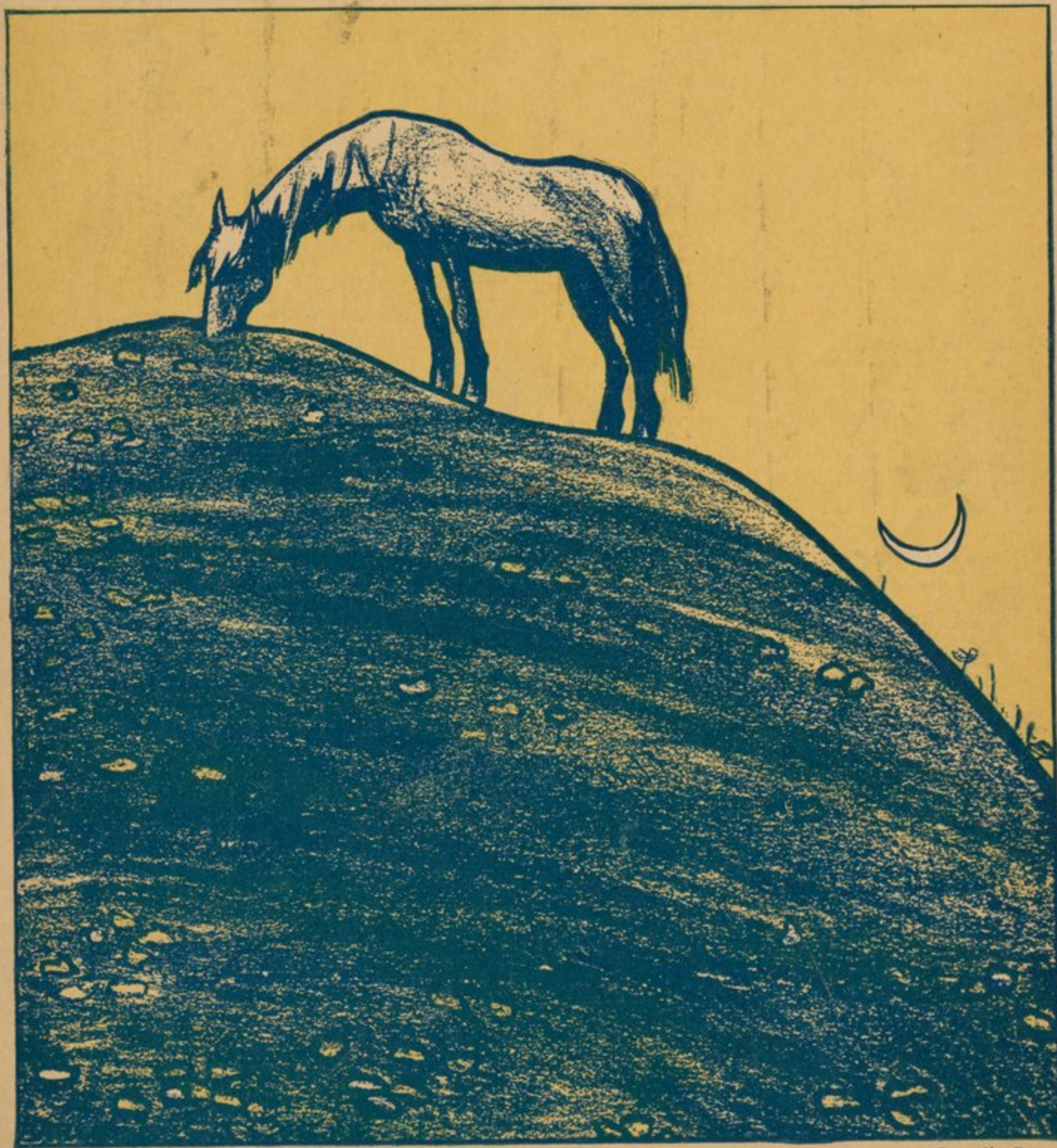


Liberator

AUGUST, 1920

25 CENTS



Drawn by Cornelia Barns

In this Issue:

The Wars of West Virginia — By Robert Minor

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- Speech Nominating Blaine
- Indianapolis Speech
- The Children of the Stage
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- *Tribute to Ebon C. Ingersoll
- *Tribute to Henry Ward Beecher
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- *Tribute to Walt Whitman
- *At a Child's Grave
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Every Liberator Reader should read this

OUR announcement in the last number of The Liberator has yielded very encouraging results.

The generous response proves to us conclusively the imperative necessity of films to promote economic, social and political progress, in accord with the highest principles of culture.

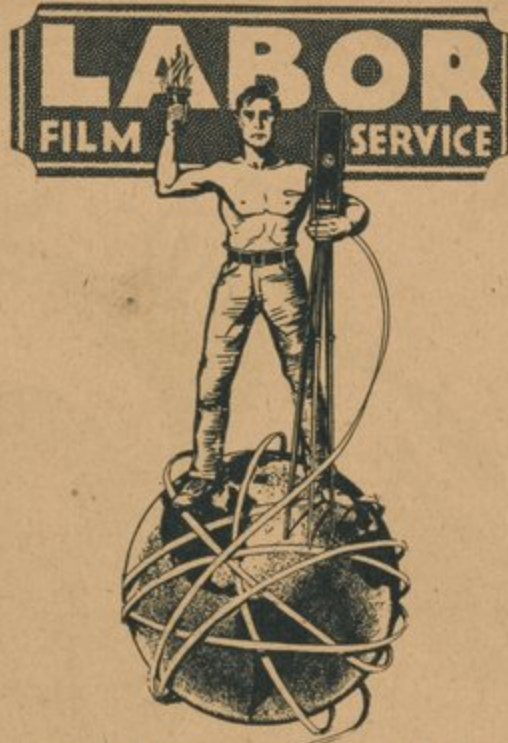
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- (4) LABOR and RECONSTRUCTION SERIES: Dramas, based on the works of great authors, to stimulate sociological, literary and artistic interest, thus laying the foundation for a great cultural work.

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A FEW ENDORSEMENTS

Dr. NORMAN THOMAS, Editor of "The World To-Morrow" says: "Just as truly as labor needs its own press it needs its own film service. I believe you ought to rally to you strong support from labor circles and from these liberals who realize the seriousness of the present situation. I for one heartily endorse your idea and trust you will be able to make it wholly successful."

Dr. JUDAH L. MAGNES, renowned Liberal Leader: "Replying to your letter of May 21st, permit me to say that your idea of using motion pictures in the advancement of labor's interests appears to me to be a very sound one. Kindly accept my best wishes for the success of your venture."

SCOTT NEARING: "My attention has been called to the fact that the Labor Film Service is planning to supply the American Labor Movement with motion pictures. It is said that fifty million Americans attend movie shows each week. If that is so it is vitally important to have them watching films that speak the message of industrial self-government and economic freedom. I wish you every success."

ORGANIZATION

The Labor Film Service, designed to make the movies a true forum of the people, is a corporation of New York State with an authorized capital of \$50,000 to be increased to \$250,000 in shares of \$10 each. No majority stockholders will control, as all individual holdings are limited to \$1,000 not less than 51% of the stock will be controlled by Labor and Radical organizations.

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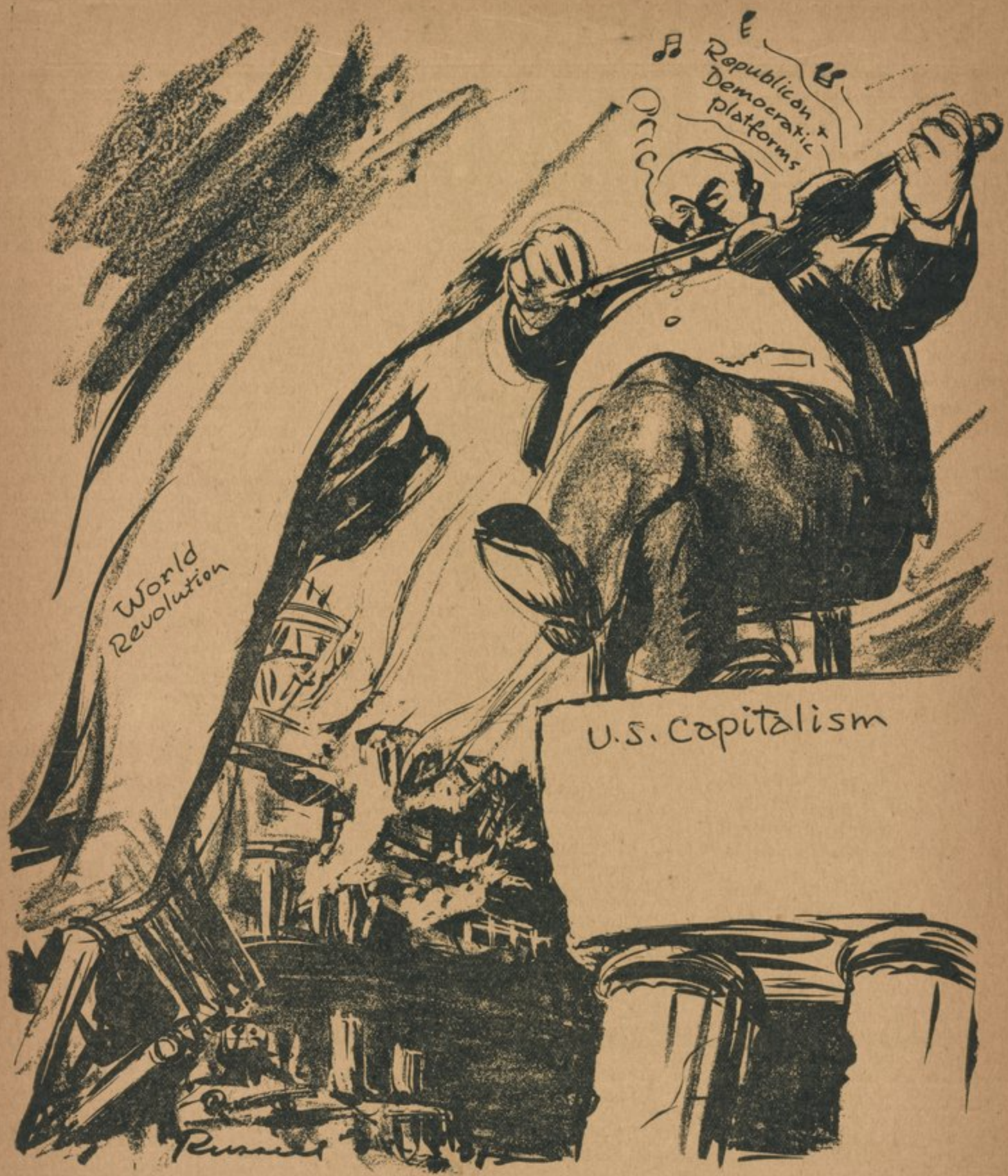
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Nero

THE LIBERATOR

Vol. 3, No. 8 [Serial No. 29]

August, 1920

EDITORIALS

By Max Eastman

THE children of darkness have always been wiser in their generation than the children of light. They have always been able to *bunco* the children of light. And this was because the latter, besides having tender hearts, have permitted themselves to have tender minds. Being in love with an ideal, they have permitted themselves to idealize the real, to soften and falsify it, and falsify the path also which might lead from it toward their ideal. They have had no taste for the hard mood of practical action. They have not known how to be ruthless and ironical and undistracted by any sentiment or consideration whatever that is irrelevant to the enactment of their purposes. Therefore the purposes of the children of darkness have always been enacted. The James J. Hills, the E. H. Harrimans, the J. P. Morgans have determined the conformation of the earth, while the aspirations of pious idealists have given a faint perfume to the atmosphere.

I am moved to this reflection by a recent event which shows the ways of those who accomplish things. I mean the ejection of Frank A. Vanderlip from the National City Bank, and his complete elimination from the commanding group in American and international finance. He knows more, and is a better financier than any other man in the group, and they all realize that. But when he traveled in Europe after the war, instead of using his brainy imagination in some mighty scheme of profit and domination, he got worried about mankind. There awoke in him a little flicker of interest in being "a patriot," a "public character." At least he gave interviews to the press putting some of the truth of which he had a complete monopoly, at the service of other interests besides those of his proper group in Wall Street. He went off the track of ruthless action for just that one moment, and as a power among those who rule and possess the world, he is no more!

The children of darkness are wiser in their generation than the children of light.

But the children of light are getting wise. And that is the real ground and meaning of the prodigious "menace" of Bolshevism, and the peculiar "monstrousness"

of this new Muscovite devil-God, Lenin, before whom the mouths not only of sinners, but also of saints, hang open in wonder. He is, in truth, a monster—the hard-headed idealist—if a monster is something that nature has not often produced. And the communist movement is a prodigious menace, for it reveals at every word and turning, the mood of aggressive and calculating achievement, linked up with the most beautiful and the most extreme of all the aspirations of the human spirit.

