

LIBERATOR

JAN 1923

20¢



FRANK WALTERS

Do You Know that Jesus Was President of a Secret Trade Union?

like thousands of others which existed in the pro-consular regions at that time? And that the ferocity with which the ruling classes pursued and crushed the workers and particularly the leaders of this movement was due to the fact that the society had resolved to bring out into the open the principles upon which it was secretly founded leading to the material salvation of the people from the brutal cruelties of the dominant power of money, greed and royalty?

The Ancient Lowly

By C. Osborne Ward

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Of the old inscriptions which prove that in times of famine, pestilence or war, when certain districts flourished while their distant brothers were suffering, convoys were sent by the unions carrying provisions, money, medicines for their relief;

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The ancient associations, supposed to be exclusively religious, were really economic in their object, although they were interwoven with ceremonies to the deities of the working class. Often the temples of worship were the screen for economic organization.

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HYGO
GELLERT

"Mussolini, We Are Here!"

THE LIBERATOR

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EDITORIALS

A Serious Neglect of Duty

CHARLES G. DAWES began his career as a government storekeeper with the American army in France; but owing to a conspicuous genius for using foul language, he achieved the rank of Brigadier General. This makes him not only an officer, but, by the peculiar laws of military logic, also a gentleman.

However, in the United States, where Congress has recently declared lynching to be a legitimate occupation, it is not at all remarkable that a gentleman, especially one who almost single-handed won a war for democracy and civilization, should pass a pleasant evening inciting a mob to violence. The mob, as it happened, consisted of three thousand Chicago businessmen. But businessmen are also gentlemen, and so they responded to the General's incitement to violence with cries of "hang the governor."

The governor referred to is Len Small of Illinois. You may recall that some time ago Governor Small was accused of embezzling the funds of the state treasury; and you may assume that in a moment of high moral resolve, three thousand conscientious citizens determined to punish him. If you think that, you are not only mistaken; you are vulgar. In the first place you forget that Governor Small was completely exonerated, but, more important than that, you do not understand that, among gentlemen, embezzlement is a minor matter. No, the Governor's crime was far more terrible. He has "besmirched the fair name of the State of Illinois and of the United States" by pardoning William Bross Lloyd and sixteen other radicals who had called attention to one or two slight flaws in the perfect system of society under which we are privileged to live.

This is indeed a serious dereliction of duty. If Governor Len Small cannot realize that the chief business of an official is to imprison radicals and pardon profiteers, he should be removed at once.

The Next War

INSTEAD of impeaching Governor Small, the three thousand "prominent" Chicagoans merely condemned him by resolution. They also passed another resolution following an address by the chief speaker of the evening. The resolution called upon the Government to maintain a peace time standing army of 150,000; the address was made by General John J. Pershing.

General Pershing is more than an officer and a gentleman; he is a responsible representative of the ruling caste, in a position not only to express its sentiments but to divulge its plans; and General Pershing talked war. Two wars, in fact. A war of the "nation" against some unnamed "foreign"

people, and a war of American capital against American labor.

"Some day war will come—and come it will!" The General's warning is no news to trained observers. Every cause which led to the madness and bloodshed of 1914 is again operating, this time with greater intensity than ever. The race for oil markets is becoming more fierce and more rapid. Armaments are being piled higher and higher. Diplomacy is once more weaving fatal intrigues. The conferences of Washington, Genoa, and Lausanne have only served to emphasize that the bourgeoisie was indeed touched by the most terrible war in history—but only financially. Not one genuine step toward disarmament; only the old insane struggle for profit, the calculating cynicism which will again wipe out whole populations.

Trained observers know that the governments of Europe and America are building airplanes and storing poison gas not for amusement; these will be used again. But workers have no time to observe; they are too busy battling with the chaos created by the "great" war to see the still greater war which lies ahead of them; and it is a good thing that General Pershing came right out in meeting to tell them that they are living under a cloud of death.

Mussolini, We Are Here!

BUT for immediate purposes the General's second message is of even greater importance to the workers. "If you don't like your government—and you want to change it, it's up to you", he said. But he was speaking to members of the Association of Commerce and kindred organizations. That liberal attitude does not apply to the workers. If they don't like the government and want to change it, it's by no means up to them, according to the General. Such a desire is treason, and "if we (that is, the ruling class) are wide awake we are going to take some action in cases of that sort."

What action? What does General Pershing propose to do to labor that has not already been done? What improvement has he to offer on the methods of Messrs Daugherty and Burns?

There are not many left; the General is forced to take a leaf out of the blood-stained book of the Italian Facisti. He advises American Capital to use our 5,000,000 returned service men as a nucleus for organizing the fight against the working class. How many of these service men Capital can count on, we do not know; but, according to Col. Alvin Owsley, the American Legion at least can be counted on. Col. Owsley is commander of the Legion. In a recent interview with the *Newspaper Enterprise Association* he stated the sinister aims of the organization:

"If ever needed", he said, "the American Legion stands ready to protect our country's institutions and ideals as the

Facisti dealt with the destructionists who menaced Italy." When he was asked whether this imitation of the Facisti included taking over the Government, Col. Owsley replied, "Exactly that! Do not forget that the Facisti are to Italy what the American Legion is to the United States, and that Mussolini, the new premier, was the commander of the ex-service men of Italy."

Whatever bombastic dreams may be beating through the dull brain of the Colonel, one thing is certain: to realize them he is ready to employ Fascisti methods, to wreck union headquarters and to massacre workers. And in this reign of terror which our bourgeoisie is carefully preparing, the masters of Daugherty and Burns will undoubtedly be glad to have another servant.

Our Black Hundreds

THE history of tyranny makes dull reading because tyrants never learn anything. Their methods are always the same. In vain did Patrick Henry call the attention of George the Third to the fate of Charles the First; it will be just as vain to ask the bourgeoisie to profit by the mistakes of Metternich and Windischgrätz, Stolipin and Purishkevitch.

For it seems that America is to have not only its cossacks, but its black hundreds as well. We are to have not only a reign of violence, which sometimes may be accompanied by intelligent design; the Ku Klux Klan is to be used to spread a reign of bigotry and mental darkness, of racial and religious intolerance such as the world has never seen since the middle ages.

It is true that certain representatives of the ruling class, people like Governor Allen of Kansas, Mayor Hylan of New York, and even General Pershing, have attacked the Klan; but one cannot be sure how much of this protest has been due to the pressure of powerful religious sects which the Klan is attacking. The fact remains that the Federal Government, which has, in violation of the United States constitution, done everything in its power to break up the communist movement, has not lifted a finger against the clan.

William Z. Foster was arrested without a warrant, forcibly dragged from one state to another, and told by his captor, a government official, "to hell with the law!" The Imperial Wizard of the Klan walks freely about the capital of the republic (under the nose of the president who has asked Congress to take sterner measures against strikes) and nothing is done. Nothing is done despite the fact that this Imperial Wizard openly declares, (under the nose of the president who has called for greater respect for the Law), that the Klan is preparing to enforce national legislation.

This is not a demand that something be done to the Imperial Wizard. Demands of that nature should be left to officers and gentlemen. This is merely an inquiry into a paradox: Why haven't the authorities who have imprisoned sixty liberal spirits, who have murdered Richard Magon, who have filled the unions and the political parties of Labor with spies, done anything about the Klan?

Part of the answer may be found in General Pershing's already too-much-quoted speech in Chicago. "We cannot shut our eyes," he said, "to the activities of the so-called Invisible Empire, whose members in office disregard their public duty and allow their criminals to go unpunished."

It seems, then, that it is not the business of the Federal Government to punish criminals who belong to the Klan; that is the business of the Wizards and the Kleagels. The Invisible Empire is autonomous; it is a sovereign state recognized as such by General Pershing in words and by the Government in deed.

The paradox begins to resolve itself when we remember the exposures of the Klan recently published in the *New York World* and elsewhere. The Klan is opposed not only to Negroes, Catholics, and Jews, but also to radical labor. This attitude, their founder, Col. William Joseph Simmons, calls "100 per cent. pure American." According to his pamphlet, the *Ku Klux Klan*, the organization is in favor of free speech and press—except when they "imperil our government," that convenient formula with which the officials of many states have railroaded radicals to jail.



The Red Cock

By Alexander Chramoff

IN the history of the development of the modern arts in Soviet Russia, 1918 and 1919 will play a decidedly important part; for it was at this time that the great proletarian revolution had reached its greatest tension. The awakened people swept away anything and everything that reminded them in any way of the old regime. The smoke and flames of burning estates rose to the skies. In the cities, the workers took possession of the luxurious castles of the petit bourgeoisie. The people clamored for the new, the novel, the modern; and this general state of mind was reflected in the field of art.

Futurists and all those closely related to them announced a general mobilization of their powers. Young artists, self confident and sure of the future of their art, constantly attacked the established classics, and in this they were overwhelmingly successful.

"Down with drab colors! Down with old formulas, conventions and traditions!" they shouted, splashing brilliant colors on fences, houses, lamp-posts, indoors and out of doors—the streets seemed to be ablaze with them.

