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April, 1921

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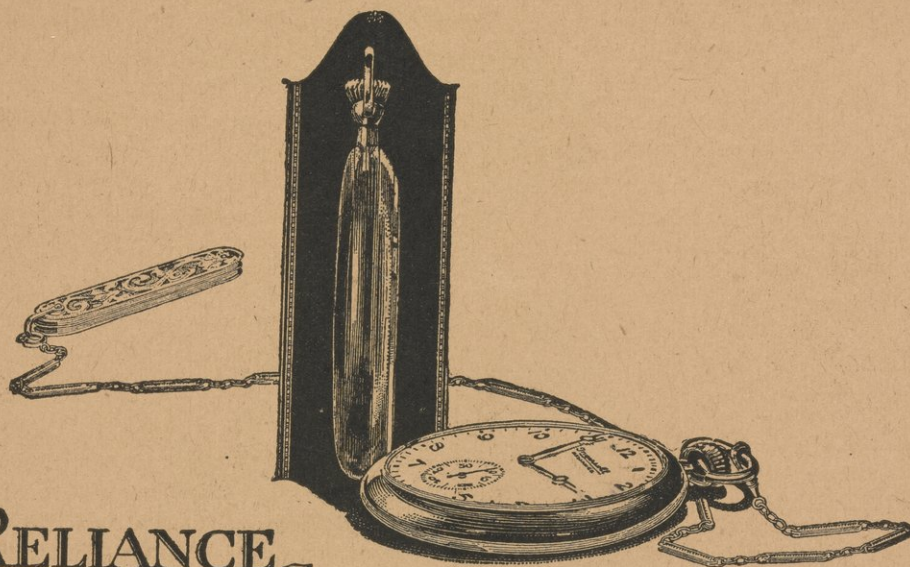
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A. Walkowitz.

# THE LIBERATOR

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## EDITORIALS

By MAX EASTMAN

**I**N one respect at least life is easier for us. We don't have to be told every day that the one thing needed to cure a socialist is to put him in a position of responsibility. Three years of responsibility for the feeding, clothing, governing and defending of a hundred and fifty million people, has made the socialists of Russia so much more extreme than the irresponsible socialists of the rest of the world, that they already stand two splits to the left, and have had to adopt a new name to describe their incorrigibility.

There is a lesson in that for those who want to learn it. Socialism is nothing in the world but the practical procedure towards human liberty, and in practicalness one must inevitably become more and more extreme in proportion as he is confronted with actual facts.

### Foster

**I**T is interesting to compare the attitudes of William D. Haywood and William Z. Foster on the matter of Revolution and the A. F. of L. Haywood says—in an interview reported on another page—that the A. F. of L. is nothing but a board of officials which strangles every sign of revolutionary life in the American labor movement.

"The A. F. of L. is the American labor movement," says Foster, "and you don't gain anything by getting outside and shouting as though that movement were any more revolutionary than it is."

The contrast between these two statements, and these two tones of voice, would not be so significant if Foster were the typical American trade-union leader, ignorant and proud of his ignorance of revolutionary science. Foster is a careful and devoted student of that science, trained in France and England under the influence of Pierre Monatte and Tom Mann. He is about the only widely-acknowledged spokesman of the regular trade-unions in America who speaks, as they all do on the continent of Europe, in the language of the Marxian theory.

Foster is a slight, lithe and delicately built man, who gives the impression of mental rather than physical personality. He belongs to that race which may be distinguished as the happy Irish. It is a race that assumes people to be friends until they are proven guilty as enemies. Easy-going and genial and sympathetic, I imagine his fault would be to ignore real differences rather than erect artificial ones between himself and others. And yet the attitude of opposition to unjust power and authority is native to him. His father was a Fenian, and he, crossing over to this country, became a socialist by mere natural gravitation. He was a yellow socialist—a member of the party—for eight years, he told me. "And then I began to get redder and redder, and finally

I got out of the party and joined the I. W. W. But I don't think I ever had their spirit—I mean their spirit of bitter antagonism to the A. F. of L. The A. F. of L. comprises the immense body of American trade-unions, and the activities of the trade unions are the revolution—that is the way it seems to me—and the thing that has killed the revolutionary propaganda in this country is that whoever was handing out the propaganda was always at the same time attacking the trade-unions. So that even those workers who were young enough and discontented enough to understand the whole process wouldn't do it because it meant going back on their unions."

"But there is more to it than that," I said. "There is such a thing as a revolutionary form of organization. The One Big Union is not a revolutionary outcry, it is a method of work."

Foster's reply was that "It isn't any special kind of organization—it is the fact of solidarity that we want." And then he told me that in the Steel Strike it had been possible to unite all of twenty-four different unions under a general committee for this steel strike, and not one of them had bolted or dissented or put up any difficulty, because there was an actual solidarity of feeling among the workers in those different unions. His assertion was that to the extent that solidarity existed or was possible in the Steel Industry at that time, his Strike Committee had marshalled it and made it effective.

"And you will find that the practical means of acting together will always be found or invented, as soon as the union of purpose exists. And you won't create that union of purpose by standing off and throwing insults and radical catchwords at the trade-unions. You will create it by going in there and showing that you are a good trade-unionist."

After this conversation I was not surprised to find in the concluding chapter of Foster's book on the Steel Strike,\* a plea to the radicals to come in and develop the established trade-union movement, instead of organizing I. W. Ws. and other "idealistic" enterprises, whose programs and preambles may tell the ultimate truth about the mission of the working-class, but which for that very reason can not do the daily work of building up its power. The radicals must be taught, he says, that the "weaknesses of the trade-unions are but the weaknesses of the working-class, and that as the latter gradually improves in education and experience, the unions will correspondingly take on higher forms and clearer aims."

In short, he makes a plea for what he considers practical generalship in the place of emotional expression—or even intellectual expression of ultimate truths—upon the part of those who are working for the emancipation of labor. He thinks it was an error long ago to organize the I. W. W. and the W. I. I. U. instead of undertaking the gradual conversion of the unions in the A. F. of L.

\*"The Great Steel Strike and Its Lessons," published by B. W. Huebsch.

That is a historic question, about which Bill Haywood of course flatly disagrees with him as to what the A. F. of L. is, but that is perhaps only a disagreement about the definition of a term. On the real question—what is to be done?—I can not see that their attitudes, however different in emphasis, are mutually exclusive. They both find expression in the words of Karl Radek to the American delegates at Moscow:

"Disregarding the revolutionary romanticism of the I. W. W.," he said, "we must support it with all our might, and help it to organize the masses. But we must say to the I. W. W. that our efforts to organize the wide masses of the unskilled must not lead to an isolation from the organizations in the A. F. of L. In our efforts to overthrow capitalism we must use not only the new organizations, but also the old.

"You tell us that you have tried for decades to transform the A. F. of L., but that argument is hardly conclusive. As for the American Socialist Party, they did join the Federation—with the good intention of throwing away their weapons whenever there was danger of causing Gompers any displeasure. But as for the revolutionary elements, we must bear in mind that they put forth their efforts only at a time of peaceful development, when the workers of England and America never gave a thought to the possibility of a revolution.

"As a matter of fact the A. F. of L. is now undergoing a process of transformation. It has ceased to be an immovable mass.

"If you go into the Federation with the idea of destroying it, you will be destroying your own work. If in the course of the struggle it shall be found necessary to destroy the A. F. of L. you will do it. But you should not assume these tactics beforehand."

It is always well to recognize that the future contains new judgments as well as new facts. And I think these words of Karl Radek sound very wise. But my purpose in making all these quotations was merely to direct the reader's thoughts upon a current problem. The decision is for those in practical contact with the facts.

There is in Foster's position, however, as he outlines it in his book, an error of statement which I feel better qualified to argue about. It is the error of asserting that the trade-union movement, just as it exists, is revolutionary.

"For many years," he says, "radicals in this country have almost universally maintained that the trade unions are fundamentally non-revolutionary; that they have no real quarrel with capitalism, but are seeking merely to modify its harshness through a policy of mild reform. They have been pictured as lacking both the intelligence to want industrial freedom and the courage to demand it."

In opposition to this picture he asserts that the trade-unions "always act upon the policy of taking all they can get from their employers," and that therefore it is fair to assume that as soon as they have the power they will take the whole business of production from them. The slogans, "A fair day's pay for a fair day's work," "The interests of Capital and Labor are identical," etc., he declares to be "a sort of camouflage or protective coloring" instinctively adopted by the unions to conceal their revolutionary character.

"The fact that those who utter them may actually believe what they say does not change the situation a particle," he asserts. "Most movements are blind to their own goals, anyway."

It seems to me that Foster is here indulging in a little of that same idealistic myth-making of which he accuses the I. W. W. He is inviting the radicals to abandon those ideal preambles and get down to the real facts, but then he turned around and idealized the facts so that they will look as much as possible like an ideal preamble.

The trade-unions in the A. F. of L. are not revolutionary. To be revolutionary is to have a clear conception of the overthrow of capitalism and a courageous will to it. The trade-unions can, and some of them no doubt will, become revolutionary—as Haywood himself admits—and to invite the revolutionists to come in and be "good trade unionists," in order to help them become revolutionary, is a practical suggestion so far as it goes. But to assert that they are revolutionary is only to weaken the force of the suggestion.

In short, there seems to be a little sophistical word-conjuring mixed with the practical appeal which Foster makes in his concluding chapter. And that is highly unfortunate in one who advocates a realistic and practical attitude of generalship. The task of addressing two audiences—those for whom he is a revolutionary intelligence, and those for whom he is only a trade-union organizer—is the immediate task which Foster has laid out for himself, and it demands an almost superhuman interior clarity and simplicity. And for that reason it is especially important that he should abandon this casuistical complication of ideas.

## The Peepers

OH little choir keening in the dusk  
 When Spring comes gently o'er the barren fields,  
 Borne by the south wind softer than a sigh,  
 And every grief but yours is lulled to sleep!  
 Why do you mourn when nature says forget  
 And earth puts off her winter sorrowing?  
 Sadness persistent at the heart of Spring,  
 Sadly unchanging in its changing joys,  
 In your thin wail is all the past again,  
 For you are weary Time's eternal voice.

M. Baldwin.

## THE LIBERATOR

*A Journal of Revolutionary Progress*

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Cornelia Barns, Howard Brubaker, Eugene V. Debs, Crystal Eastman, Hugo Gellert, Arturo Giovannitti, Michael Gold, William Gropper, Helen Keller, Boardman Robinson, Maurice Sterne, Louis Untermeyer, Clive Weed, Art Young.

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# Fugitives

By Leslie Nelson Jennings

THE tides no longer passionately lift  
 Our spars to stab the moon; no longer tossed  
 Between disaster and the stars, we drift  
 Idly among those islands where the lost  
 Winds of the world with twilight come to die.  
 Rudderless, now, and derelict, we make  
 Last anchorage beneath a pillared sky,  
 Beyond the reach of any storm to take.

The loneliness that was like wine before  
 Will taste of bitter water; gulls will scud  
 Screamingly where the surf assaults the shore . . .  
 There may be shells and corals after flood,  
 But we are ship-wrecked, beached upon the sands,  
 The purple sea-flowers withered in our hands!