The academic name for this phenomenon is "the materialistic interpretation of history." It would have been better called the *matter-of-fact interpretation of history*. For it was nothing in the world but a *renunciation of idealistic bunk* on the part of two idealists. Karl Marx and Frederick Engels were as drenched and exalted as any of the saints with the religion of humanity. But they decided that they would not on that account ignore the real forces that operate in the world, or pretend that human nature is any softer than it is. They decided that instead of being pious evangelical nincompoops they would be efficient revolutionary engineers. And that decision, simple though it seems, was the first event of its kind in the history of human culture, and one of the most momentous. It marked the birth of a relentless, undeviating, technically-scientific business promotion and organization of utopian change, nowise inferior in cold and calculating force, to the organization—for instance—of the railroads of the northwest, or of British imperial finance. That is what Bolshevism is. That is what Communism is. That is the mood and meaning of the Third International. That is the task and the tradition that Lenin inherits, and knows so well how to fulfil. And it is no wonder if the uninitiated view with a kind of astounded horror this extraordinary apparition, this kind of a J. P. Morgan Jesus who is engineering our redemption from Moscow.

An Example

THE German Independent Socialists proposed to the Third International to join with them in the formation of a fourth international, which should tone down some of the hard points of Bolshevism, and make a little more room for one and another kind of pious aspiration. And the reply of the Communist leaders to this proposal is a good deal like the action of the directors of

the New York City Bank in the matter of Frank A. Vanderlip. It is shocking in its hard vigor and lack of what we superficially call "feeling."

The document recounts with merciless exactitude the behavior of the leaders of the Independent Socialists, asserts that they are far to the right of the membership of their own organization, and says "It is actually clear that the German revolution took so painful a course because the Scheidemanns succeeded in disarming the people, because the opening of the revolution did not lead to an alliance of Germany with Soviet Russia, because the old apparatus of power continued in function. An immense part of the fault and of the responsibility falls upon the chiefs of the right of the Independent Socialist Party. In order to redress this error, the fault ought to be comprehended and corrected, and first of all it is the duty of the workers belonging to the party of the Independents to redress the error even over the heads of some of their chiefs."

There follow eleven points in which not only the German Independents, but the "Longuettists" in France, the Independent Labor Party in England, the Socialist Party of America, and others, have shown a tendency to "oscillate continually between open treason of the type of Noske & Co. and the path of the proletarian revolution." They are points of pure science. There is no recognition of the "sincerity" of these parties, their good intentions, the "noble sacrifices" and so forth. They are wrong, and if they are wrong, their pious socialistic thoughts do more harm than good. Get them out of the way.

If this were in the slightest degree the expression of a *doctrinaire emotion* or a *sectarian exclusiveness*, it would be neither a new thing nor a hopeful thing among idealists. But the practical intelligence that presides over the Third International is just as ruthless in the elimination of doctrinaires and sectarians as of petit-bourgeois "oscillators," as may be seen in the decree of the executive committee revoking the charter of its own international bureau at Amsterdam.

The committee declares that it has "unanimously recognized that to refuse to utilize the parliamentary arm, to renounce the effort to promote the revolutionary spirit of the labor unions from within—all this comes from an insufficient appreciation of the role of the Communist parties as agents of universal revolution, finds itself in flagrant contradiction with the interests of the working class, and will end in transforming the struggle for the dictatorship into an empty phrase.

"The executive committee has charged comrades Boukarin, Radek and Zinoviev with composing a memoire and thesis on these questions. It has unanimously decided to annul the charter of the Amsterdam bureau, it being granted that the bureau maintains on all these questions a point of view opposite to that of the Executive Committee."

Revolutionary Veterans

IN discussing Henri Barbusse and the Clarté movement some time ago, I spoke of the difficulty which literary and poetic people have in understanding this emphasis upon *fact and scientific method* which characterizes the idealism of the present revolution. I want to say that there is none of this difficulty evident in the program adopted by the International Congress of War Veterans, over which Barbusse presided in Geneva in June. It is startling indeed, that delegates representing over a million soldiers on each side of the great war should have joined hands in a vow of fraternity and eternal opposition to all future wars, both "offensive" and "defensive." It shows that the religion of humanity did not die on the battlefield. But that these representatives of a vast army should have gone altogether beyond that, and in clear comprehension of the nature of the conflict implied, have declared war on the cause of war—the capitalist system—that is indeed a sign that something with new hope, with new certainty, was born on the battlefield.

There are associations of veterans in practically every country except America affiliated with the organization of which M. Barbusse is president, and he has asked me to bring its program to the attention of those who might be interested in this country. I quote its most significant sections:

"The International Congress of Former Combatants sitting at Geneva, resolves:

"That war is an inevitable consequence of the capitalist regime.

"That no war, defensive or offensive, is justifiable.

"That the effective and real struggle against war ought to attack its actual cause—the capitalist regime. . . .

"That war being a collective act to which individual action cannot oppose itself, the International Congress of Former Combatants should render homage to the act of high propaganda involved in the refusal to bear arms, but it believes that the attitude to be taken at the moment of mobilization concerns only the conscience of its members.

"That they should see, nevertheless, in a general mobilization an ultimate provocation to the world proletariat, always vanquished in every armed conflict.

"That they should endeavor, therefore, not to substitute themselves for, but to associate themselves with the great proletarian organizations in order to provoke the general strike, the forerunner of the revolution and of the conquest of political power by the proletariat."

The Congress addressed unanimously a fraternal salutation to the Third International, and voted a resolution declaring themselves forcibly against counter-revolutionary war, pledging themselves never to take arms against the proletarian revolution of any country whatever, and addressing a fraternal homage to the Red Army and to the Government of the Soviets.

The Wars of West Virginia

By Robert Minor

AS the train from Charlottesville ran through the Blue Ridge Mountains, a Negro looked out of the window, arose and walked from the stuffy compartment "for colored people" into a more comfortable car marked "for whites." From that I knew the train had passed into West Virginia. The Negro sat down facing a weatherbeaten man with a white mustache and a broad-brimmed hat. The white man's face did not change expression at the Negro's entrance, and from that I knew that the white man was a mountaineer of the West and not an inhabitant of Old Virginia.

From Chesapeake Bay, across the Blue Ridge Mountains and away up around the southwest corner of Pennsylvania, used to extend the domain of Old Virginia. But the rich planters of the eastern valleys went to war against the Union, and the "po' white" men hoeing their corn alone on the mountains and not owning any niggers, refused to follow. The new State of West Virginia was made of these soft green mountains and lonely cabins and corn patches.

For another generation the people of the mountains hoed their corn. Then somebody discovered that the green-covered mountains were made of coal. The railroads began to scratch their way through the green, and to nose out the great black insides that were worth more than the cabins and corn patches. Men from Northern cities took part in West Virginia affairs and soon could prove with legal papers that they owned the black contents of the mountains and the green surface, too.

Many mountain families quit hoeing corn. They settled near the coal pits where regular wages and store clothes seemed to offer more of a living. The population passed from the outside of the mountains to the inside of them, and the grip of the men with the title deeds closed down hard upon all.

As my train ran down the valley, the mountains on either side showed me the black scars of the title deeds. All is owned by the coal companies; nothing in sight is free but the wild water of New River churning through the boulders, and the nigger in the white men's compartment of the train. Folks work in company mines, live in company shacks, learn in company schools and company churches, from company teachers and company preachers, and the wages that brought them there they pay to company stores for company food and clothes. Coal company Governors rule the mountaineers, coal company courts judge them, and coal company sheriffs—in most places—drive them back into the coal pits when they rebel.

Coal company detectives board the trains that enter

the more southern counties to look over the passengers. Labor organizers are taken out and blackjacked and left to die in the woods. The counties are divided like Balkan States, each county line a frontier where coal company "passports" may be demanded. For eighteen years, wars have raged through these mountains, and men have died in scores and hundreds. For eighteen years—since 1902, when the mountaineers first found that they had been trapped in the black holes.

The coal companies had a hard time holding down the mountaineers in the first great strike, in 1902, when the mountaineers left off the feudal way of thinking that goes with hoeing corn alone, and began to think as masses of coal miners.

Then came "Old Man Baldwin" with a system. As head of the "Baldwin-Felts Detectives, Inc.," he took a contract to break the strike for a sum which some think was \$200,000. His system was to import mine-guards of the convict-detective kind from the cities, and to organize the strike-breaking business into a large semi-military campaign. He criss-crossed the country in dead-lines against labor organizers and garrisoned coal camps under the nozzles of machine-guns. The men of the mountains had always been armed. Under Baldwin all that could be caught or whose weapons could be found were disarmed. When disarmed they were driven by club and gun into the coal pits or out of the country.

Here my train turns down the Kanawha Valley into "Union territory," won back from the blackjack men by the mountaineer coal diggers in wars of rifle and pistol and gatling gun between the years of 1902 and 1913. The whole valley was won by the miners in the strike of 1902, and the upper part of it was lost again in 1904, after which it lived for seven years under the terrorism of Baldwin and of Charley Cabell, leader of the mine owners of Cabin Creek.

The third big strike broke out at Paint Creek in 1912, when the Baldwin-Felts gang slaughtered men so frankly that the authorities felt obliged to indict eight of them for murder (and released them under light bond). And there was a grand "rabbit drive" of men, women and children down Paint Creek. The fugitives waded down stream to avoid trespass on company property and settled in tents at Holley Grove. Old Man Baldwin's army opened rifle fire on the tents, and the miners fought them off in a two-day battle.

Then the Old Woman came to fight the Old Man. She walked alone up to the fortifications at Cabin Creek, just a bit down-river from the Paint Creek mines, and was halted by the Baldwin-Felts guards. The old woman



Head sculptured in cannel coal by Ed. Ivory, a Negro coal digger of West Virginia.

jumped into the stream up to her arm-pits and waded past the barricades, saying, "I guess you can't stop me wading in the crick." In the town the coal diggers recognized her as Mother Jones, and quicker than she could be stopped, she had the miners out in mass meeting. The Union was revived and Cabin Creek joined the strike.

News of the killings of miners at Paint and Cabin creeks caused coal diggers everywhere to get out whatever guns they had left. I hear many stories in Charleston and further south, of battles and isolated duels in the mountains, in the Winter of 1912. The tales are short and simple, such as this: "Eighty thugs was killed that day; the coal diggers' losses was one wounded."

A boyish-faced, panther-bodied mountaineer said to me, "One evening we seen a thug looking down on the town from the mountainside and pulling his gun; and a fellow fired at him with a high-power, and the bullet caught him through both legs, and he come rolling down the mountain with them legs going 'round like a 'lectric fan."

On a February night in 1913, Baldwin-Felts men with the coal operators and a sheriff in an armored train opened fatal machine-gun fire on the tents at Holly Grove, and fighting raged for several days. Mountaineers with Mother Jones took a gatling gun from the detectives, but the colony was captured by militiamen, upon whom the coal diggers would not fire. Then came the mass imprisonment in the famous "bull pen," and the courts-martial, with death sentences later reduced to penitentiary terms.

Mass movement began.

Five thousand miners marched on the State Capitol at Charleston and were held back by entanglements of barbed wire and of promises. To an "investigation" they listened quietly for several months. Mother Jones and others were released from the courts-martial sentences, and the trouble smouldered in West Virginia while the machine-guns and Baldwin-Felts men went to Colorado to perform the Ludlow murders.

When the United States entered the World War and the getting-out of coal became important, the United Mine Workers of District 17, comprising the southern half of West Virginia, grew in membership from five thousand to forty-two thousand. Young and energetic leaders developed out of the coal pits, advances were made in pay, and the workday was reduced from nine to eight hours.

In 1919, Unionism knocked hard on Old Man Baldwin's door, and even slipped her foot over his sill. Unionism entered Logan County. Logan County is the "fortified town" of Don Chafin. Old Man Baldwin ruled Mercer, McDowell, Wyoming and Mingo Counties from his headquarters at Bluefield, but the County of Logan is held by his ally, Don Chafin, officially known as County Clerk.

And Don Chafin's fame is wide.

"Ol' Don Chafin," say the mountaineers, "he's a member of the Hatfield family, and all the Hatfields is quick on the draw. One time Don Chafin thinks a salesman that come into Logan is some kind of Union fellow, and Don goes up to the fellow and says, 'Get out of this town on the next train or I'll blow your head off.' And the fellow had business in Logan, so he goes to the Mayor and says how a man named Chafin had threatened him to blow his head off; and the Mayor says, 'If Don Chafin said he was going to blow your head off I would take his word for it,' and the salesman he left town."

"Ol' Don is only about thirty-five years old and he's got twelve notches on his gun. He never got charged with murder, only once when he killed a seventeen year old boy, and he got freed from that. Don wasn't shooting at the boy. He proved there was witnesses heard him say on a train that he was going to kill Bob Slater, the U. S. Marshal, and afterwards he was shooting at Bob Slater and didn't mean to kill the boy. So it was proven an accident and he was turned free.

"But the time when the fifty-one organizers come into Logan, it was not Don Chafin, it was Con Chafin—that's the brother of Don—that got the three hundred men under arms to hold up the train. Don that time was in a hospital with a bullet in him that a Union man had put in."

When Unionism crept into Logan County, Don Chafin acted.

Stories of beatings, evictions and shootings of miners found their way north to the strongly unionized county of Kanawha.

