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- 54 Importance of Being Earnest. O. Wilde.
- 8 Lady Windermere's Fan. Oscar Wilde.
- 131 Redemption. Tolstoi.
- 99 Tartuffe. Moliere.
- 31 Pelleas and Melisande. Maeterlinck.
- 226 Prof. Bernhardi. Schnitzler.

Shakespeare's Plays

- 240 The Tempest.
- 241 Merry Wives of Windsor.
- 242 As You Like It.
- 243 Twelfth Night.
- 244 Much Ado About Nothing.
- 245 Measure for Measure.
- 246 Hamlet.
- 247 Macbeth.
- 248 King Henry V.
- 249 Julius Caesar.
- 250 Romeo and Juliet.
- 251 Midsummer Night's Dream.
- 252 Othello, The Moor of Venice.
- 253 King Henry VIII.
- 254 Taming of the Shrew.
- 255 King Lear.
- 256 Venus and Adonis.
- 257 King Henry IV, Part I.
- 258 King Henry IV, Part II.
- 259 King Henry VI, Part I.

- 260 King Henry VI, Part II.
- 261 King Henry VI, Part III.
- 262 Comedy of Errors.
- 263 King John.
- 264 King Richard III.
- 265 King Richard II.
- 267 Pericles.
- 268 Merchant of Venice.

Fiction

- 280 The Happy Prince and Other Tales. Wilde.
- 143 In the Time of the Terror. Balzac.
- 182 Daisy Miller. Henry James.
- 162 The Murders in The Rue Morgue. Edgar Allan Poe.
- 345 Clarimonde. Gautier.
- 292 Mademoiselle Fifi. De Maupassant.
- 199 The Tallow Ball. De Maupassant.
- 6 De Maupassant's Stories.
- 15 Balzac's Stories.
- 344 Don Juan and Other Stories. Balzac.
- 318 Christ in Flanders and Other Stories. Balzac.
- 230 The Fleece of Gold. Theophile Gautier.
- 178 One of Cleopatra's Nights. Gautier.
- 314 Short Stories. Daudet.
- 58 Boccaccio's Stories.
- 45 Tolstoi's Short Stories.
- 12 Poe's Tales of Mystery.
- 290 The Gold Bug. Edgar Allan Poe.
- 145 Great Ghost Stories.
- 21 Carmen. Merimee.
- 23 Great Stories of the Sea.
- 319 Comtesse de Saint-Gerane. Dumas.
- 38 Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Stevenson.
- 279 Will o' the Mill. Markheim. Stevenson.
- 311 A Lodging for the Night. Stevenson.

- 27 Last Days of a Condemned Man. Hugo.
- 151 Man Who Would Be King. Kipling.
- 148 Strength of the Strong. London.
- 41 Christmas Carol. Dickens.
- 57 Rip Van Winkle.
- 100 Red Laugh. Andreyev.
- 105 Seven That Were Hanged. Andreyev.
- 102 Sherlock Holmes Tales.
- 161 Country of the Blind. H. G. Wells.
- 85 Attack on the Mill. Zola.
- 156 Andersen's Fairy Tale.
- 158 Alice in Wonderland.
- 37 Dream of John Bull. William Morris.
- 40 House and the Brain. Bulwer Lytton.
- 72 Color of Life. E. Haldeman-Julius.
- 198 Majesty of Justice. Anatole France.
- 215 The Miraculous Revenge. Bernard Shaw.
- 24 The Kiss and Other Stories. Chekhov.
- 285 Euphorian in Texas. George Moore.
- 219 The Human Tragedy. Anatole France.
- 196 The Marquise. George Sand.
- 239 Twenty-Six Men and a Girl. Gorki.
- 29 Dreams. Olive Schreiner.
- 232 The Three Strangers. Thomas Hardy.
- 277 The Man Without a Country. E. E. Hale.

History, Biography

- 312 Life and Works of Laurence Sterne. Gunn
- 328 Addison and His Times. Finger.

- 324 Life of Lincoln. Bowers.
- 323 The Life of Joan of Arc.
- 339 Thoreau—the Man Who Escaped From the Herd. Finger.
- 126 History of Rome. A. F. Giles.
- 123 Julius Caesar: Who He Was.
- 185 History of Printing.
- 149 Historic Crimes and Criminals. Finger.
- 175 Science of History. Froude.
- 104 Battle of Waterloo. Victor Hugo.
- 52 Voltaire. Victor Hugo
- 125 War Speeches of Woodrow Wilson.
- 22 Tolstoi: His Life and Works.
- 142 Bismarck and the German Empire.
- 286 When the Puritans Were in Power.
- 343 Life of Columbus.
- 66 Crimes of the Borgias. Dumas.
- 287 Whistler: The Man and His Work.
- 51 Bruno: His Life and Martyrdom.
- 147 Cromwell and His Time
- 236 State and Heart Affair of Henry VIII.
- 50 Paine's Common Sense
- 88 Vindication of Paine.
- 33 Brann: Smasher of Shams.
- 163 Sex Life in Greece and Rome.
- 214 Speeches of Lincoln.
- 276 Speeches and Letters of Geo. Washington.
- 223 Essay on Swinburne.
- 144 Wzs Poe Immoral? Whitman.
- 227 Kents. The Man and His Work.
- 150 Lost Civilizations. Finger.

- 170 Constantine and the Beginnings of Christianity.
- 201 Satan and the Saints.
- 67 Church History. H. M. Tichenor.
- 169 Voices From the Past.
- 266 Life of Shakespeare and Analysis of His Plays.
- 123 Life of Madame Du Barry.
- 139 Life of Dante.
- 69 Life of Mary, Queen of Scots. Dumas.
- 5 Life of Samuel Johnson. Macaulay.
- 174 Trial of Wm. Penn.

Humor

- 291 Jumping Frog and Other Humorous Tales. Mark Twain.
- 193 Wit and Wisdom of Charles Lamb.
- 18 Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. Jerome.
- 166 English as She Is Spoken. Mark Twain.
- 231 Eight Humorous Sketches. Mark Twain
- 205 Artemus Ward. His Book.
- 187 Whistler's Humor.
- 216 Wit of Heinrich Heine. Geo. Eliot.
- 20 Let's Laugh. Nasby.

Literature

- 278 Friendship and Other Essays. Thoreau.
- 195 Thoughts on Nature. Thoreau.
- 194 Lord Chesterfield's Letters.
- 48 Bacon's Essays.
- 63 A Defense of Poetry. Shelley.
- 97 Love Letters of King Henry VIII.

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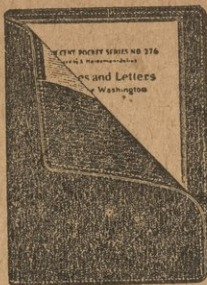
- 89 Love Letters of Men and Women of Genius.
- 186 How I Wrote "The Raven." Poe.
- 87 Love, an Essay. Montaigne.
- 60 Emerson's Essays.
- 84 Love Letters of a Portuguese Nun.
- 26 On Going to Church. G. B. Shaw.
- 135 Socialism for Millionaires. G. B. Shaw.
- 61 Tolstoi's Essays.
- 176 Four Essays. Havelock Ellis.
- 160 Lecture on Shakespeare. Ingersoll.
- 75 Choice of Books. Carlyle.
- 238 Essays on Chesterfield and Rabelais. Sainte-Beuve.
- 76 The Prince of Peace. W. J. Bryan.
- 86 On Reading. Brandes.
- 95 Confessions of an Opium Eater.
- 218 Lecture on Lincoln. Ingersoll.
- 177 Subjection of Women. John Stuart Mill.
- 17 On Walking. Thoreau.
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- 235 Essays. Gilbert K. Chesterton.
- 7 A Liberal Education. Thomas Huxley.
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- 225 Condescension in Foreigners. Lowell.
- 221 Women, and Other Essays. Maeterlinck.
- 10 Shelley. Francis Thompson.
- 229 Peppys' Diary.
- 299 Prose Nature Notes. Walt Whitman.
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- 313 The Decay of Lying. Oscar Wilde.
- 86 Soul of Man Under Socialism. O. Wilde.
- 293 Francois Villon: Student, Poet and House-breaker. Stevenson.

Maxims, Epigrams

- 77 What Great Men Have Said About Women.
- 304 What Great Women Have said About Men.
- 179 Gems from Emerson.
- 310 The Wisdom of Thackeray.
- 56 Wisdom of Ingersoll.
- 106 Aphorisms. Geo. Sand.
- 168 Epigrams. O. Wilde.
- 59 Epigrams of Wit and Wisdom.
- 35 Maxims. Rochefoucauld.
- 154 Epigrams of Ibsen.
- 197 Witticisms and Reflections. De Sevigne.
- 180 Epigrams of George Bernard Shaw.
- 155 Maxims. Napoleon.
- 181 Epigrams. Thoreau.
- 222 Aphorisms. Huxley.
- 113 Proverbs of England.
- 114 Proverbs of France.
- 115 Proverbs of Japan.
- 116 Proverbs of China.
- 117 Proverbs of Italy.
- 118 Proverbs of Russia.
- 119 Proverbs of Ireland.
- 120 Proverbs of Spain.
- 121 Proverbs of Arabia.

Philosophy, Religion

- 159 A Guide to Plato. Durant.
- 347 A Guide to Stoicism. St. George Stock.
- 322 The Buddhist Philosophy of Life.
- 124 Theory of Reincarnation Explained.
- 157 Plato's Republic.
- 62 Schopenhauer's Essays.
- 94 Trial and Death of Socrates.
- 65 Meditations of Marcus Aurelius.
- 64 Rudolf Eucken; His Life and Philosophy.
- 101 Thoughts of Pascal.
- 4 Age of Reason. Thomas Paine.
- 55 Herbert Spencer: His Life and Works.
- 44 Aesop's Fables.
- 165 Discovery of the Future. H. G. Wells.
- 96 Dialogues of Plato.
- 225 Essence of Buddhism.
- 103 Pocket Theology. Voltaire.
- 132 Foundations of Religion.
- 138 Studies in Pessimism. Schopenhauer.
- 211 Idea of God in Nature. John Stuart Mill.
- 212 Life and Character. Goethe.
- 200 Ignorant Philosopher. Voltaire.
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- 207 Olympian Gods. H. M. Tichenor.
- 184 Primitive Beliefs.
- 153 Chinese Philosophy of Life.
- 30 What Life Means to Me. Jack London.

Poetry

- 317 L'Allegro and Other Poems. Milton.
- 282 Rime of the Ancient Mariner. Coleridge.
- 152 The Kasidah. Sir Richard F. Burton.
- 329 Dante's Inferno. Vol. 1.
- 330 Dante's Inferno. Vol. 2.
- 297 Poems. Robt. Southey.
- 306 A Shropshire Lad. Housman.
- 284 Poems of Robt. Burns.
 - 1 Rubiyat of Omar Khayyam.
 - 73 Walt Whitman's Poems.
 - 2 Wilde's Ballad of Reading Jail.
 - 32 Poe's Poems.
- 164 Michael Angelo's Sonnets.
- 71 Poems of Evolution.
- 146 Snow-Bound. Pied Piper.
- 9 Great English Poems.
- 79 Enoch Arden.
- 68 Shakespeare's Sonnets.
- 281 Lays of Ancient Rome. Macaulay.
- 173 Vision of Sir Launfal.
- 222 The Vampire and Other Poems.

Science

- 327 The Ice Age. Charles J. Finger.
- 321 A History of Evolution. Fenton.
- 217 The Puzzle of Personality; a Study in Psycho-Analysis. Fielding.
- 190 Psycho-Analysis—The Key to Human Behavior. Fielding.
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- 92 Hypnotism Made Plain.
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- 39 Did Jesus Ever Live?
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- 13 Is Free Will a Fact or a Fallacy?
- 234 McNeal-Sinclair Debate on Socialism.
- 141 Would Practice of Christ's Teachings Make for Social Progress? Nearing and Ward.

Miscellaneous

- 326 Hints on Writing Short Stories. Finger.
- 192 Book of Synonyms.
- 25 Rhyming Dictionary.
- 78 How to Be an Orator.
- 82 Common Faults in Writing English.
- 127 What Expectant Mothers Should Know.
- 81 Care of the Baby.
- 136 Child Training.
- 137 Home Nursing.
- 14 What Every Girl Should Know. Mrs. Sanger.
- 34 Case for Birth Control.
- 91 Manhood: Facts of Life Presented to Men.
- 83 Marriage: Past, Present and Future. Besant.
- 74 On Threshold of Sex.
- 98 How to Love.
- 172 Evolution of Love. Ellen Key.
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Lydia Gibson

All Hail, Soviet Russia!

THE LIBERATOR

Vol. 5, No. 11 [Serial No. 56]

Nov.-Dec. 1922

EDITORIALS

We Haven't Cracked Under the Strain

THE non-appearance of the November issue of this magazine meant that we were in desperate financial difficulties. The appearance of a November-December issue now, means that we have weathered the storm. We expect to direct our attention more than we have for some months past to political issues, and to direct attention more deliberately than heretofore to The Workers Party, the organized political movement which, as we declared at its inception, best represents the revolutionary interests of the American workers.

Revolutionary

"REVOLUTIONARY" is still a dangerous word to use in print. But for the sake of clearness we intend to use it in these columns whenever the occasion arises.

For about a year we have refrained from inflaming the imagination of Mr. Daugherty and Mr. Burns by the use of the common-place and useful phrases of Communist intellectual discussion. The time has not, perhaps, yet come when we can mention the d-ct-t-rsh-p of the pr-l-t-r-t with impunity; but the efforts of Capitalism, through an obliging government, to make everybody pretend to believe that capitalism was going to last forever, seem to have failed; their extraordinary tyrannies have had to be explained, and the only explanation possible was their fear of—revolution. They had to utter the word themselves. We claim the same privilege.

The Elections

SOMETHING serious is happening out West. It is evidently one of the big tides that sweep this country periodically when the dead moon of hard times is in the full, when the "dirt" farmer's brain is drawn to desperate thinking, and Labor can see nothing ahead but the midnight freight out of town.

It seems that the seed of farm-mortgages lost, of unemployment, normalcy and injunctions, is growing a crop out West. It may be only another crop of alfalfa for the scythe of the evolution-haters, easy pickings for Wall Street's second line of defense—the William J. Bryans.

But we doubt if the crop will all be reaped by them. For this time we hear the name of Labor spoken loudly in the tumult—Labor as a political class. And if this class should by this time prove to have been sufficiently goaded into political class organization, the tide may leave a permanent residue. If Labor should take the lead this time, in an organized way, the uprising may not expend itself in the steam of quackery. The lead was taken each time before by a class that had no destiny—by the small business starvelings, by the

small shop-keepers in mad revolt against life itself, in revolt against combination, against big industrialization, against invention, against the evolutionary trend. Hitherto the revolts that have come out of the West have been led by a dying class, a class nine-tenths of which dies out each year; the small business men, a class without a destiny.

Labor has a destiny. As a class it is rising. Will it take the lead of the Revolt Out of the West?

A Capitalist Manifesto

THE majority of the Railroad Labor Board has issued a Capitalist Manifesto—which, oddly enough, agrees with the Communist Manifesto in all essential particulars. It is an important document well worthy of careful attention. It attacks "the living wage" as a basis for determining wages of railroad workers, and declares that such a course, "if carried to its legitimate conclusion, would wreck every railroad in the United States, and if extended to other industries, would carry them into communistic ruin."

These are ringing words. They mean that capitalism cannot afford to pay a living wage to the workers. They mean that capitalism exists necessarily and inevitably upon a basis of starvation. They mean that there is no hope for the workers under capitalism. They mean that if the workers want even what is called "a fair share" of the fruits of industry, they might as well set about putting an end to capitalism, since that is the only way they will ever get what they want.

The Railroad Labor Board majority is to be congratulated on its courage and its candor. These are the sort of things that Communists get put into jail for saying to the workers.

This manifesto was issued in reply to an argument of the "labor" minority of the Board, in which an increase of wages determined by "the living wage" standard had been pleaded for. In such a situation, all that can be done by labor's representatives (appointed by Capital) on the Labor Board, is plead. But there is a reason—a good capitalist reason—why their pleas are of no avail. And for once the representatives of capital have come right out with this reason in plain words. They have said, in effect: "Don't let's have any nonsense about 'the living wage.' Capitalism can't pay the living wage. Capitalism can exist only so long as the workers will accept something less than the living wage. Capitalism will fall in ruins—in communistic ruins—when the workers really try to get enough to live on."

Attorney-General Daugherty got out an excellent piece of communist propaganda in his famous injunction. The Railroad Labor Board majority has got out another in this manifesto. And the beauty of having these Communist Propagandists on the job in Washington is that they can't be put in jail for telling the truth about capitalism.

The Communist International

THE "Red League of Nations" is meeting in Moscow. Stronger and more vast in significance each year, the Communist International opens its Fourth Congress in a Workers' Russia for the first time at peace. The Communist International is the big organizational outcome of the war which the poor old League of Nations was intended to be. This great International is too little understood throughout the non-communist world. Its peculiar character is indicated by the one fact that it is but a single political party extending over the entire world and possessing a single will, and a discipline as rigid as that of any military organization that ever existed. We hope to have in our January number a first-hand description of the Fourth Congress, written by a distinguished American.

Pardon of the Russian Social Renegades

THE united tears of socialists, anarchists, democrats, monarchists and republicans have mingled in a wild world wail of sympathy for the Social-Revolutionary Party leaders who were condemned to death by the Russian Communist government for their proven treason in an alliance with foreign Capitalist governments to make war on Soviet Russia. It was fine anti-bolshevik propaganda—or at least so thought Charles Ervin, Abraham Cahan and the rest of that group of citizens whose profession is now daily more confined to fighting bolshevism.