NOW we have reached at last the Unknown Land,  
 Fugitives from the ends of earth, to see  
 The amazing towers of twilight, how they stand  
 Windowed with stars, made weird with wizardry!  
 Here we must sheathe our swords, put off our mail;  
 Unarmed go forth to meet who may have read  
 Our coming in a book of dreams—a tale  
 Of sieges lost, of sorties vainly led.

Darkness may not be all of Death, or sleep.  
 Beyond these walls against the night upthrown,  
 There may be wider glimpses of the world.  
 Who knows what watch their unseen sentries keep  
 Above our fitful shadows, left alone  
 With cities fallen, and with banners furled!



*Drawing by A. Walkowitz.*

## Epithalamium

OUT of the forest, panther, come,  
 Silken, supple, silent, lone,  
 Out of the forest, drooped with night,  
 To your delight.  
 Under bloom and over stone,  
 Out of the forest, panther, come.

Something sees and slips with you,  
 Something huge and gaunt and blue  
 Lashes its tail and follows you—  
 You pursued, still pursue.

Sky with thunder on its rim  
 Closes and closes after you;  
 Trigger loin, swinging limb,  
 Go and go and go from him.  
 Brushing haunches, taut with dew,  
 Follow, follow, follow you . . . . .

Now the doe with lifted ears  
 Rears in the bramble, looks and hears.  
 Sway a little, creeper, creeper,  
 After you comes, more gaunt than you,  
 And lean for prey, and quick, the  
 leaper—  
 And the little doe will sleep with the  
 sleeper.

Out of the forest, panther, come,  
 Silken, supple, silent, lone,  
 Out of the forest, drooped with night,  
 To your delight,  
 Under bloom and over stone,  
 Out of the forest, panther, come.

Genevieve Taggard.



From a Painting by Ben Benn.

## Centralia Remembers

By Frank Walklin

THERE'S an old Wobbly hall in Centralia.  
 Broken and battered it still stands at the north end of  
 Tower avenue.  
 Shattered pieces of board are strewn about the floor.  
 Blood stains still dot the walls and there are bullet holes in  
 the front where Wesley Everest fired.  
 I cut my finger on a piece of broken glass where the door  
 was caved in.  
 God, how Everest must have felt when he faced that swarm  
 With their beady, nasty eyes glaring at him as they rushed  
 upon him by the dozens.  
 I stood on the spot where Everest stood.  
 Even after the others had gone he stood there, with his arm  
 crooked,

His automatic leveled through the crotch and the flames spit-  
 ting into the faces of the mob.  
 One man against a hundred and he had more courage  
 Than all that gang that sought his life, maimed him, gouged  
 him, and left his naked body on a beam that they might  
 take their women out next day and boastfully show  
 what they had done.

Centralia remembers.  
 Centralia is a village of horror.  
 Centralia is learning the price of blood and murder gluttony.  
 Nobody laughs in Centralia.  
 From one end of Tower avenue to the other one never sees  
 a smile.  
 Children still hurry as they pass the battered Wobbly hall.



# Alice Paul's Convention

By Crystal Eastman

"Mr. Speaker," said Sara Bard Field, turning the full force of her childlike smile and beaming eyes upon the unhappy Congressman, "I give you—Revolution."

With these naive words, gently spoken in a dim, echoing vaulted room at the heart of the national capitol, the victorious Woman's Party presented to Congress the statue of the suffrage pioneers, Lucretia Mott, Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton. Let me quote a few more sentences:

"Mr. Speaker, we do not commit to your keeping merely a block of marble wrought into likenesses which in a chaste repose like death itself will henceforth remain in Statuary Hall, but we commit to your keeping blood-red memories, alive and pulsing. . . . It is universal freedom for which the movement represented by these women has ever stood. . . . The very first Suffrage Association aimed to enfranchise the Negro as well as the woman. Listen to these words written by Susan B. Anthony and introduced as part of a resolution in the convention which formed the first American Equal Rights Association: 'Hence our demand must now go beyond women. It must extend to the farthest bounds of the principle of the consent of the governed.' Do you think that women who thought in those terms would sit idle today because political democracy has become an accomplished fact in this nation? Do you think that women like these who published a paper in the Sixties called 'Revolution' would not see the need of that brooding angel's presence still? Needless to say I don't speak in terms of bloody revolution any more than did they. But men and women are not yet free. . . . The slavery of greed endures. Little child workers, the hope of the future, are sacrificed to industry. Young men are sent out by the billion to die for profits. . . . We must destroy industrial slavery and build industrial democracy. . . . The people everywhere must come into possession of the earth."

And finally, "Mr. Speaker, you will see that if you thought you came here to receive on behalf of Congress merely the busts of three women who have fought the good fight and gone to rest, you were mistaken. You will see that through them it is the body and the blood of a great sacrificial host which we present—the body and blood of Revolution, the body and blood of Freedom herself."

"What does all this mean?" I asked myself as I heard the words go echoing up to the dome. If Alice Paul is such a confirmed reactionary as many of her former followers say she is, why did she feature Sara Bard Field at that impressive ceremony? Why did she deny the claims of the Negro women and of the Birth Control advocates for a hearing at the Convention, in deference to certain powerful groups among her supporters, and then as if in complete defiance of these same conservative groups insist that the only words uttered in the name of the Woman's Party on the opening night should be the obviously uncensored words of a fairly celebrated rebel?

And now that the convention is over, I find myself wondering all the more: Why did Alice Paul stage this dramatic bit of Quaker defiance at the beginning and then treat us to three dull days of commonplace speeches, often irrelevant, often illiberal, with only a few hours reserved at the end for the essential purpose of the meeting—the discussion of the

future of the Woman's Party, which to many meant the future of the feminist movement in America? Five hours for that discussion—hardly time enough to determine the future of a high school dramatic society!

Nothing is more fun than to speculate about the motives and intentions of a shrewd and able leader who keeps his own counsels. I give my speculation for what it is worth: Alice Paul was not really interested in the convention, she was interested in celebrating the victory. After all, despite reports to the contrary, she is a human being. An explorer who had been away on a long and dangerous journey, whose best friends had doubted, whose foes had been many, whose rivals had been bitter, when at last he returned crowned with success, would rejoice in the celebration of his achievement. And the colder and lonelier had been his journey the more appropriate would seem the warmth and luxurious friendliness of his welcome. So it seems to me Alice Paul felt about the victory of woman suffrage—her victory.

In one respect, however, my simile of the explorer breaks down; it was strictly the achievement and not herself that Alice Paul arranged to have celebrated. Throughout that elaborate ceremony at the Capitol Alice Paul was not so much as mentioned by name. I had one glimpse of her behind the scenes after the show was over; with complete unconsciousness of herself as a personality, and with very effective indignation she was preventing the chief usher from covering up the statues and taking them away before the crowd outside had had a chance to come in and see them.

From beginning to end Alice Paul was never in evidence. But Jane Addams was there to say the first words. The name of the President's daughter appeared on the program. The press announced that Mrs. Harding endowed the affair with her official blessing. The Speaker of the House, who had fought the Party for eight years, graciously consented to receive the statues. No, Alice Paul was not there,—even the Woman's Party figured with one silent banner among hundreds—but the General Federation of Women's Clubs was there, the Association of Collegiate Alumnae was there, the Eastern Star was there, the Maccabees were there, the Army Nurses and the Navy Nurses, the Republican Women and the Democratic Women, the Daughters of the Revolution, the Daughters of the Confederacy, the Congress of Mothers, all, all were there, and dozens and dozens of others,—those who had scorned and condemned when the pickets stood for months at the White House gates, when they insisted on going to jail and starved themselves when they got there,—all these came now with their wreaths and their flowers and their banners to celebrate the victory.

Supremely neglectful of respectability during the long fight, Alice Paul saw to it that the victory celebration should be supremely respectable. All doubtful subjects, like birth control and the rights of Negro women, were hushed up, ruled out or postponed until the affair at the Capitol was over.\* Nothing was allowed to creep into the advance publicity that was calculated to alarm the mildest Maccabee

\*The Negro women were finally allowed to "lay a wreath," and the Birth Control advocates were at the last moment given a hearing at the convention. But in each case the action was taken too late for the name of the organization to appear in the program.

or dismay the most delicately reared Daughter. And when her radical friends called her a reactionary for all this, Alice Paul was adamant to their pleas as she had been adamant to the attacks of her enemies when they called her a wildcat.

But having corralled all this eminent respectability into the Capitol for the celebration she must needs give them a shock. So she made sure that the militants, speaking through Sara Field, should speak with no tame voice, but as usual with a voice quietly promising rebellion.

After that first evening in the Capitol the convention became dull and regular, everybody was well-behaved, there were no brilliant speeches, no surprises, no stormy and uproarious hours. The only thing that makes a convention exciting or worth while is the debate over resolutions and program. But in Alice Paul's convention there were no resolutions and hardly any program! No resolution on disarmament was passed to give expression to the overwhelming pacifist sentiment of the Convention. No resolution of protest against the disfranchisement of Negro women was passed, although the Convention was almost unanimous in its indignation on that subject. Even "simon-pure" feminist resolutions were discouraged.

To all such complaints graduates of the Alice Paul school had one dogmatic reply: "Never endorse anything that your organization isn't ready to fight for. Never protest about anything unless your organization is ready to make that protest good." The more sacred a dogma is the more dangerous it is, and this one has the sacredness of the torn battle flag and the battered sword; it is the legacy of a victorious movement. Vital as this doctrine of extreme consistency was in the heat of the militant campaign—and no one can question that—what bearing had it on the deliberations of this body of women met to consider for the first time the actual status of women and lay the foundations of the movement which is to liberate them?

Last summer I went to Alice Paul with a roughly sketched but fairly complete feminist program. After a little discussion, she said, "Yes, I believe in all those things, but I am not interested in writing a fine program, I am interested in getting something done." That is the way she takes the wind out of your sails. But is she always right?

It reminds me of a story they tell about Alice Paul's first meeting with Bill Haywood. Bill grasped her tiny hand with hearty sincerity and began,

"Well, Miss Paul, the movement you represent and the movement I represent are the only movements in the country that have stood out against—"

"Yes," interrupted Alice Paul, who had been looking up at him with an expression of deep earnestness as though she were considering the philosophic relation between the Militants and the I. W. W., "and will you tell me, Mr. Haywood, how you went about it to raise that \$300,000?"

Alice Paul is a leader of action, not of thought. She is a general, a supreme tactician, not an abstract thinker. Her joy is in the fight itself, in each specific drawn battle, not in debating with five hundred delegates the fundamental nature of the fight. "The Executive Committee have provided a good enough phrase—'To remove all the remaining forms of the subjection of women.' Let the delegates with the least possible debate adopt this phrase to serve for purpose, program and constitution." Of course she said nothing, but that, I believe, was Alice Paul's notion of what the Convention's action should be. "I will let you know what the first step is to be, how to act and when. Go home now and don't worry." These words were not printed in the program, but they seemed to be written between the lines.