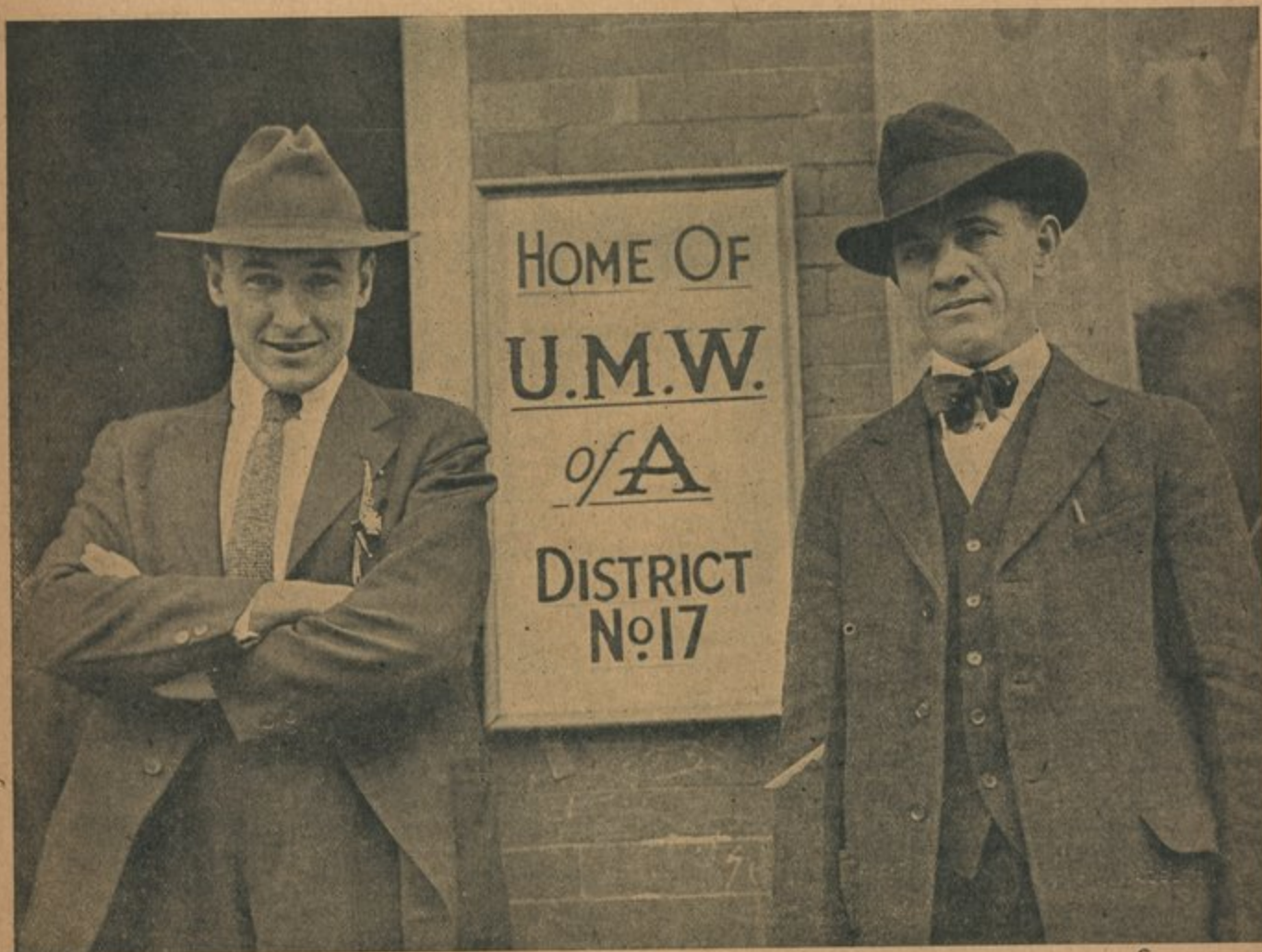
Thousands of miners spontaneously arose with rifles and started on the great "Armed March" to release Logan County from tyranny. "To establish the Constitution," was their slogan. For three days the thousands marched over the mountains through Kanawha and Boone Counties, welcomed and fed by the mountaineers on the route. They marched over the border of Logan and then were intercepted by President C. F. Keeney of the Union and by the Governor, who promised

an investigation. They were persuaded to turn back.

That was last September. Late in October, when Bill Thompson, a coal digger, escaped from Logan County afoot over the mountains and told another story of terror, and seven Kanawha County miners with rifles made a raid into Logan and brought Thompson's wife and children back, the Union officials barely prevented another general march of thousands.

Investigation reports lie inches deep on everybody's desk, and the Governor campaigns in other States against Bolshevism—West Virginia having never heard of the subject—and the killing of men proceeds.

In Old Man Baldwin's counties, every coal digger is forced to sign the "Yaller Dog." The "Yaller Dog" is a document by which the coal digger agrees that the Union is a wicked thing, "that he will not, while in the employ of the company, belong to, affiliate in any way with, and agrees to sever any connection he may have heretofore had with, any such union or organization and will not knowingly work in or about any mine where a



Fred Mooney, Secretary-treasurer of District 17, of the United Mine Workers

Frank Keeney, President of District 17, of the United Mine Workers

member of such organization is employed, and if the employee at any time declines to work under this contract" . . . "he will not then or thereafter, in any manner molest, annoy or interfere with, the business, customers or employees of this company."

So that the company agents can capture any organizers that may be sheltered in a miner's house, or eject the miner's family if he joins a Union, the coal digger must also sign the company "House Contract," which document provides:

"The said Lessee shall not permit any improper or suspicious persons to come upon the said premises, and the said Lessor shall at all times have the right to enter upon the said premises for the purpose of ejecting all such persons." . . . That the company agents shall "without resort to legal proceedings of any kind whatsoever, enter upon said premises and into said house and take possession," and "MAY USE SUCH FORCE as may be necessary to evict said party of the second part. . . ."

Now, you city people, I'll tell you something you'll find hard to believe, about West Virginia mountaineers. Except for a taste in modern models of fire-arms, their philosophy contains nothing of later date than the Constitution⁸ of the United States. But in the living reality of that Constitution they have a faith better suited to the days of Jefferson. You'd be paralyzed with surprise to hear the mountaineers speak of "upholding the Constitution" with rifle and life. They simply don't know any better. If they are one hundred per cent. American, they are also forty-five calibre to back it up.

In the mountain towns you find men of a type that is rare: the old-time Jefferson Democrat, or the Lincoln Republican—what's the difference?—and sometimes such men become public officials through the votes of mountain coal diggers. This occurred in Mingo County, in the election of Sheriff Blankenship and the Mayor of Williamson, the County seat, and the Mayor and Chief of Police of the town of Matewan.

Mayor Testaman of Matewan was a banker, yet he took part for the rights of men—even coal-digging men. "I don't know how come it," a coal miner told me, "but there he lays dead for the coal diggers' rights."

Such public officials are not partisans of Labor. They are simply impartial. When I walked into the City Hall of Williamson and saw on the door next to the mayor's office a huge sign reading, "Headquarters of the United Mine Workers," I discerned that the Mayor does not see class divisions in Society. His City Hall space is loaned to the emergency-help of evicted miners in just the spirit in which a "Belgian Relief Committee," might be permitted to hang its sign there, and you know that you would not be surprised to see a Belgian Relief Committee sheltered in a city hall.

And I found a circular that advertised that Mother Jones would speak in the Court House on the next Sunday afternoon to the mine workers of Tug River.

These officials in Mingo County so far have insisted that all men shall have the right of peaceful public meeting; and that no landlord, be it coal company or not, shall evict a tenant from his home without a process of law; and that even private detectives shall be restrained by the laws against murder.

Such, for the time, was all that the coal miners needed. Mingo County was opened to civilization. Nearly all the coal diggers joined the Union, and a few weeks ago they sent Preacher Coombs and Ezra Fry to Charleston to get organizers. Organizing began in open meetings at Matewan, where Testaman was Mayor, and Sid Hatfield is Chief of Police.

As fast as the diggers joined the Union, Baldwin-Felts men came with rifles to eject them from their homes under authority of the "Yaller Dog" documents and "House Contracts" which assume to take the place of law. Mayor Testaman and Chief Hatfield took the part of the law, and therefrom resulted the battle of Matewan on the 19th of May, which C. H. Workman of the Miners' Union wishes to state was not a fight between miners and mine-guards, but between the mine-guards on the one hand and the officials and citizens of the town on the other.

From the five o'clock morning train I alighted at the little double row of stores and houses that are called Matewan, and before the town was astir I took a walk to the middle of the bridge over Tug River. There a boy asked me, "Is it true they got two more thugs up the road last night?" I turned back to talk with the boy, and then I saw a man on a bench before a building on which was scrawled in red letters, "U. M. W. of A." This man's face limbered up when I told him I was a friend of Fred Mooney, Secretary of the Mine Workers at Charleston, and he said, "I sized you up as a friend of the Union and I'm glad you didn't go further across the bridge, because you might have got shot. That is Pike County, over there."

Toward nine o'clock I saw, standing near the railroad track, a middle-sized man of age about twenty-two. Although this man was alone, he was continually smiling. When he moved, his vest was displaced and exposed two Smith & Wesson revolvers, one stuck into each side of his trousers. A coal digger introduced him as Chief of Police Sid Hatfield.

Hatfield took me over the ground where the battle had occurred, showing me where Mayor Testaman was killed, where this man fell and that one, and where the detective was killed by a blow on the head with a bottle, explaining it all without losing his smile. We entered a little concrete box of a house that was labelled in the masonry, "Town Lockup," in which he showed me the two live Baldwin-Felts men he had captured that morning and the weapons he had taken from them—two revolvers and two blackjacks made of iron nuts screwed onto hammer handles.

The story of the battle of Matewan I got from half a dozen other eye-witnesses as well, and I can best remember it for telling in the words in which it was told me, those words being the language that I knew best in my youth:

Albert and Lee Felts came to the Stone Mountain mine on the morning of May 19th with "Yaller Dog" papers and a right smart number of thugs. They begun throwing coal diggers that had joined the Union out of their houses. They threwed out a couple of families and then they come to some more folks that they had "Yaller Dog" papers for, but them families was McCoys and had guts and says they wasn't going to get out. Albert seen they was McCoys and left them be and went after others. When the thugs had throwed out five families, somebody run up Tug River to the town and told Chief Hatfield.

Chief Sid Hatfield came down and seen Albert putting some people out. Sid says, "Albert, if what you are doing is according to law you can do it and I won't interfere, but if what you are doing is not the law you've got to stop putting people out of their houses."

Albert stalled around and says he had the right to throw them out any time the company said, and he didn't have to go to law to get them out. The two of them argued and then went to the telephone and called up lawyers. Some of the lawyers said Albert did have the right and some of them said no he didn't. Finally Albert calls his men and they drove away in their automobiles, about noontime.

Everybody reckoned them fellows would come back.

It seemed like the Mayor knew for sure that Albert

Felts wasn't laying down that easy without he had some scheme on.

The Mayor calls Preacher Coombs and told him to go out and find twelve men with high-powered rifles, for him to deputize to defend the town, and Chief Hatfield got out a warrant for the arrest of Albert Felts.

Mayor Testaman seen a miner standing in the street, and he went up and says, "Are you armed?" The

miner says, "No, I ain't." And the Mayor says, "Well, get armed quick!" and the miner says, "Yes, I am," and the Mayor deputizes him.

Preacher Coombs come back and couldn't find but six men and only two of them had high-power guns. The Mayor had just deputized the six and sent Coombs out to look for more.

About half past five in the afternoon, Chief Hatfield was standing around when a boy runs in, saying, "The thugs is come to town!"

Sid Hatfield walked out quick to the back street and there was Albert and Lee Felts and C. B. Cunningham, the gunman that was known for being quick on the draw. And standing back of them was ten Baldwin-Felts men. Then there was a dummy that had been hanging around town all day without any gun and not letting on he was a Baldwin-Felts man.

Sid walked up to Albert Felts and says, "I've got a warrant for you."

Albert sort of grinned and says, "I'll return the compliment; I've got a warrant for you." All of the thugs kind of shuffled around on one foot and then the other, and pretty soon Sid was surrounded. Sid looked around and seen there was no friends near, only Isaac Brewer, the town policeman, was standing quiet.

Albert Felts says to Sid, "We'll take you up to Blue-



Sid Hatfield
by Robert Minor

field on the train that's due in seven minutes." Sid says nothing and just smiles. And Albert says, "We'll ride on the Pullman, Sid," and walks Sid over to near the place where the end of the train will stop, and says, "Is this where the Pullman stops?" and Sid said "Yes."

Sid knew it wasn't no Pullman ride they planned for him, but that they wanted to be near the end of the train to jump on when they got through with him. The train only stops a minute.

They stood around waiting, and Sid kind of edged back towards the town-side of the street, near the back door of Chambers' hardware store. Albert Felts and Cunningham the gunman kept close to Sid, while Lee Felts and the ten other gunmen was standing back a little piece, nearer the railroad track. Albert says again that the train will be in in seven minutes and they would take the Pullman.