"Long live mass creation! Long live collective, dynamic art (not unlike life itself)! Long live the carnival of life!"

Youth conquered. The old withdrew, determined to remain unnoticed. Futurists of all shades became little by little the artists laureate. They were pushed forward and encouraged. To them was allotted the work of decorating the capital, erecting monuments and organizing celebrations of revolutionary holidays. The end to old forms in art seemed to have come. Futurism became the master of the situation, the caliph of the hour, the dictator of the day, the bolshevik in art.

In November 1919, the theatrical department of the People's Educational Commissariat proposed to me to organize the Exhibition Club—*The Red Cock*. The idea of this very original name seems to have sprung from Vsevolod Emelyanovitch Meyerhold, one of the most talented and educated directors of Russia, now occupying a position as general director of all Russian theatres.

"Yes," he said wittily "to our cock belongs the first song of the future of red culture. On the dawn of the Russian Revolution let him resound his first prophetic cry."

The proposal was accepted, and on one of those endlessly long winter evenings of Moscow, Number 5 Kuznechni Most blazed forth with bright electric lights. The Red Cock celebrated its birth.

After a thorough selection and lengthy discussion on principles of the theatre, the assembled artists succeeded in securing a handpicked cast. It consisted of Meyerhold; Alexander Taerov, one of the most talented contemporary directors and manager of the Kamerni Theatre of Moscow; also the well known novelists and poets, Viacheslav Ivanov, Vodim Shershenevitch, as well as George Bordanovitch Yakulov, imagist artist, a leader of the modern movement in Russia.

In working out the program of the Red Cock, in discussing its essential problems, this group of revolutionary Marxists were all agreed on their attitude towards proletarian art.

We agreed that in the immediate years to follow, the Russian proletarian will need all his creative energy for matters of a practical nature in his fight and struggle for existence. For art he will have neither the strength nor the time.

The life of the Revolution was at stake. The Russian worker was determined to safeguard the Workers' Republic from its enemies on both the military and economic fronts at all costs. He found it impossible to contribute to proletarian art. Consequently, it was untimely to speak of socialist, proletarian art as such. It seemed to us that a beginning toward socialist art would be ripe only when new human relationships will be formed which will give rise to a new socialist ethics. Then only could progress be made in the direction of Proletarian Art.

This was the situation. The Red Cock pledged itself to Proletcult—proletarian culture—and its main work was to observe the trend of the times, to watch with clear and keen sight everything new, interesting and significant in the world of art. This was the first and main issue.

Our second one, was by no means less important, or less difficult. It was necessary for the artists and writers to meet and be in close contact not only with the masses of peasants and workers, but also with the leaders of the Communist Party in order to discuss problems on a fundamental basis, in order to work and create in all fields jointly for the benefit of Russia and mankind.

The quarters of the Red Cock were highly satisfactory and no improvement could be desired. It consisted of numerous halls, a library, a spacious reading room, a buffet supplied by the Moscow Central Co-operative where one could have a simple meal of very good food. One hall which attracted much attention was decorated by the unusually talented imagist artist Yakulov. In the history of Russian painting the description of this hall will take a prominent place.

Imagine a gloomy, strangely formed cave, painted with brilliant futurist designs. A roof of strained glass painted in many colors. The light piercing through casts reflections of many shades gracefully intermingled. It breaks in streaks of color on whatever surface it falls. Strange designs sprawl over the walls. Thousands of globes, cubes and squares come down like so many icicles and crystal sockets. Two gigantic candelabra hang from the ceiling, radiating an infinite number of dazzling planes.

At night the cave is lighted with a weird soft mysterious light which seems to come from unknown sources. The corners of this hall are lost in deep shadow.

Somewhere in the distance one can see the outline of the grotesque unsymmetrical stage. It has no curtain, no frames of any kind. A few trees and chairs, painted in futurist style, are the only scenery. Instead of one large platform, where the acting is supposed to go on, there is a row of small concealed stages. The orchestra is somewhere below the stage.

Muffled sounds of trumpets. Broken indistinct sounds of violins.

All this produces a weird, misty, blurred, bizarre impression. Involuntarily voices are lowered, movements become tense.

FROM its very inception, the Red Cock had a very stormy life. The place hummed with activity. To accommodate the tremendously large crowds wishing to visit the place, special days for different groups were arranged. Tuesdays were reserved for artists. These exhibited pictures which reflected vigorously the thoughts and forces of current events. Lectures on the form of the coming art were delivered. Present problems of art were discussed. Industrial and agrarian needs were linked up with personal impressions and experiences.

Poets and novelists came on Wednesday. They read the latest works. The youth of Moscow was enchanted with the newly created, unexplored, recent and novel art. On strips of paper they wrote down various themes and subjects and drew lots. Those participating had to write a poem or short story about the theme they picked. The most clever results in this direction were achieved by Balmont, Briousov, and Vasily Kashenski, the latter a blond curly-headed futurist.

Thursdays belonged to musicians. Fridays and Saturdays were devoted to actors and producers. Among them were Feodor Kamisarjevski, at present producing director of the New York Theatre Guild, Sokhnovski, Meyerhold, Alexander Taerov, each one bringing a specially chosen repertoire, and agitating for his favorite form of theatrical endeavor. Hauptman's *Weavers*, Schnitzler's *Green Cuckatoo*, a symbolic work called *The Deluge*, a piece of imagist writing by Berger named *Andreana Lekuvrer*.

They produced the work of Lon-de-Ver; a play by Verkharina; and *The Dolls' Box*, a musical pantomime composed by Debussy.

Every new creation, regardless how incoherent or illogical it was, every new production received a lively and welcome response from an enthusiastic audience, prepared by historical events for a new theatre.

AT 8 o'clock the halls of the Red Cock became packed. Very many people could not gain admission and returned home angry and hurt. The Red Cock could not accommodate even one fifth of all those who were interested in it.

Tuesdays, artists' day, were especially stormy. Imagine the following scene: You approach the Red Cock building. Vast noisy crowds are at the doors. You fight your way, making endless explanations that you are one of the artists taking part. Finally you manage to get inside. The air is thick with tobacco smoke and you hear chaotic waves of noise. The people are divided into groups, discussing something with great fervor. Artists in long smocks, officers in military uniform, and proletarians in flannel shirts all mingle together. They sit on chairs, tables, benches and window-sills. Laughter, jokes and outcries mingle.

Yonder, near shelves of books, Lentulov, the futurist, is arguing over a teacup with the classic painter Malyavini, who became famous thru his picture *The Gale*.

A little further down, a young hot-head is trying to explain to the representative of the Moscow Soviet, Comrade Kamenev, the idea of the nationalization of art.

"Under capitalism we found ourselves in a narrow enclosure between market and buyer," he explained passionately and convincingly. "We were forced to write that which the market demanded and which paid best, and not the actual expressions of the inner call and struggle. We

dreamed of painting and writing about real life, but were forced to paint flowers, nude women, still inexpressive landscapes, the faces of the bourgeois swimming in fat,—in short, everything that would please the buyers, the majority of whom were the newly rich who understood nothing about art. Let the Soviet government provide us with paints, canvas, and the freedom of going wherever we want—as well as the normal minimum of food—and we will pledge ourselves to give all we create to the nation. Without any pay, the art commissar will distribute our work to studios, museums, schools and public libraries."

Thru an open door one can see the artist Yakulov surrounded by young admirers. They are looking at a picture. They see thru a restaurant window a big street alive with motion. Lines of running pedestrains, horses, automobiles—and you get the impression the street is living a complete life of its own.

An entirely new and unknown world.

"There are no themes, we are tired of everything," shout the contemporary artists. "Here is a better and more original subject."

You go further. The hugeness of the crowd overwhelms you. Futurists, cubists, imagists, impressionists, classicists and symbolists . . . Your head aches . . . Everything swings around . . . You grab your cap and pull it over your head and hurry out into the street.

Peace and deep silence. The pure air strikes your face. You feel drunk with its freshness and you are lulled by its gentle softness. You hear the snow crunch under the feet of a belated citizen hastening homeward. You hear the even sound of the night watch. You pull your coat more snugly about you, and tired by the excitement of the day, return home along the deserted sleepy streets of Moscow.

The Red Cock, all lit up, all in motion, afire with life and storm, gleams in the distance.



Hugo Gellert

The Skirmish in Cleveland

By C. E. Ruthenberg

“PROGRESSIVISM and labor met in conflict at the Conference for Progressive Political Action held in the City of Moses Cleveland on December 11th and 12th.

With the help of Yellow Socialists “progressivism” carried the day but the conditions surrounding its victory spell its ultimate defeat and the victory of labor.

The economic and political experiences of the industrial workers and farmers since the signing of the armistice have resulted in a powerful movement of protest against the political domination of the exploiters. Injunctions and soldiers in strikes, Supreme Court decisions, congressional legislation, all have shown that the government of the United States is merely the machinery through which the railroad kings, the coal barons, industrial magnates and financial lords protect their right to exploit the industrial workers and farmers, and to advance their own interests as exploiters.