But strange to say the propaganda value of the incident turned out to be on the other side of the ledger. The Russian Communists have used the incident to illustrate to the proletariat of the world that treason to the working class is at least as serious a thing as treason to capitalist masters. It has gone a long way toward destroying the old half-conscious concept of the slave mind, that betrayal of a revolutionary cause is only one of the natural rights that come under the head of "freedom of opinion." But, having used the incident with terrific effect upon the minds of millions, the Communists are through with the pitiful creatures concerned. Not wanting any useless vengeance in bloodshed the Bolsheviks finish off the affair with a complete pardon effective as soon as their S. R. party ceases its treason.

Vladivostok to Constantinople!

AFTER five years, and after all the military efforts that Capitalism could put forth have soaked Siberia in blood a score of times, Vladivostok finally hoists the red flag over a peaceful city. The Far Eastern Republic rules but a moment and then declares itself a part of the Russian Soviet Republic. The flag of the Communists flies from near the center of Europe to the Eastern tip of Asia five thousand miles away.

And Capitalism, the Mighty, has picked up its righteousness and fled from Constantinople—fled before an ally of Soviet Russia! Fled and left behind the spoils for which ten million men died in the War for Righteousness! What do you think of this, you Socialists of "realism"—you scoffers at the "dreamers of the East"? You democrats-with-the-word-socialist-thrown-in, you collaborators with Capitalism,—what do you think of the policies of the Communist International which rules the Russian Communist Party, which in turn rules Russia? In Germany your comrade Ebert implores the

head of the German Shipping Trust to form a "democratic" ministry. Your German Hillquits are conferring in Berlin today with Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan to save Germany from bolshevism, as a last hope for a dying "democratic" capitalism. What do you think of it? You bet on the capitalist horse. We bet on the proletariat. Which do you think is running the better?

When Thieves Fall Out

THOMAS E. CAMPBELL is governor of Arizona. A few weeks ago he ran for re-election on the Republican ticket. His chief rival for office was George W. P. Hunt—needless to say, a Democrat. Various political wiseacres of national standing in both parties have been confessing of late that Democrats and Republicans have no real quarrel; but it seems that in Arizona they were particularly shy on campaign formulas with which to bamboozle the voters into believing that an election is anything more than a sham battle between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. The political program of the Democrats was condensed into the motto which heads their official organ *The Democratic Bulletin*. "A Democrat", says this profound aphorism, "is one who votes the Democratic ticket." In case any one should dismiss these words as the idle chatter of some local politician, it is best to state at once that they are ascribed to no less a statesman than Woodrow Wilson.

We do not know what the aims of the Arizona Republicans were; probably that a good Republican is one who votes a Republican ticket. These opposing formulas, however, did not seem to impress the voters of Arizona sufficiently. Something more exciting was needed and this something, if we are to believe the Democrats, was furnished by the Republican. We quote the following from *The Democratic Bulletin* of November 3:

"Advised by the eminent counsel of one of the leading mining companies of Arizona, the Republican publicity bureau released for publication a story alleging that an I. W. W. leader has been arrested in Phoenix, and that he had in his possession literature alleged to have been written by I. W. W. members urging the election of George W. P. Hunt. * * * Two men arrived in Phoenix October 29. They have been here two days. They visited Democratic State Headquarters early on the morning of October 31 with a deputy sheriff standing handy by and the arrest was made, charging one Antonic Pape with the crime of sabotage. Ralph Rollins, publicity agent for the Republican party of the State of Arizona was in close consultation with the Republican sheriff and deputies of Maricopa County in connection with the arrest of Papa. That the arrest of Papa is a frame-up is clearly indicated, for, when interviewed, all that he could say is that 'I am an I.W.W.' Asked what branch he belonged to, he said that did not know * * * He is grossly ignorant of the I.W.W. and is clearly a dupe hired by the Republican party * * *".

The Democratic State Central Committee claims that the details of the frameup were carried out by the Thiels Detective agency.

"The Thiels Detective Agency", *The Bulletin* continues, "will be remembered * * * for the criminal activities in connection with the 1916 election; two of the Thiel detectives well known to the people of Arizona as 'real revolutionists' have been in Arizona for some weeks."



Art Young

The Rake's Progress

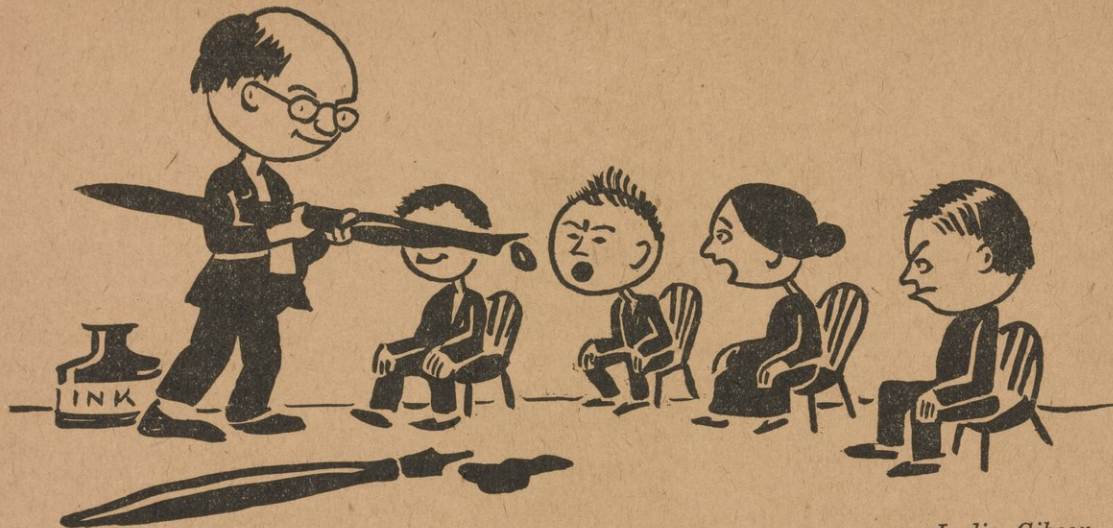
A Political Psychoanalist

THESE elections are seriously interesting, anyway, and we have asked a serious man to analyze them for The Liberator—a man whom we consider one of the wisest heads in American politics—Charles E. Ruthenberg. Ruthenberg is Secretary of the Workers' Party, which Mr. William J. Burns says is just a legal organization to bootleg the outlawed Communist propoganda to the working class in these days of opinion-prohibition. On the chance that Mr. Burns might be right about it, and as we want to get some Communist brains to give our readers a cold-blooded, materialistic analysis of a phenomenon that might otherwise be lost in a fog of emotion and assumption, we take Ruthenberg's analysis as the best of many that are floating around. Ruthenberg knows more about practical politics—typical American politics—than most idealists do. He gained the knowledge as a five-time candidate for the mayoralty of Cleveland, as candidate for the governorship of Ohio (when he received 90,000 votes and nearly put even the Socialist Party on the map) and in a campaign for the United States Senatorship and for numerous other offices that we don't remember just now.

Italy Learns

THE Socialist Party of Italy has returned to the Communist International. It will be remembered that at the time of the factory occupation, the leaders of the Italian Socialist Party, who had followed their followers into the Communist International, turned traitors and sold out the workers in the exact letter of the yellow socialist program. The Communist International immediately ordered the Italian party to expel its yellow leaders or else get out of the International. The Italian Socialists let the fine words of the centrists lure them into a sentimental loyalty to "great men", and the Party was shut out of the revolutionary International. Since then has come the reckoning. Italy has been plunged into the bloody sea of Fascism, and the workers have seen their yellow socialist party sell them out again by making a treaty with the Fascisti in a common line up against bolshevism.

But the Italian socialist workers learned at last. In their recent party congress they voted to throw out their contemptible leaders and to return to the Communist International. The bitter lesson is learned at last.



Lydia Gibson.

Gene Debs and Bernard Shaw.

WE are very glad to give our readers this month a taste from the pens of two Socialists of international renown—Eugene V. Debs and George Bernard Shaw. They are not Communists, a fact which we regret, but each of them is an international character standing in a way—and each in his own separate way—above, if not apart, from the Socialist parties. Each of them has a habit of speaking out more courageously or more brilliantly than his party.

It sounds like the old Debs' voice when he speaks of the Russian revolution; and his praise of Lenin, the man who led it, is a recognition of greatness by a man who knows something of greatness. We wonder, though, when Debs so justly condemns those who are guilty of "cowardly non-support" of the Russian revolution, why Debs does not know that the only way for a Socialist to support the Russian revolution is to support the International whose establishment expresses more than anything else the purpose for which the revolution was fought. The Russian revolution is not an abstraction. Neither is it Russian. Its purpose was never conceived by its leaders to be a Russian purpose. Support of the Russian Soviet State is praiseworthy. But it is a thing that many progressive merchants can do. For a Socialist it is only a small part of a much grander duty. We almost feel like praying when we see how the old warrior Debs has been tangled into a maze of systematic misinformation, shut off from contact with the greatest events of all history.

We are seriously disquieted about Bernard Shaw. He gives the European capitalist governments the presumption that they will continue to live longer than he, and reminds us that he is sixty-six. We had heard more reports of the ill health of European capitalism than of Bernard Shaw. If he knows of some concealed vitality in the vegetarian-dieted governments that no one else in the world knows of, he should go immediately to Berlin and stabilize the Mark.

If the two renowned Socialists seem from our point of view to have missed something of significance in this epoch, we remember that during much of this world-shaking period Debs has been in prison and Shaw has been in England.

Sons of Big Guns

TWO descendants of great men have been advising the American people lately, John D., Jr., the son of Rockefeller, and Jean Longuet, the grandson of Marx. John D., Jr., advises us to save our capital (of which we haven't any), and Jean Longuet, grandson of Karl Marx, advised us to save our capitalism. Or else we didn't understand Jean's lecture on "Europe After the War." The grandson of Karl Marx didn't dare to mention revolutionary Russia in a "socialist" lecture on Europe after the war! The advice of Mr. Rockefeller's son is at least clear—but why did Karl Marx go and get married, anyway?

The Capitalist Radical

"HIRAM JOHNSON", says a political reporter of the *New York World*, in counting the noses of the "radical group" in the Senate, "has not been inordinately radical lately."

And we wonder, as we swim in the sensational headlines of the election results—we wonder if Hiram Johnson didn't sell out too soon? This "radical" man Johnson, whose sole claim to mention in history will be as the jailor of Tom Mooney, sold himself out in the provincial stock exchange at San Francisco a long time back.

At one time Hiram Johnson bade fair to ride the next "rising tide out of the West" into a sort of Lloyd-Georgeship of the United States. He might have been a sort of William J. Bryan-without-the-failure—without the failure—because Hiram would not have been fool enough to be honest, as we sometimes suspect that Bryan is.

Just think how nice it would be now to be the "Thundering Voice of the People" out of the West, and to slip into New York and make a trade in a back room of Morgan & Co., on the present bull market!

But Hiram didn't have imagination enough. He sold out on a provincial market. Some other politician probably will reap the reward as the "capitalist radical" to sell out the "Rising Tide of Popular Indignation" to Wall Street.

Bernard Shaw and the Revolution

We wrote to Bernard Shaw:

Will the Russian Soviet Republic continue to hold out?

Does it offer, aside from local and accidental features, the pattern of a new world-order?

Do you look for a general European revolution in your lifetime?

Bernard Shaw wrote us in reply:

I.

Why not?

II.

It formally inaugurated a new epoch; but its patterns are still in a very early experimental stage.

III.

Not again at 66. Europe is too big, and not sufficiently integrated and organized, to be capable of any single simultaneous operation; but I have seen her shake off three super-empires and replace them with republics; so that she is now predominantly republican and only apologetically and shakily dynastic-monarchical. Surely that is enough for one lifetime.

B. Bernard Shaw

A Little Communist Joke

PRESIDENT HARDING, not content with the fame his Attorney-General has secured as a Communist Propagandist, offers us this little stunt of his own—a slight thing, a kind of joke, but very pointed, and very telling. He has referred to Attorney-General Daugherty the request for the suspension of Attorney-General Daugherty pending investigation of impeachment charges against him. Attorney-General Daugherty will decide whether or not to suspend Attorney-General Daugherty from office. So far we have not heard Attorney-General Daugherty's decision, but his special assistant writes that the Attorney-General has noted the request, as referred to him by the President, and that it will receive "serious consideration." In the meantime Art Young has doubtless drawn a picture of Attorney-General Daugherty, deeply immersed in thought, asking himself: "Shall I—or shall I not—suspend myself from office? What would my illustrious predecessor, Pontius Pilate, have done? Much depends on my decision!"

The request for Attorney-General Daugherty's suspension was preferred by Arthur T. Hopkins on behalf of the Committee of Forty-Eight. Mr. Hopkins, the newspapers inform us, has written to the President, protesting against "the gross impropriety of referring a demand for Mr. Daugherty's suspension to Mr. Daugherty himself." It is to be feared that Mr. Hopkins, like other earnest reformers, has no sense of humor. He ought to realize that this disposition of his demand is exquisitely appropriate.

Saved Again!

A HANDSOMELY lettered postcard came to our office the other day from the *New Republic*. Its message begins: "Revolution, not reform, is the goal of an alarming proportion of Americans. Everybody knows this, except those who prefer to play ostrich with facts. It is a situation that demands more than the usual 'stand-'em-up-against-a-wall' recommendation, more than strikes, injunctions, optimism—or words.

"What it demands is enough intellectual effort on the part of educated Americans to bring about a return to faith in fundamental Americanism"—and this in its turn is to be brought about, apparently, by subscribing to "the most profoundly American journal in the land"; to wit, the *New Republic*.

The efforts of the Lusk Committee, of Detective William J. Burns, of Attorney General Daugherty, of the *New York Times* and the *Boston Transcript*, to stave off the menace of revolution, seem not to have been sufficient. More drastic action was required—and here we have it. The *New Republic* will save America from Red Revolution. Messrs. Herbert Croly, Alvin Johnson, Philip Little, Robert Morss Lovett and Stark Young, editors, have rallied round the Constitution—with, we hope and trust, the enthusiastic approval of their contributing editors, including Miss Jane Addams, Mr. Bruce Bliven, and Prof. John Dewey. Now all "educated Americans" may sleep of nights. The Old Republic is safe.

Russia's Embattled Liberators

By Eugene V. Debs

THERE is nothing in all the struggle of the oppressed peoples of the earth for freedom that begins to compare in historic importance to the significance of the sublime spectacle that the Soviet Republic of Russia, on the fifth anniversary of the stupendous revolution that gave it birth, presents to the world.

The Russian revolution, whatever may be its ultimate fate, its final outcome and results, will stand forth in perspective and be chronicled in history as the greatest and most luminous and far-reaching achievement in all the annals of mankind.

That the revolution and the republic which sprang from it have survived, not only to be commemorated on their Fifth Anniversary, but are today more puissant and promising, and pulse with keener life and activity than ever before, in the face of every conceivable attempt to crush and destroy them on the part of the combined capitalist powers of the earth, is a miracle no less marvellous and seemingly impossible than the revolution and the republic themselves.

The invincible revolutionary spirit, the noble heroism, the sublime faith and fortitude, the flaming idealism and the stoical self-denial of the Russian revolutionary warriors are infinitely beyond human speech and will be recorded only in the triumphant liberation of the race.

For five years they have stood with more than Spartan courage against the foul assaults of the whole criminal capitalist world.

They have waded through hell in their own blood to banish hell from the earth and bring peace to the world.

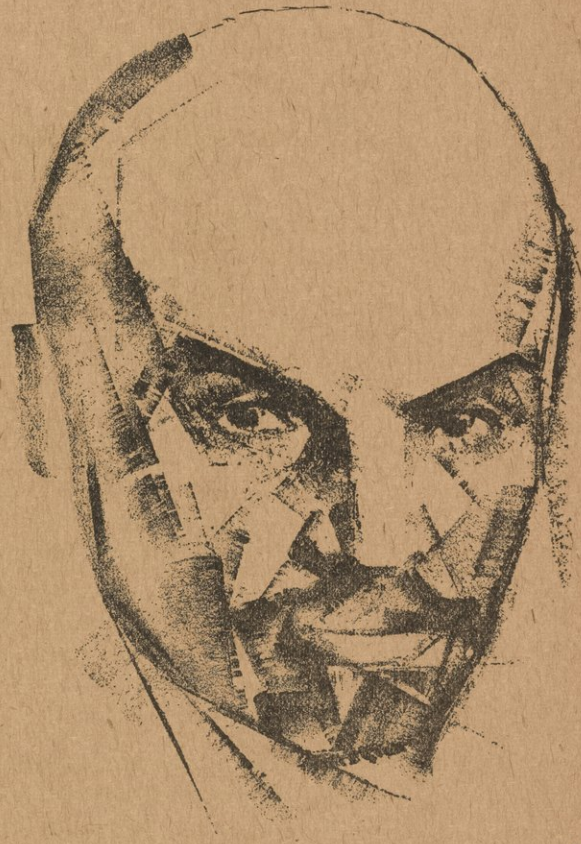
They have fought in rags to clothe the naked, they have starved themselves to feed the race, and they have died in fetters to free the world.

The Russian Republic stands triumphant, gloriously triumphant on its fifth anniversary, a beacon light of hope and promise to all mankind!