Perhaps there are times in all movements that call for a leader just like that and for followers just like the majority in that convention who did what they were told. But this was not one of those times, and the proof of it is that the five hundred delegates, whether they voted with or against the leader, went home disappointed, without a quickened understanding, without a new vision. If their discontent could have been articulate it would have expressed itself in some such words as these: "We didn't come here just to state that women are still in subjection and that we are going to free them. We came to discuss and define the nature of our subjection and to outline the terms of our freedom. We came not merely to throw down a challenge, but to bring in a bill of particulars. For we are starting a new movement. We need a program in order to understand each other, we need a program in order to hold our mind and purpose steady and sure in this new field, we need a program as a first step in the process of education with which all new movements must begin."

A minority resolution looking toward such a program was actually introduced as a substitute for the Executive Committee's proposal, but the time limit and a very efficient steam roller disposed of it before the discussion had fairly started. The resolution was as follows:

"Having achieved political liberty for women this organization pledges itself to make an end to the subjection of women in all its remaining forms. Among our tasks we emphasize these:

"1. To remove all barriers of law or custom or regulation which prevent women from holding public office—the highest as well as the lowest—from entering into and succeeding in any profession, from going into or getting on in any business, from practicing any trade or joining the union of her trade.

"2. So to remake the marriage laws and so to modify public opinion that the status of the woman whose chosen work is home-making shall no longer be that of the dependent entitled to her board and keep in return for her services, but that of a full partner.

"3. To rid the country of all laws which deny women access to scientific information concerning the limitation of families.

"4. To re-write the laws of divorce, of inheritance, of the guardianship of children, and the laws for the regulation of sexual morality and disease, on a basis of equality,—equal rights, equal responsibilities, equal standards.

"5. To legitimize all children.

"6. To establish a liberal endowment of motherhood."

If some such program could have been exhaustively discussed at that convention we might be congratulating ourselves that the feminist movement had begun in America. As it is all we can say is that the suffrage movement is ended.

\* \* \* \*

Is Alice Paul a radical? Is she even a liberal? Is she really a reactionary? These vague reformist terms are inappropriate in describing Alice Paul. Let us use the definite terms of the revolution. She is not a communist, she is not a socialist; if she is class-conscious at all her instincts are probably with the class into which she was born. But I do not think she is class-conscious. I think she is sex-conscious; she has given herself, body and mind and soul, to the woman's movement. The world war meant no moment's wavering in her purpose, in fact she used the war with serene audacity to further her purpose. I imagine she could even go through a proletarian revolution without taking sides and be found waiting on the doorstep of the Extraordinary Commission the next morning to see that the revolution's promises to women were not forgotten!

Alice Paul does not belong to the revolution, but her leadership has had a quality that only the revolution can understand.

# The Happy Ending

By Alice Mary Kimball

I NEVER thought my husband, Jimmie Speed,  
 Would get top-heavy with his brains and die  
 Or kill himself with too much work,  
 But, my God, I supposed  
 He was my man!  
 And here he'd gone and bought  
 A pink hat with a swell stuffed bird on it  
 For Doll LaJoy, the perking, painted tart,  
 And me still wearing  
 That faded henna tam which killed  
 The stylish shades of my peroxide hair,  
 And that frayed suit with fierce blue checks on it.  
 So this was how he passed the time of day  
 While I worked my fingers to the bone  
 Selling tickets at the Movie Palace,  
 Streaking home  
 To fry his sausages and sweet potatoes.  
 What pains I'd gone to  
 To feed that man! And how I'd boiled in sweat  
 Scrubbing his smutty shirts and overalls  
 So thick with warehouse grease they'd walk alone!

Here I was—thirty-eight, and trapped  
 In Jaybird, Arkansas, a lonesome dump,  
 Strung out along a spur-track of the Frisco  
 And a flat swamp of drowning cypress knees  
 And scummy water.  
 The southerners who got here first  
 Looked down on me and called me trash because  
 I came from Cedar Rapids, Iowa,  
 And slaved and earned to go back there again.  
 Fifteen years ago  
 Jim dragged me here—and in this tank I'd wasted  
 My looks, my voice, my magnetism  
 That might have given me a job  
 In a burlesque show . . . Fifteen years  
 With not a damn thing happening to me  
 Humping along like a slow, dull-colored worm  
 Into a mess like this.

"Oh, my God!" I moaned,  
 "Blowing the cash I'd gouged my soul to save  
 So we could scrape the mud of Jaybird  
 From off our feet." O God! I'd had  
 Enough of lies! Hid in an upstairs closet  
 Was a revolver. I jammed it in  
 My sewing-bag. I lit out on the run.  
 Tears channeled through the powder on my cheeks.  
 There he was now, a good stone's throw away,  
 Bossing the loading of a cotton car.  
 My right hand dived. My finger touched the trigger.  
 Say—Jim can thank his stars  
 For Salamander Jones. Dodging behind his shanty  
 To get my aim, I crashed smash into him.  
 I fell. I sprawled into a squashy heap  
 Of rain-soaked rubbish. As I ripped out some language  
 I saw that black man, impudent as sin,  
 Loafing by his back door and grinning at me.  
 'Twasn't a healthy time for him  
 To rile me. I yanked the pistol out  
 And plugged him.



*Drawing by M. Kantor.*

The sheriff's voice: "He was the worst darn nigger  
 In Crowley County—a trouble-maker right.  
 You've done a job  
 Somebody had to do, sooner or later."  
 He told me then  
 To go before the judge and swear  
 That I'd shot Salamander to protect  
 My womanhood. It was a technicality, he said;  
 So I took oath. At once my draggled days  
 Came to a happy ending.  
 Jaybird saw my true worth. The paper flashed the news  
 I was a heroine.

The band played in my honor.  
 The Citizen's Committee sent a wire  
 To a big shop in Memphis. The night train brought  
 A gorgeous hat that made Doll's lid look sick.  
 I put it on  
 Holding my head like Mrs. Vanderbilt  
 And sailed down Main Street to the Movie Palace  
 To sell my tickets. On the crown  
 With plumes that sprayed in delicate gold-mist  
 Over my suit with fierce blue checks on it  
 Was a real bird of paradise. It cost  
 A hundred dollars. Jim took a skittish look  
 Where Salamander's body swung  
 High on a gum-tree in the Court House Park,  
 Tattered with bullets that the crowd put through it,  
 And said he'd mustered up the decency  
 To break with Doll.



Congress Says to Mr. Gompers--

# Bill Haywood, Communist

By Max Eastman

THE title of this article will be interesting news to those who have always loved the I. W. W., and felt that it is the only real contribution America has made to political history since 1789. We have been a little saddened of late years to see the rigidity and lethargy of age creeping over the I. W. W. It seems as though all organizations which do not achieve within ten or fifteen years the purpose for which they were formed begin to be more interested in themselves than they are in their purpose. That instinctive gregarious loyalty which made them possible in the beginning makes them stiff and complacent and useless in the end. Have a split and start a new organization every ten years, might almost be a universal rule—a 22nd point—for the guidance of revolutionary movements. And it seemed as though even the I. W. W. were not going to escape the application of this rule.

But something is happening. The long arm of the Moscow engineers is active in Chicago. Tired, discouraged, jail-worn and work-worn editors and organizers are talking about a new subject with a new enthusiasm—an enthusiasm that Bill Haywood describes as “quiet but warm.” The subject they are talking about is an endorsement of the International Council of Trade and Industrial Unions, affiliation with it, and the resolute fulfillment of its purpose in this country.

“I would like to see a unanimous vote for affiliation on the part of the I. W. W.,” Bill Haywood said to me. “I only want to live to see the dream of the Red Labor International come true. That’s all I want. That’s the I. W. W.”

He had in his pocket a leaflet written by an English delegate to the Council, J. T. Murphy. In that he showed me a footnote stating that the delegates had voted to draft an appeal to the I. W. W., and to other organizations of syndicalist tendency which had not yet declared for affiliation.

“That got me,” he said. “To think of the workers of several nations, including one nation of a hundred and eighty million, causing the draft of an appeal to the I. W. W.! That shows what has happened to the world. I don’t have to wait for their appeal. I’ve read their plans and their instructions, and I know this is something at last that we can work with. They are carrying out the original aims and purposes of the I. W. W., and you can say for me that I think every genuine labor union in the United States ought to affiliate with the International Council of Trade and Industrial Unions with its central bureau at Moscow.”

I asked him whether he thought the I. W. W. would affiliate with it at their convention in May, and he said, “I have not heard a word in opposition.”

Bill Haywood is not the I. W. W., of course, and he is not at present in a position to speak for its executive policies. But he represents, more than any other one man could, the memory and the momentum of it. He was the chairman of the first conference that considered its formation, and the chairman of the first convention when it was called. He has never been absent from its counsels except when he was in jail. And even when the executive work was in other hands, he has always stood out in the public storm as the head of the I. W. W. He has stood out in the storm with something of the impassive grandeur of a monument. Slow-

moving, but powerfully self-possessed and intelligent, Bill Haywood occupies a position of real influence in America among those who are not foolish enough to believe the newspapers. And I imagine that this present change, or development, of his judgment about the tactics of the revolution, is an indication, not only that the I. W. W. is going to swing again into its place in advance of the front line, but that American industrial unionists in general are going to accept the larger political philosophy of Communism.

Bill Haywood is no more friendly to the idea of political campaigning, or what is called “parliamentary action,” than he ever was—not a bit. But he fully accepts the necessity of a genuinely revolutionary party forming the vanguard of the movement of the revolution.

“I feel as if I’d always been there,” he said to me. “You remember I used to say that all we needed was fifty thousand real I. W. Ws., and then about a million members to back them up? Well, isn’t that a similar idea? At least I always realized that the essential thing was to have an organization of those who know. Don’t call them leaders. I call them engineers.”

I did remember Bill Haywood’s remark about the fifty thousand I. W. Ws. I remembered what a wild idea it seemed to me at the time. But I also remembered that in those days his fifty thousand engineers were to be pure industrial unionists, and he seemed to conceive the whole movement then as essentially a fight for the shops. I asked him what had produced the change.

“It is simply because they have done the wonderful things over there that we have been dreaming about doing over here,” he said. “It is the fact, the example, that has caused any change in me that may seem contradictory. And even now I would hesitate to confirm such a movement if everything that emanates from Moscow did not show that they want to put the workers in control, and eventually eliminate the state.”

Here Bill Haywood delivered a short eulogy of the Bolshevik revolution, and what he said would astonish a great many people who know him only as the terrible Bad Man of America with one eye and a great big Black Hat.

“Max,” he said, clenching one of his exceedingly small hands in a gesture firm but not very ferocious, “to say nothing of the expropriation of industry, the thing of greatest importance, they’ve already accomplished three other things over there, any one of which would justify such a revolution there, or here, or anywhere else. Shall I tell you what they are?”

“The first is the education of the children. In Russia every child gets food and clothing and books and amusement and a real education. And, by God, for that one thing alone I’d favor a revolution in this country!”

“And the second is the relief that has been given to women in motherhood. In this country we do it for thoroughbred horses and pedigreed cattle. In Russia every woman is supported for eight weeks before and eight weeks after confinement. That is the work of Alexandra Kollontay—a good friend of mine—and that again is enough all by itself to justify a revolution.

“The third thing is the transfer of land to the peasants.

The peasants have control of the land, and of course that is a more fundamental thing."

I asked him for the reason why American labor is so much behind the labor movements of Europe in following the lead of the Russians, and he said, "The principal reason is the A. F. of L."