This protest movement expressed itself in the shattering of old party alignments in the November election. The Cleveland Conference was the first coming together of the representatives of this movement in an effort to give it a definite expression.

Seated in the Engineers' Auditorium at the opening of the Conference were the representatives of the sixteen standard railroad unions, the United Mine Workers of America, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, the International Typographical Union, representing two million industrial workers; of the Farmers' National Council, the Farmer Labor League of America and the National Non-Partisan League representing a million farmers. Besides these there were the representatives of various State Federations of Labor and Central Labor bodies, of the Farmer-Labor Party, the Socialist Party, the Workers Party of America and of some fifteen or twenty local unions.

This delegation could from the very beginning be divided into three definite groups. On the right were the representatives of the railroad union, the representaives of most of the farm organizations and the Socialist Party.

This group had come to the Conference definitely agreed that a labor party should not be formed. The leaders of the railroad unions and the farm organization had participated in the La Follette Conference in Washington. They were committed to the policy of the group of progressive representatives and senators who participated in the Washington conference. They are against independent political action by the industrial workers and farmers. They do not want a labor party, a class party which will clearly draw the lines between itself and the political parties of the exploiters of the workers and farmers.

With this group the Socialist Party has allied itself. Its representatives had come to the Conference agreed to fight against the formation of a labor party. Although it declares itself in favor of a labor party, throughout the conference its representatives fought with the right wing “progressives” who want to continue to “reward the friends and punish the enemies of labor,” and against the groups which were fighting for the labor party.



Art Young

“I says Fatty Arbuckle should be appointed to the Supreme Court.”

The centre group of the conference consisted of the delegates of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, of the central labor bodies, and of the Farmer-Labor Party. This group was for the organization of a labor party. It could probably have won the support of the United Mine Workers and some of the farmer delegates had it had the leadership to make a fight.

On the left were the delegates from the Workers Party of America and the delegates from the local unions who had come to the Conference prepared to fight over every inch of ground for the establishment of a labor party.

A Weak Centre

THE right wing was well organized. It was the machine. Under the leadership of President W. H. Johnston, of the Machinists and Morris Hillquit, the head of the Socialist delegation, it made a winning fight for progressivism and against the Labor Party.

It is doubtful, however, whether all the well oiled machinery of this right "progressive bloc" would have succeeded in railroading through its program had it not been for the irresolution and indecisive character of the centre group.

The centre group lacked leadership. It lacked a group of militants who would not have been afraid to stand up and boldly fight the Johnston-Hillquit "progressive" machine. It made the mistake of postponing its fight until it was too late to fight. It made a half-hearted fight for the seating of delegates from the local unions, and, when victory was in its hands, it let that victory slip through parliamentary stupidity.

The centre group said it was for seating the delegates from the Workers' Party and would vote that way, but it was blind to the fact that the seating of the Workers' Party delegates was part of the fight for the labor party. The Workers' Party and local union delegates would have stiffened the centre. It would have given it a militant left wing leadership. Had the centre group fought to seat the Workers' Party and local union delegation, it would have won that fight, and in winning that fight would have prepared the ground for victory in the struggle against the "progressives" and for the labor party.

The Conference opened with a prepared speech by President W. H. Johnston, who is chairman of the national committee. He drew a dark picture, indeed, of how, openly and unblushingly, the government of the United States is a weapon of the exploiters to further their interests as exploiters.

"The government of the United States, legislative, executive and judicial," read Mr. Johnston from his manuscript, "is owned by the railroads of the United States." And then in an aside to emphasize his statement, "That will stand the acid test."

"The government of the United States, legislative, executive and judicial, is owned by the railroads of the United States!" And how does the "Progressive" bloc, running from Johnston and Stone to Hillquit, expect to remedy that condition. Through "the direct election of the president and vice-president by the people" says the program which it jammed through the Conference. How much difference would it have made if the voters had voted directly for Mr. Harding instead of through the Electoral College?

Mr. Johnston continued with a description of the victory which "progressivism" had won on November 7. November 7, 1922 would be compared by the future historian of the United States with July 4th, 1776. He probably had in mind the realization of the other five points of the program of futility adopted by the Conference as the basis for his comparison.

Things dragged along without any signs of life or enthusiasm in the Conference until the credentials committee submitted its report. The committee recommended, although the call for the Conference was so worded as to make possible the interpretation that delegates from local unions were invited, that such delegates, who were known to favor the organization of the labor party, be not seated.

J. G. Brown, of the Farmer-Labor Party, reported that a minority of the credentials committee did not concur in the recommendation. Max Hayes, of Cleveland, Farmer-Laborite, moved to adopt the minority report. It was adopted by a large majority.

The Workers' Party Fights

BUT the delegates from the local unions were not seated. By no means. The Johnston-Hillquit machine still had a trick up their sleeve. Mr. Hillquit rose to make a point of order, that since the minority of the credentials committee had merely reported that it did not concur in the majority report not to seat them and the motion carried was to adopt the minority report, no action had been taken except to vote not to concur in the majority report. Mr. Johnston so ruled. Mr. Hillquit moved to refer the matter of local union delegates back to the credentials committee. And the centre group let them get away with it!

The centre group had won the fight for the seating of the local union delegates, who would have strengthened the advocates of the labor party. It let the machine rob them of its victory, through a ridiculous interpretation, of the slipshod motion its representative made.

The credentials committee reported on some minor matters and announced that its report was completed. Immediately C. E. Ruthenberg, spokesman for the Workers' Party delegation, was on his feet demanding a report on the credentials of the Workers' Party delegation.

The Conference at once showed signs of being galvanized into life. The credentials committee stated that no Workers' Party credentials had been received (The credentials were "found" by the committee later, but no explanation was given as to who was responsible for the attempt to dodge action on the admittance of the Workers' Party by ignoring the credentials of its delegates).

Edward Keating, editor of *Labor*, rose to demand that the credentials committee be instructed not to receive the credentials of the Workers' Party if they were presented. Dannis Batt, delegate of the Detroit Federation of Labor, demanded "Why?" and Keating continued with a tirade declaring that the Workers' Party was "un-American and against the flag." This was greeted by a storm of jeers from the delegates and the galleries. R. D. Cramer of the Minneapolis Trade and Labor Assembly rose to tell of the constructive work of the Workers' Party in his city.

But the centre group missed another opportunity. Had it taken a determined position and made a fight to seat the Workers' Party delegation then and there, which its spokesmen said it was ready to do, it could have won the fight. But Hillquit moved to refer the matter back to the credentials committee and the center acquiesced and the storm was over.

On Tuesday morning the credentials committee reported, "Your committee believes that the policies of the Workers' Party and the Young Workers' League are not in harmony with the principles of this conference and recommends that their delegates be not seated."

Chairman Johnston evidently feared that the storm of yesterday would again break loose. He quickly announced that if there was no objection the report would be adopted and that there was no objection and it was adopted.

Cramer, of Minneapolis, sprang to his feet to move that the report be not concurred in, but Mr. Johnston suavely countered with a statement that he had asked if there was

objection and that there had been none, ignoring the fact that he had not given opportunity for any one to voice objection. The matter, he said, was closed.

Thus the advocates of the labor party suffered their second defeat.

The Labor Party Sabotaged

THE report of the committee on organization followed. Here again the advocates of the labor party lost an opportunity to fight for their views. They permitted the Hillquit report providing for the continuance of a Conference for Progressive Political Action to be adopted without a squeak of opposition. The report of the organization committee should have been the signal for a determined fight to incorporate in the organization plan provisions for the labor party, but the centre let it pass, thus piling up another decision against their position.

One thing the organization plan does provide that leaves open the door for building up the labor party. In such states in which the state conference decides to do so by majority vote, it is given the right to go into the election as a party under the name it may decide upon. This should be the cue for the advocates of the labor party to go into the state organization to form state labor parties which can be unified at the next national conference, or at a conference called by these labor parties for that purpose.

Having succeeded in keeping the labor party advocates silent while decisions were piled up against them, the official machine attempted a final coup to complete its work. The centre was waiting for the report of the program and resolutions committee to make its fight for the labor party. Keating, chairman of the committee, made a plea for a brief statement of principles and then read six points of a legislative program and a recommendation from the program and resolutions committee that no other program or resolution be even considered.

Had the recommendation been adopted the Conference would have adjourned without having even discussed the question of organizing a labor party. But this was too much for the delegates on the floor. There was a revolt and the official machine met its only reverse. The Conference decided that all resolutions be reported with the recommendation of the committee.

This brought the resolution calling for the formation of a labor party to the floor of the conference. At the Tuesday evening session it was debated and failed to carry by a vote of 52 in favor and 64 against, a vote which shows that if a determined fight had been made from the beginning, the labor party proposal would have been carried.

After motion referring other resolutions calling for the recognition of Soviet Russia, the release of political prisoners and repeal of criminal syndicalist laws to the newly elected National Committee, which will undoubtedly see that they are buried, the conference adjourned.