If there has been retreat it has been only to secure a firmer foothold; if there have been concessions it has been to lay a stronger and deeper foundation for the first and only working-class Republic, whose blood-red banner of Socialism and freedom waves in defiance of all the black flags of capitalism and piracy that surround and threaten it.

If there have been days of doubt, misgiving and sore trial, it has not been due to the weakness or wavering of the red Russian warriors, but because of the cowardly non-support of the working classes of other nations, for whom Russia was pouring out her noblest blood in the red rivers of the revolution—the supremest sacrifice known to history.

Long ago I said that Lenin, as the incarnation of the Russian revolution, is the one great thing that came out of the world-massacre, and could the blind and petrified



HYGO
GELLERT

Hugo Gellert

He's Well Again

imperialist monsters have foreseen it, they would never have precipitated that barbarous and bloody catastrophe upon the world.

The Soviet Republic, though but an infant of five, stands before us a towering menace to all the empires, dynasties, thrones, rulers, crowns and scepters of capitalist imperialism that crush humanity, banish liberty, devour the substance of labor, and cumber the earth.

The Red Russian Republic, the monumental achievement of the ages and the crowning glory of our century, under the superb and inspiring leadership of Lenin, Trotzky, and their equally high-souled and lion-hearted compatriots, is battling bravely, immortally, against the autocracy of all the empires of imperialism for the emancipation of all the people of the world.

All hail, the Russian Revolution and the Soviet Republic on their fifth anniversary! These colossal events blaze and flash in vivid red letters on the pages of history and make the twentieth century eternally glorious and immortal!

We Want A Labor Party

By Robert Minor

WE want the working class in America to take power. And by that we mean that we want the Labor movement to obtain physical control and ideological domination of this country.

By physical control we mean the governing power—the power to make decisions and to enforce them—the power which is now being used in issuing and enforcing injunctions—the power to direct an army and a navy—the power that has in recent times been enlarged in spite of us into the power to dictate in specific detail the terms of life for Labor—the power to control industry—the power to say who shall be in jail and who shall be out—in other words, POLITICAL power. We want this power to pass into the hands of Labor.

By ideological domination we mean the power to set the pace of mass thinking—the power of the class whose ideals are taught in the schools and given first place on the public platform and respected by demagogues who value their skins. We want this domination to pass into the hands of the Labor movement enlarged to include all of the organizable working class.

We want the class called "Labor" to become the ruling class, and to remain so until there are no more classes and no more ruling. Classes and class rule will continue until after Labor shall have used its physical control and ideological domination to socialize productive wealth—to make this country the possession of its population.

We think the class of Wall Street has ruled this country long enough. It is time for the power to pass into the hands of another class.

THERE was a day when some tender souls and some tough ones could say that there are no classes in America. Then came the Railroad Labor Board.

Everybody admits now that there are classes in America. Those who have the slightest amount of modern political understanding know that the power of political rule has never been held except by a class, has never existed except as a class weapon for domination by one class and the suppression of another. But class divisions were obscure until recently, in this country, and consequently national government was lax—we had what was called "liberty."

In the past six years the class divisions have been tremendously sharpened; and as the class crystallization of the workers became clearer and the friction with the capitalist lords on a national scale became sharper, the centralization of the national government sharpened in proportion, in order to safeguard the domination of the capitalist owning class. For instance, when there came the slightest suggestion of possibility for two million coal and railroad workers to act together on a national scale, the national power to choke them through one immediate, centralized action, was at once established.

The Daugherty injunction—backed by Harding, the courts, the police, the Army and the Navy—assured a good part of thirty million workers that the railroad owners and the stockholding class generally own the Government.

BIG Business has ruled through various parties. For some time after the Civil War it ruled through the Republican Party, while the Democratic Party represented the Southern cotton planters. But since the spread of the industrial system over the whole of the United States, Wall Street has come to rule through both of these parties alternately, playing off one against the other for competitive service.

The Republican Party and the Democratic Party have come to represent the same thing, and Wall Street owns them both.

This has long been true, but it has been a secret. Now the millions have found out the secret—that these two parties are one and the same thing, divided only lightly into two cliques of politicians who compete here and there for jobs and co-operate generally in the service of the same master—Industrial and Financial Capital.

The result is a grand split-up. The Democratic and Republican parties have virtually come to their end in this election.

And as the parties split wide open, the secret splits wider open. The secret is now publicly admitted by the tightest-



Joseph Delno 1921.

Two Women of the Street

10 mouthed liars that have been guarding it for their own purposes so many years; and all are scrambling for advantage in forming new parties on the ruins of the wrecked lie.

Frank A. Munsey, a moderately wise but bean-spilling prophet of Wall Street, says of the two old parties:

"In the early days of the Republic they represented distinct and positive ideas. But with these great fundamental ideas converted into history there are no longer any big outstanding issues between them that have any place in our politics. There are, to be sure, many small points on which the Republican and Democratic parties differ to-day. It is their business to differ, to create differences, to work up issues, with which they would cease to exist as political parties. * * * While this political jockeying has been going on since the great old issues disappeared, a new issue has developed that divides all America into two political camps, as yet without political names. They are the radical camp and the conservative camp, and within each camp there is a wide range of thought and feeling. Somè day, and not a very distant day at that, these two groups will evolve into organized political parties with names that signify what they stand for. * * * The salvation of our present situation would be a liberal conservative party, numerically strong enough to hold the balance of power against the radical forces."

And it comes in the same way from all sides. The Ol' Doc, Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University, says the



Adolph Dehn.

Vive M'sieu Clemenceau!

same thing and concludes that "the overwhelming majority of Republicans and the overwhelming majority of Democrats, who are in substantial agreement on all fundamentals, should speedily find ways to take such steps as may be necessary to form a Democratic-Republican party * * *"

Big Business must have its party or its several parties, definitely working out its will in political rule. It had two parties and was satisfied. These are being broken up, and it must organize one or two more—better two, so as to maintain the sham battle.

It is very plain that the present unreal groupings of "Democrats" and "Republicans" are not parties. A party does not exist unless it represents a separate economic class. If you don't want to take the word of Frank Munsey or Nick Butler for it, then take the word of James Madison of the old "Democratic-Republican Party" who became the fourth President of the United States in 1809, and who had such a big hand in the writing of the Constitution that he was called the "father" of it. Madison wrote:

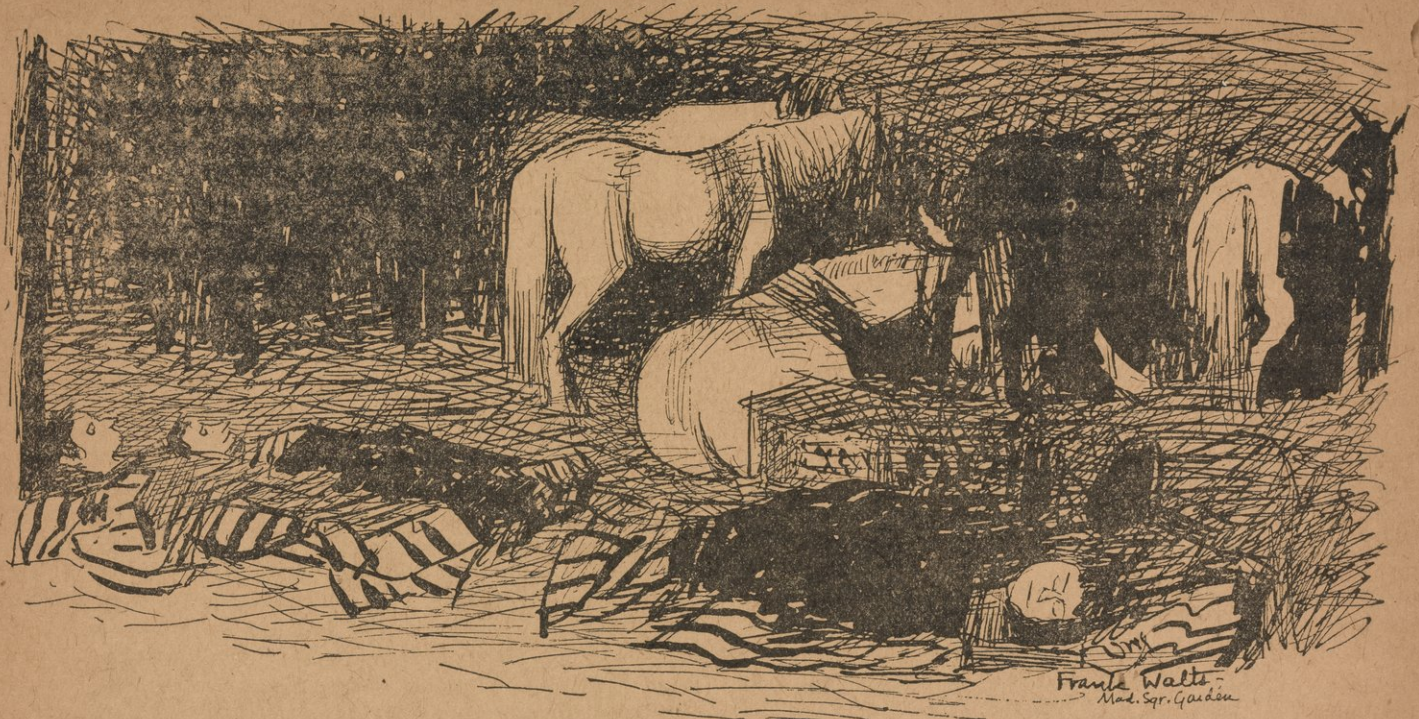
"The diversity in the faculties of men, from which the rights of property originate, is not less an insuperable obstacle to a uniformity of interests. The protection of these faculties is the first object of government. From the protection of different and unequal faculties of acquiring property, the possession of different degrees and kinds of property immediately results; and from the influence of these on the sentiments and views of the respective proprietors, ensues a division of society into different interests and parties. * * * The most common and durable source of factions has been the various and unequal distribution of property. Those who hold and those who are without property have ever formed distinct interests in society. Those who are creditors, and those who are debtors, fall under a like discrimination. A landed interest, a manufacturing interest, a mercantile interest, a moneyed interest, with many lesser interests, grow up of necessity in civilized nations and divide them into different classes, actuated by different sentiments and views. The regulation of these various and interfering interests forms the principal task of modern legislation, and involves the spirit of party and faction in the necessary and ordinary operations of the government."

Thus "the father of the Constitution" told the world that a "manufacturing", a "mercantile" or a "monied" interest, etc., divide a nation "into different classes" and that each class makes its impress on government through having a political party.

And all the intellectual hired men of Wall Street are busy building a *class* party for big business and a *class* party for little business. These fellows, a little too frankly, say right out that the new parties will represent *economic classes*, and that these economic classes intend through their class parties to keep or to grab all they can in the way of political power.

In face of that, can Gompers continue to make a political eunuch of Organized Labor by persuading it not to have its own *class party*? Will Labor continue to be the *only* economic class without its party in these days when every fight of Labor becomes a political fight?

We think not. He will try, but we think he can't succeed any longer. We think a Labor Party will be formed.



Midnight with the Ponies in the Circus Stable

We have received the advance proofs of a pamphlet issued by the Workers' Party, entitled *For a Labor Party*. It is a marvelously good piece of work. It seems to differ from most of the so-called political pamphlets that are issued in this country, which are usually homilies without any information. This one, on the other hand, is nothing short of a brilliant analysis.

For a Labor Party is a piece of American historical writing which not only shows that a Labor Party is desirable, which alone would be a weary commonplace, but gives a most brilliant historical study demonstrating why a Labor Party is inevitable, why and how it is now possible, and why a Labor Party never was formed before and never could have been formed before in this country.

The pamphlet goes into the question of "third parties" and digs up some startling facts which show that all the conditions for the launching of a successful third party exist now. It takes up the history of each of the past "third parties" in turn—the Greenback Party, the People's Party and the Progressive Party of Roosevelt—and shows how and why they came to be, and how and why they died. It then goes back to the foundation of the present Republican Party and shows that it was a third party that proved an exception to the rule.

The pamphlet throws a startling light upon the fact that the conditions which brought about the founding and the vitality of the Republican Party are to be found in every necessary detail today, and that a new third party will inevitably be created by these conditions. One of the conditions referred to is the enormous centralization of government (taken in relation to other factors) which has reached its summit during the World War, and which is described in interesting and entertaining detail. Another condition described, is the formation of a comparatively uniform working class which, the pamphlet says, had never existed in America before, and

without which the formation of a Labor Party, as well as various recent labor phenomena, would have been impossible.

Its description of the disintegration of the Democratic and Republican parties gets into the realm of hilarity in spite of the fact that it is deadly serious and true.

On the question of the "non-partisan policy" of the A. F. of L. it rubs Mr. Gompers' nose off. And its analysis of the need of meeting Daugherty-Burns injunctions by "Amalgamation and a Labor Party" is unanswerable.

I hope the pamphlet will be read by every forward-looking union man and woman in the country—and also I hope to God some more of our labor writers will begin to write in that cool-headed, analytical and condensed style, for we are sick and tired of the kind of writing that has been the fashion in the labor movement.

WILL there be enough guts in the Cleveland conference to take the Labor Party—a *Labor party*—a *class party*? Or will stupidity, venality and cowardice merely use the Labor movement to build another business men's "progressive" party?—a party expressing nothing but the last kick of the dying petty business man? Is it necessary, O labor leaders! to continue lying to the workers to the effect that "there are no classes in America" when even Wall Street has come out of its hole and said that there are classes and that each class must have its party?

The formation of a Labor Party, for and of the workers and responsible to the workers alone, would be at one stroke a recognition of the class struggle—a capitulation of the first fortress of American labor-yellowism which is the denial of the existence of the class struggle. Will the labor delegates who meet in Chicago be, for all that, so timid or so servile as to shrink from this step?

10 Will they, in fear of making a class party, make a party representing the "good little business men", with Labor attached as an appendage?

We don't want to change the ruling power from Wall Street Main Street. Labor has no interest in transferring power from the financial center of New York to the petty Chambers Commerce that run their own little tyrannies in a myriad scattered towns. We know that transfer is impossible. The country is industrialized. It cannot be changed backward into a primitive farming country. Power, industrial and political, is nationally centered. It will remain so. It will be taken at the center or not at all. The omelet is made; the eggs cannot be unscrambled.

If Labor allows little-business reformism to take the lead in Cleveland, Labor is betrayed again. The small business class can have no program but the de-centralization of industry and of political authority—which is a dead cause. In taking on such a cause and following the lead of such a class, Labor would be following a dying class to its doom.

Labor itself, on the other hand, is a class on the ascendancy. Labor has a destiny towering into the future higher than men can see.

With the declining small-business class—the "unscramblers" of industry, Labor cannot make an alliance. The omelet cannot be unscrambled. The single nation-wide restaurant of Childs cannot be changed back into a hundred thousand "Beefsteak Joe" hasheries. The transcontinental limited cannot change back into forty-eight local trains.

And it is all reflected politically in that the governing business is centralized along with the railroad and the oil business. You can't unscramble government any more than you can unscramble business. The struggle for local autonomy is a reactionary struggle. I was raised on "State's Rights", that is, the rights of each of the separate forty-eight local States to rule independently of the national—"federal"—government. To be a patriot, in my early boyhood, meant to be "a true Texan", or at most, to be "a true Southerner." We had "Alabamans" and "Tennesseans" and "Hoosiers" and "Buckeye-Staters", but who ever heard in those days of the non-provincial Nationalism, of plainly being "an American" as it is understood today? I remember as a child getting my first hazy conception of it while my brother whispered to me through the din of the patriotic air, "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Time Tonight", that lots of the "Rough Riders" that were marching by were "not Texans", and that Colonel Roosevelt was "a New Yorker." I remember searching wistfully over the masses of marching men for the "Lone Star flag" of Texas, and my patriotic sense was hurt by its non-appearance.

It's a long time since then. As some ardent patriot put it the other day, this country shall be "no longer *these* United States, but *this* United States." It is one country. There are, in fact of power, no longer forty-eight States, but one National State, with forty-eight provinces—after the fashion of Europe.

And the power of control over the affairs and lives of the people in the country is in the hands of a single central committee in Washington, and the hand to which is delegated the committee's power on certain occasions is the hand of Harry M. Daugherty.

Whether Labor wants to do so or not, it has to engage in a

political fight against this nationally centralized political authority. Labor can't even strike without the National Government jumping in to beat the workers down in behalf of Capital; it can't even *surrender* except through a politically appointed "Labor Board."

"Every class struggle is a political struggle", but it takes Daugherty to prove Marx to the American workers.

THERE is just one class that Labor can make an alliance with—the class of the exploited farmer—the small mortgage-ridden farm owner and the tenant farmer. Against the mortgage-holding leeches of the cities he has a quarrel as old as the Thirteen Colonies. It's a quarrel that can't be compromised, and it's a quarrel that can be won against the same leech class that Labor must fight. With this class Labor can make an alliance.

Colonel Montgomery, the Republican General Controller of the Shipping Board, sees this and is frightened about it. He said the other day that the "results of the elections in 1922 and in 1920 show that the two big parties are today a total loss." This Republican Colonel sees that the salvation of Wall Street lies in getting the Democrat, Barney Baruch, to go out and flim-flam the farmers into making an alliance with Wall Street against Labor. As Barney Baruch is the handyman for J. P. Morgan & Co.—in fact he is the one who nursed through the financial clauses of the Versailles treaty for the Morgan Bank—this is very interesting. Since the Peace Treaty job, Barney has been working overtime on the very far-sighted chore of fixing up some compromise of the wholesale dispossessing of farmers of the West for debt, in the effort to keep the farmers from "going radical."

