. He has many traits which I had never suspected. Oh, I do not doubt but that they were there all the time! But his former biographers were either blind to his worst side, or else they suppressed some facts about him out of pure loyalty. Well, this is a realistic age, and we must all face the facts, even about our best friends. So let us admit the worst at once. Primitive Man is, if I understand Professor Lowie correctly, not primitive at all. He is as sophisticated as our truly unfortunate selves.

I am sorry to learn it, for it was precisely his grand simplicity that I admired. He was always the same, once you got to know him. If I had met him in any part of the world, I would have known just how to behave toward him. But now, after reading Professor Lowie's book, I do not feel so certain. I realize now that Primitive Man was all sorts of a person; that in order to deal with him appropriately in any given instance, I would have to know beforehand that he was, so to speak, a Republican (and of a distinct and particular variety, with correspondingly specific views on the League of Nations), a Methodist (but on the other hand a disbeliever in the Prohibition Amendment), an advocate of the democratic form of government (except as to Social-

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ists, who should be thrown out of the legislatures), a member of four secret societies and a college fraternity, an anti-suffragist, a married man (and very much afraid of his wife), a reader of F. P. A.'s column in the New York Tribune, a golf enthusiast, an amateur gardener, and a distant relative of a millionaire—or what would correspond to all these things in Primitive Life.

I confess I am discouraged. The maze of disconnected activities and interests in which I find my old friend entangled is certainly not my former notion of primitive existence. I begin to doubt if I would like to go back and live in those times after all. And I feel that I am justified in saying that this poor harassed creature is no more Primitive Man than the floorwalker of a ten-cent store is.

It seems to me that the science of anthropology has changed in the last fifty years. It was never, so far as I knew, the belief of any of the older anthropologists that the savages and barbarians whose customs they recorded were "primitive men." I thought that they were groping back into the darkness of the past toward some idea of the origins of human society, and that they regarded the customs of existing savages merely as instructive and suggestive survivals. I thought it was understood that the Primitive Man of their discourse was a hypothesis, like the atom, true insofar as he was useful in the understanding of social evolution. But

anthropological science does not, apparently, take that view any more. It is as if the geologists should turn over a new leaf and say, "The theory of an ice-age is idle speculation; let us count the pebbles on the shore." There are so many pebbles! And there are so many savage customs! As a hart panteth for the water-brooks, so do I in these pages of Professor Lowie for a good old-fashioned generalization. I accept with as good grace as I can the news that there never was such a thing as group-marriage, that "the matriarchate" is a myth, that the matrilinear system of descent did not necessarily precede the patrilinear (for, after all, what do these things matter to me? I can keep on living and enjoying life)—I forget all I ever knew about "clans" and "gentes" and learn it all over again under the head of "the sib" (a very fine word, in its way—short, easy to spell, and obvious to the understanding of any child who has mastered the elements of Anglo-Saxon)—I pass over in forgiving silence the complete misconception of Freud's contribution to the discussion of the mother-in-law taboo—I bow in submission before the devastating exactitude of such genealogical phrases as "mother's mother's brother's daughter's daughter"—but the time comes when I raise myself feebly to protest. I can be put upon just so much, and after that I bite the hand that feeds me. I have learned how the Andamans and the Bantus, the Masai and the Athabas-

kans, the Sioux and the Crow and the Kirghiz behaved, in immense detail. But by the lord Harry, I stick for generalizations. Underneath the countless kinds of tattoo-patterns lies at least the general fact of tattooing. Under the fashions of dress that change from year to year and month to month among ourselves, lies the general fact of wearing clothes. I want to know why. There may not be one grand and complete and sufficient single reason. There may be seventy reasons. But the new school of anthropologists is never happier than when they can escape giving any reason at all. They explain the existence of a custom in a certain tribe by triumphantly proving that it was "borrowed" from the next tribe. To me this seems merely a form of passing the buck. I am not to be fooled with that way. Where did the other tribe get it? You don't know? Well, thank heaven, there's something you don't know. Now—right here—begins the real task of anthropology, in the noble and austre realm of guess work!

Why not, for instance, a theory about this "borrowing" habit? Not *what* the Kibchee borrowed from the Chubchee, but *why*. Somebody borrowed my hat the other day, and I opine (in my rash, nineteenth century way) that it was because he thought it was a better hat than the one he had. The Kibchees must have looked upon the ways of the Chubchees with envy and then proceeded to emulate them. But did they envy the

Chubchees the particular aesthetic beauty of the custom of pulling out all the bride's front hair the night of the marriage, or was it rather that they envied the Chubchees their success in war or the chase, and felt that they, the Kibchees, were becoming too darn effeminate, and that woman should be shown her proper place in the good manly Chubchee fashion? That is the sort of thing I want to know about the savage tribes of Kamchatka. When I learn those things, I will find again the old friend of my boyhood, Primitive Man—and incidentally I shall gain a new insight into the behavior of my contemporaries. . . .

I have neglected to say—and I hasten to do so—that Professor Lowie's book is the only one which embodies the results of recent anthropological discovery (I cannot refrain from saying, such as they are), and is hence indispensable to anyone who does not wish to be forty years or so out of date in his conceptions of the early culture of mankind.

F. D.

Note

BY an oversight, the name of the artist, Maurice Becker, was not attached to the picture last month with the caption, "Quick, Kid, wrap that flag around me!"

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On Pleasure Bent

I am secretary of the Y. P. S. L. I am a serious person. The Y. P. S. L. are serious people. On Sundays we jointly agree to forget the class-struggle. We resolve to commune with Nature.

We discard the trusty pamphlet. We bestow lunches about our persons. The deadlier of the species arrays herself in divided skirts or riding breeches, or just anything. The male, with few exceptions, declines to be separated from his starched collar—which invariably wilts. We meet on the crowded ferry boat. We resolve to forget social injustice.

Someone has a copy of the "Examiner," The editorial exasperates him—or perhaps it is the news. We discuss the movement. Someone says, "Be careful!" We glance around apprehensively. No one seems to attend. We resolve to taboo Russia.

On the hills we throw ourselves on the dew-damp grass. The smell of fresh earth is in our nostrils. I dissolve into the earth and air. I am weak and happy. I forget the class-struggle. . . . Someone declines to believe Mother Jones is eighty-eight. We discuss her age and errors. We agree she was eighty-eight twelve years ago, and decide not to talk I. W. W.

We have come to hike. . . . It is suggested by a recreant that we each please himself as to whether we shall hike or talk. . . . We deny the right of individualistic action. We declare Society is not sufficiently advanced for it. We agree that mass action is necessary, and decide to eschew anarchy.

In our group there is one who possesses a camera. We have our pictures taken. The men do not wear the girls' hats. We do not embrace. We preserve our dignity in the picture. . . . Someone wishes that all the proletariat were well-mannered. We agree that graceful deportment is only for the few who have leisure to acquire it. The unemployed have leisure too frequently, but they do not become more graceful—somehow. We blame the capitalist regime.

Our women are feminists. But they have not lost their charm. To-day a terrified Lizard, bounding against the boot of a fair hiker, elicited a loud scream from her. She was soothed by the male members of the party.

Returning, we imbibe soft drinks at a wayside hostelry. We discuss prohibition. We declare artificial stimulation would be unsought were life full and free. . . .

We part at the ferry, expressing mutual admiration of our respective ability to forget the class struggle when on pleasure bent.

San Francisco.

JENNIE DOYLE.

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