Hope for a Labor Party

WHILE, with the aid of the Socialists the group which is seeking to turn the movement for independent political action by the industrial workers and farmers into the morass of a new progressive movement led by such middle class leaders as La Follette and Borah, and fighting for such middle class policies as are stated in the program of the

conference, won an official victory at the Cleveland Conference, the movement for the labor party is not dead.

The Cleveland Conference has made the labor party a bigger issue than ever. It has clarified the struggle through making the alignments definite. The leaders of the railroad unions are definitely on record as against independent political action by workers and farmers in their class interest. The Socialists are aiders and abettors of the group that is trying to head off the labor party in the interest of the middle class policies of La Follette and Borah. The group consisting of the Farmer-Labor delegates, the delegates from the central labor bodies, state and local, and from the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, which wants a labor party, has been solidified. It is this latter group which will be the nucleus of the labor party, the role of the Socialists in the conference was to stultify themselves. Supposed to be advocates of independent political action and a labor party, they put their votes and the parliamentary knowledge of their leaders at the service of the progressive machine to kill the labor party. They sat silent while the same epithets which for years were hurled at the Socialist party—"un-American and against the Constitution" were being used against the Workers' Party. Later they disowned these epithets only to proclaim their adherence to "the method of democracy" as against "dictatorship" with the echoes of democracy" as practiced at Albany still ringing in their ears.

The Workers' Party, although barred from the Conference, came out of it a victor. The question of the Workers' Party and its determined stand for a class party of workers and farmers dominated the Conference. At the Cleveland Conference the Workers' Party made its first appearance in the life of the American workers and farmer as a definite political force.

The emotion aroused by the Workers' Party in the minds of the conservative union leaders who were the "progressives" of the conference was illustrated in the exclamation of one of them. "Here those fellows are holding an amalgamation conference in Chicago to undermine us in our organizations, and we meet to organize a political movement, and here they are again knocking at the door." He may be sure that the Workers' Party will keep on knocking, and that knocking will become such a pounding that the door will open.

The Workers' Party will continue the struggle begun at Cleveland. The Cleveland Conference was only the first skirmish in the campaign to build a mass political party of the workers and farmers in the United States. Such a party is bound to come out of experiences of the workers and farmers and in it the Workers' Party will have a place and will ultimately win the leadership of the working masses of this country.

Maple Fire

SLIM maple logs cut in the Fall
 Your destiny of color unfulfilled,
 Fear not, the riot, clear warm pall
 Of dancing gold shall come ere life is stilled;
 And ruddy after coals that fear no death
 Or chill of winter silences unknown.
 In ecstasy your life will spend itself;
 Then sift to earth, ash snowflakes, softly blown.

Sylvia Stragnell.

British Labor Advances

By R. W. Postgate

TWO months ago the British Labor movement was dead-alive. At the time of the Trades Union Congress there was absolutely no sign of movement whatever. The elections now just over are the first signs of a recovery. They are not merely the signs of a victory of the political side of Labor at the expense of the Trade Union side; they are an indication of a positive growth.

First of all, of course, is the obvious fact that the Parliamentary Labor Party is now double its previous size—from over seventy members it has now over 140. One of the aims of Bonar Law in going to the country was to prevent this. "It would be a disaster", he told the Carlton Club, "if the country were faced with but one party, the Coalition, and no alternative but the Labor-Socialists." The clear cut division, Coalition versus Labor, was dangerous and resembled too much the real facts of the class war; it was hoped that Lloyd George's Liberals or Asquith's Liberals, or both together, would form an opposition to the old Conservatives—and the pre-war game of Conservative against Liberal, which has lasted for a hundred years, would be resumed in safety. The effect of the election has been precisely to defeat that intention. Both groups of Liberals, who were supposed to act as the opposition, have been badly defeated. Asquith's group, already tiny, became smaller, and Lloyd George's was nearly wiped out. It is the smallest in the House of Commons.

The elections, of course, make very little difference to the actual government of Great Britain. But they are of value as an index to the mind of the electors. It is, therefore, interesting to note that there are surprising evidences of intelligence, and indeed of something approaching to a conscious choice. This applies only to industrial districts; in rural districts, of course, the Conservative is returned automatically.

But in those districts in which there is a large working class element there are clear signs of exercise of discrimination by the electors, and the quality of that choice has been very gratifying. The first thing we notice is the disappearance of the "stool pigeon" element. There was a group calling itself the National Democratic Labor Party, or something of the sort, that had six or seven M. P.'s, and consisted entirely of the worst type of renegade labor leader. They were nearly all connected with organizations like the "British Empire Union", and sometimes even with hooligan organizations. The libel law prevents me characterizing them more exactly: they were few but filthy. Now this group has absolutely disappeared: not one has retained his seat, and in nearly every case they were right at the foot of the poll. One got less than one-sixteenth of the votes in the seat he had held before. Among this group I count Havelock Wilson, the sailor's corrupt secretary, who lost his seat and was in addition far below a man who was a prominent organizer of the Red International of Labor Unions.

Secondly, the Lloyd George Imperialists are obviously now seen through. Probably not such a slaughter of big heads has been seen for many years. Nobody was so surprised as



JOHN DECKER

'Is Majesty

themselves when ex-minister after ex-minister lost his seat. Lesser jackals like McQuister and MacCallum Scott were followed by the abominable Hamar Greenwood to oblivion.

A Joke on Churchill

THE rejection of the most famous of these reactionaries, Winston Churchill, did not merely show that the electors were exercising discrimination; it showed they had actually a sense of humor. It is on record that the burgesses of a town in Touraine in the Middle Ages marked their annoyance with the King of France by sending to the Estates not the grave statesman recommended to them, but the village idiot. Something of the same type of joke was played by the electors of Dundee. Mr. Winston Churchill had sat in Parliament, and been in and out office for some thirty years. He was regarded by everybody, including himself, as indispensable and he announced the fact from his election platform. It was inconceivable he should lose his seat. The Labor Party had attacked him as a brilliant amateur, as hard, reckless and cruel. It had taken him at his own value as a sort of Nero. Nobody, until Dundee tried it, had thought of taking him as a butt and playing a humiliating joke on him.

They looked around among their large choice for the most ridiculous candidate, whose victory over Churchill would most humiliate him, and they picked a certain Mr. Scrymgeour. Scrymgeour ran as a "Prohibitionist" (which still excites laughter over here) and would have had no chance normally. He had fought every election for the last twenty years in vain, and had become the local joke. In addition,

he was personally a candidate who would—well, seem a little unexpected at Westminster. He gravely told his electorate that he knew "God had chosen" him to represent Dundee, because when he was at a memorial service a ray of light came through the stained glass window, avoided Mr. Churchill's head and settled "with a soft warm light" on his own.

That statement seems to have decided the Dundee workers, and on election day thirty thousand practical jokers voted Churchill out and Scrymgeour in. The insult was so obvious that Mrs. Churchill wept and Churchill broke down and could not address the electors after the poll, so the only speech was that of Mr. Scrymgeour, who fulfilled the anticipation of his delighted audience by asking them seriously to turn to prayer and give thanks for this great victory to the Almighty, his election agent.

More interesting than all the jokes in Scotland is the way in which the workers "picked over" and chose the Labor candidates. They voted Labor to a much greater degree than ever before, but they voted a particular kind of labor. They voted for the left wing, or what they believed was the left wing. There were some notable exceptions of the Labor victories, and in each case the victims were those who had been closely connected with the recent "sane Labor policy" in the House of Commons and outside.

The little group of trade union leaders, headed by Clynes, Thomas and Henderson, who have played Gompers' part over here, but in politics, suffered badly. Henderson, the actual leader, lost his seat. Clynes very nearly lost his, which the Conservatives had not even fought before. Thomas' majority was reduced by 8,000. Another of the same kidney, Ben Tillet, only held Balford by 19 votes. Moreover, if anyone who knows goes through the list of those who lost their seats or who failed hopelessly to gain one, he will be astonished at the preponderance of sound constitutional, moderate reformers who have been left in the gutter with Sir Hamar Greenwood.

On the other hand, the left wing, the revolutionaries gained heavily. In Glasgow and Scotland generally they carried seat after seat. All the extremest members of the I. L. P.—in some cases indistinguishable from Communists—got in. More than that, in one purely industrial constituency, Motherwell (outside Glasgow—ironworks) a Communist, Walton Newbold, got in purely on the Communist Party ticket, and in Greenock, in the west of Glasgow, another Communist very nearly took a Liberal seat. Further south the left wing victory is less marked, but in London another Communist (Saklatvala captured John Burns' old seat, railway shops—Battersea) on a Labor Party ticket, though he was handicapped by being an Indian.

The Menshevik MacDonald

ANOTHER group of the Labor Party has benefited very greatly by the elections, and now has control largely because of its presumed "Leftism." This group is the intellectuals, mostly of the English I. L. P. who were elected because of their record in opposing the war. In Newcastle, Trevelyan; Ponsoby, for Sheffield; Ramsay MacDonald in Wales, E. D. Morel—the most-abused pro-German—for the other seat in Dundee, and many others. Both groups coalesced

to put Clynes out of the leadership of the party in the House of Commons, and replace him by MacDonald.