"Get the farmers and the manufacturers together", says Col. Montgomery. "Put our chief, Mr. Baruch, at work organizing that alliance, and you will have the strongest, safest party this country can produce, one that may be depended on to pick big men for big jobs, men whom the public will acclaim because they will be men who can handle big jobs. . . . Alliance of the farmers and radicals is ridiculous, a contradiction of the character and history of the American farmer. Such an alliance would be unholy."

Labor, take the tip! Form an alliance between the farmer and the radical—that is, Labor. Col. Montgomery is wrong; such an alliance is not a "contradiction of the character and history of the American farmer." As is pointed out in the Workers' Party pamphlet that we referred to, an alliance between the impoverished farmer and the workers is a thing that has happened in just two countries in the world—Russia and America.

We must not forget that the farmers also divide into two economic classes—they are not all prosperous landlords.

With the exploited, rent-ridden and mortgage-ridden farmers—the working farmers, the "dirt farmers"—Labor can and will make an alliance.

THE first step will be for Labor to recognize that its struggle is a struggle for political power, which is the power to rule. When the Labor organizations say, "We, a class of people defined by the fact that we work for wages, enter as a body into the struggle for the power to rule"—that is enough for a beginning.

After that beginning will come much yellow betraying—a long course of political faking. We see a forecast of that in

the yellow socialists of New York who tried to forestall the Labor Party by the formation of a fake party under the name of Labor Party, but composed of nothing, practically, but the remains of their own dead organization.

A Labor Party will be a Labor Party only if it is formed by the trade unions, on the basis of trade unions, and containing a large part of the millions that are the trade union membership. It must be a mass organization, and has no significance otherwise.

We cannot foresee the detail of events in the career of the coming Labor Party. This we know: that the same mercenaries, cowards and fools among their leaders who betrayed the workers in strikes will betray them again in a Labor Party—and again, and again, and yet again. Anything may happen in the event of a Labor Party—anything except the continuation of the present stagnation. The formation of a Labor Party in this country under the existing circumstances would be, objectively, a revolutionary step.

But what of our principles? What of the *form* of rule, what of the Soviet system of dictatorship of the working class?

Never mind—we have not deserted any of our principles nor any of our organizational forms.

We want Labor to start moving on the road. We know where the road goes. The workers will learn on the road; it is enough now that they get started along the path of struggle for political power. They will learn soon enough that there is no political power except complete political power. And they will find the form for this political power. They have already discovered that injunctions cannot run railroads. They will discover later, and we will help them to discover it, that the whole political form of which these injunctions are a part, cannot run industry, nor even a State—for Labor. If our program means anything at all—if the very ground basis of it is not false—it is certain that our program will sooner or later be the program of the Labor movement.

We have never wanted Labor to go anywhere except where it will have to go through iron economic necessity. We only ask now that it get on the road.

Let's have a Labor Party.

The Recruiting Sergeant

“B'r'r! That wind's cold! I'm sick o' freezin' out here. Wish I wuz on duty in Peking. Warm there. And they says Chinese dames is swell and easy picking. The bucks there sure got it soft. Hell, I wish I wuz out of this man's army! * * *

“B'r'r! Hello! Here comes a guy. Looks like a hick. Maybe I can land him. Naw. Alright, go away. See if I give a goddam * * *

“Two more years to go. What in hell made me sign up for, anyway. Drunk, I guess. Standin' here, day in, day out, spiderin' flies, a dollar a fly. At that, I got a pipe. Compared with them guys doing drill and kitchen police. Not for mine * * *

“Here comes another guy. Looks like he was out of work. Maybe I can land him. Christ! He's turned the corner Good-bye, dollar. Gotta change my luck. It's rotten * * *

“Gosh, I'd like to make one buck, anyway. Get a doll tonight, and we'd have some time. Ain't been on a real party in a heluva while * * *

“Here comes my party. This time, sure. Look at the poor fish. Nuthin' but a kid. Runnin', almost runnin' to me. No, birdie. I ain't goin' to beat it. I'll wait for you. If you knew what you wuz runnin' to, you'd fly the other way. But you'll find out soon enough, son. Watch the line I hold him. 'Loin a perfession while your Uncle Sammy pays the board bill' * * * Swallowed it, line and sinker. Hell!”

* * * * “Sure! Come on! We'll take you up now for the medical exam. Absilootly. Sure I advises you to join. Best in de woild. Kid, if you don't, you're de grand jackasses' mother. Come on!” * * *

BEN LUCIEN BURMAN.



William Gropper

Madonna and Child

A Look At The Elections

By C. E. Ruthenberg

THE sovereign American citizens have spoken again. In their voices there is the confused sound of booze, bonus, subsidy, tariff, revolt against governmental oppression, and general discontent. But the American sovereigns have no definite conception of what is wrong, nor any clear program for changing the conditions which arouse their protest.

The Harding landslide of 1920 was the result of two influences. The first of these, was the desire of the industrial capitalists to take full advantage of the strong position in which they found themselves at the end of the war. They wanted to produce goods and sell them at the high profits which still prevailed in 1920. They were against the League of Nations, against assuming any international obligations, against meddling in the affairs of Europe. They wanted a government which would support their policy of economic nationalism.

The second influence was the discontent of the American people with the situation in which they found themselves at the end of the war. High hopes had been aroused by the great promises of better things through which the war spirit was kept alive—and none of these promises materialized. After the war it was the same as before the war—rather : little worse. The result was that the candidate of the Wilson administration was buried under the greatest mound of votes in the history of this country.

The struggle between industrial capital and finance capital (in the shape of the great international banking houses) was the central issue in the 1922 elections.

The Harding Administration has loyally served the economic interests to which it owed its power during the twenty months in which it has been in office. In its foreign policy it has fought more aggressively for American industrial capital than for the international bankers. It has stood like a stone wall against cancellation of the debt of Europe to the United States, desired so much by the international bankers. It has refused to assume any obligations in Europe. On the other hand it has fought valiantly for the rights of Standard Oil in the oil fields of the world. It has passed the tariff bill desired by the industrial capitalists. It has on its program the ship subsidy bill in the interest of another group of industrial capitalists.

However, the policy of economic nationalism which looked so good in 1920 is no longer so attractive in 1922. The industrial capitalists have found that things have not worked out as well as they expected. Cutting loose from Europe and pursuing the policy of grabbing everything in sight, has not freed them from the effect of economic forces generated during the war. In place of a great market in which to sell goods at high prices, in place of the high profits of 1920 they have passed through two years of depression. Their strong position in relation to the broken-down industry of Europe has not availed them, because the market for their goods has collapsed. Thus the enthusiasm for the policies which carried Harding into office has waned even among the most earnest supporters of those policies—the industrial capitalists of the United States.

As for the sovereign American citizens, they have merely reversed the process of 1920. They were uncomfortable as a



William Gropper

The Grave-Diggers

result of the policies of the Wilson Administration and they flocked to Harding in the hope that they might secure relief from the things which were hurting them. Having found no relief in Mr. Harding's "normalcy", they are in turn expressing their discontent as they expressed their discontent in 1920—by voting for his opponents.

While these are the broad lines of the election results, there is something more promising in some of the undercurrents apparent in the election returns. The American people have been (and still are) politically the least conscious of all the peoples among whom capitalist civilization has reached a high point of development. The economic groupings have not found clear political expression.

The election returns indicate the strengthening of a new group, definitely representing the economic interests of a section of the American people. This group of so-called "radicals" is made up of men of both political parties. These men represent the interests of the middle class and well-to-do farmers as against the big capitalists. The development of this group is a promise of a new political alignment, an alignment which will bring into existence in the United States a conservative party of the capitalists; a progressive party representing the interests of the middle class and wealthy farmers; and a Labor Party, the mass party of the workers.

The tendency toward this development shown in the election returns by the election of "radicals" from a number of Western states—Brookhart in Iowa, Shipstedt in Minnesota, Frazer in North Dakota—is the most promising thing in American political life.

Mr. Gompers hailed the election results with the comment, "Principles have won a wonderful victory." It is hard to discern any victory for labor in the election returns. Labor played the part which it has always played in American political life—the part of a mere appendage to one or the other of the old parties, with no conscious political program of its own. Labor in this past election was still playing the part of the sovereign American citizen, whose privilege it is to swing from one of the old parties to the other.

There will be no victory of principle for labor until it does what the middle class and well-to-do farmers seem about to do—develop a political party which will represent their class interests.

One item of news in connection with the election returns deserves particular notice. It throws light on our system of government—on the provisions which are made by the Constitution for the protection of the ruling class in this country.

Under the Constitution, the newly elected representatives and senators go into office next March, but a session of Congress is not due until December, 1923. In commenting on this situation, one of the capitalist newspapers remarked "The edge of the feeling of protest which brought these successes (of the 'radicals') may be dulled by that time."

Suppose in place of merely cutting down the Republican majority, these successes represented the accession to power of a party antagonistic to the interests of the American capitalists. Under the Constitution, the capitalists would have a year in which to prepare for the struggle against the new party, a year in which all the power of the government would remain in their hands for use in destroying their opponents. That shows how well the Forefathers safeguarded themselves against any revolutionary changes through successes in the elections; and what a hoax, on all essential points, bourgeois democracy is.



Woodcut by J. J. Lankes

Dialogue In A Grave

"*What were you, bones?*
A white worm mumbled,
Where, cramped and humbled
Between two stones,

My body, too dry
For a worm's last *morceau*,
Rattled its torso
And creaked a reply:

"Flesh, long ago,
Served me as cover;
I was a lover
If you must know."

"*What! Bones so tough,
Unyielding and callous!*"
"Spare me your malice;
I yielded enough."

"The warmest of curves
That met mine so snugly,
This stiffened and ugly
Cold frame-work preserves."

"*Hear how the tones
Of this skeleton whimper!
The skull is one simper!
Poor, grinning bones.*

"Till Death closed her eyes,
She slept on my shoulder."
"Bah! You will moulder
And crumble in lies!"

"Here her hair spread
The long wings of a swallow;
That is the hollow
Worn by her head."

"*Grind out your groans!*
He wormed off, defeated.
"Self-charmed and self-cheated,
What are you? Bones!"

Louis Untermeyer.

Exhalation

STILLNESS at night ends months of busy life,
My hearing stretches limitless, the strife
Of worlds is gone, no cricket chirps, just air—
And the cool, disdainful moon the thoroughfare
Tempers with burnished lemon. Flowers and grass
Are torpid. Palpably their lives now pass
Into the upper reaches with the haze.
Nature at lowest ebb breathes in a daze.

Sylvia Stragnell.

Santa Marianova

By Eugene Lyons

THE Italian town is a braggart, as a rule. Its history is a mosaic of superlatives across the face of time, its church and saint and formula for the preparation of spaghetti beyond compare, its founder some fabled hero. But there is at least one exception—Santa Marianova, the flower of modesty blushing unseen though all-seeing on a Marchesan peak.

On all sides the hills rush in great waves to the horizon, a village on every crest, a city in every hollow. When atmospheric conditions are favorable, the far-off Adriatic rises from its bed like a lucid mirage that this town may see it. But it is not proud. The admission of profound insignificance, of inaccessibility, is compressed into a proverbial rhyme which some one of the 2,000 odd inhabitants will quote to you sooner or later. The mock-tragedy of the intonation is more expressive than the words. The rhyme was served to me as a blanket apology for the town, its muddy streets, its weary houses, its cramped interiors and its audacity in continuing to live.

"Santa Marianova,
Se non si porta non si trova."*

When Signora Garlosi said this the amusement in her eyes belied the gravity in her voice.

"You can well afford to laugh at the poor town", I told her, "seeing that you are yourself an outsider, an Abbruzese . . ."

"And therefore a swellhead", Gino twisted my theme in the wrong direction. Being her husband he had the right. "These Abbruzesi, *dio mio*, there isn't their like in the whole world, at least to listen to them. D'Annunzio comes from there and they are all a little like him."

Then, turning to the large handsome woman at his side,

"How did you ever condescend to marry a mere Marchesan?"

"Everything can happen in America", she said, and looked down to him affectionately.

He laughed like a miniature volcano and tried to kiss her. She rebuked him easily though gently. Gino is an ineffectual little man with a stub of yellowish beard and a perpetual twinkle in his tiny eyes. Even the donkey is not afraid of him and misinterprets the tug of the reins—maliciously, I swear—when they are in his hands. Gino recounted the story of his courtship and marriage above the protests of his wife and myself. They had met at lectures in a shoe town of Massachusetts. She had disregarded his overtures, for all the world like a queen. (Even this he told with unabated gusto, as if it were tremendously to his credit.)

One time they played together in amateur theatricals for the benefit of a poor widow who had been left with an incredibly numerous family on her hands. In the weeks of rehearsal he got to know Nicoletta better, and she him presumably. The show suffered seriously from the flirtation, no doubt. Then one evening the performance came off. Between the first act and the second he pleaded his passion, but in vain. Between the second and the third he repeated his

plea and still she was as haughty as ever. As there were only three acts he was spared a third rejection. After the show she accepted him, as he knew all along she would, the smart *mascalzone*. The chairs were removed for dancing and later in the evening Gino mounted on the shoulders of a friend and clinched his victory by a hilarious announcement of the engagement. When they returned to Italy they brought with them a five year old girl whom they called Impavida—the "Fearless." I should have said, "when they were returned to Italy; for the gentle, quiet, painfully docile Gino had been deported by the American government as a "a dangerous character, a Red."

"Eccolo!" Gino cried, "here is our city", as we drew up before his door.

As he busied himself to disencumber the steaming donkey of its harness, bells and tassels he repeated the words "our city", as if I could have misunderstood the good-natured irony they implied. Italians generally underestimate the next fellow's sense of humor. I laughed in token of my susceptibility to his wit, but in reality I was more depressed than amused. Life and thought and happiness here were on such a small scale, like my host and his donkey. I felt this poignantly in contrast with the country we had just traversed. Every winding of the ascent had unveiled a new panorama. Our progress had been so slow that the landscape seemed to revolve with ourselves as a pivot. There was something satisfying in the amplitude of that great circle, something stimulating in its uneasy current.

But in the town at the summit there was nothing of the boldness of the surrounding country. The houses were a monotonous mud-color. Listless men, of approximately the same color, were idling near the *caffè* without seeming to enjoy it in the least. Rarely an audacious flash of life and color anywhere.

The house of the Garlosis intensified my impression. It was not its smallness that oppressed me but the feeling that it had been built for a cramped race, by people who never expected to outgrow their hut. The disconcerting proximity of the ceiling annoyed Nicoletta but it was unobserved by her husband and his aged parents, to whom the house belongs. The old woman set down the *scaldino* which she was holding with both hands and bustled around to mobilize enough chairs for all of us. A pretty child of about seven was playing on the stone floor.

"Impavida, is this the place to play?" her mother chided. There was indeed no other place in that one room. A precipitate stone stairway led to an upper room, which, considering the size of the family, must have been crowded to capacity with beds. Impavida, knowing the limitations of the house, disdained an answer to the chiding.

"Come here, Impavida", Nicoletta lifted her from the floor. "This *signore* is from America. Remember Bridgewater? Little Susie, the Irish kid you used to play with? And the movies and everything Show the gentleman how well you speak English."

The child was intransigent in her reticence that day, and not all the mother's kisses nor all the *signore's* could move her to Anglo-Saxon. Before retiring—or being forcibly re-

*"Santa Marianova,
If you're not led, you'll not find it."

tired—after dinner she screamed, "Good night!" and buried her blonde head on grandmother's shoulder.

To-morrow, however, she made up with a vengeance. All the English that a child picks up in the gutters of a New England manufacturing town, a large proportion of it composed of swear-words, and all the Italian-Americanisms of her home, she wove into the skein of her prattle. She told me of her birthplace, and the things she said she could hardly have remembered. Most likely she had absorbed them from the conversation of her mother since they came to Santa Marianova and will carry them through life as childhood "memories."

"Here there's no friends nor nothing, and everything is so lonesome and lonesome, *capisce*." I was sure the child was only quoting her mother.

There was much talk about America. I learned a good deal about Italy from this talk, let alone America. In Massachusetts Gino Garlosi had been a shoe factory hand and his beloved Nicoletta rather a "lady", as such things go. He had been a steady workman, never in trouble and loved his wife. Here in Santa Marianova Gino lived by his donkey. That such life is not over-strenuous is obvious from the donkey. Likewise, it is not very productive of those comforts they had grown to need in the United States. Some mornings Gino gets up with the sun and makes a round of neighboring farms, buying up a chicken here, a dozen eggs there, and from time to time he sells his supply in Jesi or even some more distant city.

Poor Nicoletta is no longer a lady. She is covered with ashes from the open hearth and shocks of blonde hair straggle over her cheeks and neck.

"One doesn't feel much like dressing up in this corner", she apologized bitterly, and Gino winced, as if it were all his fault that Santa Marianova is perched so high and stocked with such a slovenly lot.

"And the kid growing up here, eh *caro*", she continued, but seeing the pain in her husband's face she changed the subject.

After *colazione* Gino took me for a walk through Santa Marianova. In his meaningless ostentatious way he introduced me to this man and that. The piazza commands a grand vista rolling far to the east, where the Adriatic is a silver strand sheer on the brink of the world. Roads straggle up hills and down valleys. On one side of the piazza stands the municipal building, an angular structure grotesquely plastered with political posters. On another flank of the piazza are a number of general stores—dreary holes all of them. Neither Gino nor any of his acquaintances made any effort to explain away obvious ugliness, as would have happened anywhere else in Italy. They accepted their fate with a smile that riled me.