"Do you think it is possible for the revolutionists to capture the A. F. of L.?" I asked.

"Some parts of it," he answered. "Only I would not say capture them, I would say educate them."

I asked him what parts he referred to, and he said after a moment of hesitation:

"The United Mine Workers. That is already an industrial union, and it is the body of the A. F. of L. The craft unions are its arms and tentacles. The craft unions are what enable the A. F. of L. to strangle any germs of life or inspiration that may come to American labor.

"To the general way of thinking it is the official bureaucracy that is responsible for this. It isn't. It is the craft unions with their high initiation fees, and their policy of excluding the unskilled workers, and excluding even skilled workers who have not served a long conventional apprenticeship. A further thing that outsiders do not understand about

these unions is that they are absolutely controlled by the Lodges—Masons, Moose, Knights of Columbus and so forth—working through organized groups within them. It is these Lodges that elect their officials and direct their policies, and it is from these groups within them rather than from the unions themselves that the workers receive what benefits they do receive."

"But if you say that the United Mine Workers are the body of the A. F. of L.," I said, "and that it is possible to bring the United Mine Workers to a revolutionary attitude, isn't that practically saying that it is possible for the revolutionists to capture the A. F. of L.?"

Bill Haywood's answer to this question was immediate and brief. "If the United Mine Workers do anything," he said, "then the A. F. of L. is no more."

"Do you mean," I asked, "that the organization would transform itself into something entirely new, or that the United Mine Workers would withdraw and leave nothing?"

He smiled at my word, transformation. "I don't know what kind of a bug it would germinate into. It certainly wouldn't be a butterfly that would come out of that chrysalis!"

"No," he continued, "you don't realize what the A. F. of L. is. The A. F. of L. is nothing but an Executive Board, receiving a small per capita tax from a large membership—a tax sufficient to maintain their office, and pay their salaries, and keep up a lobby at Washington—an Executive Board that in the thirty-nine years of its existence has never done one single thing for the American working-class.

"That is what the A. F. of L. is. And if the unions that form the body of that membership acquire a revolutionary understanding the A. F. of L. will cease to exist. That is the only answer there is to this question."

"Do you believe," I asked, "that in such a case the United Mine Workers would associate themselves with the I. W. W.?"

"Perhaps not," he said. "If the United Mine Workers become revolutionary and don't want to become a part of the I. W. W., the I. W. W. can become a part of them, or of whatever they form."

It was that statement—which like practically all the statements in this interview, is quoted verbatim—that made me feel most vividly the magnanimous practicalness of mature communism in Bill Haywood's attitude.

"The I. W. W. reached out and grabbed an armful," he said. "It tried to grab the whole world, and a part of the world has jumped ahead of it."

### Song Heard by St. Anthony

I N my cool white body, peace;  
On my love-sown breasts, release;  
Press thy lips to mine, and cease  
All thy trembling, burning fears.  
Stretch thy palms in mine, thy face  
By my warm face, and enlace  
Limbs with mine, till one embrace  
Clears thy soul, like long-due tears.

Robert L. Wolf.



"Whom can we trade with now—without trading with Soviet Russia?"

## The Glorious Fourth of March

**T**O President Harding: "We who are about to  
guy, salute you."

**T**HE inaugural address. "We must get rid of  
our big debt, so we will reduce taxes. We  
need more foreign trade, so we will strangle it  
to death with tariffs. We will never have another  
war, and when we do we will run it better than  
the Democrats did theirs. Economy is our middle  
name. Will you excuse me now? I have fifty  
thousand hungry Republican mouths to fill."

**G**ARY: "His praise of America is highly flat-  
tering. I am proud to be the owner of such  
a country."

**H**AYS: "It cost us only ten million to put him  
across and now we have a payroll of a hun-  
dred million a year. What could be fairer than  
that?"

**M**ELLON: "The treasury is in splendid con-  
dition—I mean mine."

**F**ALL: "I am confident that the time will come  
when Mexico will come under the Department  
of the Interior."

**D**AVIS: "I am heartily in favor of labor, as  
long as it continues to do so."

**D**AUGHERTY: "We may not be intellectual  
giants, but it isn't fair to speak of us as  
the 'Cabinut.'"

**H**UGHES: "The Central American trouble will take my  
mind off of the California-Japanese question. I never  
did understand California very well."

**H**OOVER: "I taught the people to live without eating  
wheat. Now I am going to teach them to live without  
eating at all."

**W**ILSON AND COLBY, Attorneys at Law: "This firm  
will be glad to undertake the collection of that Euro-  
pean debt—on a salary basis."

**C**HORUS OF BEST MINDS: "When do we eat?"

HOWARD BRUBAKER.



From a Water Color by Stuart Davis.

## NIGHT WORLD

**T**HE fire and I are alone  
Under a deep roof of beech leaves  
Where the light climbs up and up  
Touching a leaf here, a leaf there,  
Our whole sky a beech tree,  
Never reaching the top;  
Our whole world a ball of yellow light  
Shafted on a gray trunk;  
And the music of our world  
The crackle of burning beech twigs,  
The singing of katydids.

Bernard Raymond.

# The Class Duel in Spain

By Carleton Beals

AS our incoming steamer swung slowly past the old Roman Tower of Hercules and the Castillo de San Anton, into the beautiful Spanish port of Corunna, with the breezy terraced little town behind it, all sorts of memories revived of the charming easy-going romance of the Spain of Cervantes and epic Boabdil.

But when we landed, the soldiers were guarding the twisted streets, Mausers in hand, busily prodding those who for a single moment stopped to converse with some passing acquaintance.

"Are not people permitted to talk on the streets in Spain?" I asked the dapper young, minister-trousered lawyer who had disembarked with us and courteously steered us through the intricacies of voracious Spanish officialdom. He had just spoken with haughty reverence and proud humility of "when he had been in the service of His Majesty," but I was not prepared for such a frank answer.

"Oh, yes, but an uprising is feared. The last time I was in Corunna the soldiers did not carry guns on the streets. But the people are very *turbulente* these days, and if given the least chance would overthrow the government."

The following morning I saw a little squad of mounted *Guardias Civiles* scatter a group of gesticulating street-car strikers. They were picturesque in their black, Napoleonic-shaped hats, black boots, and black capes; their bristling, Kaiserite moustaches giving that studied aspect for which they are so renowned and feared, of being the most *serio* of all the military elements. Handsome black devils—but as one of the capotes bellied open I caught the flash of a scarlet lining. When the day comes . . . the cape need only be turned inside out.

But that day is not yet, although it was foreshadowed a year and a half ago by the military uprising in the barracks of Zaragoza. The government, however, constantly is increasing the number of civil guards and building up a strictly-disciplined, highly-paid, murderous organization. Against the day of reckoning the Spanish government, senile and decadent amidst the general dissolution of every national institution, is balancing the *Guardia Civil*, its one efficient undertaking—nothing more.

Spain, though ethnologically a strange mixture of races, has always proved a docile child of the Roman Empire. It was conquered three times—by arms, by the Church, by the law. This meant a unity of administrative power scarcely paralleled in history, and in modern Spain it means the sublimation of the institutions from the life-blood of human liberty. Beneath the inherited system of the super-state and the effacement of all individual rights—this system of centralized Church, State and Law, Spain has been crushed to a condition of slothful inertia—as isolated from the forward-facing movements of Western Europe as was old Russia. Spain might have continued indefinitely in its sleepy sacerdotal routine, still practicing its *auto da fe* and its murders of free-thinking Ferrers, had it not been for the Great War. That introduced far-reaching contradictions into Spanish life.

Along with all the neutral continental nations Spain experienced a sudden expansion of industry and commerce. Its

exports leaped from \$166,695,000 the year before the war to \$293,490,000 in 1917. And although, owing to abnormal conditions, feudal restrictions, and persistent strikes, exports dropped immediately in 1918 to \$170,000,000, Spain had in certain sections become highly industrialized. To-day its new industries are marching to a collapse.

In Madrid the court of Alfonso XIII still holds pompous, anachronistic sway with its immense feudal retinue of Chocolate-soldier costumes, its Guardians of the Wardrobe, its Keepers of the Royal Stables, its High Stewards and Chamberlains. These feudal trappings, necessitating heavy taxes, government lotteries, and ever mounting import duties, have also debilitated industry, and contributed to the rapid loss of any prosperity that Spain gained during the War.

## The Secessionist Movement.

The new capitalists of Spain who have emerged from the years of war manufacturing are not the old aristocracy. Here and there a count or a marqués has survived in the new role of captain of industry. The most notable is Conde de Romanones, leader of the so-called liberal party, who is so close to the seats of the feudal mighty that the present war in North Africa which is draining the strained resources of the nation, is known as the Romanones War. The Count controls the mining industry in the disputed area.

In general, therefore, the new industrial lords, however inefficient they may be, are dissatisfied with the present government in Spain, even though it provides them with royal military support in every strike. Yet, much as they resent the feudal incubus, they do not relish the idea of any change in government, any forcible overthrow of the existing regime. The specter of Bolshevism looms across the Pyrenees, and revolutions are not so easily controlled in these days of ravaging populations tinctured with sentiments of class freedom.

This is why there is no Republican movement in Spain. The present Republican party proposes everything in the way of futile reform, but is haughtily indignant at any aspersions cast upon the crown. The old battling figures of Pi y Margall, of Castellar, Zorrilla and Costa have been replaced by a sentimental Blasco Ibañez, a retired Pío Baroja, and the Republicans of today spend their time conspiring against the noisy Lerroux, the one individual who vigorously attacks the crown as an institution.

The capitalists of Cataluña have sought to avoid this burden of an inefficient, oppressive, yet decadent feudal rule by advocating secession. To this end they have aroused a rabid local patriotism and created a separatist movement. And while the government has cleverly sidetracked the movement by lifting the principal independence protagonist from a squabbling recalcitrant to a dignified minister at Madrid, the bourgeoisie of Cataluña, the most industrialized state of Spain, are still plotting to break away from the feudal center, set up an independent government, and take their appeal to the League of Nations. The Catalan schism is as much a ruling-class feud as was our own sentimental Civil War.

The rapid industrialization of Spain has set in motion



forces likely to disrupt the Spanish Kingdom. It has created an organized proletariat. Life is not easy in Spain. Prices are going up, fuel is scarce, food at times lacking. Only a few days ago I saw a mob in the street below my balcony smashing the windows of the bread stores, because there was no bread. Meanwhile the queen spends her free time in the hospitals holding the hands of the poor soldiers wounded in the Romanones War. The government is letting the situation run its full length to an end that is not difficult to foresee. The general harshening of life is squeezing the last drop of easy-going romance from the Spain of yesterday. Spanish labor is face to face with a situation which threatens to level it to semi-starvation and utter misery.

Against this process the workers have sought to organize and at least to maintain wages at a level corresponding to the increased cost of living,—a procedure that has aroused the most bitter opposition upon the part of the patrones of industry, and which has resulted in the appearance of struggles that can only be compared to Homestead and Ludlow, or to those now occurring in West Virginia. These struggles occur day after day in the larger industrial centers, and particularly in Barcelona, Valencia, Zaragoza, Bilboa, and in parts of Galicia. They are characterized by violence, terror, riots, murder. They have developed into a war between the classes, but a crude, troglodytic war without vision on either side, in which the larger revolutionary significance is swallowed up.