Sid said "Yes," and kept on smiling, and pretty soon he was standing in the doorway of the hardware store, leaning against the door-facing and looking out toward the railroad track. Albert puts one foot in the door and one foot was out on the sidewalk. Isaac Brewer come up inside the store and stood behind Sid, nobody noticing him. Nobody else around, only a few coal diggers that was fired for joining the Union was standing near the track waiting for the train, due in seven minutes.

Mayor Testaman came running down the street and come up to Albert and says, "I understand you are arresting my Chief of Police. I need him for his duties here to protect the town, and I'll give bond for him. I'll give any amount of bond you name; I'll give the whole bank as security."

Albert Felts says "No; I'm going to take him to Bluefield."

"To Bluefield!" says the Mayor, "Why don't you take him to Williamson, that is the County Seat of this county?"

"No," says Albert, "I'm going to take him to Bluefield."

Then the Mayor says, "Let me see your warrant."

Albert puts his hand slow into his pocket and takes out a paper and hands it to the Mayor. The Mayor opens up the folded paper. While he is reading it, Albert turns his head toward where Lee and the ten detectives was standing. Albert raised himself right slow on his toes and lets himself down again. He does this three times, taking a deep breath each time, and then he kind of slides back a little behind the brick door-facing.

Lee's face changes kind of queer, like he was expected to do something but ain't got the guts. And nothing happens. The Mayor finishes reading the paper and looks up and says, "This is a bogus warrant."

Then Albert draws his gun and shoots from the hip into the Mayor's stomach and then wheels quick and fires at Sid. The bullet misses Sid and goes through Isaac Brewer's right lung, paralyzing his gun hand, and him

being a man that can't shoot with his left.

Sid drew two guns, one in each hand. He put a bullet right away through Albert Felts' forehead that came out the back of his neck, and then one through Cunningham's head, shooting for the head because of us being under the impression them fellows always wears a coat of nails.

The ten detectives and Lee opened up heavy on Sid with Colt's 45 automatics in each hand, but the close-range shooting had made a smoke-cloud around Sid so they couldn't aim on him good. One of their bullets knocked Sid's Smith & Wesson 38 out of his hand, but he walked towards them, using his 44.

By now all the guns was in action, the prettiest lot of artillery you ever seen. Lee Felts he stood emptying a Colt's automatic 45 at Sid, except one shot he turns and kills Tot Tinsley, which was a boy of eighteen that ran past him into the vacant lot. Then Lee put the empty gun back in the holster and drew another, which he aims steady with both hands at Sid. Somebody seen Lee and pulled down with a highpower. The bullet goes through the heart of Lee and it seemed like he jumped ten feet up, and he fell back on his back with his mouth open and his arms spread out, and his Colt's 45 still in his hand. A coal digger seen it and jumped over Lee and kicked the gun out of his hand and caught it up and put it into action. None of the guns was idle.

With Albert and Lee Felts and Cunningham dead, the detectives broke and run around the Post Office corner. One of them got into the little lemonade stand that was standing on the sidewalk, him thinking kind of funny, that the thin boards would stop the bullets. And one tall, skinny detective run for Doctor Smith's office in the one-story brick building back of the Post Office, aiming to fight from in there. But a young coal digger had run in before, him being unarmed, and when he seen the detective at the door with a gun in each hand he thought the guy was coming for him and he picked up a gallon bottle of medicine and busted the detective plumb on the head with it. The guy fell back with his eyes popping out and somebody put two or three bullets in to make sure, while he was falling.

When Sid got plumb around the corner, there was a Baldwin-Felts man across the side street, and he fired at Sid, but Sid got him. Another detective run around the bank corner and run plumb into Bob Mullins, and he shot Bob dead, and then he turned and made a stand. He was shooting from behind the bank corner, and he was hard to get because of Sid's bullets clipping the corner bricks, but soon he was got through the shoulder and he turned and run.

There was a red-mustached fellow laying on the sidewalk with his legs broke by bullets, and he kept shooting at Sid and Sid got him. Sid quit smiling and told me, "That one with the red mustache—I disremember his name—he sure had guts."

The rest of them ran past Chambers' hog lot toward the river.

One detective that had got shot through bad, he went to the river to wade across, but he seen he couldn't make it, and he come back up to where a widow lady lives. He come in the door, and he says, "Lady, I am shot through. Lady, let me come in; if you will shelter me I will give you two thousand dollars." But the lady said, "Oh, God, you can't come in here; if you come in I'll have to go out." And the fellow went on down the road and somebody fired a shotgun and he fell dead.

Everybody left off shooting and came back up, and there was seven dead detectives laying in the street, and four coal diggers wounded and the Mayor the same as

dead, and Bob Mullins dead and Tot Tinsley in the vacant lot.

And the train for Bluefield hadn't come in yet.

* * *

Somebody told me something that they said was very important, about an investigation, but I disremember what it was.

When the gun-play begins again on battle-scale in Mingo and Logan, I hope you will understand how came it. And when Sid Hatfield is tried for the killing of Albert Felts, I hope a plenty of people will back him up for his defense, for I think he's the kind of man the world needs more of.

Politicklers

STILL, it might have been worse. Suppose the sovereign voter had to choose between Palmer and Wood!

THE Attorney-General got 267 1-2 votes on the seventh ballot at San Francisco. This was his high mark and, by the same token, a new low level, intellectually and morally, for the Democratic Party.

THERE is evidence, based upon the steel strike, that Governor Cox is a believer in constitutional freedom of speech and assembly. If this news ever gets around among our liberty-loving electorate, nothing will save him.

THE Democrats tried harder to find a life-sized candidate than did the Republicans. It wasn't so hot at San Francisco or so expensive. Some delegates liked it better than home.

IT is reported that a lot of rising young politicians are thinking of closing up their law offices and going into the newspaper business. Lawyers are going out, generals are not in style any more, and college presidents are not being worn at all this year.

THE demonstration for Leonard Wood at the convention cost somebody about \$30,000 a minute. It is more expensive to be defeated now than it used to be to be nominated.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER spilled the beans about the profiteers and munitionaries who backed Wood. Just as we were fanning our first spark of enthusiasm, he took it all back.

THE delegates who took Lowden money, honestly and manfully returned it after they were caught. It is hoped that this exposure will raise the moral tone of future conventions and that nobody will ever be caught taking money again.

HARDING boasts of wearing a \$1.85 hat, 1918 model and Coolidge goes back to the farm to pitch hay with father. Cox retaliates with a story that his dear old mother predicted that he would be president some day. Thus the vital issues of the campaign are clearly defined.

IT is estimated that there are thirty wars going on in the world to-day. In the midst of all this carnage the Republican and Democratic platforms lie down together in perfect peace.

OUR political betters, the Penroses and Murphys stick close to the safe old moralities. Sidestep all controversial questions, pick dark gray candidates and dump your money into the doubtful states.

THOSE gentlemen with the lumps in their throats are Bull Moosers trying to swallow Harding.

BOTH nominations have been acclaimed by the parties with a frenzy of enthusiasm, tempered with reservations, amendments and interpretations.

THREE rousing whispers!

HOWARD BRUBAKER.

Robert Williams Sees Russia

(By Cable to The Liberator)



Robert Williams, General Secretary of the British Transport Workers Federation, a member of the British Labor Party's Investigating Commission, just returned from Soviet Russia.

ALL my previous hopes and expectations were more than borne out by my actual contact with Soviet Russia's affairs. In view of her appalling difficulties,—revolutions, counter-revolutions, external and internal war,—Russia is manifesting prodigious capacity for social reconstruction on socialist lines.

I visited the war office and witnessed reviews of troops, I investigated munition plants and engineering establishments, saw aeroplanes in construction, studied the military transport system, and finally saw actual military operations on the Polish front, and I am convinced that the Soviet power is unshakably established before the entire world. Russia under the Soviet Regime has come to stay.

Despite the drain upon the skilled urban proletariat by the Revolution's casualties, by migration, and by the necessity of providing revolutionary leaven for the Red Armies, industry is being carried on with phenomenal resourcefulness. This is due in part, I think, to the appointment of alert and energetic individuals to admin-

istrative posts, and in part to the wonderful development of technical and scientific training and education which has enabled them to dilute the ranks of skilled craftsmen by introducing lesser skilled and unskilled labor. Then, too, all possible incentive to increase the output and accelerate transport is provided by a system of bonuses paid over the normal flat rate.

I saw the great engineering works of Putiloff and Somora near Nijni Novgorod and observed the heartiest co-operation between management and workers. In fact, I found in all departments of industry, trade unionists and their leaders co-operating with technicians and commissars. The truth is that while in capitalist Europe generally capital and labor are at death grips, in Russia the government and the people are co-operating and co-ordinating in a most remarkable manner. The world needs no further proof that men and women will make sacrifices for social and collective well-being, while they will hamper output and stultify organization under a capitalist regime where private profit is the only motive and rewards are for the privileged few.

The Soviet government is admitted by opponents and supporters to be the only possible form of government. The Red Armies go to the front with unparalleled zeal for the cause of working class emancipation and the real brotherhood of nations. The Internationale is sung everywhere, played everywhere by military bands.

I am convinced that the Russian proletariat want only to live in peace and progressive development with the rest of the world's workers. Our delegation was received with acclamation and appreciation as the first real indication that the barriers set up by hostile capitalism were breaking down. And we found unqualified appreciation of the efforts of the British Triple Industrial Alliance to prevent intervention, restore peace, and establish commercial relationships.

We made our own plans, went where we liked, interviewed and saw whom we pleased, and made absolutely independent inquiries regarding economic, political, and industrial conditions. We were much impressed with the intelligence and ability of the heads of the Soviet administration, who compare more than favorably with bourgeois politicians and administrators.

The food situation is gradually improving. Sverdloff, acting Commissar of ways and communications, assured me that transport has improved forty per cent. in the last three months. While on the Volga trip I saw for myself the improvement of river transportation since the defeat of the raiding cossacks and counter revolutionaries. Oil fuel is proceeding up the Volga as rapidly

as transport can convey it. Deliveries are expected to reach thirty-five million poods per month. And coal is now being won from the Donetz region. Oil and coal will enormously assist rail and water transport and allow wood to be used for heating cities during the coming winter. Wheat from the Black Sea belt is being sent to the northern areas to supplement the rye products and provide sufficient cereals to carry on.

The peasants are accepting more readily the Soviet regime although they are lamentably short of agricultural implements and the amenities of life which reorganized industry alone can provide.

The more formidable difficulties in the way of trade with Russia are now collapsing in England. Russia's eastern policy is not one of imperialism and conquest, but is intended to provide diversion for British imperialism and prevent continued intervention and the organization of intervention against the Soviet regime. In this as in her other world policies, Russia will succeed. I am confident that in a battle of brains between Lenin, Trotsky, Bukharin, Zinovieff, and Chicherin on the one side, and the world's bourgeois diplomatists on the other, the former must ultimately triumph.

ROBERT WILLIAMS.

Italy Tests Her Strength

By Paul De Mott

Paul De Mott, the writer of this article, is the American correspondent alluded to in brief newspaper dispatches this spring, as having been shot "while trying to escape" from the Junker military authorities during the Ruhr uprising, in which he was alleged to have taken part. He was said to have had on his person at the time of his capture letters to the Soviet leaders of Russia, from Pierre Monatte and other French revolutionary leaders, which are supposed to have been the evidence upon which these men were arrested during the recent railway strike in France.

Paul De Mott was 22 years old, a literary free-lance and a radical. There seems to have been no proof whatever that he was implicated in the Ruhr uprising except as an interested and enthusiastic spectator. "All the English correspondents," an American correspondent reports, "say that if he had been an Englishman the German government would have been made to suffer. But our correspondents are so scared of the word Bolshevik that they daren't raise a protest. The fact that a person is a radical robs him of the right to protection by the American authorities, it seems."

He was arrested near Essen, on or about the date of April 4th, in the company of two radical leaders, tried by court martial and condemned to death. No executions, however, were supposed to take place without the chancellor's consent. A few days later he was shot. Exhumation showed that he had been shot through the back, and Gilbert Seldes of the Chicago Tribune asserts that the shot had burned the shoulder and was at close range. "Any of us," says the American correspondent above quoted, "might have been captured and shot as revolutionaries on evidence quite as convincing."

The present article is a vivid description of an incident of the general strike in Milan this spring.

I WALKED from the train to a hotel; the strike had started, and there was not a taxi or omnibus or street-car in sight, and only a few private cars threading their way through the thick crowds. I had barely finished dinner—the strikers permitted meals to be served—when I heard a tremendous uproar outside. There were cries of "Viva l'Internationale! Viva Soviet!" Rushing to the window while most of the other people in the dining room retired hastily to their rooms, I saw—The Rabble! The whole street was choked with people preserving a rather irregular order, all tremendously excited, shouting and waving red flags and scarfs, and here and there a huge red banner sticking out above the rest, and moving jerkily along, swept by the gusts of emotion which swayed the crowd back and forth. I fell in behind the column which numbered perhaps two thousand people and we moved rapidly along, the tenements and houses adding their quotas as we passed, the crowd seeming to suck the houses and by-streets dry of every human being. Mothers dragged their broods, squalling and protesting. Urchins tore about excitedly. The men pressed forward eagerly, paying no attention to the women and talking quickly and tersely to their companions.