In the *caffè* there was more aimless talk and loud laughter on slight provocation. They mixed their sorrow and their humor with astounding ease. One old man, with a thick mustache (gray in the few spots not discolored by tobacco), told at length the story of his travail for my amusement. It was apparently well known, for the others interjected details and called him back to the road when he strayed from the narrative. A tale of hard work and faithless sons and lonesome, heartbroken old age, it was such as a thousand other peasants could tell and doubtless do. His sorrows did not keep him from a hilarious outburst a minute later.

The blind Alfredo had the lion's share of the talk. There was a hearty note in his voice and a joyous ring in his laugh

which jarred harshly with his aspect: the sunken cheeks, the blue spectacles, the nervous bony hands. He had been something of an adventurer in his younger days—he was still below forty, I guess—until his eyesight weakened. Each year he saw less and finally he was obliged to put on blue glasses to hide the sightless eyes. Then he returned to the Marchesan hills.

"And now I see very little", he said. He removed the spectacles, wiped them meticulously with a red kerchief, then replaced them on his nose. Perhaps he actually believed he could still see, although his eyeballs are dark and dead.

He told of adventures in Ancona and Venice and Austria in the glorious days of his prime. He told them grandiloquently. From his Austrian wanderings he retained several German phrases. These he produced without cause. He mispronounced them with a flourish and laughed uproariously, although they were the soberest of words. The man's joy in life had an element of nightmarish incongruity in it. Poor Alfredo, he must have been a hero in those days of light. His wife, whom I met next day, quailed before him, blind and helpless as he was. She remembered the Alfredo that was, no doubt, and refused to acknowledge the change.

Santa Marianova feels detached from the rest of the world. The war came and went. Many young men, and some old ones, never returned. Some of the farmers grew inordinately rich and moved to Jesi or Ancona. But generally speaking nothing touches them vitally. Neither the tide of idealism nor that of class hate has risen quite to this peak. There was some discussion of politics, socialism, co-operatives, but without the fervor which characterized personal talk. Of what account are we and our Santa Marianova in these great things

We drank *caffè sport*, a thick sweet grape-extract popular throughout the Marche. The shriveled little woman who served it was generous in her portions, especially to me as a stranger. She was intent upon proving her title to the name she bore—Fiordelmondo, "flower of the world"—even if luck had reduced her to serving us. Before I left town she showed me an inscription recounting the glory of her house and the symbolism of its coat-of-arms. Fiordelmonda, I am told, was a proud name long long ago.

When I returned to the Garlosi home, Nicoletta asked me what I thought of the folk I had met.

"A fine lot of ignoramus", she said without waiting for my reply. "How can anyone expect anything else from them, living all their lives in this hole? How? What do they know? What do they see. Can they go to a lecture or read a paper like they would in America?"

"Again America!" Gino said. There was no anger in his voice; just helplessness. "You know, either she doesn't say a word for days and days, or else it is America. What does she miss? The smoke and the dirt and the crowds, I suppose. Let's go back. Let's."

"Eh, eh, who wants to go back * * *" Nicoletta sighed. She knew well enough that the gates of America were shut against them.

"She has all her clothes, beautiful clothes from the swell Boston stores, you know—veils and hats with flowers and a dress without sleeves, but she won't wear them. I have to beg her on my knees to put them on."

She did put them on, next evening. It was the beginning of the carnival. All day peasant girls in red blouses and heavy

(Continued on page 24)



Robert Minor.

The Dying

CAPITALISM CAN NO LONGER FEED ITS SLAVES

THE LIVING WAGE LEADS TO COMMUNISTIC RUIN

—U.S. LABOR BOARD



Robert Minor

ing Wage

(Continued from page 21).

shoes had paraded arm-in-arm with masked cavaliers. In several stables there had been dancing to the accompaniment of a guitar or accordion, in blissful oblivion to the reek of the place. The Sindaco of Santa Marianova, a boy of twenty-three and the richest landowner in the district, had driven a diminutive horse from a two-wheeled carriage (both gorgeously decorated with colored paper and jangling bells), scattering hard candy as he went, from one end of the town to the other. The people were jubilant.

Nicoletta took a long time for her toilette and Gino rubbed his beard in nervous impatience.

"Just wait and see", he told me over and over again. "She's a queen in all her swell Boston clothes."

And when she came down he exclaimed,

"Here's my wife!" It was a tocsin of pride.

She yielded to his exuberant embraces for a minute then put him off gently, as one does an annoying child. Indeed, she was a queen in Santa Marianova. Her hair was piled high in tiers of resplendant gold and held in place by cordons of tortoise-shell combs elaborately designed and studded with cut-glass. The "dress without sleeves" was white and much embroidered in colored beads. A blue silken veil over her shoulders; high-heeled slippers. I complimented her on the metropolitan style and she blushed to her ears.

We went to the Carnival Ball—the proceeds of dance and buffet to go for the families of the *bersaglieri* soon to be tried for insubordination. The turn-out was splendid. For once there was an abundance of color: young men in checked and striped suits with red and green kerchiefs overflowing the outside breast pocket; women in red blouses, black hair arranged in tower effect; a few soldiers; old women wearing bizarre head-kerchiefs; shiney faces and muddy shoes everywhere.

The place soon became oppressively hot as the dance gained impetus and the buffet did a thriving business. Colored paper streamers sailed through the air and entangled the dancers. The floor was quickly covered with a thick layer of confetti and paper strips. The odor of sweat and harsh cigars filled the room. The ill-assorted orchestra provided more than the stipulated quota of sound. It could be heard even above the never-ending talk and laughter of the dancers. Every now and then the notes of some one of the instruments—of the violin or the accordion—would suddenly be abstracted, while its manipulator wiped the sweat from his face and from under his collar.

Nicoletta was the sensation of the evening. Santa Marianova had never seen such elegance, and stared in bewilderment. The Signora Garlosi was rather embarrassed and in her self-consciousness tried ineffectually to make the veil cover her arms, shoulders and neck. At first she basked in the admiration, walked from this corner to that, danced. Then her mood changed. She sat down among the elite—the Sindaco's family—and there remained, silent, absorbed, fanning herself with a newspaper.

Gino's exuberance had subsided as soon as we entered the choked room. The admiration of which his wife was the object frightened him. He took a seat on the raised platform at one end of the room and left it only to get a *caffè sport* at the buffet in the corridor. When Nicoletta danced his eyes followed her. Once she came over and took him for a dance, over his protest. They had to stop because he could not keep in step. At midnight she came to him again.



Adolph Dehn

In a Berlin Café

"Holy Russia, my friends, must have a democratic government."

"Come home, *caro Gino*", she said, "I'm bored."

I accompanied them to their door. She was melancholy and he bewildered.

Nicoletta was again in print cloth and ash-stains next day. The tower of yellow hair had fallen and the blush was gone. Of her queenhood only the melancholy remained. But Gino was no longer bewildered.

They took me to the railroad station in Jesi. We unwound the revolving panorama of the week before as the carriage pushed the donkey downhill. The mud flew in all direction, getting onto our clothes and faces.

"You'll never forget Santa Marianova", Nicoletta said sadly. "All its mud and stupidity."

"I'll not forget it", I assured her, "but quite in another way. It's been a delightful experience—this life in the hill town and your kindness." She persisted in her mood:

"Santa Marianova,
Se non si porta non si trova."

John Reed and Raymond Lefebvre

By Simon Felshin

Oh sister republics
 You were without pity for these twain.
 Where was your vaunted protection for your citizens?
 Oh democracies
 You have taken to devouring your children.
 Oh bourgeoisie
 It was your blockade of Soviet Russia
 Which struck down these twain.

Oh John Reed—
 Prairies and lakes,
 Rivers and mountains,
 Fields of grain and cities of traffic
 Sang in him.

Oh John Reed—
 He had youth and beauty,
 And now he is dead.
 I shook his hand once,
 I saw him smile,
 And I heard him speak
 With the voice of a big boy.
 I introduced him once from the platform
 Calling him Jack Reed,
 And now he is dead.

He was not like the other young men
 Who take care to guard their skins—
 The little souls with their petty ambitions,
 The climbers with their successful jobs.
 He was not an egoist centered on himself.
 His life was a sacrifice.
 Take heed you other young men!

He brought his great heart to suffering Russia.
 He wanted to heal the wounds,
 And it was the blockade which brought a plague
 And struck down Jack Reed.
 His name is not taught in the schools,
 For he was a rebel.
 The bourgeoisie have not raised a monument for him.
 This they reserve
 For the politicians, the generals, and the philanthropists.
 But in Soviet Russia
 Soldiers of the Red Army
 Stood guard over his body.
 The crowds followed his coffin,
 And a woman's heart was bleeding,
 And a woman's eyes were weeping.
 Soldiers of the Red Army—
 Tall as he was tall,
 Strong as he was strong,
 Brave as he was brave.
 Marched in his wake,

And they fired the salute over his grave
 Beside the Kremlin of Moscow.
 His death was a birth.

Raymond Lefebvre—

Blood of the Commune in him,
 Blood of four revolutions—
 Dead in an Arctic sea.

Raymond Lefebvre—
 Young also,
 Unheeding of the lure
 Held out by the bourgeoisie—
 "Revolution or Death" was his cry.

The War had swept over him
 With its blood and its stench.
 Out of that mud he came cleansed.
 From that War he took the thunder and the lightning
 To turn it against the perpetrators.

He with the face and the sweep of an eagle,
 He also went to Russia.
 There he saw the new life.
 There he announced his great faith.
 There he advanced from high fervors
 To precisions of great ideas.
 There he conquered against the last doubts
 Lodged in him
 By the poisonous contact with the bourgeoisie.

He wanted to come back
 To be a pilot to the masses
 Who in their surge forward
 Might miss the way.
 To elude the blockade of the bourgeoisie
 He sailed in an Arctic sea,
 And there in the screaming of a storm
 Raymond Lefebvre perished.
 In the far north he lies.
 No stone marks his grave.
 The water swallowed him,
 And left no trace.
 Oh Raymond Lefebvre
 Under the stars of an Arctic night
 Far away in a lonely sea.

They had no pity for these twain—
 Two brothers,
 Twin eagles,
 Tribunes of the people,
 Trumpet-calls,
 Their death was a birth.

Toward Amalgamation

By Stanley Boone

REVIEWING the triennial national convention of the United Brotherhood of Maintenance of Way Employes and Railway Shop Laborers in Detroit would cause any earnest participant in the working class struggle to pull the visor of his cap far down over his eyes in an ostrich-like effort to shut out the spectacle.

"Why does the convention wish to move the organization's headquarters from Detroit to St. Louis?" an expensively dressed "grand vice-president" was asked, as he sat among the traveling salesmen in an expensive hotel.

"Because the city of Detroit does not seem to appreciate all the money this organization brings here", he said. "If I were the president of the Detroit Board of Commerce I would be a little more polite to a national convention of this magnitude."

"But what does the vice-president of a working class brotherhood care what the president of the Board of Commerce does or thinks?" the 'grand vice-president' was asked.

"We like to be shown a little courtesy, at least", the grand vice-president said.

If this sounds like Danny Deever it is not my fault. Two other 'grand vice-presidents' gave similar explanations before the sad fact, with all of its sad implications, was accepted.

"I am not able to discuss, even with a representative of a labor paper, the problems before this convention", said one of these 'grand vice-presidents.' "You must see the grand president, E. F. Grable."

"But may not even a 'grand vice-president' open his mouth unless the 'grand president' says he may, not even to give his opinion on the fighting trim of the brotherhood?"

All fears were confirmed. The grand vice-presidents were really not grand at all.

These illuminating discussions took place the day before the convention. When the convention opened, a few newspaperman were assembled before William G. Donne, the young and distinctively well-mannered secretary to 'Grand President' Grable.

"There are three members of our publicity committee", Mr. Donne explained, "and I am one of them. Twice a day I will hurry from the convention platform and dictate to a stenographer a report of the proceedings. It has been arranged that nothing in addition will be given out.

"And throughout the convention there will be opportunities to drop a boost here and there for Mr. Grable. He is a candidate for re-election. The public ought to know of the great service that he has given, especially in connection with the recent shop crafts' strike. The non-strike policy of this organization was due to Mr. Grable. If it had not been for him the railroads would not have been able to keep running."

Mr. Donne went on to explain that it was Mr. Grable, with his supporters in the 'grand lodge', who re-submitted the wage demands of the organization to the Railway Labor Board instead of electing to join the shop crafts in the walk-out. It developed, also, that Grable expected that the board's

decision would arrive before the convention elected officers for the next term. He was confident that the wage award would be generous enough to obtain for him another term of office. But the board double-crossed him. Nothing but discouraging rumors were forthcoming from Chicago prior to the election. And when the convention ended there was nothing in sight beyond a wage increase of two cents an hour.

Two days before the election of officers "Grand President" Grable telegraphed the Railway Labor Board that the deliberations of that body to date were not in accord with what he had been allowed to expect. And he added that anything less than a quick decision on wages and rules "would be discounting our loyalty and devotion to the cause, and would encourage our loyal members to adopt extreme tactics, fostered by questionable leaders, to remedy their just grievances of long standing."

It would be interesting to know exactly what he meant by "loyalty and devotion to the cause." What cause did he mean?

It became apparent as the convention progressed that Grable throughout this heroic last summer had been a strike-breaker at a salary of \$14,000 a year, paid out of the dues of 400,000 organized workers, and that as "grand president" of the brotherhood he had entered, with the Railway Labor Board, into nothing short of a conspiracy against the working class. Even more is true. His activities in this capacity were the brazen and perhaps cynical boast of his supporters. His success in keeping the 400,000 members of the brotherhood out of the strike in "loyalty to the cause", that the trains might continue to run, was his campaign material.

The organization of a committee to act as spokesman for the convention, and the suppression of all other statements, is not being attacked here on principle. The delegates certainly had a right to go into executive session if they wanted to, and it is arguable that misrepresentations by capitalist newspapers might be reduced by such a plan. But the convention gave the responsibility of making its official announcements into the hands of a person whose sole aim in life was to keep Grable in the "grand president's" chair.

One day Mr. Donne whispered to newspapermen that W. Z. Foster, in his capacity as secretary of the Trade Union Educational League, had visited the convention incognito and was probably to be found at a certain hotel under an assumed name. With frequent references to what he called "Reds" and "menaces", Donne suggested that Foster had probably come to the convention to organize a movement for the amalgamation of the sixteen railroad unions. Two of the reporters, who knew how their bourgeois patrons loved to be frightened by "red menaces", tried to find Foster but failed. And without being particularly interested in whether or not Foster was actually in the city they printed stories anyhow, founding them on quotations from Donne; very accurate quotations they were, too. A few delegates on the floor the next day asked Donne to explain this publicity, charging that he had tried to discredit the convention before the public. And Donne not only promptly denied that he had seen Foster but denied also that he had said he had seen him.

And then, after the session ended, Donne stopped newspapermen in the corridor of the convention hall and said, "Just the same, what I said about Foster and the reds was true."

Well, it is all laughable on the face of it, all of this horseplay by a \$14,000 a year president and \$500 a month vice-presidents and the salaried delegates who put them where they are. But underneath there is no humor here. For while these men were stamping their feet, hooting, talking, gesticulating and casting their votes solemnly for each other, there were 400,000 members of the working class, toiling in the road-beds, tunnels, bridges, and railroad shops of the United States and Canada, to whom they were theoretically answerable for every word they uttered and every vote they cast.

Here in one convention was the answer to many questions relative to the class struggle. Here was the explanation for the growth of the company unions on so many railroads of the country. Here was why the Pennsylvania railroad could so easily and safely refuse to give leaves of absence to the duly elected delegates to the convention from that system. Here was why the Railway Labor Board on the very heels of the shop crafts' strike could dare insultingly to offer the 400,000 maintenance of way employes and railway shop laborers an insignificant increase of two cents an hour.

Three encouraging things were accomplished in two full weeks. A resolution was adopted endorsing amalgamation, to the horror of "Grand President" Grable and his fellow workers. A large group from the Northwest swept into the convention, like a stiff breeze from Medicine Hat, and jammed the resolution through. Supporting the northwestern group were scattered delegations from other sections of the country. The resolution did not provide any machinery for carrying on a campaign for amalgamation or did not present a specific plan by which to realize it. But the principle of it, at least, was approved.

The number of vice-presidents was cut from 14 to five, and their salaries were cut from \$6,000 to \$4,200, while many vice-presidential candidates wept salt alligator tears in their inside coat pockets.

And Grable was beaten for re-election. F. H. Fljozdal, of Minneapolis, was chosen to replace him. Fljozdal came from the Northwest and was one of the leaders in the fight for the amalgamation resolution.

So this cloud like all others had its silver lining. The unseating of Grable was really a little revolution in itself. The only discouraging feature in it was that Fljozdal had a margin of only 3,000 votes out of about 6,000. It is certain, however that the new administration and the majority which set it on high is closer to the rank and file than the old, and has no uncertain amount of genuine stuff in it. The immediate future of the united brotherhood may be of great significance. Certainly the organization, owing to its place in the railroad industry, is of great strategic interest.

But one more little sidelight! Early in the convention the police department was informed that "radical" literature might be found at the convention. A sergeant and five patrolmen were sent to the hall. They found an I. W. W. newsboy outside selling Industrial Solidarity, allowed him to continue, and were about to go away when a "grand vice-president", one of Grable's aides, rushed out of the convention and begged the sergeant not to leave but to station his officers instead in the very corridors of the hall. He said that a very stormy debate was taking place on a very important issue and that the delegates might get beyond control. The sergeant remained and for the rest of the day the convention hall was patrolled by uniformed officers.