But this group, though it has the reputation of being left wing, is not so in fact. Indeed, they are really more dangerous, being intellectuals, than the trade union group. Ponsoby was once page to Queen Victoria, and secretary to Asquith; Trevelyan is one of the famous Whig family of that name; MacDonald is the leader of the Second International and slanderer of Soviet Russia—and so with the rest of them.

They have an exact and thought out Liberal—capitalist programme—revision of the Versailles Treaty, cheap secondary schools, etc.—where the old gang was vaguely floundering, and they are consciously counter-revolutionary where the old crowd were ambitious and stupid. Of MacDonald, a warm if discredited admirer, Mrs. Philip Snowden, writes in her usual medium, a coalition newspaper:

"He will uphold a constitutional government as rigorously as any Conservative, and one can imagine him seconding the suspension of a Labour member from the Clyde with a dignity and a reverence for the House of Commons which even Mr. Asquith could not surpass."

This is perfectly true: he is bitterly anti-revolutionary, and he is also a born intriguer. But his appointment is a fine thing for the capitalist press. Their open praise has killed the old leaders, but MacDonald's war record enables them while praising his "great gifts" to express horror at his "extremism." The *Morning Post*, a simple minded organ of extreme reaction, has indeed been taken in by this and really believes that the Labor Party is led by an embryo Trotsky: its editor howls and writhes in unfeigned anguish every morning in the leader columns. This, of course, makes it all the easier for MacDonald to make his party believe him a left winger: and he is now pretty securely seated in the leadership.

Nevertheless, the victory of the Labor Party and of its left wing is a fine sign. It may not be much in itself, but in the previous disastrous gloom it is the first sign of hope. Previously everything seemed dead and there was neither movement nor hope, now at least something has stirred. A candle in utter darkness gives a lot of light.

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Private Classics

By Floyd Dell

WHEN I was 18 years old, and living in a middle-western town, I came across a book-catalogue in which there was listed a book unknown to me—"A Shropshire Lad", by A. E. Hausman. I sent for it, not without misgivings, for it cost all of a dollar, and I was earning only six dollars a week; but the title struck my fancy. I hoped that it might be what the title suggested—the expression, in poetry, of a *boy's* heart; for the term "Shropshire" did not confuse me, as I knew well enough that a Shropshire lad is like a lad in Iowa, if only he is truly revealed. So I dared to hope for some expression of the confused passions of my own heart—not the high, clear, serene vision of life that I found in Browning, or the vehement and yet godlike eloquence of Shelley, or even the strange honey-pot world of Keats. All these had passed beyond some tumult of desires and thoughts in which I was still immersed. I knew of no poet of youth except Fitzgerald's Omar—and his wine had become a little stale to my palate. I wanted a book of poems about myself.

And in "A Shropshire Lad," when it duly came through the mails, I found, astoundingly, what I wanted. I read it through again and again, until I had unconsciously learned it by heart. And because a book about one's self always seems a great book, I went about talking the greatness of "A Shropshire Lad" to all my literate friends. And then I received a shock. They did not believe that "A Shropshire Lad" was great poetry. Not even when, to prove it, I recited as much of the book as they would listen to.

I should explain that they were the intelligentsia of the town, and that they had discovered that I was a poet and had taken me up and were, as much as my shyness and rawness would allow, making a pet of me. I believe the reason for their indifference to Hausman's poems lay simply in the fact that their tastes had been formed in their youth, in that period when the mind is most open to beauty. But, however it was, their tastes were apparently fixed, and my own youthful enthusiasm for a "new" poet could not shake them. Doubtless I was too dogmatic about Hausman's greatness. They only smiled, and said that there was too much about death and suicide in the poems. And I, for my part, equally unshaken, concluded that I alone in the city was righteous and able to tell great poetry when I came upon it.

As though there could possibly be too much about death—or about suicide, either—in a young man's poetry!

"Others, I am not the first,
Have willed more mischief than they durst:
If in the breathless night I too
Shiver now, 'tis nothing new.

"More than I, if truth were told,
Have stood and sweated hot and cold,
And through their reins in ice and fire
Fear contended with desire."

And in this fact lies the healing power of such poetry. It allays, not only with beauty, but with understanding, the torment that is youth. That I am not alone in my folly is the

most blessed knowledge that words can bring. And in this book the torment, the folly, the pride, the despair, the beautiful agony of youth lives again.

"In my heart it has not died,
The war that sleeps on Severn side;
They cease not fighting, east and west,
On the marches of my breast.
"Here the truceless armies yet
Trample, rolled in blood and sweat;
They kill and kill and never die,
And I think that each is I."

There is much of death in these poems, yes; and for that reason, all the more of life. It is, perhaps—at least with a young person who has not yet become dulled to the pangs of life by the mere process of living—only the thought of death, in its happiest aspect, as an escape, a final refuge, a perfect medicine ready to one's hand always, that can reconcile the mind to the intolerable anxieties and futilities of life.

"If the heats of hate and lust
In the house of flesh are strong,
Let me mind the house of dust
Where my sojourn shall be long."

This, as it happens, is not cynicism; it is faith in life—a hardy faith, not easy to shatter, because built, in Bertrand Russell's phrase, "on the firm foundation of unyielding despair."

"Speak now, and I will answer;
How shall I help you, say;
Ere to the wind's twelve quarters
I take my endless way."

I suppose my elders considered these to be morbid fancies; as though youth were not essentially a morbid state, and a whirl of fancies! At least it was so in Shropshire, and in Iowa . . . But, if only because my friends had recovered from that sickness, and among so many phantoms of fancy had seized and held fast truth itself, they did not understand my enthusiasm.

Since that time I have continued to preach "A Shropshire Lad" to an indifferent world; giving copies of it to all my friends and sweethearts; and I have come to see a change—due, I suppose, to other enthusiasts like myself, but possibly more judicious ones as to method—in literate opinion as to this book. I am no longer lonely in my enthusiasm; there are many others who hold the same, possibly exaggerated, opinion as to its extreme merits. The first notice I had of such a change came rather as a shock. Some few years ago, in the days when cocktails were not worth a king's ransom, at a hilarious party in Greenwich Village, the impulse came to me (as always under such circumstances) to recite poetry; and I began, with complete and grave irrelevance: "The most beautiful lyric in the English language—" when I was interrupted; a young woman, up till then a complete stranger to me, began to quote:

"Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,

And stands about the woodland ride
 Wearing white for Eastertide.
 "Now, of my three score years and ten,
 Twenty will not come again,
 And take from seventy springs a score,
 It only leaves me fifty more.
 "And since to look at things in bloom
 Fifty years are little room,
 About the woodlands I will go,
 To see the cherry hung with snow."

My feelings of incredulity (for how should she know that this was the loveliest of English lyrics?) changed to delight. Tears of gratitude stood in my eyes as she finished saying the poem, and I remember that I kissed her. . . . Nowadays, if one were to kiss all the girls who know Hausman by heart, the tribute would by commonness lose its savor.

Yes, for with the announcement the other day of a new book by Hausman—his "Last Poems"—there is revealed a world of admirers. And while I loafed in a book-shop for an hour there came six young men and women asking for copies of that new book. It seems—if statistics prove anything—that I was not wrong after all in my youthful enthusiasm. At least, I am beginning to have all youth on my side—and all those in whom, despite their age, their youth still burns alive.

I am reminded of the final poem in "A Shropshire Lad."

"I hoed and trenched and weeded,
 And brought my flowers to fair:
 I took them home unheeded;
 The line was not the wear.

"So up and down I saw them
 For lads like me to find,
 When I shall lie below them,
 A dead man out of mind.

"Some seeds the birds devour,
 And some the season mars,
 But here and there will flower
 The solitary stars.

"And fields will yearly bear them
 As light-leaved spring comes on,
 And lads like me will wear them
 When I am dead and gone."

But this triumph, if I can claim it a triumph for myself as well as the book, comes too late to reassure me quite as to my critical infallibility. I am not sure, any longer that there is any permanent standard of truth and beauty, even in literature. The utmost I could venture to claim for my taste would be that it was so responsive a barometer to the weathers of the time that it marked a change before the change had come. And there is no pride in being a weathercock, even of that sort. So, although there are signs, again, of a change in public taste in the direction of conformity with another enthusiasm of mine—up till recently a private and lonely enthusiasm—I shall make no predictions. The book of poems of which I am now going to speak may, or not, become a public treasure. It may, or may not, in the course of my lifetime, be generally hailed as a classic. It is my treasure, and my classic already. And the reason for that is clear enough. For, like "A Shropshire Lad," it is about me.

In the same middle-western town in which I lived there was a young man who was supposed to be a poet. I disliked

him. I considered that one poet was enough for a small town; and I had staked out my claim. Besides, I was poor, and he was rich. He was indifferent to politics, and I was passionately a member of the Socialist Party. So, naturally, I despised him.