Soon we poured into an open plaza before the Cathedral. We were hardly there when another street ejected its quota of humming, buzzing people, and then another, and another, until at last the whole great square was jammed with a huge crowd milling back and forth. The air snapped with tension, men's faces were drawn seriously and groups continually circulated—watching, watching.

A sinister trade went on about the edge of the crowd. Dozens of quiet men were passing back and forth, selling for a cent or two, not refreshments, but good, hard,

round, throwable stones. They came and went continually, emptying the baskets which they carried strapped in front of them and returning again. I felt an irresistible impulse to buy one myself and did so; I felt better with it dragging down in my pocket and, anyway, who could tell? It was in the air.

Around the edge of the crowd, men climbed onto the walls and balconies and fastened the red banners. Speakers appeared and began to speak, seeming to create flashes and whirls of emotion in that agitated atmosphere below, which pushed and surged through the crowd. It looked as though something were bound to happen, especially when you thought of all those hard, round, shiny stones.

Suddenly, from high up in the Arcade bordering on the plaza, a bugle sounded, giving a peculiar run and cutting through to every heart like a knife. The crowd began to writhe and twist and then huge clumps of panic-stricken people surged over and went tearing down the boulevard away from the plaza. I clung desperately to the lee-side of an iron awning support in order not to be carried away by the stream of stampeding people which swept down upon me.

However, these were only the women and children, practically all the men remained. One man, evidently seeing that I was an American and therefore unused to the customs of revolution, rushed up and explained to me that the bugle was a well-understood signal and that it would blow three times, after which every one was on his own responsibility. I thanked him and said I thought I'd stay. Whoever was operating the bugle, however, didn't play up to the game, for about three minutes afterwards, a shot rang out from the window, and echoed to instant silence, for everyone stopped. I strained my eyes over the throng to see if anyone were hit, or if it had been just a warning shot in the air—but, no, a little farther down a knot gathered around something writhing and twisting on the ground and bore it hastily away. Realization of it swept through the crowd and in a moment the storm broke. Out came the smooth round stones and the face of the Arcade was smashed in a twinkling, the broken windows yawning darkly. Then the crowd began to tear frantically at the pavement and in a few moments had succeeded in taking up a good many strips in the broad Plaza.

But the window on the fifth story where the bugle had sounded, started again, and this time it betokened a machine-gun. They began to drop now, faster than they could be picked up, and still the thing droned on and on, toppling them over as its swift beam singled out the groups around the red banners. It seemed as if it would never stop; you wanted to shriek out, "Enough, they are breaking now! Stop, give them a chance!" The plaza was soon cleared, the crowds were fading into the side streets when a company of infantry appeared and stationed itself carefully around the plaza

at points of vantage. A few ambulances came crawling down into the square to clean up the scattered bundles lying about, and then whisk away. The square was empty, dead, sun baked, where a few moments before it had been teeming with life. Now a platoon of cavalry came clattering down the side street. Drawing rein for a moment, as if to observe the state of affairs, they gave a loud yell, then riding in the stirrups they galloped around in a body, circling the edge of the plaza at break-neck speed, waving their sabers, and shooting at anything that moved. It looked as if the military had conquered and as if it was only a question of a little sword waving and tearing about now, to give vent to excitement aroused, and then the town would settle down. I felt relieved that, at least, there would be no more useless killing, but the crowd had not given in yet, for I could soon hear a confused murmur from behind the church. In a few moments the head of a column appeared around the end of the church following a number of flapping red banners, and singing the "Internationale." The cavalry was just in the midst of a victorious swoop down the Plaza towards them and as one man they reined up and let drive. It was by order, for the whole platoon fired at once, "Bang," and again, "Bang." The head of the column melted away, the banners were down or flapping helplessly on the ground, and as the cavalry charged, hooting and yelling, through the fallen, there was none to oppose them—the street was cleared—the military had triumphed. Again the ambulances crept down—more of them this time—and hurried off with their loads.

I waited a bit longer, having taken advantage of a deep-set basement window which looked out on the Plaza, but nothing more happened—the troops soberly prepared for the night and some firemen appeared with a hose and began washing down the streets. The demonstrations were over. The Italian worker relieved of excitement and nervousness, settled down to await orders from the committee. He was resolved, now that he realized the grimness of the fight, that the general strike was important and should be supported to the end.

It was with disappointment that at six o'clock that night, Milan received the order to return to work in the morning. The events of the afternoon had steeled the workers for a fight to the finish, but the Central Committee with its finger on the pulse of the whole Italian labor world decided differently. They had demonstrated their strength, the industrial system of Italy had been paralyzed at their order. The deputies had repudiated the king, they had turned to labor for support and labor had stepped forward to a man. Not by resolutions—but by action. Not by words—but by deeds in blood. It was this that made the thing such a sinister lesson to the Masters; that short six hours cried the warning, "The War is on—The Class Struggle is Here."

Anarchists and Others in Russia

By Griffin Barry

I'VE been reading the papers this week. "United States Lifts Trade Ban on Russia," was the headline one day. And to-day, from London: "Peace Contract with the Bolsheviki." For me, it is hard to believe. I didn't think it would come so soon. People in Moscow eating regular food next winter, and maybe wearing new clothes? Traveling here and there, perhaps, to see their friends. It seems impossible.

One thing I hope they'll do right away. I hope they'll take a factory or two out of munitions making and set it to making paper, so there'll be enough news-print to carry a little live human gossip about the outside world. For years they've subsisted on nothing but communiques and revolutionary economics printed on scraps of the sorriest, streakiest paper I ever saw. Those scraps we used to pore over for news after our imitation breakfast tea were the hardest things I had to put up with. A nation as big as Russia in jail. That's the record so far.

Russians are less exacting and less dependent on the outside world than other people, but it made even the Russians queer. In addition to the recurring panic of being ringed about and collectively shot at by everybody, there was this soul-breaking loneliness. Leaders who had traveled a lot and knew the world very well indeed, explained over and over why it had to be. But only a few, relatively, understood and kept on understanding.

Yes, it is wonderful, this blockade-lifting. *If it happens, which the New York Times says it won't—won't really.*

* * *

But if it does, what about those who had learned to see in the dark? I heard that phrase a great deal in Moscow last winter, meaning those who had learned to keep their heads cool and their instincts sure in the worst hours of the blockade, and the external war, and the internal war, and the cold, and the unremitting work. A poet whose body had been shot away, all but his more vital organs, by the Americans and British on the Archangel front wrote some verses about how long it had been to wait for the dawn—evidently meaning peace and neighborliness once more, as well as the social revolution—and how he himself had learned to wait. The Soviet Printing Office got out a million copies on wrapping paper, and sold them all. We should have called the poem "Morale" if it had been our revolution and our poet. The Russians prefer metaphors. They called it "The Dawn."

Several hundred people I met asked me if I had read

*Griffin Barry is an American journalist who spent the last twelve months in Russia and Esthonia as correspondent for the London Daily Herald.

it. Among them was Bill Shatoff. Americans will remember him as a fat and chuckling Russian Jew who lectured heartily and well on literature and life here six or seven years ago, breathing deep and never letting out all his sail. He remembers himself sitting on the steam radiator of a Bronx flat for several years, reading O. Henry's stories aloud to some Italian comrades he lived with. I remember him, in Russia, as perhaps the ablest executor-administrator I ever saw. He was Chief of Police in Petrograd a couple of years ago when that job meant a day-and-night brigand hunt with two hands and two guns. To-day Petrograd is the most orderly capital, or ex-capital, in Europe. Next Shatoff was assigned to pull the Petrograd-Moscow railway out of chaos when the Petrograd-Moscow railway meant life or death to the Bolshevik revolution. The trains have been running on schedule time since then. Later as political commissar Bill Shatoff sat, friendly-like, beside the one-time Tsarist commander of the Seventh Red Army when Yudenitch was in the suburbs of Petrograd last autumn. That commander was shot for treason eventually; it was to Bill Shatoff he confessed his relations with the enemy. In April, when I left Russia, Shatoff was in charge of a Soviet mining scheme in the Urals of which everyone was too busy to give me details.

"Are you still an anarchist?" I asked.

"Am, always was, always will be. No red card for me."

"How do you like this Communist state?"

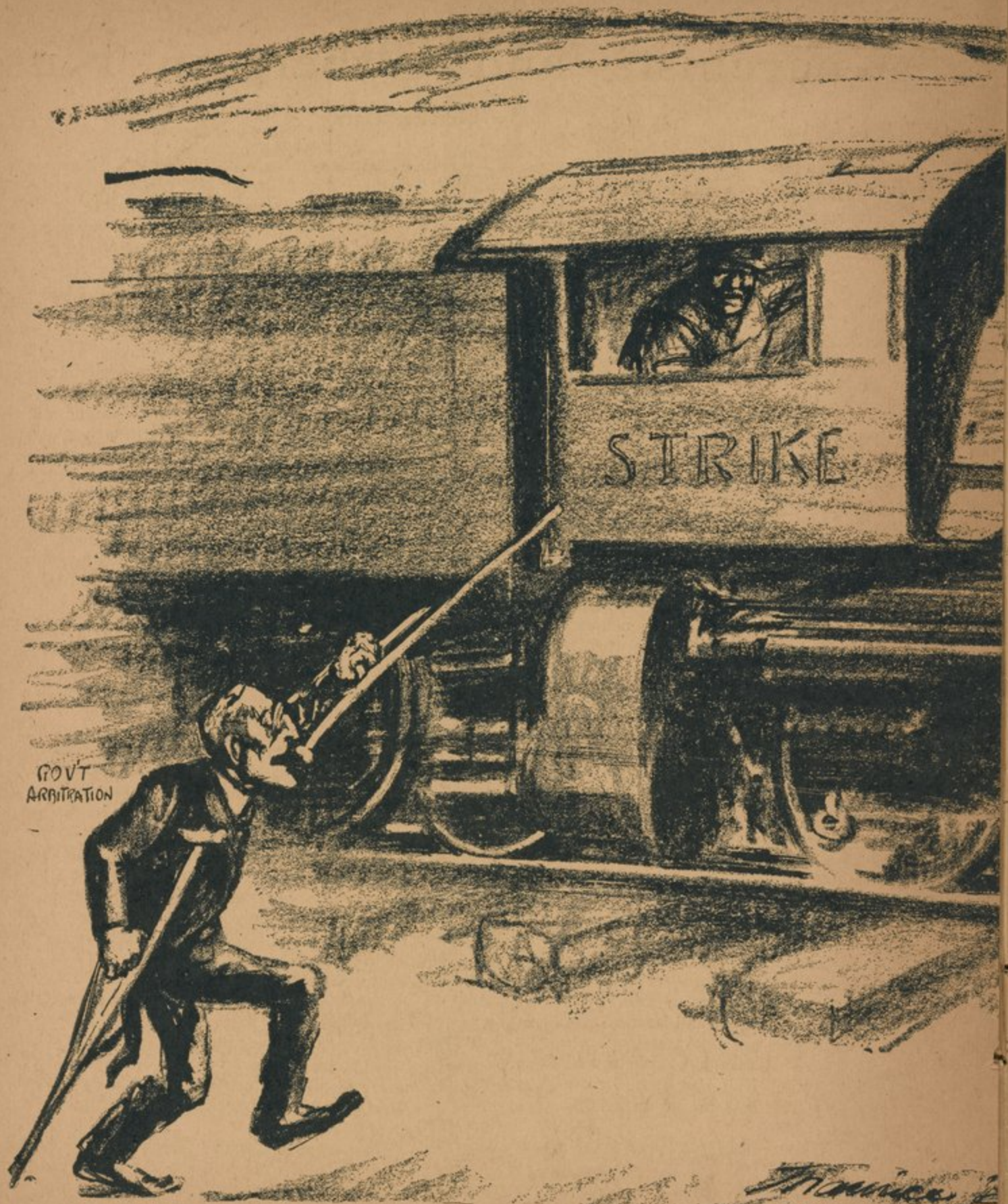
"Don't like it. Don't like any state. Neither do I like to fight. I don't like to work. But we're talking about real life, aren't we? Listen. *This revolution has got to be won.* It's the shortest road to something else. We, I mean humanity in general, dig our toes in here or we go back, far back. God knows how far. When you see Lenin, hear what he has to say about that, and current makeshifts in general. I'm with this revolution until they hang all us commissars, or until nobody hangs anybody any more. That's all."

Bill Shatoff was seeing in the dark.

Speaking of Shatoff reminds me of Jack Reed whom I heard discussing with him what Lenin had been telling people about "Ten Days That Shook the World." Lenin liked it better than any other book written by a foreigner. He said his wife was going to translate it into Russian. Pretty good for America, we thought.

* * *

In December Emma Goldman and Berkman came in from jail and from America where human misery is generally accepted as permanent and quite well boarded up.