And the important issue was the demand by a majority of the delegates that the "grand lodge" officers refrain from pressing their suit against a former "grand president", whom they were charging in Circuit Court with misappropriating a large sum of money.

If the election of Fljozdal, the reduction of the number and salary of vice-presidents and the amalgamation resolution could have been voted the first day, the 1,200 delegates might better have ended their convention on the second day and gone to see Eugene O'Neill's "Hairy Ape", which was being played downtown.

Mountain Pool

POURED by a hundred rills,
The blue cup of the hills
Is lifted into light
Through birches pale of limb
That lean to its granite rim
And are mirrored green and white.

This is the cup of storm;
No sun can make it warm
That passes overhead;
And here in channeled stone,
Cold and quenched and alone,
A fallen star lies dead.

Drink at the deep cup
That the hills have lifted up,
And it will make you old;
For you taste the long-drowned sky,
And the glow of suns gone by,
In this water, clear and cold.

Bernice Lesbia Kenyon.

Nocturne

IF the two travellers, our lives, meet with each other
Out of the dark, lonely spaces, so that my hand,
Finding your eager hand, need grope no further;
So that our looks take fire, one by the other fanned;

"And if no sword of sin, of strangeness, of sorrow,
Lie, menacing, between us who would unite in love,
Need I be desolate because we part on the morrow?
Love cannot waste nor spoil more than love can improve.

"Why should the narrow bonds keep us coldly decaying?
Could we not wheel asunder, one east and one west,
Till through unkindred worlds we were distantly straying,
Yet circle together always, with breast towards breast?"

So my thoughts went wild when the moon was sinking,
And when the darkness let my vision free
Among the stars' deceptive company.
So, in the earth's brief slumber, I was thinking.

Dorine Elsmie.

Let's Have Some Liberty

By Edward Pyle

THIS new flood-tide in the West—this cloudburst of what the bankers call “radicalism”—what effect will it have upon life in America? What will its representatives *do*? Shipstead of Minnesota, Brookhart of Iowa, Frazier of North Dakota, Wheeler of Montana, Howell of Nebraska, Ferris of Michigan, Ralston of Indiana—what are they, lions or lambs?

What position will the new Senators take upon the question of restoring these provisions of the Constitution that would, if applied, put some slight limitation on the baiting of the labor movement?

Senator Borah has told great mass meetings that he stands for the release of political prisoners. Senator La Follette has taken a similar stand. The press says that the new crop of Senators elected by the radical vote will join the Borah-La Follette group in the Senate, and that the so-called “radical” members of the House will co-operate.

If the West has in its groaning brought forth something more than mice, we have a right to expect something in the way of a restoration of the elemental political rights that are about the only boast of “democracy.”

Not that we imagine that the newly strengthened radical group are radical in any revolutionary sense; we can't agree with the Minneapolis Journal, which says (as quoted in the *Nation*):

“Whatever the ideas and purposes of those who are marching along the fringe of radicalism, let us not one moment forget that in the heart of the army, guiding its movements, planning its strategy, stalks communism—wearing some of its many disguises. Whether its face be that of socialism, of bolshevism, of I. W. W.'ism, its heart is the same. It is the heart of red revolution.”

This gem of comedy, together with such others as that of President Harding's father who denounced the Borah group of Senators as “bolshevists”, reminds us of the second paragraph of the Communist Manifesto of 1848:

“Where is the party in opposition that has not been decried as communistic by its opponents in power? Where is the opposition that has not hurled back the branding reproach of Communism against the more advanced opposition parties, as well as its reactionary adversaries?”

No, the Borah group are not radicals in any radical sense of the word radical. Borah, La Follette and their minority block are anti-communistic, and in an objective sense they are more anti-communistic than are Harding, Newberry, Harry Orchard and Harry Daugherty. They represent Industrial Capitalism and capitalistic agriculture from the point of view of Little Jeff who says to Mutt, “for the love of Mike, be reasonable.” They represent the general and farsighted point of view of Capitalism as against the hectic, inbred point of view of specialized finance-capital centered in the Wall Street office of J. P. Morgan & Co. To the gluttony of a capitalism which allows 80 cents to a farmer for a bushel of wheat which costs him \$1.25 to raise, the Borah group shouts, “Don't kill the goose that lays the golden egg!” Borah's group wants the banks to foreclose their farm mortgages in a way that will neither start an armed insurrection

of farmers nor make an uncultivated (and therefore unmortgaged) desert of the wheatlands. This group does not for a moment suggest the abolition of capitalistic exploitation, but only tries to put a brake on the stupid capitalism which attempts to strangle the labor movement with the clumsy hand of a Daugherty instead of with the adroit hand of a Gompers.

Borah and his group are constructive engineers of capitalism who would put a safety valve upon the engine. It is commonly said that free speech is the safety valve. There is complete logic in expecting the “radical group” to demand a halt upon the blind czarism of Harding. It is reasonable to expect that group to keep its promise to demand the abolition of imprisonment for political opinions.

This is understood to mean a pledge for the release of Ralph Chaplin and A. V. Azuara and Richard Brazier and Forrest Edwards and Charles L. Lambert and James Rowland and Manuel Rey and Sam Scarlett, who are each now spending twenty year terms in prison at Leavenworth on no other charge but that of holding certain opinions, and of fifty-two other men who are spending lesser terms there for the same cause. In all, sixty people are now in Federal prisons which are by their presence given the character of political Bastilles.

The Borah group, generally, has pledged itself to open these Federal Bastilles. Very good. We demand that the promise be kept.

The System of “Pass the Buck”

BUT what of the political prisoners that are in *state* penitentiaries? The State prisons are loaded and stuffed with political prisoners, and the process of filling them continues faster every day. This is an interesting condition. The Federal Government—representing the *national* reaction—cannot afford to take the responsibility for making a Bastille-studded monarchy of the country in too obvious a way. Therefore it has become the universal custom for the Federal Government since the close of the War to go slow itself on putting men in prison for political views, and to delegate that function to the separate State Governments!

President Wilson was obliged during the War, for national and international reasons, to identify himself with the movement to save Mooney from hanging. The national Government could not afford to take the responsibility for the beastly crime of framing Mooney. If Mooney were in a *Federal* prison today, the Federal Government would have to release him. But Mooney remains in a State prison; the Federal Government can wash its hands of responsibility and therefore the movement for a national general strike for Mooney's release peters out into a helpless notion of a “boycott on California products.” The *object* of political imprisonment is attained—the *fact* of political imprisonment remains—but the “buck is passed” effectively, so as to prevent the making of a national issue of each of these essentially national cases. Even the dull-witted Gamaliel Harding saw that for reasons of public policy it was necessary to release 'Gene Debs. If Debs had been sent to a State prison, he would be there yet.

Since the Mooney case showed the way, it has become the universal custom to delegate to the State governments the function of keeping the political prisons, the functioning of jailing, framing and perhaps murdering on the gallows the men in the labor movement who are objectionable to national capitalism but out of which it is impolitic for the Federal Government to make a national scandal.

It is interesting to observe that the only "States' Right" that remains under this now highly centralized government, is the right to imprison or to assault, deport or murder labor leaders.

In a number of states the legal machinery is now busily engaged in cramming the penitentiaries full of political prisoners, at the very moment that the liberal group which demands release of political prisoners is recording its victory.

In New York Ben Gitlow, considered one of the most able among the Communists, and Jim Larkin, head of the Irish Transport Workers, convicted as a Communist, have just been sent back to prison after being out a short time on appeal bail.

In Chicago eleven men convicted of holding communistic opinions have just been condemned by a final decision of the Illinois Supreme Court to serve heavy terms in the penitentiary. The national political significance of this is seen when it is noted that this group of convicts includes L. E. Katterfeld, formerly a member of the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party, who became a national leader of the "left wing" and took part in forming the Communist movement; that it includes Jack Carney, editor of the Voice of Labor, Ludwig Lore, editor of the Volkszeitung, Max Bedacht, etc., etc.

In Oakland J. E. Synder, known far and wide as an exceptionally able labor editor, together with a group including J. H. Dolson, E. B. Smith, J. C. Reed, J. A. Ragsdale, and C. C. Tobey, are being eased into prison with a jury carefully and brazenly selected for the purpose.

In West Virginia, the Coal Mine owners are paying for the conviction of Frank Keeney, president of District 17, United Mine Workers. In Herrin, Illinois, the attempt is being made by the Illinois Chamber of Commerce to put five union men in the penitentiary in a prosecution openly paid for by private capitalists.

In Sacramento, the State of California proceeds with the framing up and imprisonment of I. W. W.'s where the Federal Government had to leave it off because of national scandal.

Thus, while the liberal movement for the release of political prisoners gains ground on paper—the imprisonment of men for political opinions *in fact* proceeds with a heavier toll than ever. The ugly growth of political prisons will be *bigger than ever* after the liberals in office deliver on their promise to "release political prisoners."

Will the "radical group" close its eyes to this "pass the buck" game? Or will it insist that the principle of release of political prisoners apply to the prisons that the political prisoners are *in*—the State prisons? Will they attack the roots of the political imprisonment system—the state "criminal syndicalist" laws?

To do so would involve a demand for the application of the United States Constitution.

In all of these sedition cases, not only is a national issue hidden under a "state" prosecution, but the United States Constitution is by general capitalist consent shoved aside. If a banker or a Tin Plate Trust magnate were concerned, the Federal Constitution would be applied. But the Constitution

is consigned to hell when it's a case of the constitutional rights of workers.

How about the new Senators and Representatives from the West? Are they going to demand the restoration of the Constitutional rights of the masses?

Daugherty's Hand in Michigan

BUT if there is any doubt of the fact that these persecutions are the work of the national reaction under the cover of a local prosecution—the prosecution of the twenty Communists at St. Joseph, Michigan, is a startling proof.

The United States Government is doing it. Harry Daugherty is doing it with the same hands that pulled off the filthy job of the railroad injunction. The head of the United States secret police—the odious professional strikebreaker that Harding chose as his secret service chief—William J. Burns, is the active agent in the arrest of the twenty men, the attempt to arrest some forty more, and the attempt to put them all, including William Z. Foster, William F. Dunne and Charles Ruthenberg, into the state penitentiary of Michigan for five year terms. There is absolutely no charge except that of expressing opinions and holding a meeting. The thing is inextricably connected with the recent national railroad and coal strikes. The persecution is aimed to strike down the leaders who were primarily responsible for the movement to enlarge the railroad and coal strikes into a general strike; and especially Foster who has become the very symbol of the trade union amalgamation movement and the national opposite of the crawling Gompers. Daugherty's agents are in control of the whole affair—the day after the arrests were made on Daugherty's instruction, an official agent of Daugherty went from New York to Michigan to take charge of the prosecution. The whole affair is a brazen attempt to slaughter the national radical wing of the labor movement with the hand of Daugherty covered in the glove of the Michigan "criminal syndicalist" law.

Will the liberal group have the honesty and courage at least to call off the National Government from this contemptible role?

The "radical" members of the House and Senate will have to face the following issue:

Shall the views of all political parties in America be subject to the approval and supervision of the police power?

The Federal prosecution of the Communists under the guise of a Michigan prosecution, will force this issue and compel all figures in the National political life to take a stand one way or the other.

It is useless to try to distinguish between political views that are "legal" and those that are "illegal." To make a distinction is, by the very act, to decide that all political views of the people are subject to police approval. Are the newly elected liberals ready to take that stand?

Who made the Communist Party "underground"? Who outlawed it? The Federal government agents. The Communist parties were organized in the first place in an open hall, publicly advertised, in the City of Chicago. The Communists had not the slightest intention of ceasing to be an open organization, and only after the most desperate struggle with the police tyranny and brutal prosecutions resulting in twenty-year penitentiary sentences, did the Communists pull together the remaining wreckage of their police-destroyed party and organize out of sight of the Monarch, Mr. A.



Gropper

Done For

William Gropper

Mitchell Palmer, who had taken to himself the power to pass on the political views of all men.

Even if one is so forgetful or so dishonest as to ignore the fact that the Communist Party was driven underground by force, it is evident that as long as the Communist Party is deprived of its right to exist in the open, it is going to continue to exist as an underground party.

Confining oneself entirely to American history, one must observe that every movement that expressed an economic demand has persisted in secret organization when denied an open existence. A secret organization with a system of underground communication was maintained by Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Paine, Henry, etc., when the then existing government attempted to exterminate the movement because of its revolutionary objects. Likewise the "underground railroad" continued secretly to liberate Negro slaves in the 'fifties in spite of legal efforts to exterminate it. One might almost say that if the various countries are different in this respect, America is the land above all where an economically based movement will have its "underground" to the extent that it is suppressed. The American Communist movement will continue to exist, overground or underground. If our rulers decide that the Communist Party shall not exist overground, they are ruling that it shall continue to exist underground.

It is very plain that the reaction that is personified in Daugherty would equally suppress the coming Labor Party if it could. And, in time, it may be able to do so if it is now granted the right in general to jail whatever party it considers subversive. A reading of the railroad injunction will show what mental diseases pass as the institutions of our Country in the cloudy little brain of a Daugherty. It will show also what will be considered "subversive"—the right of a labor union to use the telephone, for instance. Evidently, Daugherty and the very strong forces that he represents would suppress anything of the labor movement that might be at the given time weak enough to suppress.

The spokesman for this electoral wave will have to take a stand one way or the other, for or against the principle of the freedom of any political party to operate publicly without submitting its political views for approval or rejection by the police.

What do you say, you liberals?

The Communists are a revolutionary party. What of that? In England and France—in fact in all of the most advanced European countries—the Communist parties operate openly in the elections and have their representatives in the legislative halls. We say that it is not a crime and never has been a crime to advocate revolution in America.

Have you forgotten that Abraham Lincoln said in his Inaugural Address in 1861:

"This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it."

Advocacy of revolution has never been a crime in this country until a few modern autocrats took it upon themselves to make it so. But if you take the position of the King of Spain or the dead Czar of Russia that the question of revolutionary views is a matter to be settled by the police and the political prisons, then give us no more talk of releasing prisoners—political prisoners—but be consistent and agree to make America permanently into a land of political police, a people living in the shadow of political prisons, ruled by sedition acts and enlightened only by such newspapers as are passed as non-subversive by a police authority.

Otherwise—demand that the inquisition of political opinion be hauled off, and that any political party, no matter what its views, shall have the right to make its open appeal to the American masses. Will you demand that, "Radicals" of the West? Are you lions or mice?

Jobbers In Justice

By Karl Pretshold

WEST VIRGINIA has undertaken to prove that the laws of these free United States are enforced in the interests of the ruling class. In West Virginia the ruling class is represented by the coal operators; and the courts of that state permit them to pay the costs of prosecuting on a charge of murder the president of District 17 of the United Mine Workers, Frank Keeney.

Keeney is on trial at Charlestown—in the same court house where John Brown was tried for treason. The murder with which he is charged was committed during the famous march on Logan County a year ago. Everybody knows that Keeney advised against the march. Everybody knows that Keeney tried to get the marching miners to return to their homes. These facts were placed on record in the four previous trials arising out of the march. But Keeney is an official of the United Mine Workers, and that is a crime for which the coal operators would have him pay with his life. The miners of West Virginia think that the life of their union is also at stake in this trial, and they have good reason for thinking so.

At the opening of Keeney's trial, his lawyers challenged the formal declaration of opposing counsel that the *State* was ready to proceed; they protested that all the lawyers acting for the prosecution were paid employees of the Logan County Coal Operators Association. Furthermore, they charged that in all the previous trials arising out of the march on Logan County, the coal operators had paid all the lawyers for the State and all other expenses connected with the prosecution; that they had paid their witnesses and paid the jury. The total cost to the State in these previous cases was \$32,405.50. This entire sum was paid by the coal operators through a deputy sheriff of Logan County who was also in their employ.

In proof of these charges, Keeney's lawyers produced a certified copy of the State record showing that the trial for treason of William Blizzard had cost \$17,747.34, and that *this sum, too, had been paid by the coal operators.*

Keeney's lawyers also charge that Governor Martin of West Virginia was elected through the efforts of the coal barons, who paid his campaign expenses.

Keeney's lawyers later called on the legislature of West Virginia to investigate their charges, and they offered to produce all the evidence in their possession before a committee of the legislature. They offered to prove their charges in court, and to prove also that the prosecution of Keeney was merely the beginning of a conspiracy fostered by the steel trust to wreck the labor unions of America by involving unions in damage suits and putting their leaders in jail.

It seems Judge Woods was afraid that Keeney's lawyers would prove these statements. He adjourned court till next day to see what he could do about it. When court reconvened, the judge ruled that no reference could be made to Governor Martin, as the court is not responsible for the governor. He said, furthermore, that *there is nothing improper in the coal operators paying the costs of prosecuting a criminal case.* He added, however, that the State ought to have at least one lawyer on the prosecuting staff. He then directed District

Attorney Porterfield, of Jefferson County, to take charge of the prosecution.

Now only a day before this appointment, Porterfield had admitted to newspapermen that he knew nothing about the Keeney case; but when Judge Woods told him to take charge of the case in order "to uphold the honor of the State", Porterfield, without even troubling to move to the counsel table, declared he was ready to proceed.

Keeney's trial began with a motion by the defense that they be granted a change of venue, since the defendant could not get a fair trial in Jefferson County. The prosecution—paid by the coal operators—contended that since all the Logan County march cases had been sent from Logan to Jefferson County for trial, the court could not properly grant that motion.