Years afterward, in Chicago, I became acquainted with him, and found that he was not such a bad fellow. In fact, we became friends. But it was still clear to me that he would never amount to much as a poet. I had, in the meantime, given up my own ambitions of that kind; and it rather amazed me that he, whose claims were so much less than mine, should still annoy the Muse with his attentions. He was a pleasant chap; but lacking—decidedly—in the divine fire.

And then he published a little book of poems called "Sonnets of a Portrait-Painter" That is the book I am going to tell about. It seems to me a very great book; and I must say that to this day I do not understand how my friend Arthur Davison Ficke came to be the author of it! He is a good friend of mine, and all that—but one's friends are not in the habit of writing great books. . . . I suppose if I had known Prof. Hausman at London University, I should have wondered how that dry old Latin teacher could possibly be the author of "A Shropshire Lad"! And I note that many learned persons have been quite convinced that that low fellow Shakespeare could not possibly have been the author of "Hamlet."

But in this case the mystery is not merely general, it is acutely particular. How the devil did Arthur Davison Ficke come to know so much about my private life? How could he possibly guess the secret doubts, anxieties, questionings and resolves, the preposterous exaltations and the sheer damned foolishness of my love-affairs? For it is out of the question that he or any other man could possibly have felt as I did. No—for I am, I can say with certainty, unique in my folly. Oh, there is no doubt of it—no doubt at all. I know how other people feel when they are in love. I know, because I have read the books in which these secrets of the heart are recorded. The novels and the poems—I have read them all, from A to Z. And they describe a few definite kinds of emotion. From the Sapphic fragments down to Meredith's "Modern Love," the kinds of emotion described are few indeed. And the odd thing is that I—alone among mankind—have felt otherwise when in love. I did not turn paler than grass in summer; neither did I feel that she was half angel and half bird, and all a wonder and a wild desire. My heart did not, down deepening from swoon to swoon, faint like a dazzled morning moon; nor was I ever a spirit sick with perfume and sweet night and love's tired eyes and hands and barren bosom. I never felt duty and dereliction guide me back to solitude; nor, on the other hand, was I ever faithful to my Cynara, in *that* fashion. In short, though I was engaged in feeling very acute emotions, they were never of the precise sort celebrated in the text-books. With me, love was nothing so simple as these accounts made it out to be.

Love, as I experienced it, was in the nature of a conflict—a conflict among my own emotions. And what is more, a very conscious conflict. It might have been turned into dialogue very easily, except that one of the protagonists in my psychic drama was gifted with the power of speech, while the other remained dumb—but stubborn. A true account of this drama would have had a voice scolding, questioning, arguing, cursing—and the other silent and unbudged; and again,

as if converted by that silence, the voice would take up its cause enthusiastically and utter its sentiments with fervor, as though it were a lawyer eloquent in a paid cause; and then, as if finding its eloquence unappreciated, veering back to the other side; and sometimes repeating those eloquent arguments in mockery when circumstances had made them seem obviously false; or—

But this begins to sound like a description of a Shaw play. And that is not in the least what I have in mind. Shaw's plays serve to illustrate a quite definite philosophy of love. The male retreats, the female pursues; they are victims and instruments of the Life Force. I never believed in any such creed. In these dialogues I was utterly skeptical of any purpose in life; if I had been aware of such, I should gladly have surrendered myself to it, and saved all the fuss. No, I was in a world of accident, full of surprises, devoid of meaning, conscious only of the incongruity of my emotions with my preconceived ideas, doubtful at once of my preconceived ideas and my changing emotions, trusting nothing, very much afraid—and very curious as to what would happen next.

Into this chaos I would be plunged by a book, a word, the trembling of a limb, a sudden silence—it was as if the familiar world about me had melted, dissolved, disappeared. H. G. Wells relates in one of his books a fantastic story of two men who go to the Moon; and there they find that, on account of the difference in gravitational attraction, a step which on Earth would be merely a step, would carry them half way across the landscape. So I found it—a step which in the familiar world of a moment ago was a trifling thing might carry me into the middle of next week! All laws that had previously governed our human relationship were all at once suspended. Time ceased to exist. (This phenomenon is not new: Milton made a note of it in "Paradise Lost.") Something queer had also happened to space; in a way, I suppose, I anticipated Einstein in his celebrated discovery. Nothing that had previously mattered seemed any longer to matter in the least. All values were transvalued. Let him who, in this situation, does not mind acting like a lunatic, go ahead; I have my self-respect. Hence the dialogue of which I have spoken. As if at the blast of the millennial trump, the heavens rolled up like a scroll and the earth rocked beneath my feet; but my mind was never so clear as when confronted by this chaos—never so clear, and never so futile in its clarity; able to see both sides of the question—able to argue upon either side—unable to foresee at least a moment ahead (a tremendous intellectual feat at such a time) but unable to prevent me in sheer curiosity from taking it; powerless, after all, but standing by to the end, and always asking questions; asking above all the unanswerable question: "What is it all about?"

Some people may think that a dull way to fall in love; but I do not think so. I do not envy them their helpless, frightened surrenders to passion, and still less do I envy them the glorious illusion of personal triumph. After all is over, what do they know about it? They have had a dream which they cannot remember. But I have been there with my mind awake and looking on, missing nothing, utterly alive to its beauty and its grotesqueness, its splendor and its vanity. If the Universe has taken the trouble to exist in order that it may, through our minds, see itself, then it has not, so far as I am concerned, existed in vain; it has, through me, realized its darling hope—these experiences live in my



Looking Seaward Lydia Gibson.

mind, unforgotten, and not unvisited in memory, nor unmarked with the tribute of tears and laughter.

But—I shall die—more's the pity; and these memories will be ground up into the raw materials of the Universe. Or—they would be so, were it not that Arthur Davison Ficke has astonishingly recorded them in a sonnet-sequence. (If recorded at all, it is inevitable that they should be recorded in a sonnet-sequence. The sonnet is the only verse-form ever invented that is flexible enough to serve as a medium for the swift interplay of thought and emotion in such a story).

Those to whom love is a simple matter will not like these sonnets. For they are not the record of a simple state of affairs. They are a commentary upon a state of mind that changes from moment to moment. The lover of whose moods these are a swiftly moving picture is never twice in the same emotional place. His emotions have no logical relation to each other. One day he calls himself a fool for thinking about her; the next day that mood is vanished and forgotten, and he seems always to have loved her—he is in a paradise which will never end; but it does end—and that shall be, he says, the very end; but it isn't—and so on. I am going arbitrarily to select and number certain passages:

1

"And if you come, you will speak common words,
Smiling as quite ten thousand others smile—
And, I poor fool, shall thrill with ghastly chords,
And with a dream my sober sense beguile.
And yet, being mad, I am not mad alone:
Alight you come!—That folly dwarfs my own."

2.

"I only know our first impassioned kiss
Was in your cellar, rummaging for beer."

3.

"I shall remember,—aye, when death must cover
My soul and body with its rayless tide,—
The madness and the peace of that wild lover
Drunken with life's whole wonder at your side.
I shall remember in life's stormiest deep,—
Even as that night I knew you there in sleep."

4.

"The entrails of a cat,—some rusty wood,—
Certain pegs, pins, in curious manner bent,—
These yield the spirit in its singing mood
The one supreme heaven-scaling instrument.
And I, who rate man's clay not overmuch,
Marvel not more when, from the bow-swept strings
Celestial music soars, than when we touch
From mortal flesh strains of immortal things."

5

"You are unworthy any man's desires,
I do suspect you of a thousand ills—"

6

"You are not peace, you are not happiness;
I look not on you with content or trust;
Nor is there in you aught with power to bless
Or heal my spirit weary with life's dust."

7

"You, the bright madness lightening of curse
Of reason's dull reign in the universe."

8

"Today put by the tumult of our wars".....

9

"I held no trust in this, that it should last!"

10

"What! shall all thwartings of malignant chance
Set any bar to this impassioned trust?
I will assail these gates of circumstance
And break their iron hinges to the dust."

11

"Last night I kissed you with a brutal might
Whereof clanged echoes hunt me from my rest.
And bitter on my lips that fierce delight
Lingers, and bitter the pressure of your breast.
I am shaken, still by the tumult of that hour
Before the dawn, when in some traitor-mood
You, upon whom love's beauty kept no power,
Lay vanquished by love's sensual habitude."

12

"I need must know that in the days to come
No child that from our Summer sprang, shall be,
To give our voices, when the lips are dumb,
That lingering breath of immortality...."

13

"This is a record of what has not been"....

14

"I saw your lips of longing and delight,—
Your grave glad eyes beyond their chattering faces.
I saw a world where you have been to me
More than the sun, more than the wakening wind
I saw a brightness that they could not see"....

To anyone who has never loved like that—I mean ironically, self-distrustingly, with pity and laughter and anger and regret tumbling over one another's heels—this is, I suppose, a meaningless collection of fragments. But there are, I think, in spite of what the books tell me about lovers, some who are not all of one piece—and who never fully discover of what discrepant and preposterously alien kinds of emotional stuff they are compounded, until they fall in love. And if they are so oddly constituted as to be aware, not in mere bewilderment, but in acute analytic self-consciousness, of the medley of emotions which constitute their state of mind—and, as a final requirement, if they are not ashamed of themselves for being what they are, they can find their manner of love, as I have found mine, imperishably recorded here. I do not say that this is the best way to be in love; any other way will serve the turn, and perhaps waste less thought-energy than this. It is doubtless as useless a way as it is complex; but it is interesting.