In most centers this war is conducted by the *Confederación*



The Black Cross, Toledo

*Nacional de Trabajo*, the C. N. T., an outlaw organization which recognizes the partial and general strike, sabotage, and secretly organized terror. At present it is split between those who favor the Third International and those who are opposed, not only to political action of any sort, but also to the dictatorship of the proletariat. The organization as a whole does not see its real revolutionary purposes and the struggle has degenerated into brutal reprisal and counter-reprisal.

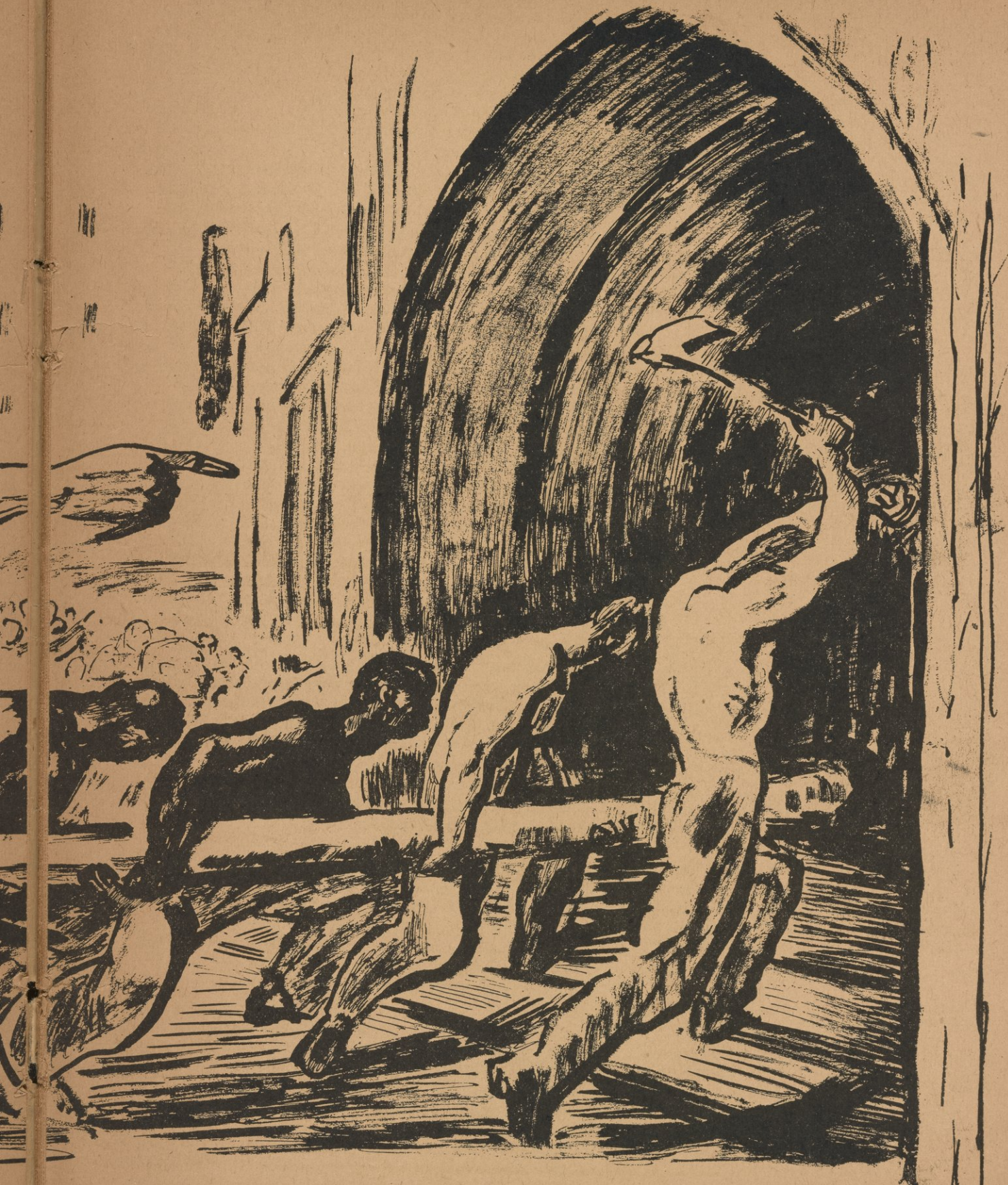
These wars proceed much in this fashion: A small strike is called in Barcelona. The police arrest the leaders. Several policemen are assassinated. More arrests are made. The small strike becomes a general strike. More leaders are arrested. The remainder go in hiding. Meetings are illegal, and the police discover frequent secret assemblies, and stores of union cards, stamps and propaganda. More assassinations. The patrones retaliate by assassinating the lawyer for the unions. Several patrones are found dead the following night. A *Guardia Civil* breaks up an impromptu gathering. That night several *Guardias* are picked up, stiffened corpses. A judge condemns a worker to a jail sentence. The next morning the judge fails to make his appearance upon the bench. At this point the crown picks out the most vicious military man to be found and installs him as governor of



Gordon Robinson

# The Secor

The Bolsheviks are capturing



Boardman Robinson.

# and Coming

g the churches, says the "Times"

Cataluña to the noisy delight of the patrones. The act is solemnized by organized violence on both sides. A few days later thirty-six leaders, including the biggest of them all—Seguí—are deported to the little island of Minorca. More violence! Angel Pestaña, the C. N. T. delegate to Russia, returns via Italy and is locked up in jail. More violence and assassinations! The same incidents are repeated everywhere. In Zaragoza the Governor calls for troops to eject strikers from the factories. The next day prominent officials are assassinated. The strikers in the British coal mines at Rio Tinto have been on strike for six months. Their children are scattered from one end of Spain to the other in the homes of sympathetic workers. The adults have been living upon acorns which they gather from the nearby mountains. The radical papers are full of photographs showing how the strikers have been reduced to consumptive bags of skin and bones. Now the



acorn supply has been cut off by the aggressions of the mine guards. And while the government holds almost daily conference with Browning, the owner of the mines, the conflicts between the guards and strikers become more bitter and bloody. Thus has the class struggle in Spain been reduced to blind terrorism.

### Yellow Versus Red.

The other organization, numbering some 250,000 members, is the *Union General de Trabajo*, the U. G. T., which always attempts to play safe, an organization in which Gompers would almost feel at home. The leaders of this organization, Iglesias, Caballero, Bestiero, Prieto, are the leaders of the Socialist Party. Into the U. G. T. and the Socialist Party fell the bombshell of the twenty-one conditions of Moscow. The U. G. T. to all appearances withstood the shock as all hallowed institutions should do. The Socialist Party has been rocked to its foundations. Almost a year ago came the first secession from the Socialist Party, and the formation of a small Communist Party, led by Merina Gracia, now in

Russia, Juan Andrade, editor of *El Comunista*, and Eduarde Ugarte, and others some of whom are still under military sentence for having supported the Zaragoza uprising. This group is nothing more than the Spanish Young People's Socialist League, which was suppressed by the Socialist Party, along with its organ, the *Renovacion*, because of its opposition to the Romanones War and its support of the Third International. Today the Socialist Party must decide upon the Twenty-One Conditions, which all the leaders with whom I have talked declare will split the party anew, creating a much more formidable communist group than now exists.

The government has been the first to declare civil war. It has suspended all constitutional guarantees except elections, making it a crime even to campaign for an anti-government candidate. It has imposed by force and violence crown-appointed mayors in every doubtful town and city in the country to insure a proper counting of the ballots; it has instituted a reign of terror throughout the land that has destroyed all semblance of legality or order. Private homes may be entered by the military without warning or warrant; men may be searched upon the streets for weapons and documents. While this is not so common in Madrid as in the industrial centers only the other day I was held up at my very door by a *Guardia Civil*, interrogated and searched for weapons. Unfortunately I had neglected to register with the municipal authorities and hence could show no *cedula*. I ushered the Guard into my room, dived into my trunk, and produced my last university diploma, and with a voice vibrating with indignation flaunted the Columbia seal beneath his nose, demanding how he dare insult an official. Mumbling a thousand apologies the Guard withdrew. It was the only use I have ever found for the bellicose signature of Nicholas Murray Butler.

It is thus however that the Spanish government has precipitated the present form of class war; it is thus that it has made the national issue its own existence. Several days ago I elbowed a fat, black-gowned priest—his "*linda*" clinging to his arm, for position in front of some striking election posters. One below the other they read:

WORKER! WHAT HAVE THE BOURGEOISIE  
DONE FOR YOU? DON'T VOTE.

CITIZENS! NOT TO VOTE IS A VOTE FOR  
THE LEFT. VOTE FOR THE MONARCHICAL  
PARTY AND LAW.

WORKERS! NOT TO VOTE IS TO GIVE A  
VOTE TO THE GOVERNMENT. VOTE FOR  
THE SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY.

I marvelled at the wheel of time which had led the Socialist Party of Spain, the old disciplined party of Pablo Iglesias, into advocating the same tactics as the most vicious feudal monarchist, when even the semi-conservative papers and the capitalist organs in issue after issue were bewailing the fact, in spite of persecution, injunctions and charges of *lése majesté* that government stupidity had made the ballot worthless; that its visionless, arbitrary conduct had put Spain on the edge of a precipice, that tomorrow the bloody class struggles which are paralyzing industry from one end of the country to the other will lead directly to national chaos if not to revolution. As a matter of fact the people know that the ballot is useless. The government coercive measures

and the propaganda of the C. N. T. have convinced them. During the last three years the number of ballots cast in Spain has steadily decreased. Yesterday in Madrid, a city which now claims over a million inhabitants, only 56,247 votes were cast and this is a decrease of over twenty per cent. In Madrid the vote has decreased, in spite of increasing population, over thirty per cent in one year!

At this hour in Spain the leadership of the Socialist Party and the U. G. T. amounts to nothing less than betrayal of the working class. It offers as little that is truly fundamental toward the solution of the present industrial war as does the Dato Government. It is permitting the country to drift into chaos, and even today Spain faces the fact that no one is capable of exercising a dictatorship: neither monarchist or capitalist; capitalist or working class. The terror is the only actuality today or tomorrow. Last July the U. G. T. and the C. N. T. signed a pact which amounted to a defensive and offensive alliance. While not extending to tactics it guaranteed mutual financial assistance and the sympathetic strike. The U. G. T., led by the Socialist Party politicians, has been the first to break that pact. At a moment when the workers of Cataluña were being herded at the point of the bayonet, deported, tortured and murdered, when terrorist reprisal had failed to bring amelioration, the call was sent out by the C. N. T. for a general strike throughout Spain which should not end till the military coercion of the workers had ceased. Strikes were called in Valencia, Zaragoza, Bilbao, Murcia and other important centers, but in Madrid the U. G. T. which had conducted a small bakers' strike that has resulted in nearly doubling the price of bread, refused to sanction a general strike on the eve of a national election, fearing the extension of violence. The strikes in Valencia, Zaragoza and other centers collapsed like pricked bubbles. The workers of Barcelona are prostrate beneath martial law, and the darkest, most hopeless hour in the history of the Spanish labor movement has struck. The manifesto of the C. N. T., fighting with its back to the wall, is the one bright ray:

"The situation in which we find ourselves obliges us to put plainly before the working class of Spain the manifest treason committed by the *Union General de Trabajo* at a moment when a determined and energetic attitude would have put an end to the governmental repression which for two years we in the vanguard of the revolutionary labor movement have suffered.