The court did grant the motion; but before Judge Woods named the county where the trial should take place, the prosecution rushed off to the State Supreme Court, and obtained a temporary injunction prohibiting Judge Woods from fixing a place for the trial other than Jefferson or Logan counties.

At the present writing Judge Woods and Keeney have been ordered to appear before the Supreme Court and show cause why they should not be prohibited a change of venue. In plain English, the Supreme Court has been asked to prevent a fair trial for Frank Keeney.

A Wheeling newspaper man explained to me why the prosecution is against a change of venue. "First, they want to try Keeney here, where they have been carrying on a long propaganda against the union; and secondly, they don't want to invest any more money in shipping their witnesses around. They have paid to bring a big bunch of witnesses here, and it will mean more expense if they have to go and move them to another county. But they only consider that as a mere investment, since they intend to sue the U. M. W. A. for damages; and then they will try to collect the money they spent in these cases."

While the big coal operators are busy in Charlestown, the smaller operators in the western end of the state are doing all in their power to assist the machinery of "justice" to function. In Wellsburg, detectives from the Burns agency are busy rounding up men whom they helped to indict.

Last July during a mine battle between deputized mine guards and union miners, Sheriff Duval,—who deputized the mine guards—and seven union miners were killed. The local mine owners got the Burns agency on the job right after the battle collecting evidence to present to the grand jury, and through their efforts 213 miners were indicted for killing the sheriff; and nobody was indicted for killing the seven union miners. Since the return of the indictments, Burns' men have been busy in three states—Ohio, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia—arresting the indicted men and bringing them to Wellsburg.

In brief, the Coronado decision has encouraged the mine owners of West Virginia to invest in "Justice", in the hope of being able to collect the cost from the men whom they send to prison.

Sellebration

By Howard Brubaker

THIS country recently observed memorial week in honor of the five hundredth fall of Soviet Russia. The figure includes collapses, overthrows, disintegrations and flights of high officials with gold reserve and crown jewels.

THE admission for each performance was one million roubles or twenty-five green certificates. A partial list of the attractions staged during that week follows:

ALL the editors of the New York Times were present and received the Order of the Long Bow for having reported the Soviet Government's death oftener than any other "news"paper. They responded with their popular giggle-song, "All the news that's print to fit."

BORIS BAKHMITEFF, the exest living exambassador (process servers permitting) exhibited his troop of wild exiles, emigrés, hasbeens and neverweres, none of whom has tasted solid food since last March.

A REPRESENTATIVE of the Misstate Department spoke in support of the Hughes Doctrine, that America will recognize any Russian government not located in Russia, and open trade relations with anybody who has nothing to trade.

SECRETARY HOOVER spoke in advocacy of the dictatorship of the commissariat.

ANTI-VICE PRESIDENT COOLIDGE was invited; the loss was fully covered by insurance.

CONTEST among predictors, prognosticators, inventors and dumbell ringers. Senator Lusk presented a silver spoon out of his well known set to the player who thought up the highest number of atrocities.

CEREMONY of the burial of the unknown liar, who may have been, for all anybody knows, the discoverer of the nationalization of women.

TOUCHING meeting of the authors of the Sisson documents and Ford protocols. Side-splitting act of picking each other's pockets of counterfeit money.

PRESENTATION of Russia leather medal to hero who, alone and single-handed, killed Lenin sixteen times in Helsingfors, Riga and Stockholm.

RECEPTION to correspondent who personally conducted a Red Terror without leaving his chair in a Copenhagen gin shop.

AWARD of Order of the Raspberry to the inventor of the patent collapsible Soviet Government warranted not to last longer than a week from Thursday.

APPEARANCE of the Deuce of Deuces, holding the record for the highest flight of the imagination.

THERE are many others who promised to attend and who nevertheless did so.

OFFICERS of the Gnashional Civic Federation who brought their gnashing.

INVESTIGATING committees with cuspidors.

WRITERS of hysterical romances. Extra-special correspondents running around in well informed circles.

PRINCESSES charmingly dressed in pawn tickets; and babygrand dukes.

HEROES of a hundred bottlefields.

PROPHETEERS and patrioteers, guardians and black-guardians, upholders and bondholders.

HUNDRED persenators, tommyrotarians.

CATERPILLARS of society.

HOT DAUGHERTY!

THE LIBERATOR

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BOOKS

Babbitt and My Russian Friend

Babbitt. A Novel. By Sinclair Lewis. Harcourt, Brace & Co.

A RUSSIAN friend of mine has been reading Sinclair Lewis's *Babbitt*. He insists that it is a good novel—he tells me so every time I see him. I never dispute his opinion, because as a matter of fact I also think it is a good novel. My friend's insistence arises from his previous incredulity, not about Sinclair Lewis, but about American novelists in general. He has always shared the widespread European impression that no Americans except Jack London, Frank Norris, Upton Sinclair, and James Fenimore Cooper ever wrote any good novels. Now, in great astonishment, he has had to admit another American novelist to that select company. In fact, he pays *Babbitt* the compliment of saying that it is like Russian novels.

By this he means a very special and quite obvious thing—that Sinclair Lewis has drawn in this book, as so many Russian novelists were wont to do in their books, a common and recognizable national type—drawn him not merely well, but done him once for all, and given him a name by which he will always hereafter be called. That is a feat by which my Russian friend sets great store, and for which he thinks, indeed, that novels exist. I should add that my Russian friend has spent most of his life in America, becoming in all this time as much of an American as it is possible to be without ceasing to be in any respect a Russian; and that he knows very well the American type which Sinclair Lewis has drawn, and is quite entitled to have an opinion as to the merits of Sinclair Lewis's portrait.

But if he is entitled to praise the portrait, he is also entitled to pick flaws in it. And he does pick a serious flaw in it. The fault he finds is the last thing in the world that I would ever have suspected, myself, to be a fault. He complains that Sinclair Lewis has Babbitt begin to get "radical", and then, under economic pressure, go back to the ways of conformity. "That", he says gravely, "is not true."

"What", I asked him, "is not true?"

"That he would go back, after he had once commenced to be—ever so little—a radical."

"But", I protested, "that is the whole point of the book—that he does yield to economic pressure, and returns to the fold!"

"It is not so", said my Russian friend.

I explained to him that he was probably judging Babbitt by the standard of the Russian temperament. A Russian Babbitt, would have stuck it out as a radical, if it led him to Siberia. But our American Babbitts—

"No", he said. "They stick it out, too. I know them."

And he began to tell me stories about 100 per centers, red-blooded he-men, Americans he had known, who got some radical idea or other in their head, and nothing could ever get it out again. One of his stories was about a druggist, Babbitt's own twin brother, it seems, who came across a book of Ingersoll's, and became converted to Atheism. That did not get him into trouble until the time came when he was being initiated into one of our great American fraternal societies. The question was asked. "Do you believe in a Supreme Being?" And Babbitt answered, "No!"

They argued with him about it. They told him they were all liberal-minded, that he didn't have to believe in any particular notion of God, just so long as he believed in some kind of God. But he insisted that he didn't believe in any kind of God. Well, they conceded, that didn't make any difference to them; but he had to answer the question "Yes." They told him to go ahead and say "yes", and forget about it. But he wouldn't; and the show broke up right there.

For the next two weeks the prominent people of the town, who were all members of this fraternal order, came around and talked to him and tried to get him to be reasonable; and when he refused to be reasonable, they threatened him. They told him they would drive him out of business—as they easily could. And he said he didn't care, they might drive him out of business, but he wouldn't pretend to believe in a God when he knew damn well there wasn't any God.

"And he stuck it out?" I asked.

"Oh, yes", said my Russian friend.

"And did they drive him out of business?"

"No. They laughed at him. They made a joke of it. But I think they admired him for it."

I went away, thinking about all the Babbitts I had ever known who had ever become in any manner any to any degree "radical." Had they gone back on their views? To my great surprise, I found that my memories corresponded exactly with the conclusions of my Russian friend. I would not for a moment set up my experience against that of Sinclair Lewis, who may for all I know be personally and intimately acquainted with all the business men in the United States; but such as my experience is, I give it. I know of a number of Babbitts who have become, after their fashion, "radical"—have espoused in conversation some unpopular doctrine or theory—and been subjected to all the pressure their family, neighbors, and townspeople could bring to bear, to make them conform—and they have only become more set in their new ways. There is, according to my observation, a streak of stubbornness in George F. Babbitt, which makes him a fanatic when aroused. And when not aroused to fanaticism, he admires fanatics. He deplores the cussedness of a good man gone wrong, but likes him all the better for it—envies him, I really do believe—and yields to the man the tribute of a genuine admiration, even when he is utterly hostile to the man's ideas.

This does not prevent him putting the man in jail, in self-protection; but, after all, what do we need protection against, unless it is something to which we ourselves are prone? The English are said to believe in free-speech: "Let them holler their heads off", is their aristocratic and elegant motto. But we Americans are afraid of free speech; afraid that if we allow anybody to preach dangerous doctrines, we may stop and listen to him some time, and take up the cross and follow the path that leads to the prison and the scaffold! And, unless the figure of Babbitt is to be construed in an extremely narrow sense, there are certainly a good many Babbitts—plain, ordinary Americans, previously indistinguishable from the mass of flag-waving, prosperity-shouting citizens—to be found on the roll of honor of forlorn hopes, lost causes, and hell-raising minorities in these United States.

And I confess that some such notion as that is implicit in my sense of the American people. It may be that I cherish a romantic conception of my fellow-citizens. But I do find that trait even in the sheep-like generation which was herded into the War for Democracy. Sinclair Lewis has drawn so

admirable a portrait of Babbitt, has given us his talk, his gestures, his outward manner so well, that it would not be strange if we overlooked a mistake in his description of Babbitt's soul. What it comes down to is that Babbitt is, according to Sinclair Lewis, not merely a poor boob, but a coward. Yet I am not at all sure that Babbitt is incapable of dying on the barricades for some idea to which his intellect might conceivably rise—such as, let us say, the single-tax.

FLOYD DELL.

What's All the Shootin' For?

Gargoyles. By Ben Hecht. Boni and Liveright.

AS an incursion against the obliquity of "nice people", *Gargoyles*, Ben Hecht's new book—widely advertised as a "devastating novel"—proved rather a dud. Devastation has become altogether too catholic, in life as well as in literature, to justify the hardihood or naïveté which induced the publishers of *Gargoyles* to feature it as an intrepid excursion. What with psychoanalysts and literary realists exposing one's most esoteric thoughts and feelings, we have become inured to gargoyles and gargantuans.

To those—if there be any—who do not suspect that behind the correct curtains of matrimony and the correct activities of the most eminent people there is as much depravity as among "bad" people, *Gargoyles* may prove devastating. But sophistication, wearily sad, admits that wealth and culture, prominence and the apparent fear of God, do not exempt their possessors from the iniquities of the world, the flesh, and the devil.

Then why this pother? Why the hysterics over such unabashed truths as every newspaper retails daily with sufficient minutiae to satiate the most salacious mind? At the risk of falling into a cliché, we must confess that sex discussions—be they ever so candid—no longer shock us. Neither do they bore us. Only, Hecht's tenacious magnification of the non-essentials of sex to the almost total neglect of more fertile avenues of exploration, becomes irritating.

The sex adventures of George Basine, the lawyer-politician who is the protagonist of *Gargoyles*, and the adventures of the other characters, are numerous. Sometimes they are real. Often, especially in the case of Basine, who has a pretty aptitude for glorifying his most sordid amours, they are partly fictitious. Basine loves to romanticize, to philosophize. Sensuous, rather than sensual, Basine enjoys his debauches more in contemplation and in retrospect, than in deed.

After a night spent in a house of prostitution, Basine becomes sentimental and confides to his friend Keegan that "she" was different from the usual girl of that kind. "Wouldn't talk for a while but then got confidential and cried a bit. They usually, do, you know." Keegan didn't know but he nodded wistfully. "A convent girl, too . . . You could take a girl like that and make something of her. Give her a month . . ." By which he meant, give George Basine a month and see the miracle he would work.

He goes on, "The mystery of a bad woman is that she was once virtuous, just as the mystery of a virtuous woman is that she could become bad."

Basine becomes a judge and the chairman of a Vice Investigating Commission, yet he never achieves nor attempts to acquire a more definite concept of the fundamentals that determine morality or immorality. This is typical of the slipshod thinking, the superficial investigation, the platitud-

inous conclusions of most reformers. George Basine is a familiar figure in high places.

Hecht's women are all neurotics of an extreme type. I am not disposed to quarrel with his characterizations. I am not sufficiently conversant with the type of women who are almost completely self-centered, who have no exacting duties or absorbing responsibilities; and for whom nothing exists outside themselves, their husbands, their homes, and their friends. Such women, undoubtedly, become sex-obsessed.

Henrietta, to whom Basine quite unintentionally gets himself married, is an exceedingly sweet and proper young creature. In a moment of boredom and vanity, Basine conceives the whim to possess the regard and homage of this girl; though, or perhaps because, she is engaged to be married. The scene which leads to the denouement between the sophisticated Basine and the naïveté girl is amusing and illuminating.

"'Henny', he whispered, 'I'm sorry about you and Aubrey.'

"'Why?'

"This was the sort of boy and girl scene at which she was almost adept. People held hands and even kissed without altering the correct social tone or content of their talk.

"'Because', said Basine, 'Oh, well, because I love you.'

"The phrase stirred, as it always did, a faint emotion in his heart. He used it frequently, even with prostitutes, and it had always given him a fugitive sense of exaltation . . .

"Basine was pulling her slowly toward him.

"'Don't you love me', he said. 'Don't you love me at all?'

"He was talking aloud to conceal the fact that he had drawn her to him and was placing his arms around her. To do anything like that in silence would have frightened Henrietta. But to talk while one was doing it, that made it seem less definite. One could ignore what one was doing, ignore the hands touching one's shoulders and the touching of bodies, by pretending to interest oneself entirely in the conversation.

"Basine knew this because he had made love to girls and taken liberties. As long as he kept talking and asking questions the girl would pretend she was so occupied in listening that she was oblivious to the liberties that were being taken with her * * *"

This theme with variations is played through many scenes until one begins to feel that Hecht is urging himself onward, like the Alpine traveler, but with "Devastation" ringing in his ears, instead of "Excelsior."

When Hecht turns from women and sex for a few chapters he is truly superb—a satirist unsurpassed. Mr. Gilchrist's funeral is a masterpiece in poignant pasquinade, achieving a vigorous brilliance without the hint of invective. The death of Mr. Gilchrist seemed to Basine chiefly important as an opportunity for the lesser dignitaries to make hay while the tears poured.

"They were utilizing the camaraderie of prestige and the intimacy of a common emotion to impress themselves upon the greater dignitaries. Women of dubious social standing gravitated as if by general accident toward women of solid social standing and exchanged whispered condolences with them. . . . It struck him now as a childish farce—an absurd hocus-pocus. Poor Gilchrist going to heaven and a long-faced man in a black coat speeding his soul heavenward from the Gilchrist library! . . . People crowded in a tiny room taking this opportunity to assure each other that the immensities over their heads, the clouds, the stars, the spaces were their property . . ."

Glaring errors in English and punctuation are so numerous that one wonders whether the book has been proof read. We began computing the cost of these errors in telephone bills after we heard the story that Hecht had 'phoned to his publishers from Chicago, at the cost of \$12 in order to have a comma inserted after "you" in the sentence, "If there were more women like you there would be no more bad men"; but the total threatened to be too staggering.

Gargoyles is vivid and interesting, but hardly iconoclastic.
GERTRUDE WEIL KLEIN.

The English of Her

The Garden Party. By Katherine Mansfield. Alfred A. Knopf.

IF one were to assert that Katherine Mansfield's stories are salted down with the pungencies of Maupassant and Chekhov, one would be overlooking the inescapable brown-ale-colored English of them which creeps out on almost every page. In atmosphere, in overtone, in chosen situations they breathe the English setting in which they were conceived and written, and from which they derive their vigor and pulse. A comparison with Maupassant and Chekhov, fails to take into account the important fact that these stories were written by a woman whose deft and humane hand is visible in their texture as well as in their trend. It would be more convincing, and probably far more accurate, to say of Katherine Mansfield that she has implicitly followed the advice Flaubert gave his disciple, Maupassant,—namely to observe starkly and relentlessly the life he seeks to portray.

This Katherine Mansfield has certainly done. She is decisively not what the editorial officers call a "plotty" writer. Dealing with flesh-and-blood human beings, their more comprehensive moods, their exposed emotions, and occasionally their half-born impulses, she is in no need of resorting at every turn (which is the American idea) to an obvious or flamboyant, skeletonized framework in order to breathe throbbing life into her human material. She catches her people, like a sculptor who knows his business, at a big moment in their lives, and she arrests that moment for us. She takes a single person, as in *The Life of Ma Parker*, *Miss Brill*, *The Lady's Maid* and *Her First Ball*; or two people as in *Mr. and Mrs. Dove* and *Marriage à la Mode* and *The Singing Lesson* (in this last the other person never appears); or three people as in the *The Daughters of the Late Colonel* or in *Bliss* (in an earlier volume), and with clean-cut incisions, she hollows down to intimations or contours of dark-watered depths, yearning souls, profound humanity—men and women, in a word, as they are and as she finds them just beyond her own garden's white palings.