There are, I have said, signs that perhaps I am not, after all, quite alone in finding this book a true story of the heart's mad adventure. One of these signs is a reissue of this poem, together with other sonnet-sequences. It is germane to my purpose to speak here only of one of the new poems—a sonnet-sequence entitled "Epitaph for the Poet V—," with the sub-title: "A Hymn to Intellectual Beauty." I do not want my shelf of private classics to become over crowded, but I am afraid I shall have to make room in it for this poem. It is a love-poem: it is, strictly speaking, a poem of intellectual love. I know I shall not be believed if I say that there is that kind of love, too. So I shall merely quote, and make an end:

"I cry to you—and like a windy mist
My words go past you: it is well they go—
Not any kiss that you or I have kissed
Loses or gains from what I bring to you—
Not anything that life has even told
Has whispered what I came to you to learn.
And a flame whiter than the arctic cold
Is what I speak of when I say—I burn!—
It was your destiny to make manifest
The god again; unfathomable, your trust
Nurtured the deity at a virgin breast,
Holy, and loudly, and immaculate,—
And branded with your fate and with my fate."

Does that mean anything to you? I am happy to say that it does to me. And so this poem becomes for me a new "Epipsychidion."

THE OUTLINE OF MARRIAGE

Love and free love; reproduction and repression; monogamy and monotony; polygamy, polyandry and property—all the various aspects of the various institutions by which the human race has propagated itself will be discussed in a brilliant historical outline by Floyd Dell. The series will begin in the February issue of the Liberator.

Pinch-Hitting for Harding

By Howard Brubaker

GENTLEMEN of the Congress:

I HAVE summoned you together on behalf of the public welfare (laughter) Well—*fairly* welfare.

I SEE before me some long familiar faces. Though these faces are long they are not to be with us long. An ungrateful electorate has decided that these faces shall henceforth feed themselves elsewhere.

I NOTE with pain that there is already one vacant chair. Our little playmate caused us a lot of trouble, but he was a good fellow while he had it. Let buy-gones be buy-gones. Let the dead past Newbury its dead.

IT is not entirely clear what the people voted for at the last election, but there is no doubt what they voted against.

THERE is an element of sadness here—but also a great opportunity. Those of you who got caught in the November jam have nothing more to fear; a burnt Congressman does not dread being fired. You who pulled through do not have to associate with the unthinking majority for quite a while.

AMAN may be down in November, but he is never out until March. This is one of those wise provisions by the dumbfounding fathers.

OUR blundering predecessors wished upon us a vast merchant marine. These ships were no good to begin with and day by day in every way they are growing worse and worse. We can give them away to deserving people if we promise to pay for the upkeep. Let us do this in a large, generous spirit, remembering that we are handling other people's money.

THE Railway Labor Board has not done very well and should be abolished. It said some fine things but nobody paid any attention to them. Let us put our public futilities into the hands of the Interstate Comedy Commission.

MANY of you ducks owe your lameness to guessing wrong on the hooch question. New Jersey nas deprived me of a loyal sidekick and a comfortable yacht. We cannot repeal or enforce the Volstead law but we can act as if we were about to do one thing or the other, or neither, or both.

IT strikes me that the most striking feature of the past year was the large number of strikes. You must find a solution of this problem if it takes you a month. People must not be deprived of their right to quit work provided they do not all quit at the same time. Telephone me for all the help you want—I will lend you any of the best minds in my collection, including Daugherty's. He doesn't need a mind for his regular work, anyhow.

HARRY is rather a nut on the subject of sending people to jail but he is really quite tender-hearted when properly approached (laughter). I see you know what I mean.

THIS might be a good time to strengthen the army and navy. Hughes's little disarmament game looked good for a while but the people saw through it long before election. I'll have Denby sing a little solo on the subject and see if he gets egged.

LET us see whether there is any little thing we can seem to do for the farmers. They are dumbbells but numerous at the polls. Only remember that we never tax the whole people for the benefit of any class (laughter).

WELL, *hardly* ever.

My Voice Not Being Proud

MY voice, not being proud
Like a strong woman's, that cries
Imperiously aloud
That death disarm her, lull her,—
Screams for no mourning color
Laid menacingly, like fire,
Over my long desire.
It will end, and leave no print.
As you lie, I shall lie:
Separate, eased, and cured.
Whatever is wasted or wanted
In this country of glass and flint
Some garden will use, once planted.
As you lie alone, I shall lie,—
O, in singleness assured,
Deafened by mire and lime.
I remember, while there is time.

Louise Bogan.

The Throne of the United States

By Robert Minor

WHEN J. P. Morgan a few days ago walked into the Department of State in broad daylight, it was the outward sign of an event in the history of this country as big as its entry into the World War.

Very few people know what it meant, and every effort will be made to ensure that very few ever shall know. Embalmed versions of the tale are now being given in the press, about a contemplated billion-and-a-half-dollar loan to Germany by American bankers, "not to be guaranteed by the United States Government." But the truth of it is different, and a thousand miles deeper than the stories given.

The event does not necessarily mean that the loan will be made (though if it is made it will certainly be guaranteed by the United States Government).

But it does mean that J. P. Morgan & Company are arranging to move back into the White House, from which they were ousted on March 4th, 1921. It means that the Standard Oil, Guggenheim and Mellon interests who now own the White House have consented to admit Morgan into a coalition with them for the joint rule of the United States and for the financial and political dictatorship of Europe.

The average man thinks of "Wall Street" as a single, united force consisting vaguely of "Morgan and Rockefeller," who rule us all the time. Very few go deep enough into details to learn that there are two great financial dynasties in America, and that for the past fifteen years these two dynasties have been struggling for the mastery of the United States. Yes, since 1907, two great powers, each as strong as an empire itself, have been battling unseen to gain or to keep control of the country. Each power has used interchangeably the Democratic or Republican party as circumstance required.

The House of Morgan symbolizes the old, original American plutocracy. A certain social ideology of deep growth centers around the Morgan bank as the head of an intricate system of banking and investment. The whole thought system of New York's Great Respectables is economically determined by the interests of this banking and investment system. The Morgan cult's political outlook is exactly and heavily the outlook of international banking. And since Morgan became the official fiscal agent of the British and French governments at the beginning of the War, the whole Morgan cult's outlook is pro-British. The Bank of England has become sacred to this cult's mind as though it were a subsidiary of the Morgan bank; and the Bank of France is likewise except when its interests diverged from those of the British. Anything that touches the Bank of England is immoral in New York. After the Morgan bank cast its fortunes with England in the War, it became a sacred principle of Americanism to hate the Germans.

And so we may say, the Morgan dynasty's ideology is international banking and pro-British, and that it had more or less divorced itself from direct interest in industrial production.

But the thundering big industrial empire building itself up in the West, has mellowed into such power as to form its own financial vortex—a financial system more or less separable from the old, original system of banking headed by the Morgan bank.

This second financial system, the newer one, growing up in the Middle West and spreading back to New York, has for its personal symbol the wizened figure of John D. Rockefeller. The Ohio store clerk who became the Oil billionaire is not precisely the personal head of this system, as Morgan is the personal head of the other system. Rather, this second system is composed of the whole melange of big industrial interests that have grown to towering heights in the past generation—predominantly *producers* rather than bankers, and yet grown so rich as to become self-financing and more or less independent of the old money lenders of whom Morgan is the chief. The center of gravity in this group is the Standard Oil Co., and we will call it the "Rockefeller" cult, for lack of a better name. It might almost as well be called the "Mellon" cult, for in it as one of the biggest of its chiefs is the Pittsburg three-hundred-fold millionaire, Mr. A. W. Mellon, now Secretary of the United States Treasury. But, although the group and its ideology includes the Mellon outfit as well as others hard to put a finger upon, we call it the Rockefeller dynasty.

The Rockefeller dynasty has an outlook somewhat different from that of the Morgan dynasty. It is essentially *producing* and trading. It is not an international banking cult. It is not pro-British. And, to take up the lighter phase, who does not remember that Mr. Rockefeller, by amusing coincidence, is the boss of the Baptist Church, even as Mr. Morgan is boss of the Episcopal? Of course this detail is accidental, but it is no accident that in foreign lands where American international banking is interested we send the missionaries of the Episcopal Church whose head is Mr. Morgan, and where there is oil that may be got we find the missionaries of the Baptist Church of which Mr. Rockefeller is the angel. Then it becomes interesting. Furthermore, the division cleaves through to the personal lives, and we find that the old banking aristocracy does not even mix unreservedly with the billionaires of Pittsburg and points west.