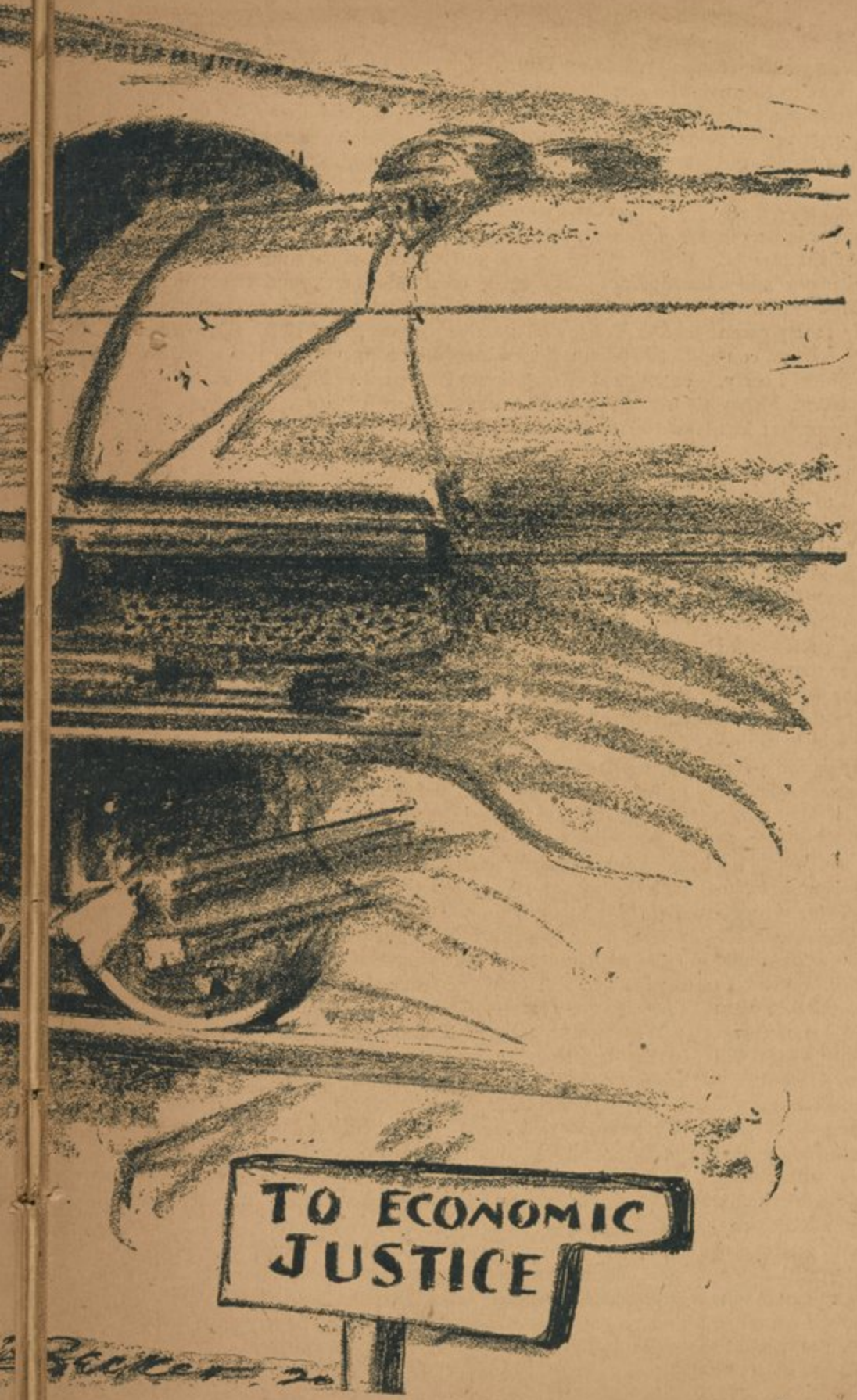


GOVT
ARBITRATION

STRIKE

Maurice

No
More
Stops!



A Drawing by Maurice Becker.

For years these two idealists, when they were not in prison, had been pointing out the misery, and tearing away some of the boards. Now in Russia they weren't arrested at all. But they came upon what was to them, strangely enough, an astonishing thing: the ruin of all the misery there is, scrambled together. Some unscrupulous men have gone down to the foundations and blown the structure up all together. The wreck had not been cleared away, not all of it by any means. Chiefly there had not been time, owing to the activity of some people with guns who intended to rebuild the same structure on the same site and continue to live in the upper story. Emma Goldman and Berkman got lost in that wreck on their second day in Russia, (the first day being given over to a hearty welcome from all.) The wreck consisted of hunger, cold, isolation, violation of ideal liberty, state-enforced conscription for war and labor. They lost their way and stayed lost for several months; lost breath, weight, patience, outlook.

That was early in the winter. When I left Russia, Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman had bestowed their last American cracker and bit of dried fruit on the nearest ill-nourished friend, and what they had done with their philosophy I don't know, but being good workers, naturally, they were looking for a job in the workers' republic. The Soviet authorities did not press them. They provided comfortable quarters for their guests until their guests decided what to do. Now I hear that Emma Goldman is working under the Commissar of Health, that Berkman is a teacher. What they are thinking at the moment I do not know, but what they will be thinking after having followed Bill Shatoff's advice for a few months I venture to predict. They will be seeing in the dark.

Besides, dawn is coming.

* * *

George Lansbury and I, together with Emma Goldman and Berkman, spent one evening with Peter Kropotkin in the small town near Moscow where he lives. Kropotkin, at eighty, is writing a long, long book on something as little connected with the Bolshevik revolution as possible. Sometimes he peers out and tries in vain to see in this revolution a revolution that is not there, but he does that seldom. In another eighty years will they have achieved Kropotkin's revolution, I wonder—the solid adjustment of the worker-owned industrial machine to the worker-owned soil? Perhaps. If they do, his books will be a guide through some phases that are due to turn up, apparently, about sixty years hence. Meanwhile he recognizes none of his handiwork in the thunderous first act of the thing that is taking place. Occasionally some influential commissar with an anarchist past refers to Kropotkin in affection and gratitude, occasionally gifts arrive from a group of his spiritual sons in the Red Army, or in one of the Robin Hood anarchist armies that have been fighting Reds and Whites alike in

the south. When Kropotkin dies he will be given a great funeral in Moscow. For a moment or two Russia will remember him. Until then the men of forty and fifty who are conducting a Marxian revolution over two-thirds of capitalist Europe and Asia are too busy to think of him, too busy even to deny the myth that they are persecuting him.

* * *

Tchertkoff, who had been Lansbury's friend in London, came to see us one morning in the Soviet boarding house where we ate our boiled millet, sour bread, thin soup, not very fresh meat and (now and then) jam. Tchertkoff is a magnificent white-bearded Nestor of sixty, Tolstoyan, passive resister, anti-Bolshevik. The Bolsheviks had appointed him a member of the board to examine Conscientious Objectors. Eight thousand C. O.'s had passed through his careful sieve. They were required to demonstrate a *conviction against war which existed before the Bolshevik revolution*, no more. Then back to the fields. Tchertkoff complained of Bolshevik bullying (*not murder, not jailing*) of the peasants who had refused to sell grain to the cities the year before, and he noted the success of the methods this year. He was entirely innocent of any understanding of the problems created by the Allied blockade, contemptuous of the game of politics. He is, in fact, a very typical Russian of the non-Bolshevik sort. He was nearly as horrified at Karl Marx's phrase "Religion is the Opium of the People" which a Bolshevik soviet of Moscow had painted on the City Hall, as he was at the lack of true religion in the churches and the lives of the average Orthodox priests, for protesting against which the Tsar had exiled him many years before. "The only religion in Russia," he said,—“and the only culture, for they are one—is in the heart of the peasant, in the minds of the Doukhobours and the other non-resisting sects. What will become of that when the Bolsheviks run cars and electric lights into the villages, when railroads are everywhere, when they modernize agriculture? What will become of a powerful and simple people taught suddenly how to get rich quick, altogether? Where will religious sincerity go, when—”

We stopped Tchertkoff well this side of two centuries in the future. He made us dizzy. And we couldn't answer his question anyway. So we asked him some.

"What," we said, "do you call the thing that makes Communists risk death the way they do?" There are nearly a million in this country bound in a pact to do this. It is a party pledge. They are not insane people. They are in fact smarter than the average Russian, people who could and frequently did make an extra good living under the old government. Many more like them, local communists in Esthonia and Finland and Latvia, for instance, have been taking torture and murder like martyrs, denouncing their executioners to the last. Between 30,000 and 35,000 have been done

away with in the last two years, and the thing still goes on. What do you call it?"

Tchertkoff pondered. He was fixing his attention on the phenomenon. "I know what you mean," he said. "This man Trotsky, whose mind I dislike so much, actually stopped a Red Army panic before Yudenitch's guns last year with his hands and his voice. I know Lenin and I know that he cares no more for his life than he does for his soul. Well, these men have the virtues of beasts. And they are as intelligent as men—more so. But they have nothing to do with religion. Religion is association with God. They are going the other way. Personally, I should like to die before they get very much farther."

Tchertkoff let us anially, to return to the sectarian peasants he lives with and works with and writes about. We were convinced he couldn't see in the dark; he was convinced we were blind. I am told there are millions of Russians like him, a few conscious of it, most of them unconscious. Gradually the Bolsheviks, which is to say the modern world, will meet them. From now on that is the Russian problem.

"A Swimmer into Cleanness Leaping"

THAT beautiful cool swimming picture on the cover of the July LIBERATOR, was drawn by Cornelia Barns. Her name was omitted by an oversight.

THE LIBERATOR

A Journal of Revolutionary Progress

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The Garland for Debs

HERE, in our easy-chairs, we sit and choose
Words for a garland woven of our praise;
The fluent metaphor, the striking phrase,
Inserted gracefully, are what we use. . .
And there he stands, and silently reviews
The bitter-scented nights, the flowerless days,
Thinking of all the many little ways
A man may win all that he seems to lose.

And then—this verbal wreath . . . perfumed . . . precise—
Pathetic incongruity. . . It adorns
A head too scarred and knotted to be nice.
This floral tribute prettifies the scorns
And outrage. Something plainer should suffice:
Some simple, patriotic crown of thorns.

Louis Untermeyer.

Sleepers

IT takes a crew of fifteen men
To keep the section tight:
To bed the sleepers down again
That shake loose overnight—
The oak ties sleep so light.

You'd think six feet of buried wood
Must lie still in despair;
You'd think that they were caught for good—
Spiked tightly to the pair
Of manacles they wear.

They're corpses, almost, in a grave,
Coffined with stones and dirt.
What is there for such sleepers, save—
To dull to feel their hurt—
To rot and rot inert?

Perhaps it is the leaping train
That tortures them awake:
Perhaps his freedom makes them strain
To stir themselves and shake
Bars that they cannot break.

It takes our crew of fifteen men
To bury ties from sight:
One round made, we must start again.
It keeps our shovels bright
To hold them locked down tight!

E. Merrill Root.



THE
CANDIDATE

He's a good
judge of
chewin'
terbacker,
but
he's no
vulgar
spitter—
he
"expectorates."



The high spot of the convention was the fear on the part of the Elders that Johnson was radical



The General didn't come through—he was considered dangerously progressive.

IN CHICAGO

A Footnote to Politics by
Boardman Robinson

I learned something at Chicago. I went feeling bright and optimistic, but the convention made a pessimist of me. I nourished the expectation of watching the politicians at their nefarious work, thought to revel in their wickedness, and tell about it with glee. But, after watching them for a week, and talking with them, in and out of the convention, the fact was slowly borne in upon me that they are not bad at all. They're good. That is, they are behaving just as most people would under similar circumstances. Ignorant and commonplace and out of touch with significant things, of course—but they ain't bad. This is just what discourages me—that after all they are so infernal well-meaning and decent. I shall reserve my contempt in future for their rotten institution.

B. R.



The Only Important Subject Discussed

"Wherdja get it?" "Whadja hafta pay for it?"
"How much you got?"



Getting Together

Judge Gary and Nicholas Murray Butler congratulate each other on their activities on behalf of the proletariat.



Coolidge, the Ole Hanson of Massachusetts.



Senator Lodge probably is not as sly as he looks.



Ex-Senator Crane is considered slyer than he looks.

Putting Theories Into Practice

By Hiram K. Moderwell

Rome, June 15.

DIRECTLY after the Polish attack on Kiev, the Italian General Confederation of Labor and the Italian Socialist Party called upon the workers to prevent the shipment of supplies to Poland. Every worker was appointed a committee of public information to aid in realizing the boycott.

Nearly every day since the order went into effect, *Avanti* has carried dispatches like these:

Piacenza, 3

"Monday evening, 31 of May, three cars of munitions, grenades and projectiles were disconnected from train 149 by the railwaymen. These were apparently destined for Genoa. It was not possible to stop the following cars, also destined for Genoa, and loaded with grenades, munitions and projectiles 350114, 156506, L-55954, 165761, 250112.

Notice of this is hereby given and the comrades in Genoa are requested to take the necessary measures. Further, it was impossible to stop car No. 227501,

loaded with pistols and rifles destined for the Royal Police, Rome."

Lodi, 3

"This evening a car loaded with dynamite, bearing the number 220110, directed to Domodossola (Swiss frontier) coming from Porto Civitanova, left for Milan with train 6758. It will probably be at Milan to-night at the Porto Romana station."