Katherine Mansfield recalls Maupassant and Chekhov only by virtue of her serene detachment. When looked into, however, this is found to be no detachment at all, since no one can write about warm-blooded, full-bodied human beings with utter impersonal aloofness. This is one of the blind myths of scholars and teachers of short-story courses. By detachment these folk merely imply a method which, as a matter of fact, is the very opposite of detachment. The writer identifies himself so intimately and sympathetically with the characters he has created and set in motion, that he finds it superfluous and in bad taste to explain them other than by the gestures, looks and words which they themselves use. Since creator and created are indissolubly one, the writer doesn't have to dance around their movements, exhort them like a cheer-

leader at a football game to further efforts or heroisms, commenting meanwhile with barbarously hoarse cries on the progress of the game. He simply draws the wicket, so to speak, and the reader perceives everything.

Now both ways of writing have their appeal as well as their native charm when deftly used. For example, Rebecca West in her recent novel *The Judge*, employs a method which is wholly antithetical to the one used by Miss Mansfield. Miss West is scintillating, brilliantly marginal and delightfully voluble in her causerie about her people, especially the Scotch girl, Ellen. She reminds one of the skilful dinner table raconteur (a guest, not the host who, according to ancient usage, nods his head and merely wedges in an apt comment here and there) who unfolds an implicated tale with all sorts of side-remarks. Miss West, like Henry James, can write the most charming table-talk of this sort. Miss Mansfield, on the other hand, is spare, neat, parsimonious in her tale-telling; no word is supererogatory or out of place, no least gesture, no shaded inflection of the voice.

Her gestures, such as they are, are sublimated into indirect comment by being stopped midway; the very stoppage of them releases the point of view of the author; and the reader is thus trapped into supplying what he thinks is his own interpretation, but which is really that of the writer. Read the *Life of Ma Parker* with this in mind, and you will see there compressed as tightly as may be, the tragedy of a simple life; and you are left in no two minds as to what Katherine Mansfield thinks about the whole business. It is, briefly, the story of a charwoman who always did things for other people and in the end—no, not in the end but anywhere along the line of her squalid uncertain days—she could not even find a place for the emotional escape of a good cry. *Her First Ball*, again, shows a perfect understanding of the emotions that besiege a young girl on her first dance; and is *The Singing Lesson* about a singing teacher and a near-tragic but highly dramatic moment in her life which is at least resolved into joy. The poising of the suspense, of the variegated emotions, is depicted entirely by the fluctuating manner in which she conducts a singing lesson.

Miss Mansfield is intent on giving us people as they appear in their daily oddities and agonies. She deals, always with a swift thrifty touch, with what may be called the primary emotions of life. She is more like Maupassant and Chekhov than Artzibashev, and less probing than either Sherwood Anderson or May Sinclair. She resembles May Sinclair not a little, however, in the deep saturation she betrays in both her people and the atmosphere which walls them about.

PIERRE LOVING.

The Adventures of A Liberal

The Last Mile. By Frank McAlister. Doubleday, Page & Co.

A NOVEL of contemporary liberalism as the game is played in New York, wherein a bewildered but well-meaning ex-army officer fluctuates helplessly between indignation at the brutalities of the status quo and contempt for the theories of communists and such-like. The atmosphere of the book is suggestive of the Civic Club, or—in its indignant passages—of the Rand School. Even that atmosphere, however, is more congenial for civilized nostrils than the putrid air of scores of stories in the season's outpour of fiction which will inevitably be read more widely than *The Last Mile*.

The author shows an intimate appreciation of the difficul-

ties involved in walking the tight-rope of liberalism, the conversation frequently attaining to a more than sophisticated cleverness. Though the hero acquires few positive political and economic convictions in the course of his adventures among near-radicals between 12th and 40th Streets, he succeeds in putting himself outside the magic circle of 100 per cent respectability. And he does achieve, incidentally, certain definite opinions as to the kind of women best suited to his own temperament; after all we cannot expect too much from a fellow as heavily handicapped by good upbringing and orthodox contacts as Lieut. Broadhurst.

The book hits off nicely the racking ordeal vouchsafed to a conscientious middle-class young man driven by some sudden accident (the death of a sweetheart in this case) to look squarely and without blinking at the social mess. The story is worth while if for no other reason than because its scenes and persons are thinly disguised copies from life, and it is an engaging pastime to discover the originals under the camouflage. The reviewer thinks he has penetrated to the identity of a number of the protagonists. Attorney Streeter's office, for example, is described in such tell-tale details that not only the lawyer but his hard-working stenographer are instantly recognizable.

The adventures in Americanism through which the author pilots Lieut. Broadhurst upon his return from France include such staples as the raid on the Russian workers' headquarters some years ago. He assists in the abortive birth of a new Liberal party. He joins his new friends in ridiculing the "extremists" whom they are "defending." And in the final pages he is firmly, though prosaically convinced, that "at least there's lots to laugh about."

E. L.

Who Said Wilsonism!

EDITOR of the Liberator:—

The review of my book, *Shall It Be Again?* by Karl Pretshold, in the September Liberator, is extremely complimentary, until it comes to the last chapter. I would like to ask Mr. Pretshold to read that chapter again. For by substituting the word *is* for *would have to include*, and the *principles* for *principles*, he has contrived to draw conclusions wholly unjustified either by the remainder of that chapter or any other part of the book—namely, that I advocate a "return to Wilsonian dogma."

My final chapter begins: "The programme that would preserve the peace of America, promote its prosperity, and serve democracy at home or abroad, would have to include an honest application of principles by which President Wilson professed to be guided in sending American armies to European battlefields."

What particular principles? I am dealing with foreign policy. I proceed to specify. My second paragraph reads:

"For international application, the cardinal principles are self-determination and equality of sovereignty. Before there could be any question of fighting to compel the observance of these fundamentals by others, we would first have to observe them ourselves, as well as to heal, as far as may be, the scars that we have cut in trampling upon them in the past. In other words, we would have to purge ourselves with a course of repudiation, withdrawal, and reparation."

I should be delighted to hear from any communist, or other radical, who favors a different policy in international affairs. Certainly these are principles to which the Russian Soviet authorities have again and again professed adherence, and which they seem to have carried out as far as they have been able. It happens that Wilson did, when speaking in the abstract on foreign policy, frequently voice principles universally approved of by radicals. That, of course, has very little to do with the Fourteen Points.

The remainder of my final chapter, up to the last two pages, is a concrete enlargement upon my second paragraph. It is simply a program of withdrawal from Haiti, the Philippines, etc., and a general renunciation of imperialistic activities. I have never heard of any radical who was opposed to any of the suggestions that I here make.

Finally, I should like to ask your reviewer if these closing words of *Shall It Be Again?* could have been written by a liberal, or any one possessed with any of the hallucinations of liberals:

" * * * A simple observance of the Constitution would preclude the imprisonment of persons for expressing their views upon public affairs, but real freedom of speech and of the press cannot be restored without fundamental economic changes.

"So long as a handful of men in Wall Street control the credit and industrial processes of the country, they will control the press, the government, and, by deception, the people. They will not only compel the public to work for them in peace, but to fight for them in war.

"Democracy is not a reality in America. America is a financial oligarchy, in which the President is the willing, though pretendedly reluctant servant of the great financial powers.

"The events of the past half dozen years have demonstrated not only the moral bankruptcy of the political and intellectual leaders that capitalism has given the world, but the inability of capitalism to save the world from periodic disaster. Imperialism is simply a phase of capitalism. Big Business government must go, but Big Business Government will not go until Big Business goes. Only the institution of a new social order, based upon economic equality, will save the world from more and more wars for Business."

JOHN KENNETH TURNER.

Spring Night At Lachaise's

SHYLY and slowly and softly,
 Exultant and trembling our faces,
 We moved from that room down the stairway—
 A cortege to Beauty.

To Beauty enslaved of two masters.
 For were not the wide curving bronzes
 Cryptic and poised, unexcessive—
 Her own body captured?

And under the dark window's archway,
 A maple's impulsive young branches,
 Screening the tenement's squalor—
 Her very gesture!

Jean Starr Untermeyer.

PRACTICAL HELP FOR RUSSIA

PACKAGES

Packages, FREE FROM DUTY, may be sent through the Russian Red Cross by individuals in this country to individuals in Russia. ONLY ARTICLES OF PRIME NECESSITY ARE ACCEPTED.

Any package containing articles of luxury or articles sent for any other purpose than the personal use of the beneficiary, will be confiscated and turned over for relief.

CLOTHING, DRUGS, SOAP and NON-PERISHABLE FOOD STUFFS are recommended.

BAYONNE, N. J.
Levinson's Drug Store,
18th Street and Avenue C.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.
176 Newark Avenue

TOLEDO, OHIO
The Commercial Savings Bank
& Trust Company

CLEVELAND, OHIO
"Russian Life"
4957 Woodland Avenue



SOCIÉTÉ RUSSE
DE LA CROIX ROUGE

COMITÉ CENTRAL
MOSCOU

2 September, 1922.

There is no Russian who does not have in his heart today a deep and enduring gratitude to the American people for their wonderful aid during the crisis of the past year. Millions of helpless and terrified people, stricken by a catastrophe from which there seemed to be no escape, owe their lives to the help which came to them from half a world away. They cannot forget their debt.

Not the least of the many agencies through which this timely assistance reached those who most required it has been the American branch of our own Russian Red Cross Society, whose tireless activity kept the need of the famine district before the American people, and forwarded to Russia food, clothing and medicines which so largely constituted the equipment of the medical-relief stations of the Russian Red Cross wherever the need was greatest.

The effects of the famine will be long in being healed. The ravages of disease and hunger have shaken the courage of many. The need for medicines is very great and for warm clothing it is imperative. Child feeding will strain the resources of Russia to the utmost, and every additional pound of food sent to Russia from abroad will mean, literally, new life to a people sorely tried.

The Russian Red Cross Society is a permanent institution. It has no political character whatsoever, and its work is one of pure mercy. As its resources it has only what generous people within and without Russia contribute to its work, and without continued support its work must fail. The Russian Red Cross Society, by virtue of the fact that its workers are almost entirely volunteers, is in a position to secure the maximum result in life-saving and health-building for a minimum of expenditure, and so recommends itself to those who wish to accomplish the most with what they give.

Throughout the vast famine district of Russia, where the white flag with its red cross has flown, it has meant life; and wherever that flag must be taken in for lack of supplies, its going will mean death. Knowing this, I appeal on behalf of the Central Committee of the Russian Red Cross Society to those in America who have already done so much, to continue their help a little longer now, until the danger has passed for good.

Z. SOLOVIEV.

Chairman of the Central Committee, Russian Red Cross.

RUSSIAN RED CROSS
1 UNION SQUARE
NEW YORK CITY

BOSTON, MASS.
American Committee for Relief of Russian Children
3 Tremont Row

COMMODITY DRAFTS

Commodity drafts on the State Universal Store, and its branches in Russia, will be issued to individuals and organizations by the Russian Red Cross.

These drafts are sent, registered mail, direct to the individuals in Russia by the persons or organizations purchasing them. The beneficiary has only to present the draft at any of the State Stores in Russia to receive in exchange **WHATEVER ARTICLES** he is in need of, at the ordinary retail value at the rate of exchange current at that time.

CHICAGO, ILL.
Tarlow's Drug Store
2201 Potomac
Amalgamated Bank
371 W. Jackson Blvd.,
ST. PAUL, MINN.
Rossner and Epstein
98 East 4th Street
BALTIMORE, MD.
3005 Eastern Avenue
HOUSTON, TEXAS
812½ Preston Avenue

Isadora Duncan on Russia

TWO years ago upon the invitation of Lunacharsky, Isadora Duncan went to Russia to conduct a school where 1,000 children were to receive a complete education through the medium of the dance. Upon her arrival, she realized that under existing conditions she could do better and more effective work with a small group. She therefore selected fifty of the most talented children. For these fifty children she foresees a promising career. She speaks of them as "geniuses—every one of them. You will hear from these children. I will bring them to dance here in America very soon."

"Do you prefer living in Russia to living in America?" I asked her.

"I don't think of my work in terms of Russia vs. America. I am returning to Russia because these children need me. You should know these children. They are remarkable little beings. Though undernourished and with only rags to cover their little bodies, they never complain. At night when I'd tuck them in snugly under their thin coverings, I'd see them shivering with the cold. 'I'll find something to cover you with', I'd say. 'Niechevo—it's not necessary. I'm quite alright.'"

"Yes, I'm going back to Russia now, but give me a school in America, give me your children and I'll come back to America. I don't want to dance, to perform. I no longer feel it in my feet, in my hands.—I feel it here in my heart, in my head—and I want to give it to the children. In Russia they say our hope is in the children. They shall continue what we have begun.

"Miss Duncan, are you a Communist?"

"I am not in politics. Wherever I see poverty and misery, I want to take the children and teach them to dance, to enjoy the beauties of nature that they may rise above their sordid surroundings.

"If conceiving of a world in which all are happy, uplifted by music and the dance, not only the children, but boys and girls, men and women, everybody, so that they may sing and dance even in the kitchen among the pots and pans, if that is Communism, then I was a communist twenty years ago in Berlin when I started my first school."

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"The Child and the Home", a book on the bringing-up of children, \$2.50; the book, together with a subscription to *Rational Living*, \$4.00, instead of \$4.50.

Culture and Revolution

COMMENCING with the January number, the *Liberator* will publish a series of ten articles on Russian culture under the Soviets. These articles will be the first systematic description for American readers of the imaginative side of the Revolution. They will be written by Alexander Chramoff, a young Russian now residing in America, who saw various phases of the Revolution as a journalist, theatrical director and soldier.

Chramoff was in charge of the theatres in the Ukraine, where old and new plays were presented to large audiences of workers and where important experiments were carried out. Later in Moscow he directed the *Red Cock*, the model theatre conducted by Lunacharsky; and at the same time edited *Theatre*, the national theatrical journal of Soviet Russia. In 1919 he entered the Red Army. He gained considerable distinction as commander of the division along the Kiev-Chernigen front, but after two years' of service he was captured by the enemy and taken to a Polish prison. From there he made his escape to Vienna, and thence to the United States. For a time he was scenic director for D. W. Griffith.

The list of his forthcoming articles follows:

1. The Moscow Art Theatre.
2. The Red Cock.
3. The Socialist Theatre in Soviet Russia.
4. The Theatre in the Red Army.
5. Three Powers in Russian Art.
6. Futurism and the Russian Revolution.
7. Proletarian Culture.
8. A Diary of the Revolution.
9. Impressions of Lenin, Trotzky and Lunacharsky.
10. Builders of the New World.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

Of *The Liberator*, published monthly, at New York, N. Y., for October, 1, 1922.

State of New York, County of New York, ss.:

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Irwin Fralkin, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the General Manager of the *Liberator* and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, The *Liberator* Publishing Co., Inc., Room 604, 110 West 40th St., N. Y.; Editors, Floyd Dell, Max Eastman, Joseph Freeman, Hugo Gellert, Arturo Giovannitti, Michael Gold, William Gropper, Claude McKay, Robert Minor, Boardman Robinson, all at Room 604, 110 West 40th St., New York City; Managing Editor, none; Business Managers, none; General Manager, Irwin Fralkin, 110 W. 40th St., N. Y. C.

That the owners are: *Liberator* Pub. Co., Inc., 110 W. 40th St., City; Miss E. B. Scripps, La Jolla, Calif.; A. B. Leach, 829 Park Ave., City; Aline Barnsdall; Wm. Bross Lloyd, 1308 Tribune Bldg., Chicago.

That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

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IRWIN FRALKIN,

General Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of October, 1922.

(Seal)

AUGUSTA MOSKOW.

(My commission expires March 30, 1923).

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For a ten dollar food draft bought from the American Bureau of the Idgescom, the Russian Bureau of the Idgescom will supply the following articles: 50 lbs. of the best wheat flour; 20 lbs. rice; 10 lbs. cereal; 10 lbs. sugar; 10 lbs. fat (meat or vegetable); 3 lbs. kosher corned beef (canned); 3 lbs. cocoa; 6 lbs. soap; 10 cans condensed milk (not evaporated), altogether 120 lbs. of food. All products are of the very best quality available in the American mar-

kets. **THE FOOD WILL BE SENT DIRECTLY TO THE PERSONS ADDRESS-ED** through the Russian Dept. of the Idgescom which is found in every more or less important city of the Ukraine or White Russia. **YOUR RELATIVES WILL NOT HAVE TO COME FOR THE PACKAGES.** After a lapse of three months if the addressee is not found by the Idgescom, the full sum will be refunded to the sender.

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For each \$35 that is paid to the American Bureau of the Idgescom, the following articles will be given to the addresses in Russia:

- 10 yds. (1 width) or 5 yds. (double width) cloth for men's clothing;
- 10 yds. (1 width) or 5 yds. (double width) cloth for women's clothing;
- 6 yds. lining, unbleached linen, etc.;
- 15 yds. flannel for underwear;
- 20 yds. white goods (plain or checked);
- 15 yds. muslin for sheet and other bed-clothes;
- 1 quilt of pure wool, 6 prs. stockings (4 for grown-ups and 2 for children);
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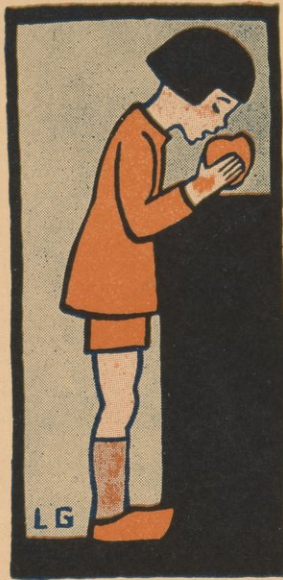
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