"The Socialist Party whose influence in the aforementioned Union is so manifest, has preferred to interpose the political interests of the party in front of any united action answering to the pressing needs of the present. A national protest was not consummated because the directors of the indicated organization, in view of the promises of the Dato Government, preferred to collaborate with the bourgeois regime rather than support united action.

"In view of such conduct, with the authorization of our local organizations, we hereby withdraw from the pact of Madrid, the continuance of which one day longer would be a dishonor, a blot upon the clean record of our organization . . .

"From this time on we shall turn to the international proletariat for aid in the struggle which we are maintaining against the Inquisitorial and political government of Spain."

## No Mistake

THE Liberator desires as nearly as possible to keep out of all factional controversies, and more especially to avoid issues of personal veracity between champions of conflicting factions. However, Seymour Stedman in a published letter has stated that Robert Minor "lied" in an article published in the LIBERATOR of March, 1920. In such a case the LIBERATOR feels obliged to examine into the questioned article. The disputed statement is this:

"On January 3rd the Department of Justice raided the 'House of the Masses,' broke into offices and desks and arrested 700 members of the Communist Party for deportation and prosecution under the Criminal Syndicalist law. Thereupon, Stedman, as attorney for the Socialist Party membership, went into court with action against the Communists to have the 'House of the Masses' taken from them and turned over to the Socialist Party.

"I thought that Mr. Stedman's petition in the Detroit case might help to seat the Socialist Assemblymen in Albany, if it could be introduced. It says of the Communists:

"That on or about to wit, the 27th day of May A. D., 1919, the defendants and their associates and agents, who are now in possession and control of the property of the plaintiff, were expelled from the Socialist Party of the United States because, among other things, they advocated the use of direct or mass action, as the primary and principal means of securing a change or destroying the "Capitalist System" and the present form of the Government of the United States; that the said defendants and their associates and agents still advocate the use of said direct or mass action, and that they are known and style themselves as "Communists" and "Members of the Communist Party." That the Communist Party has committed itself to the program as set forth in its manifesto and program, on page 9, in the following language: "Communism does not propose to 'capture' the bourgeois parliamentary state, but to conquer and destroy it. As long as the bourgeois state prevails, the capitalist class can baffle the will of the proletariat." (Section VI.)—That the Socialist Party is a political party, and that its principal program commits its members to the use of the ballot and political action as the primary means and method of changing or modifying our present political and industrial conditions. (Section IX.)— . . . that the use of the hall on the premises of the said plaintiff for advocating direct or mass action for overthrowing the present form of government constitutes a continuous nuisance and irreparable injury to the plaintiff herein."

The Editors of the Liberator have examined a certified copy of the Bill of Complaint, filed by Stedman under his own name as attorney. The paragraph quoted from it in Robert Minor's article is correct. The wording is identical. As for the facts recorded in the first paragraph above, they are a matter of common knowledge which a reference to the newspapers of these dates will verify.

SOME one dropped into a mail box in Los Angeles a letter addressed to "Nicolaï Lenin, Première of Russia, Petrograd, Russia." It was returned shortly afterward to the sender. Upon the envelope is pasted a slip of paper bearing the words: "Post Office, New York, N. Y. Returned to sender for the reason that service is suspended. There are no means available for transmission of the article to destination."

# A Dollar

By Mary Heaton Vorse

WHEN Antoine was five he held his hand clenched in a fist. That was because they made fun of his mother. They made fun of her because his father was dead. They called after him, "You're a n'orphan." Then he would let fly his fist and say, "God damn you! My mama's the biggest!"

Chocolate and Skinny laughed at him. They were big boys and thought he was plucky. They called him an orphan to hear him swear. They didn't know that it made his heart feel too big for him and beat as if it would come out.

Once Sam Dowles slapped him over the head with a codfish and almost knocked him down and left a track of fishy slime across his face. His mother shook her fist at Sammy, and Antoine felt safe with her wide silhouette in the window, so he called after Sammy:

"Damn you, my mother is bigger than your mother."

Antoine's mother was wide and thick through, and she swayed when she walked. When she stood still it was with both feet planted as though to withstand the onslaught of a wave. Her face was red and on her wide nose was a mole. Antoine was fascinated by that. When she held him on her lap he could not take his eyes from it. When he touched it with his finger she slapped him with her thick hand that was hard from work and soft with perpetually washing. It was always clean and smelled of brown soap.

There was always wash. The stove was always hot, heating more water. When Antoine's mother dumped the tub in the yard there would be a gray pool that ran out in greasy waves. When he paddled in the suds, his mother called to him:

"Hey, you Antoine. Le' that 'lone. You wanto get all wet!"

Later there was a white scum on the brown earth where the suds had been.

His sister Laura hated washing. She quarreled about it and tried to sneak away. His mother and sister talked like this all the time:

"Hey, Laura! You hurry up and put out the clothes."

"Can't May help?"

"No. She can't—she's gotta go to Mayhews with clothes."

"I'm tired, maw."

"You be more tired bimeby if yon don' eat. Now, march!" And she would herd Laura before her, her red arms brandished awfully.

Afternoons Laura put on a pink waist and walked up and down the board walk with the girls. Sometimes May tidied the home. Antoine watched her. Twice a day John came home. He was Antoine's big brother. He leaned over his plate and ate fast. When he left he slammed the door. Sometimes he quarreled with Laura.

There was always an iron heating. They were only taken off to fry the fish. When the clothes were all ironed they smelled good.

After supper May put Antoine to bed, and he could always hear Laura and his mother fighting about Laura's going out.

"Ma, you let John——"

"Ain' he a boy?"

"Ain't I never goin' to have any fun like no one else?"

"You can' go out nights. I ain' goin' let you trot on the street nights."

"Maw, can't I go jest to the Post Office?"

Through the gloom of the bedroom Antoine could see his mother larger than ever, sitting with her legs spread apart, the palms of her hands resting on her knees, her feet in their wide torn shoes planted firmly on the floor. He never saw her hands without thinking how they smelled of soap.

"Can't I go out, maw; can't I?" Laura begged.

Sitting impassive, her hands on her knees, his mother wouldn't answer.

"Can't I?" Laura would plead for the hundredth time.

"No!" she would bark finally.

Antoine always jumped at that "No!" as if his mother had struck him.

May read near the lamp. She never asked to go out. Every night his sister and mother fought like this. Sometimes Laura cried. Sometimes she said:

"I never have any fun!"

Later his mother would come to bed. She was like a big soft mountain, very comforting. The bed creaked when she got in, and sloped so that Antoine slid down near her. She gave a sigh before she went to sleep.

One night, the talk between Laura and his mother was different.

"There's going to be fire works on the wharf—there's going to be a band. Can't I go out on the Fourth, Ma?"

"Yes," his mother answered. "I'm goin' to take you. I'm goin' with May an' you an' Antoine. Time I had some fun. I'll go an' buy every one ice cream." His mother spoke in the same husky, throaty voice that she did when she told Antoine stories of the Islands and of the roses in her father's garden.

After that every little while Antoine would have a happy excited feeling inside him as though a star had exploded in his heart, and that would be when he remembered that he was going to see the fireworks. He inquired about them cautiously from Mr. Deutra, the carpenter, who lived next door. You went out on the wharf to see them, he learned; but the most important thing was that he was going with his mother, she was going to take him. She was going with Laura and May to look after them, and he was going too.

When the day came, Antoine realized that it was different from all other days he had ever known. Early in the morning, pop! pop! he heard the noise of pistol shots from outside, and the tooting of horns. Then there was no washing. There was no washing on Sunday either, but this day was entirely different from Sunday. There were flags everywhere; children had flags, they had pistols; some had paper caps with red, white and blue; some had horns.

Antoine ran through the field back of his house. He made his arms go round and round like a windmill. As he ran he shouted with defiant gladness to the other children, to the big boys, to the world:

"Bang! Bang! My mama's the biggest!"

He was going to see the fireworks. His big mother was going to take him. She sat all day under the apple tree in the yard. She had on a white shirtwaist and a tight black skirt. She had bright pink ribbon for a cravat with a great big pin on it rimmed with gold. She sat with her knees far

apart and her hands on her knees in her familiar pose, quiet as a big statue. When Antoine came near his mother he could hear a sound like the humming of bees; she was humming under her breath "Marching Through Georgia" and "Yankee Doodle." She sat there quietly and happily humming to herself all day.

As evening came Antoine felt as if his heart was going to burst right out of him, the way it had when the boys called out: "You're a n'orphan," only now it was from happiness. And somehow he knew that his mother was just as happy and excited as he was, though she didn't skip around. All she said was:

"Well, girl, guess we might go now."

May was dressed in white and had on white shoes and stockings. Laura had on her pink waist. They were just going to go when Mrs. Deutra hurried in. She looked at Antoine's mother in dismay.

"Oh, dear," she said, "are you going too, Mrs. Corea? Nellie Davis never came to stay with the baby."

Over at Deutra's they had a new baby. Sometimes Antoine's mother stayed with it when Mr. and Mrs. Deutra went to the pictures together, arm in arm.

"I was going to give Nellie a quarter," Mrs. Deutra said.

Antoine's mother shook her head. "I gotta be with my girls."

Mrs. Deutra was pretty and young. "I'd give anything if you would stay to-night—fifty cents, seventy-five."

Her husband shouldered into the house.

"Oh, come on, Ma—stay." He slipped a big silver dollar into Mrs. Corea's hand. "We'll take care of the girls."

Mrs. Deutra added, "I'll look after Antoine."

Mrs. Corea looked at the dollar; the silver dollar looked as big as the moon.

"Come on, come on, girls, we'll be late! Come on!"

"Come on, Antoine," said Mrs. Deutra, folding his hand into her soft one. But Antoine's eyes were on his mother. She stood there dark, bigger than anyone. In her hand was the round silver dollar. Slow tears welled up in her patient eyes. Still Antoine watched her, while he tugged away from Mrs. Deutra. Without words he knew what was the matter; he knew she felt as he would if suddenly the fireworks had been snatched from him.

He couldn't bear it.

He ran to his mother and grasped her legs which were like the trunks of trees.

"Ma," he cried, "Ma, you come!—Ma, you come!" He wanted to beg her to throw the dollar away; he wanted to tell her to let the girls stay with the baby, but he had no words. He could only cry: "Come, Ma, Come."

The girls were already down the road. Mr. Deutra cried "Come along." Mrs. Deutra took Antoine by the hand and pulled him along. "Come on sonny." She dragged him on bellowing:

"Ma—Ma, you come."



From a painting by Ben Benn.

## MEASUREMENTS

**S**TITCHES running up a seam  
Are not like feet beside a stream,  
And the thread that swishes after  
Is not at all like echoed laughter.  
Yet stitches are as quick as feet,  
Leaping from a rocky pleat  
To seams that slip like marshy ground;  
And thread-swish has a hollow sound.