Such notices are usually telegraphed by the local headquarters of the railwaymen's union or by the local Camera del Lavoro, but they may also be sent by any group of railwaymen as soon as they have established the fact. Duplicates are sent directly to the Camera del Lavoro in the city to which the train is proceeding. Within twenty-four hours, or at most thirty-six, the railwaymen into whose hands the cars have fallen are taking "the necessary measures."

For example, the Camera del Lavoro of Trieste was informed by some of its members, a few days ago, that a



Interpreter: "He wants to know why the hell you don't learn English like a good citizen."

Alien: "Jesus,—he good—he not speak English."

train of munitions and supplies was standing in the south station about to depart in the general direction of Poland. The Camera telegraphed the fact to the central office of the Confederation in Milan and requested instructions. The reply came promptly: "*Prevent departure of the train.*" The same day the railwaymen went to the yards and completely unloaded the train.

* * *

The Italian government recently announced that it was furnishing no supplies to Poland. A few days later *Avanti* published the following letter, secured no doubt from some comrade in the Ministry of Finance:

"Ministry of Finance,
Division 2, Section I.
(Exportation).

Rome, 19-5-20.

The firm of Manrico Steiner (Via Rovello, 8), of Milan is authorized to export to Poland and to Roumania 100,000 (one hundred thousand) military uniforms (caps, trousers, coats, vests.)

Chief of Division,"
(Signature illegible.)

Avanti's comment was: "To all workers, of industry and of transport! We have already issued the order: impede, boycott, sabotage!"

* * *

You have heard, I suppose, how Italian seamen recently prevented the departure of ships destined for Roumania, laden with war materials. But have you heard this true story? One fine day, soon after the collapse of Denikin, when there blew into the port of Genoa five ships carrying the Denikin flag, Italian seamen walked on board, hauled down the Denikin flag, hoisted the red flag, and took possession of the ships "in the name and on behalf of The Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic." The government police then came, and after a scuffle drove them off. Immediately Giulietti, Secretary of the Seamen's Union, went to Rome and demanded of the Ministry of Marine that in view of the fact that the Denikin government no longer existed, the five ships be sequestered by the Italian government in trust for their rightful owner, the Soviet Republic. He could get no immediate satisfaction. It is probable that the government will do the thing the seamen requested, but it may first have to wrestle a long time with its prejudices.

Giulietti went back to Genoa. (Incidentally, when he reached Pisa he found himself in the zone of a railway strike, and continued his journey in the cab of a locomotive, which a comrade engineer had got out of the round house expressly for the purpose.) At Genoa his men kept an eye on the five Russian ships. One evening it appeared that one of them was getting up steam for a departure on the morrow.

Again the seamen went on board and took "the neces-

sary measures." They detached four small pieces of the machinery and deposited them in a safe place. The ship is still in the harbor of Genoa.

In all probability, when the five ships leave Genoa, it will be with cargoes of Italian manufactured goods for Soviet Russia, and prepared to bring back Soviet grain to Genoa under the red flag.

It should be noticed that the Seamen and Railwaymen are not affiliated with the Confederation, being prevalently syndicalistic, and do not officially recognize the authority of the Socialist party. But they are always ready for some common action in any engagement in the class war. Both unions spontaneously boycotted the movement of troops during the recent Turin strike. The Italians like to quarrel about theory, but they are remarkably unified in action.

* * *

The local judge in the town of Sulmona recently sentenced a railwayman to pay a fine of 1000 Lire for alleged neglect of duty. The next day a committee of railwaymen waited upon the chancellor of the Royal Prosecutor and begged him to carry to Signore the President of the Court the following message: That if at any time he (the president of the court) should attempt to ride on a railway train out of Sulmona, the train would be stopped by the crew, and it would not move from the town until he had descended.

The railwaymen have their own ideas about public service. In many parts of Italy a Socialist deputy need only give fraternal greetings to the railway guards to be allowed to ride on any train, or if necessary on any locomotive, when he is in a hurry. A clerical deputy tried the same dodge recently. But when he gave the sign of brotherhood and pleaded the necessity of being in a certain city by such-and-such a time, which would necessitate his taking the first freight train, he was met with a cold stare and told he would have to wait his turn like other law-abiding citizens.

A Correction

ON page 28 of the July *LIBERATOR* Morris Hillquit's testimony at the Albany trial was incorrectly quoted. The passage quoted appears in the record as follows:

"Why, I will say, Mr. Evans, in the first place, your hypothesis borders upon the impossible, but with all that, if you want an answer, assuming the impossible, I should say that the Socialists of the United States would have no hesitancy whatever in joining forces with the rest of their countrymen to repel the Bolsheviki who would try to invade our country and force a form of government upon our people which our people are not ready for, and do not desire."

BOOKS

Mark Twain

*The Ordeal of Mark Twain, by Van Wyck Brooks.
(E. P. Dutton and Co.)*

MARK TWAIN has always been accepted as a characteristically American writer; and so he is. Not only in the boisterousness of his humor, and not only in his favorite point of view—a hearty backwoodsian cynicism in regard to the shams and pretenses of traditional culture,—but he is also American in a peculiar courage and a peculiar cowardice of which none of his critics before Van Wyck Brooks have taken account. Both the courage and the cowardice are well illustrated, the latter particularly, in the Gorky incident. But his courage, such as it was—a very American kind of courage—is implicit in it, too. Being Americans ourselves, perhaps we cannot well realize this. It is a common American trait to give aid and countenance to the overthrow by force and violence of imperial tyrannies abroad; just as it is the commonest kind of American habit to turn tail and run to cover from the wrath of our own age-long domestic tyranny, the tyranny of our neighbors' opinion—that is to say (*pardon, mesdames!*—I will explain, retract and apologize later), the opinions of our women-folk.

Mark Twain did not cease to believe in the Russian Revolution, nor to wish its bombs and assassinations all success, when he backed out of the Gorky dinner; he remained a believer in that Revolution to the end, and he regarded the premature ending of the Russo-Japanese war as "the most conspicuous disaster in political history," precisely because it prevented the Revolutionary denouement which would have come if the war had been prolonged. He was not afraid of Czars; he knew they could be overthrown. But of the silly opinions of American womenfolk he was terribly afraid; he was profoundly convinced that that tyranny could never be overthrown. "Custom is custom," he wrote, explaining his flight upon this occasion; "it is built of brass, boiler-iron, granite; facts, reasonings, arguments, have no more effect upon it than idle winds have upon Gibraltar."

He was so afraid of the opinions of American womenfolk that he let them revise nearly all his books; that is

to say, he let his wife, in whom the censorial traditions of respectable American womanhood were summed up, revise them. He did not respect this censorship; he said of his wife, "I never knew a woman so hard to please about things she doesn't know anything about." But he let her reform his literary manners, just as he let her institute family prayers in his home. To be sure, he did not believe in a God; but he had to do what he was told. "I would quit wearing socks," he said, "if she thought them immoral!"

It happened that she did not think it immoral to wear socks, but she did think it immoral to mention the fact that a person in a book wore a breech-clout. She said to him: "It's a word that you love and I abominate. I would take that and 'offal' out of the language." He replied, "You are steadily weakening the English tongue, Livy." But he did as he was told. She objected to the word "stench." "And yet," he said, "'stench' is a noble, good word." (And so it is; though it is perhaps less noble, and certainly less adequate upon occasion, than *stink*.) But no, he could not even speak of stench. The word was taken out, the page verbally deodorized, and then he was at liberty to proceed. The scent of roses, of incense, or of boiled cabbage, he was permitted to describe; but there are some things that no ladylike mind wishes to be reminded of; and these he must strictly avoid.

Of course, it is unfair to blame this on womankind. Mark Twain's wife did not keep a whip standing in the corner to enforce her decisions. Indeed, it is on record that Mark Twain "not only accepted her rule implicitly, but he rejoiced, he gloried in it." And so do we all, all of us who are true Americans, glory in our subjection to a feminine standard which, goodness knows, we have first of all imposed upon women. If Mark Twain's wife had not been that sort of person, he would never have married her in the first place; that was what he wanted, someone with maternal authority over him, an infinitely ladylike goddess to teach him to mind his p's and q's. That was her job, as it is the job of American women generally. They are rebelling against it, preferring to earn their living in some other way. But as long as in the main we want them to mother us, and as long as we offer them our devotion and respect for telling us how to behave, and in particular for nagging and scolding and petting and cajoling us into *not* doing all the bold, free, wicked things we really want to do, why they will have to accept their destiny.

And that raises the question, why the devil do we want this maternal bossing? The answer can be stated carefully at some length, to wit, as follows: In a pioneer culture such as ours, the spirit of the age demands a rapid exploitation of the natural resources of the country (including, as the most easily exploitable of such resources, our gullible fellow-men); to succeed in this enterprise requires strict attention to business, and



No reader of the *Liberator* can ignore a service which will spread the message for economic and social truth in the most appealing, most effective and most modern form.

Labor Film Service. See p. 3.

"The Ordeal of Mark Twain"

"THE Ordeal of Mark Twain" is not only a great book—it is a new kind of book.

Not old-fashioned literary criticism; not another biographical record—

but the true and poignant story of the desperate trial of a man's soul by economic circumstances. (Soul is an old-fashioned word, but it's the only word we've got!)

It is the story not only of Mark Twain, but of millions of his fellow-countrymen.

Everyone who feels the spark of the creative spirit burning in his own breast can understand what happened to Mark Twain.

When Mark Twain was young, he said: "I want a man to—I want you to—take up a line of action and follow it out, in spite of the very devil."

Did Mark Twain follow his own advice?

When Mark Twain was old, he said: "Everyone who knows anything, knows that there was not a single life ever lived that was worth living. . . . If I live another year, I will put an end to it all—I will kill myself."

What was the secret of Mark Twain's despair? Compromise, respectability, fame and fortune. . . . "What does it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Mark Twain knew the answer. And this book tells the story.

It is the spiritual record of an epoch that is ending all over the world in the smoke and blood of the revolution for which Mark Twain hoped with a too-weak hope that changed to despair.

Now, amid the cheers of the embattled workers of all lands for the victorious First Soviet Republic, in this age when dreams are coming true, we can read the story of a great American dreamer who renounced his dreams too soon.

We know that two-thirds of our readers will wish to possess this book—"The Ordeal of Mark Twain," by Van Wyck Brooks—and that very few of them can afford to pay three dollars for it. With this in mind we called upon the publisher and secured such favorable terms that we can afford to make these two astonishing offers:

- (1) Send us two new subscriptions to the Liberator and we will send you "The Ordeal of Mark Twain" free.
- (2) Send us one new subscription to the Liberator and we will send you "The Ordeal of Mark Twain"—a three-dollar book—for one dollar.

A year's subscription to THE LIBERATOR costs \$2.50. If you are not now a subscriber, your own subscription will be accepted, but no renewals will be accepted in connection with this offer.

(1) The Liberator, 138 West 13th St., New York:
Enclosed find \$5.00. Please send The Liberator for one year to

Name..... Address.....
and to

Name..... Address.....
Send "The Ordeal of Mark Twain" to

Name..... Address.....

(2) The Liberator, 138 West 13th St., New York:
Enclosed find \$3.50. Please send The Liberator for one year to

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Send "The Ordeal of Mark Twain" to

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the repression of all wayward, playful and artistic impulses—which, indeed, if indulged in such a time lead easily, in default of any more normal social modes of expression, to the life of vagabondage, drunkenness and crime. That is the long way of putting it: but the shorter way is perhaps clearer: We need mothers to look after us in pioneer America if we are to become rich and successful instead of turning out as drunkards, loafers, artists, and Bolsheviki. Obviously the two paths go in different directions; and well do we know that we have impulses within us which would lead us on the downward path! Therefore, the mother, the Sunday school, and the wife whose home is a continual Sunday school, like Mark Twain's—and for all I know, that of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and certainly that of innumerable of our friends and contemporaries. Mark Twain's wife is not the only one who has kept her husband from going to the social bow-wows. That is what we Americans have wives for! If they let us do as we please, if—worse yet,—they encourage us in our wickednesses, why, they are not true wives; they are not wives at all, they are comrades or sweethearts or something equally delightful, Socialistic and unprofitable. . . .

Suppose one happens to have artistic gifts of a certain sort, which make it impossible for him to succeed in ordinary business. That frequently happens; Mark Twain, heaven knows, tried, and tried hard, and never quite gave up trying to make a fortune in the ordinary commercial ways—but they weren't interesting enough to a man whose mind was (as they say, truly enough, of us artists) always on something else. Well, even so, it is not impossible for him to succeed; one's artistic gifts can be exploited, and money made out of them. Lots of money! A gift of this sort, properly treated, is a gold mine. Mark Twain's career proved that. But it needs the proper treatment. A fellow can't just sit down and write what he feels like. No, he needs some one to watch over him with the patience and the sternness of a mother, telling him to cut out "stench" and bad words like that. She knows how he must behave to succeed; and if he will just do what she tells him, if he will go to Sunday school and learn the verses set for him, and stay away from the ol' swimming hole, and keep himself looking literarily nice and pretty, his success is assured.