Stitches that have a seam to sew  
Must not forget the way they go,  
While feet that find the cool earth sweet  
Have forgotten they are feet.  
And a laughter cares not why  
His echoes have a haunted cry.  
So stitches running up a seam  
Are not like feet beside a stream,  
And the thread that swishes after  
Is not at all like echoed laughter.

Hazel Hall.

# Milady and the Bolsheviks

By Margaret Tucker

I HAVE rarely enjoyed an afternoon so much as I did when I went to hear Mrs. Clare Sheridan lecture on her visit to Russia. I have been away from England for seven years, and though I properly belong to the middle rung of the English class ladder—very much the middle rung—I am able to appreciate the manners and point of view and the utterly airy, charming, non-serious attitude of the top rung of English society. When one has been brought up in England, even though one may be a Celt, one always feels the oppression of upper class superiority, and consequently defers to it, not because one wants to, but because one must, for being out of the upper class is unpardonable, and one always imagines that this class has a monopoly of brains. This was my feeling. And it was not until I went to Paris and lived there and attended the revolutionary meetings of the exiled Russians at the old Vauxhall, that I began to see that all was not right with the top dogs in England. Nevertheless I have never been quite able to resist their charm, their nonchalance and graceful ignoring of all—yes—all other peoples of the world, including, very much, their own people; by this I mean those unfortunate ones, who are not anywhere near the top of the social ladder. And the only way to understand the attitude is to run away and to get acquainted with the custom and wisdom of other countries; and then turn back and go to a lecture by one of them.

I could not have chosen a better type than Mrs. Sheridan, nor a better subject than the one that she was to speak on.

Mrs. Sheridan's explanation of the Third International was simply heavenly, and so was the manner in which she gave it out to her audience, which was just as amusing as herself. She said:

"Of course I don't suppose that any of you know much about the Third International or what it means, and as a matter of fact before I left England I did not know either. But it is a sort of—eh—well, a sort of a party of the workers who want to get together and—eh—and form a group of all the workers in the world—eh—to make peace, but you know how it is—people don't want to get together, and so there is no peace. They have a slogan, too; it is like this: 'Workers unite and let's have peace'—I don't know the exact words. They certainly take it very seriously, and one hears of it all the time." Mrs. Sheridan explained: "I have no politics, even though I have a rather prominent relative in Great Britain who is a politician (soft and timid laughter from the well-dressed audience). I speak en artiste, and I have no partie pris on the subject." She looked very brightly and humorously at her listeners. "I am really awfully sorry to say so, and I am sure that you will be to hear, but the Bolsheviki treated me very handsomely, and I would be indeed an ungracious guest if I were to say anything to the contrary. I had expected when I left

London to find them all very ferocious but I was disagreeably surprised to find them all very kind, very human and very hospitable. When you think of Litvinoff rolling down hill on the grass and winning foot races, and beating me at the game, he, a fat, jovial person, you can imagine that I was disappointed in their ferocity."

The most disagreeable of all the Bolsheviks, she said, was the President of the Third International. When she tried to get him to sit still to have his bust done, he twisted and growled and grimaced so that she got nervous. About Trotsky she was most interesting. He was very affable and a splendid sitter. "You know in London Trotsky is a myth, but when I came here to New York someone actually tells me that he was once a WAITER!!!" (This to the English mind is, as I said, unforgivable, and to think of the doughty Trotsky in that capacity is almost beyond human imagination.) Then she went on, "He is a very fine person, but I really cannot think of him as a waiter; he would be much more likely to throw things at people than wait on them."

I could see Lenin working and talking in his office, as Mrs. Sheridan sought the opportunity to make his portrait in clay. "Well, as you have come so far, I cannot refuse to see you; if you can go ahead and do it while I am attending to other matters, you are welcome." She tried to draw him out, she said, but somehow was not able to. This she said in a wondering, childlike tone.

No one can doubt Mrs. Clare Sheridan's candor and charm, and I cannot convey to the reader the sense of delight and glee that filled me that afternoon as I listened to her.



Maurice Becker.



# The Story of Alex Howat

By James P. Cannon

ALEXANDER HOWAT is the President of District Fourteen of the United Mine Workers. He has been an officer of that union for the most of nineteen years, and has not yet learned the profession of labor leadership. He still thinks like a coal digger. The Southwestern Coal Operators' Association has had a twenty years' struggle with the coal miners of Kansas and has never been able to deal with the president of the union in the manner in which professional labor leaders are habitually dealt with.

This alone went far to bring about the famous Kansas contribution to statecraft. The legislature was called into special session for the purpose of passing the Industrial Court law, which forever puts an end, legally, to all strikes in the State of Kansas. Unions are permitted, of course, but they must be strikeless unions. Disputes between employer and employes are legally to be settled by three judges of the Industrial Court appointed by the governor. Thus the function of the state—"to moderate the collisions between the classes"—reaches its ultimate in the State of Kansas. Even on the organized industrial field there shall be no active class struggle. An Industrial Court shall settle disputes "with justice to all concerned" and without stopping production.

Then the coal diggers met in district convention and "repealed" the Industrial Court law, so to speak. District Fourteen of the United Mine Workers made it "illegal" under union law, for its officers to have any dealings whatever with the Industrial Court law of the State. The miners' union statute provides heavy penalties against members who may recognize the State Industrial Court statute.

It has been something more than a year since these two conflicting laws were enacted, and now the population of Kansas is split between the two authorities—the government of Kansas and the Miners' Union of Kansas.

Last winter the Industrial Court summoned Alexander Howat, as District President of the Union, to come before it to testify in a labor dispute. Not only did he and his executive board refuse to appear, but Howat published a statement denouncing the Industrial Court for attempting to interfere with the affairs of the miners' union and to "chain men to their jobs like slaves." For this Howat and the other officers of the union were sent to jail for contempt of court. The coal miners of Kansas went out in a mass on a protest strike until their representatives were released on bond.

Since the passage of the anti-strike law, it has been the custom for the miners to walk off the job when occasion demanded, without waiting for a formal strike order from the Executive Board. The Industrial Court has not proceeded against the miners involved in these local strikes. Neither has it attempted to prosecute the miners for the protest strikes which they engaged in each time Howat and the Executive Board members were arrested.

In February an old dispute came to a head at the H. & J. mines of the Mackie Fuel Company over some back pay amounting to about \$200 which the union claimed to be due a boy named Carl Mishmash. President Howat and the District Executive Board called a strike to compel the company to make a settlement.

Howat and the other officers of the union were arrested, for calling strikes in violation of the Industrial Court law. All the mine workers went on a protest strike again, and most of them came into Pittsburg to attend the trial.

"I hope Aleck tells them to go to hell," said an Italian boy who couldn't get past the steps of the court-house. The court-room only held a fraction of the miners who wanted to hear Howat talk to the judge. They packed the hallways and stood in clusters around on the sidewalk and the street corners. They gathered in the poolrooms, restaurants and cigar stores, all talking about the case.

The Attorney General and the county attorney wanted Howat to make "damaging admissions." He made plenty of them without concern. Howat was asked if he didn't think it would be better to take the grievance of young Mishmash into the Industrial Court. His answer was emphatic:

"No. I never did see any good for labor come out of courts."

"Will you call off the strike now?" inquired the Attorney General.

"No. We will not call off the strike until the Mackie Fuel Company pays that fatherless boy and his widowed mother the back pay that is due them."

"Do you not intend to obey the law?"

"The Industrial Court law is unconstitutional."

After a day of argument of attorneys, Howat, Vice-President August Dorchy and Executive Board members John Fleming, Willard Titus, James McIlwrath and Hearl Maxwell were sentenced to a year in jail. The miners in the court-room were silent for a moment. Then one standing in the back of the room cried out:

"Jail one year, no work one year!"

This expression in various forms was repeated throughout the room. Most of the miners waited at the court-house until the appeal bonds were made out and the men released.

Soon after the court adjourned I saw Howat, who told me:

"Governor Allen said the Industrial Court law would stop strikes. We said it wouldn't. And the fact that there is a strike now on in this district proves that it can't stop strikes. The best they can do is to put men in jail. And we are not afraid of that. We know what we are up against. We will stay in jail until we are carried out in boxes before we will yield an inch in this fight. The miners of Kansas cannot fight this battle all alone. But I have confidence that the miners of America and organized labor generally will come to our aid, because we are fighting for them as well as for ourselves."

The bankers and business men and most of the professionals are on the side of the State of Kansas. They express themselves freely in private conversation, but few of them will say anything about the fight for publication. Several indiscreet merchants have felt the heavy hand of the union boycott, and their experience has made the others cautious. Pittsburg is a union town. The miners have assisted and inspired the organization of most of the other trades. The jitney drivers, the cooks and waiters, the street car men, the office workers, the telephone girls—all have functioning unions. The girls who work in the ten-cent store are organized and they went out with all the other unions in a



Alexander Howat

one-day protest strike when Howat was first arrested. The spirit of the miners strongly influences the other unions of the town. They have learned to act together.

A tea and coffee salesman was delivering a set of dishes as a premium from his company the day of the Howat trial. The woman customer asked him what he thought about it.

"They ought to give him life—"

He didn't finish what he was going to say. At that point the lady raised the dishes and broke them over his head.

During the great coal strike in the fall of 1919 Governor Allen undertook to get the Kansas miners back to work. A court order was secured which placed all the miners under temporary control of three receivers appointed by the court on recommendation of the governor. To make it fair for all concerned, one receiver was selected from the coal operators, one from what is called the public, and one from the miners' union—a sort of coalition government of industry. Governor Allen had just returned from Red Cross service in Europe. He learned something over there of the weakness of Socialists for bourgeois cabinets. He appointed Willard Titus, a member of the Mine Workers' District Executive Board and an old-time Socialist, to represent labor on the Board of Receivers.

It was a clever stroke on his part. But Titus is not that kind of a Socialist. He sent a short note to the Governor, informing him that he could not serve the State of Kansas as a Receiver for the reason that such an action on his part might conflict with the constitution and by-laws of the United

Mine Workers of America, which was the only body authorized to call off a strike of miners.

This is a point of view that is widely held among the miners of District Fourteen. They have no literature on the subject. It is not stated in their preamble or declaration of principles. But when the union orders a strike and the court orders no strike, the miners are not troubled by a divided loyalty. They lay down their picks and go home until further orders from the union.

This looks like a new philosophy which regards a union as an authority higher than any other institution. It is a philosophy which not only turns gray the hair of Kansas employers, but also shocks the sense of propriety of the national heads of the United Mine Workers of America. The national officers of the U. M. W. of A. were fighting Bolshevism in Kansas many years before Gompers heard of Bolshevism in Russia. They never got along well with Howat and always maintained that he carried things too far in his fights with the operators. Howat brought his ideas with him regularly to the national conventions of the union, and this tended to introduce class feeling.

Seven years ago the Southwestern Coal Operators' Association involved itself in a civil suit which required that its books be examined in court. A mysterious entry on their books was an item of \$25,000, which they, with apparent hesitation, explained represented a bribe paid to Alexander Howat. John P. White, who was then the International President of the United Mine Workers, was terribly agitated and demanded that Howat resign until he had proved his innocence.

Howat went back to the mines. He stayed there, working as a coal miner for twenty-one months. The systematic campaign to destroy his influence with the miners began. National organizers were sent into District Fourteen to undermine him. The National President wrote letters periodically to all the locals denouncing him as a betrayer of the workers. Each time Howat, at his own expense, circularized the locals with his answer. The controversy culminated in a challenge by Howat to debate the issue before mass meetings of the members in his district. White accepted. A series of debates in the different town of the district was arranged.

The first and only debate took place in the Opera House of Pittsburg, Kansas. The miners still talk about it. Standing room was not available to half of those who wanted to hear it. White spoke and Howat answered him. The miners voted confidence in Howat and demanded that he be provided with his own attorney for a libel suit against the Operators' Association. White agreed. The next debate was scheduled for the following evening at Frankfort, in the heart of the Kansas coal fields. Several thousand miners were waiting, but White did not appear.

Frank Walsh was engaged by Howat, and the case finally came to trial in May, 1916, in Kansas City. By tracing the bank checks and vouchers, Walsh accounted for all of the

Owing to an error, the name and address of the publisher of Ruth Le Prade's book, "Debs and the Poets," was omitted from the advertisement which appeared on page 31 of the March issue of THE LIBERATOR.

Orders for this book as well as for the special autographed copies should be sent to

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mysterious \$25,000 and proved that Howat had not received a cent of it. Howat was awarded \$7,000 damages by the jury.

But the Kansas miners had not waited for the verdict of the jury before bringing in their own. Prior to the trial they re-elected him district president by an almost unanimous vote. He has had no serious opposition since.

Howat was a candidate for the International Vice-Presidency in the last election. A great deal more of electioneering and ballot-box stuffing than usual was required to beat him. Three hundred National Organizers, 26 International Board Members and 65 Traveling Auditors campaigned against Howat, the coal digger.

The International officers of the United Mine Workers of America will not lose anything if the Kansas organization is broken up and Howat and the other officers are put in jail. The Illinois miners sent \$100,000 direct to the Kansas miners, but the International treasury has sent them nothing. Unlimited support was promised as one of the considerations of the Kansas miners going back to work during the big general strike; but it was never made good.

"The International is against us," one of the local leaders in District Fourteen told me, "and that is the hardest thing we have to contend with. The coal operators and the Industrial Court of the State of Kansas would have given up their fight long ago if they hadn't known that they could depend upon the secret support of the International. Instead of backing us up to the limit like real leaders of the union ought to do, they are always threatening to revoke our charter and looking for a pretext to enable them to do it."

## Up in the Slums of the Sky

UP in the slums of the sky  
A million little stars

Huddle together.  
I fancy them  
Playing on doorsteps  
Or pushing  
Star baby-carriages  
Into the sky park  
Where the policeman is  
And the fountain  
Full of dirty sticks.

The moon is a tall lady  
With a trailing dress of light  
Who lives uptown.  
She comes to the huddled stars,  
Sometimes,  
And talks and smiles,  
But she does not let them touch her hand.  
She is different.  
The moon does not belong  
In the ghetto of the stars,  
She just comes  
Sometimes.

Annette Wynne.

# The "Brass Check Weekly!"

Some time ago we threatened to start a publication with the above name, to keep up with the increasing dishonesties of the capitalist press. We meant the suggestion playfully, but it would seem that the capitalist press is going to drive us to it!

Last November the author of "The Brass Check" was the Socialist candidate for Congress in the 10th California District. During the campaign not a single newspaper in Los Angeles quoted a word from the campaign speeches of this candidate. A few days before election the Los Angeles "Times" published a big display article, with heading all the way across the page: "HERE ARE ALL THE CANDIDATES." The list was complete—save for one name, that of the author of "The Brass Check." On the day after election, all five Los Angeles newspapers printed on the front page a "box" giving the returns for all the principal offices. The list began with the vote for United States Senator. It then gave the vote for the 9th District. Then, it skipped entirely the vote for the 10th District, which is three-fourths of the city of Los Angeles, and went on to give the vote for the minor offices. On the second day after election, the newspapers repeated this incredible performance, and the boycotted candidate sent telegrams to the Socialist papers of the country, stating how the returns were being suppressed.

There is published in New York City an organ of the Old Style Tory virtues called the "Weekly Review." In this paper an ex-Socialist, W. J. Ghent, published an article charging that the author of "The Brass Check" had been inaccurate. Ghent had found one sentence of comment on the returns in one newspaper the day after election, and two sentences the second day after election. He furthermore showed that the Los Angeles "Times" had published the complete returns on November 6, four days after election, and the official revised returns on November 20. To this the author of "The Brass Check" replied that all his telegrams had been sent on November 3 and 4, so that what the "Times" had published on November 6 and 20 did not touch the question of his veracity. As to the earlier matters, Ghent had made his case by suppressing all mention of the "boxes" containing the returns, with the vote in the 10th District omitted.

The "Weekly Review" delayed for two months to publish this explanation—in the meantime sending it to Ghent, so that he might prepare an answer. This answer of Ghent was a charge that the author of "The Brass Check" had lied; that he had sent a telegram to the New York "Call" on November 6, subsequent to the publication of the complete returns in the Los Angeles "Times." By accident the author found out about this new charge before it was published in the "Weekly Review," and he obtained from the telegraph companies certified evidence that he had sent no telegrams to the New York "Call" except on November 3 and 4; he had sent none on November 6. The telegram referred to by Ghent had been sent by another party, and sent on November 5, not November 6—that is, it had been sent *prior* to the publication of the returns by the Los Angeles "Times" on November 6!

This documentary evidence was submitted to the editor of the "Weekly Review," as a test of the Old Style Tory virtues. Having the evidence before him that his charges were false, here is what the editor of the "Weekly Review" did: he published the charges of Ghent, and returned the evidence of Upton Sinclair unpublished and unmentioned; he wrote a letter, admitting that he had the evidence before him, at the time he sent the charges to press; but he returned the evidence for lack of space, and he published the false charges because he already had them in type! The charges are now being reprinted in capitalist papers from Philadelphia to Sacramento, and were last heard from in the "Standard," organ of the Ethical Culture Societies!

Meantime, "The Brass Check" is reported as the book most in demand in one public library after another. A friend informs us that in Los Angeles there are forty reservations for it! Scores of college boys are writing us about it, one declaring that he heard the book discussed in three different class-rooms in one day! The book has reached the Governor-General of the Philippines, who writes enthusiastically about it. Also it has reached Japan, whence come three letters in one month, asking to translate it. The Economy Book Shop of Chicago telegraphs for 1,400 copies, having had 750 the month previous—and this a year after publication!

The London "Nation" gave "The Brass Check" a two-page review a year ago. Now, our shipments of 6,500 copies having reached London, the "Nation" of January 29 gives another page. We quote one paragraph, so that you may see how the Wild West looks from a London study!

"If you wish to read a lively book of adventure—really desperate big game hunting, in a country apparently full of man-eaters that stalk the hunter invisibly and generally get him, and rogue tuskers that wait securely in ambush to flatten out innocent wayfarers who trespass in tabooed groves—read the 'Brass Check.' It is by Upton Sinclair (Hendersons, 3s. 6d.), an author who has written about jungles before, I am told, though I have never read him. One gathers from Mr. Sinclair that Sven Hedin, Shackleton, Doughty and other pioneers in lands where you find rocks but no ruth, had simple tasks compared to that of an American newspaper reporter who tries to tell what he knows; for the sub-title of this book is 'A Study of American Journalism.' It appears from it that there is work still for stout-hearted pioneers in New York which will make Buffalo Bill's excitements in the Wild West seem but table tennis. What are grizzly bears to High Finance? What the Sioux warrior Rain-in-the-Face to Mr. Hearst? Young men who are looking for an exciting life but are deploring the softness of a modern existence should read Upton Sinclair and admire the opportunity he shows could be theirs."

Prices of "The Brass Check" and other books published by Upton Sinclair are: Single copy, paper, 60c postpaid; three copies, \$1.50; ten copies, \$4.50. Single copy, cloth, \$1.20 postpaid; three copies, \$3.00; ten copies, \$9.00.

UPTON SINCLAIR, Pasadena, California

# BOOKS

## In Disguise

*Hagar's Hoard*, by George Kibbe Turner. (Albert A. Knopf.)

"HAGAR'S HOARD" is a piece of exceptionally good writing in disguise. The title is part of the disguise. It hints at a miser and his money and the enrichment of some lucky hero (and doubtless heroine) who discover it. It is as if the author said to himself: "The American public would not be interested in a first-rate story of the Old South in the time of the yellow fever—a tale full of the dread, the terror, the helpless ignorance of the living soul before this mysterious death that comes by night, a tale lit with the glow of 'fever-fires,' and of those other flames of strange and terrible emotion that blaze up in men's minds at such a time of death and horror. No, they are not interested in truth. But if I pretend that this is a romantic yarn, I can get away with it."

Well, I am not interested in romantic yarns, and no romantic yarn could hold me as this story of terror held me. I ask myself why the author didn't call it "Fever," change the denouement a little, and allow himself to be hailed as brilliantly carrying on the Conrad tradition? Why should Hergesheimer have all the laurels, when George Kibbe Turner could, if he would, beat him at his game?

The answer is, I suppose, that a lot of popular American writers are desperately afraid of being considered highbrow. They are afraid that if they don't stick to the commercial pattern, they would have to serialize in the *Little Review* instead of the *Saturday Evening Post*. Many of them might write good novels if they were not afraid to try. But few of them achieve such happy results of their compromises as this story. They are frequently almost as bad as they try to be. One can't help wondering what would happen if they took it into their heads to trust the public and write as well as they darn could!

F. D.

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## A Letter

Moscow, Nov. 24, 1920.

Dear Comrade:

We arrived here on the 6th of July, 1920. We were nearly five hundred when we assembled in Moscow. I met many American comrades. We have already a Russian-American machine shop. In this institution American mechanics are doing very fine work; we have here also many German comrades in this industry. The main thing is to bring good mechanics—you will find them in the movement. You should not forget to tell our comrades to bring in tools, as many as they can. Tools are very important. Money has no value here. Let them bring also clothing, medicines, shoes, soap, and other things. My experience was that in Germany you can obtain clothing cheaper than in America at present; I don't know how it is going to be next year. Many comrades took their clothing from Germany. They organized here a special committee to receive the American comrades, where comrade Stacklicki (from Chicago) is the head of this organization. Russia has plenty of unskilled labor. Soviet needs only good mechanics: specialists such as Tool and Die Makers, Plumbers, Fitters, Machine Repair Men, Boiler Makers, Sheet Metal Workers, Engineers, Draftsmen, Cabinet Workers, Automobile Repairmen, and others. Tell the comrades they should bring English literature with them.

Next spring we are going to start real work; our enemy is dead. Let us show the capitalistic world that we workers can build without their help. It is your and my duty to see that we shall build up Soviet Russia so that the next generation shall live in Communism.

CHARLES STEIN.

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Furniture and Equipment.....	13,227.81	Land Contract .....	56,475.00
Real Estate .....	175,000.00*	Net Worth .....	112,233.46
	190,247.26		190,247.26

\*Appraisal made by Insurance Company.

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