Most of our American authors have done that. American literature is for the most part just the sort of literature that could be produced under such refined and maternal auspices. There are no bad words in it. Noth-

ing shocking in it at all. As a business proposition, it is magnificent. But as literature, as the expression of the human spirit, it is lacking. Naturally enough. It has been mothered to death.

From a certain point of view, there is something disgraceful about the practice of literature for such ends, however entertaining the results may be. Mark Twain felt that—as deeply as anybody in These States ever felt it. When he started to write—that is, to write what would pay—he said, "I cannot overcome my repugnance to telling what I am doing or what I expect to do." When he started to lecture—that is, saying things his audiences wanted to pay him for saying—he said, "I am allowing myself to be a mere buffoon. It's ghastly, I can't endure it any longer." At the beginning of his literary career, he confessed: "Under a cheerful exterior I have got a spirit that is angry and that gives me freely its contempt." And at the end of a long and "successful" life, he said, fiercely, "Anybody that knows anything knows that there was not a single life that was ever lived that was worth living."

There had been a time when he thought that life was worth living. When he was a pilot on the Mississippi and was nourishing in secret his first dreams of the writer's career, he wrote to his brother, "I want a man to—I want *you* to—take up a line of action and *follow* it out, in spite of the very devil." And even when he failed to follow his own advice, he cherished intentions of doing so later; he was going to quit "literature and all other bosh—that is, literature for the general public. I shall write to please myself." But he never did. "There has always," he confessed, "been someone in authority over my manuscript, and privileged to improve it." That was certainly the way to be successful; and, if only success were happiness, the way to be happy, too. But in his old age, tired of waiting for death, he said, "I have been thinking it all out—if I live two years more I will put an end to it all. I will kill myself."

Of course, we who have been vastly entertained by Mark Twain's books feel that there is something to be said on the other side of the question. Maybe he did have to leave out "stench" and other noble words, but still what he did write included some of the funniest things that human beings ever laughed at. Shouldn't our praise, our pleasure, our gratitude, count for anything with him? He hoped they could suffice; he took everything we could offer, he delighted in our praise; but all the same, he couldn't quite satisfy himself with it. When his first book was a success, he was bitterly disappointed—because he found that New Yorkers were so delighted with that "villainous backwoods sketch" about the Jumping Frog—which he never would have written, he said, except to please Artemus Ward. "Verily," he wrote sadly, apropos of New York's enthusiasm, "all is vanity and little worth, save piloting. . . ." We may think what we like of Mark Twain's career; but that is what



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less instinctively surrounded themselves, with the sort of camouflage or protective coloring designed to disguise the movement and thus to pacify and disarm the opposition. This is the function of such expressions as 'A fair day's pay for a fair day's work,' 'The interests of capital and labor are identical,' etc. In actual practice little or no attention is paid to them. They are for foreign consumption."—[See his concluding section: Are Trade Unions Revolutionary?]

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he, from the first to last, honestly and deeply felt about it himself. Disagree with him then, if you think you know more about it than he did. . . .

But Mark Twain had not only the aspect of a nice child sitting in the parlor and learning his Sunday school lesson; he had also the aspect of a naughty little boy who has sneaked out behind the barn to tell dirty stories. There was some of Mark Twain's work which never suffered his wife's revision; which she never saw; which he never dared to show her. It is still unpublished, or circulated in privately printed copies. Such is the much-heard-of and seldom-seen account of a day in the court of Queen Elizabeth. Nobody could tell him to take noble words like "stench" and "breech-clout" out of that piece of writing; he put them all in, all the words that the ladylike, maternal and commercial standards of fiction have kept out of the written language for many years. They are all there, rejoicing in their freedom. . . . And in this courage, as in his cowardice, Mark Twain is representative of American literature. For there is an American literature of rebellion, of defiant and delighted freedom. There are books written in America which are not calculated to make their authors rich, but only to make them happy. They tell, these books, about all the things that mustn't be told about. . . . The only trou-

ble with them as works of art is that they are simply the other side of our literary childishness. They would never have been written except by people who were conscious, excessively so, of the naughtiness of such writing. They are written by truant children who realize that mother is coming after them, even at this moment, with a switch. . . .

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Class Murder in America

The Centralia Conspiracy, by Ralph Chaplin.
(Thomas Whitehead, 1001 West Madison Street, Chicago).

An Appeal to the Conscience of the Civilized World.
(National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York).

THE newspapers have been making a great to-do about an alleged plot on the part of workingmen to murder various representatives of the capitalist class, for class-reasons. Perhaps the explanation of the willingness of capitalists to believe, in the complete absence of any evidence, in such "plots," is to be found in the fact that they, the capitalists, are and have been, engaged in a tacit conspiracy to murder workingmen, for class reasons. The proofs of this wide-spread and long-standing tacit capitalist conspiracy are to be found in these two pamphlets.

It was said to have been a custom among the ancient Spartans for members of the master-class to have, every so often, a massacre of the helots, who were a conquered and enslaved people residing in the territory "owned" by them. It is this custom which we find in full bloom in civilized America. The object of this class-murder, as applied to Negroes, is to keep them in the subjection from which they have nominally, but not

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in fact, emerged. Race-prejudice, as among the ancient Spartans, is used as the emotional force for carrying out this economic terrorism. The favorite excuse for lynching Negroes is an alleged "attack on a white woman"; but in fact any failure to recognize the superiority of the master-class (as for instance in the case of Charles Kelley, the Negro who was killed in Georgia for not turning out of the road "soon enough" to suit a white boy in an auto) is sufficient. Nor are these lynchings confined to male Negroes; in the past thirty years, 51 colored women and girls have been lynched in the United States. It is interesting also to note that of the 78 Negroes who were lynched in this country last year, 10 of them were veterans of the war against Germany. In their case the lynchings served to impress upon a subject class of workers the fact that their services in helping make the world safe for democracy did not change their own status in America.

The same facts are apparent in the capitalist conspiracy to murder workingmen in the Northwest. In this case the workers are white, but they belong to a class which has been deprived of almost all human rights by the master-class; and the murders here in question were a reply to an attempt on the part of these workers to secure a few of these human rights. Here, as in the case of the Negroes, an attempt was made to

exploit the emotions of race prejudice, so as to use one section of the workers to help murder another section of them, by alleging the "foreignness" of their organization, the I. W. W. It is interesting, too, to note that the victim of this capitalist lynching, Wesley Everest, was a veteran of the war against Germany. It is not superfluous to repeat that in this case the lynching also served the purpose of showing to the workers of the Northwest that their services in helping make the world safe for democracy did not change their own status as an inferior class in America.

The Centralia pamphlet gives a complete history of this capitalist conspiracy to murder, with the names of the capitalist organizations and individuals chiefly concerned in it. It also gives an answer to the question, "What shall the workers against whom this capitalist plot exists, do to protect themselves?" Their answer is, more organization, and a full publicity of the facts to their fellow-workers, whose total strength is sufficient to prevent these murders, and to carry out the program of conquest of human rights which these murders are an attempt to frighten them into giving up.

The other pamphlet, dealing with a similar situation among the Negroes, gives a different answer. In this case, any attempt to organize for their own protection would be crushed out with immediate massacre, as has already been the case in one Southern state during the war. The only thing left is publicity, which this pamphlet uses very poignantly, with statistics and photo-

graphs. It is an "appeal to the conscience of the civilized world." It may be doubted whether there is a civilized world to appeal to—that notion seems rather naïve in the light of present world-history. President Wilson has already appealed to the governors of the various states, "earnestly and solemnly," on the ground of their supposed desire to keep the name of America "without stain or reproach," to put an end to lynching. But,—whether or not it was felt by the governors in question that it was pretty late in the day to begin to talk about keeping the name of America spotless,—at any rate the lynchings have gone on just the same. It may be that the only force to appeal to which really has power to stop lynchings is the force of the growing sense of solidarity among workers of all races. But those who wish to contrast the two methods of dealing with class-murder should procure these two pamphlets, and decide the question for themselves.

Meantime, in the light of these facts, the capitalist talk about murderous "plots" against themselves is shown up as the hysteria of a guilty conscience. The capitalist class wakes screaming from a nightmare in which its guilty mind has prefigured its own horrible end; it does not realize the patience of the workers, nor how far from mere revenge are their thoughts. But when it wakes crying "Bloody Murder!" in the headlines of the capitalist press, let us reply, "Yes, your murders are bloody, and it is no wonder that you do not sleep well o' nights thinking of them!"

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Carleton Parker

The Casual Laborer and Other Essays, by Carleton H. Parker. (Harcourt, Brace and Howe).

THIS book represents a transition stage in the development of a brilliant young American scholar into a revolutionist. The development was not complete at the time of his recent unfortunate death. But the book is a valuable one for students of the present revolutionary period. Its defect is that it addresses itself to liberals, and is informed throughout with the naïve liberal hope of teaching capitalism how to patch itself up. That is why an essay so full of intellectual dynamite as the one on the I. W. W., here reprinted, could be first published in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Its full significance was obscure to the author himself; and it permitted its middle-class readers the pleasure of thinking that they were "psychoanalyzing the I. W. W." They did not suspect that what they were reading was a psychoanalysis of Capitalism itself! For the traits of rebellion and of indifference to current nationalistic and patriotic ideology, and the elaboration of special "compensatory" ideas among these workers who had been robbed by capitalism of their last traditional rights, dignities and decencies—these are the traits of a proletariat in the preliminary stage of revolution; and if Parker had lived, he could have observed the development of these traits in the millions of European workers who are now

almost ready to perform their historic rôle in the destruction of an old order and the creation of a new. It is useless to ask capitalism to prevent the development of these traits in its workers by giving them their human rights; for capitalism cannot do these things without ceasing to be capitalism. Carleton Parker was on the verge of learning that, it seems. His book shows an immense progression from the innocent shocked "fair-play" attitude of his reports on the Hop Riots in California, here printed as an appendix. It was his inability to deal with such terrific social phenomena by means of any intellectual tools he then possessed, that sent him to the newer researches into psychology, particularly those of Freud. He learned much, though he was still, when he wrote these essays, largely under the influence of Wilsonian idealistic buncombe; that is why, in spite of the misgivings he caused his respectable friends, he never quite lost caste. But he was too intelligent not to be able to tell a hawk from a handsaw with a Bolshevik wind blowing from the northeast, and it is a pity that he did not live to revise these essays, and write a dozen more like them in which their full significance would have been made clear. Those later essays, however, would not have been published in the *Atlantic Monthly*. For his book would have been consciously, what it is now too shyly and disguisedly by half, a psychological study of the Breakdown of Capitalism.

F. D.

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TELL me, little house,
House with white windows,
Low doorways and gentle roof,
Little house that makes the sunshine
So mellow where it falls across your
threshold,
That makes the lamp-light cast such
quiet shadows;

Benignant rooms,
Tell me,
In all the years you have been built
Were you ever so cozy as now, with us?
Did you ever hold so great content as
ours?
Were you ever so happy, were you
ever so loved?

Helen Hoyt.

Leaves

A POEM blew away from me
Like a leaf from a tree.
Quickly I caught it back—
But what would greatly lack
For a poem to be lost?
The leaves are tossed
And driven from the trees
To their dying
By the same breeze
That sets my papers flying;
But always the Spring
Will bring
New green to the earth
And new poems to birth—
O lavishly
To poet and tree.

Helen Hoyt.

Greater Than

I WILL stand up and loudly sing
About my own imagining.
But just a little further out
Beyond the edge of my glad shout,
Are thoughts I cannot use in words.
Like glinting sunlight on swift birds,
Here, then gone, while we but keep
Dim joy, like music heard in sleep.
Margaretta Schuyler.

In Church

(To a preacher who spoke of the ocean)

ROUSE not the fire,
Ah, pity me,
Waken not my desire
For the open sea.

Your good voice sighing
Is a bitter lash
On my body crying
For the waves' crash.

Esther Whitmarsh.

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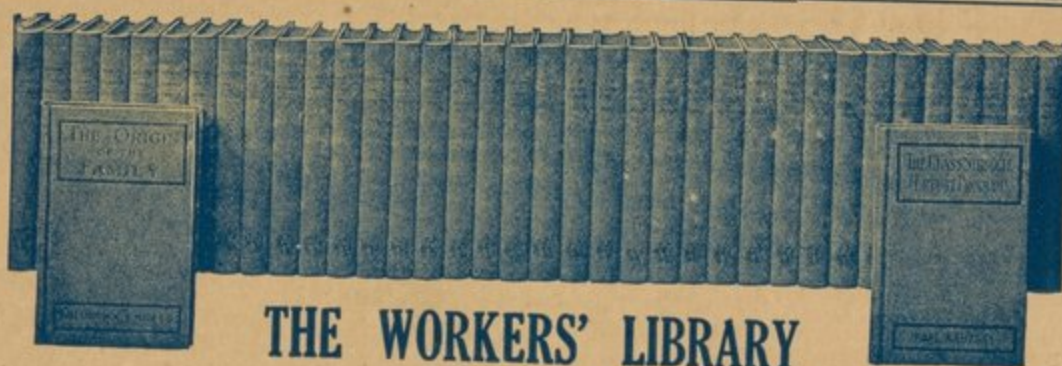
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