There is a third industrial group in the far, far West, composed largely of oil companies that maintain a rather shaky independence of Standard Oil by virtue of the anti-trust law. This group has generated its own little stock exchanges of some importance in Kansas City and Los Angeles. It lives a belicose life, hanging on to the fringe of Mexico, plotting and yelling for war. But this third group is too small to count in the world game we are now discussing—except as an occasional ally of the big Standard Oil Trust. And we won't consider it except as such, in this story.

Each of the two big rival dynasties has its own separate international corporation for foreign trade. That of the Rockefeller group in the "American International Corporation." The size of this corporation is colossal; it controls the incipient American mercantile marine which is to receive the bounty of Mr. Harding's Ship Subsidy bill. It reaches to the farthest corners of China and South America and is intended to wrest the traffic of the Atlantic and Pacific from England and Japan. The concern of the Morgan group is the Foreign Trade Financing Company founded in 1920, capitalized at a hundred million dollars and headed by Stettinius of the firm of Morgan & Co., and Mr. Herbert Hoover is one of its directors.

WHEN Mr. Morgan called on Mr. Hughes in Washington it was a visit of the head of the Morgan dynasty to the agent of the Standard Oil dynasty. It was made openly for political effect, as king visits king to show that two kingdoms are making a treaty.

These two American dynasties have come into coalition once before. It was in 1896, when they were driven to coalition in order to beat the cheap money movement headed by William J. Bryan. Mark Hanna was the Standard Oil Senator from Ohio in those days, and he brought about the coalition in the Republican convention with the nomination of McKinley and Hobart. The coalition continued into the next Presidential term, with McKinley representing the Standard Oil ideology and Roosevelt representing New York ideology which draws life from Morgan & Co.

But the death of McKinley in 1901 threw the powers of State into the hands of Morgan & Co.

The temptation to consolidate his popularity with a career of trust-busting" was too great for the shrewd Roosevelt. He broke the coalition of 1896 and started a sensational baiting of the Standard Oil Co. With a more high-handed nerve than had ever before been known in this naive country, Roosevelt handed out literal permits to the Morgan interests to consolidate business, and at the same time started the great campaign against the Standard Oil Trust that fitted in nicely with the popular muck-raking of the day. The old shyster, Judge Landis, made his career by levying a fine of \$29,000,000 against Standard Oil (which was never paid). Standard Oil as a national entity was forced to an underground existence, was obliged to maintain a heavy payroll for United States Senators, to drag through many costly court proceedings, and to wait for a better day. Meantime the House of Morgan ruled and grew into a world power as international bankers.

When Roosevelt had to leave office because of the tradition against three terms for a President, Mr. Taft was carefully slipped into his place. Standard Oil made one effort to "come back." The lumbering dub Taft, with a peculiar sense of justice to dollars, in whosever bank they may be, flirted with the idea of friendship with the outcast Standard Oil dynasty. Taft allowed himself to be photographed on a public platform in the act of shaking hands with the Standard Oil Senator, Foraker. This caused a flurry of fear in the Morgan camp, and a stampede to stop the "come back" of Standard Oil. Within a few days, William R. Hearst, who was not then in the Oil camp, published correspondence and photographs of checks which showed that Senator Foraker was on the Standard Oil payroll. Mr. Taft repented. The venomous baiting of Standard Oil was renewed.

But Standard Oil's better day seemed to come in 1912. For when Roosevelt came back from his triumphal advertising tour of Europe and Africa, and demanded the Presidency back again, there was a division in the Republican Party, and even in the House of Morgan. J. P. Morgan didn't want Roosevelt back. He was satisfied with the meek fat man. Roosevelt stormed and raged. Charles W. Perkins, one of the Morgan partners, took the side of Roosevelt. Morgan still refused, and Perkins split away from the House of Morgan and financed the campaign of the Bull Moose for the Presidency.

The division of the Republican Party through Roosevelt's insurgency, appeared to give Standard Oil its opportunity. Its chance lay in using the Democratic Party. But Standard Oil had had its fingers burnt. The Oil Trust hardly dares

come out openly in support of anything more tangible than God. Morgan & Company can support a candidate with impunity; this is considered a perfectly respectable alignment of the "sound business interests"; but if the Rockefeller interests show a choice, all of the muck of the past tradition falls upon their head and the ghost of Archbold's check for Senator Foraker is revived to jeer. So Standard Oil moves cautiously and by devious ways. No more crude scandal. No more checks. No more letters written on Standard Oil stationery to "my dear Senator." Hanna is gone, and with him has gone his day. Foraker is gone, and with him his ways. The discreet and soft-stepping Mr. Warren Gamaliel Harding was the Standard Oil Senator from Ohio, and he attended to the interests of Oil in perfect Main Street respectability.

As it became evident that the glittering power to rule the United States was open to a shrewd move for the capture of the Democratic Party, George Harvey, editor and proprietor of a dirty sheet of political adventure and bigotry, announced the candidacy of Governor Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey.

It is very difficult to get the significance of the candidacy of Woodrow Wilson. Perhaps Standard Oil and its allies were mistaken in thinking that Wilson was their man; or maybe they had hoped for no more than to have a President who would break the Morgan monopoly of the White House and give the Rockefeller dynasty an even break with Morgan. But the chief contributors to Wilson's 1912 campaign fund (as far as can be learned from the public acknowledgments) were Cleveland H. Dodge, the Copper King of New Mexico and Arizona, and a group of men who center about the Rockefeller-ized Harvester Trust. The Rockefeller dynasty, that is the industrial-producing section of big business, had some reason to think that Wilson was "their man." If it were a coarse matter of buying a man, this would not hold true. But life is not so simple. The very bourgeois honesty of Wilson, which we assume, would be sufficient guarantee that his heart and hand belonged to the ideological group in which he lived and functioned. When the Presbyterian college professor from New Jersey became President, the New York "aristocracy" did not even then regard him as its equal. This stupid triviality has a bearing on the story, for such things are not trivial to our empty-pated bourgeoisie. Woodrow Wilson as President remained immersed in the ideology of that group new-risen from the Midwest, which I have had to call the Rockefeller group.

From President Wilson the oil and mining interest grouped under the Rockefeller dynasty felt that they had something coming. And what they wanted more than anything else at that time was Mexico. The Rockefeller interests had financed the overthrow of a government in Mexico, and hadn't yet succeeded in cashing in. The aggregation of Rockefeller, Dodge, the Guggenheims, Hearst and Doheny laid before him their primary demand. "GIVE US MEXICO." To their surprise and disgust, Wilson was very slow to deliver. Wilson's "watchful waiting" lost many millions for the American oil men, giving the Pearson British interests a long start in rounding up the oil in America's back-yard, Mexico.

MEANTIME the World War broke out. Everybody thought it would be a short war with a brilliant opportunity for international loans placed on the winning side and quickly cashed in at big profits. J. P. Morgan & Co. made the mistake of their lives by falling for this notion.



Art Young

"The White Collar Slave explains: "You see, the French owe us a lot of money—and this guy Clemenceau wants us to forget it. Will we? I guess not!"

Morgan himself, having received his business training in his father's London office, could conceive in his British mind no thought but of a quick triumph of the Allies with short loans cashed in at enormous profits. The Morgan firm became the official agents of the British and French Governments for floating loans and buying war supplies. The followers of the House of Morgan put up more than a billion dollars for the French and British governments. It is estimated that Morgan & Co. made two hundred millions out of it.

But what were mere bankers' profits in the time of the War? What of the trifling interest percentages on loans and commissions for handling the buying and selling of the British and French governments? Who would look at 6 per cent. or even 10 per cent. during those golden days? Morgan & Co. had the small end of it.

The Standard Oil Trust was handing itself 400 per cent in war profits, raking in billions of cash. The Steel Trust raked in cash profits by the half-billion. The Copper Trust swallowed in hundreds of millions of cash war profits. The Beef Trust made sales of more than two billions a year, and cashed in a 400 per cent profit in one war year. The coal operators were hitting as high as two hundred per cent profit.

The laughable paradox of it was that Morgan, the money raiser and purchasing agent for the Allies, had to raise and dish out billions of cash to hand over to the industrial group in payment for oil, copper, munitions, meat, steel, wheat, etc., while the Morgan group received in return for this

cash—French and British I. O. U.'s! It was an ideal arrangement for the Rockefeller dynasty, which was satisfied to let it continue, didn't care much who won, stood pat and took the cash from Morgan's hands.

But it was hell for the international money lenders of the Morgan group. The trouble was that the War did not end soon enough. More and more money had to be poured out to England and France to make good what had already been loaned. Great sums had to be handed over to get Italy into the war. And still the war didn't end—worse! for Germany was winning. The House of Morgan began to beat on the door of the White House. America had to get into the war, or the mountains of paper profits would be waste paper. But Wilson refused. He met Morgan's pleas with the same pacifist talk that he had given to the Rockefeller group in regard to Mexico.

Wilson had to be gotten at any cost into the Morgan camp. Literally an army of British propagandists were brought over. The press under the Morgan sway thundered British propaganda and scolded Wilson in vain. Then Lord Northcliffe's representatives and Morgan got control of twenty-five of the biggest newspapers in America. This meant the control of practically the entire press of the United States except the Hearst press, which refused to be lined up.

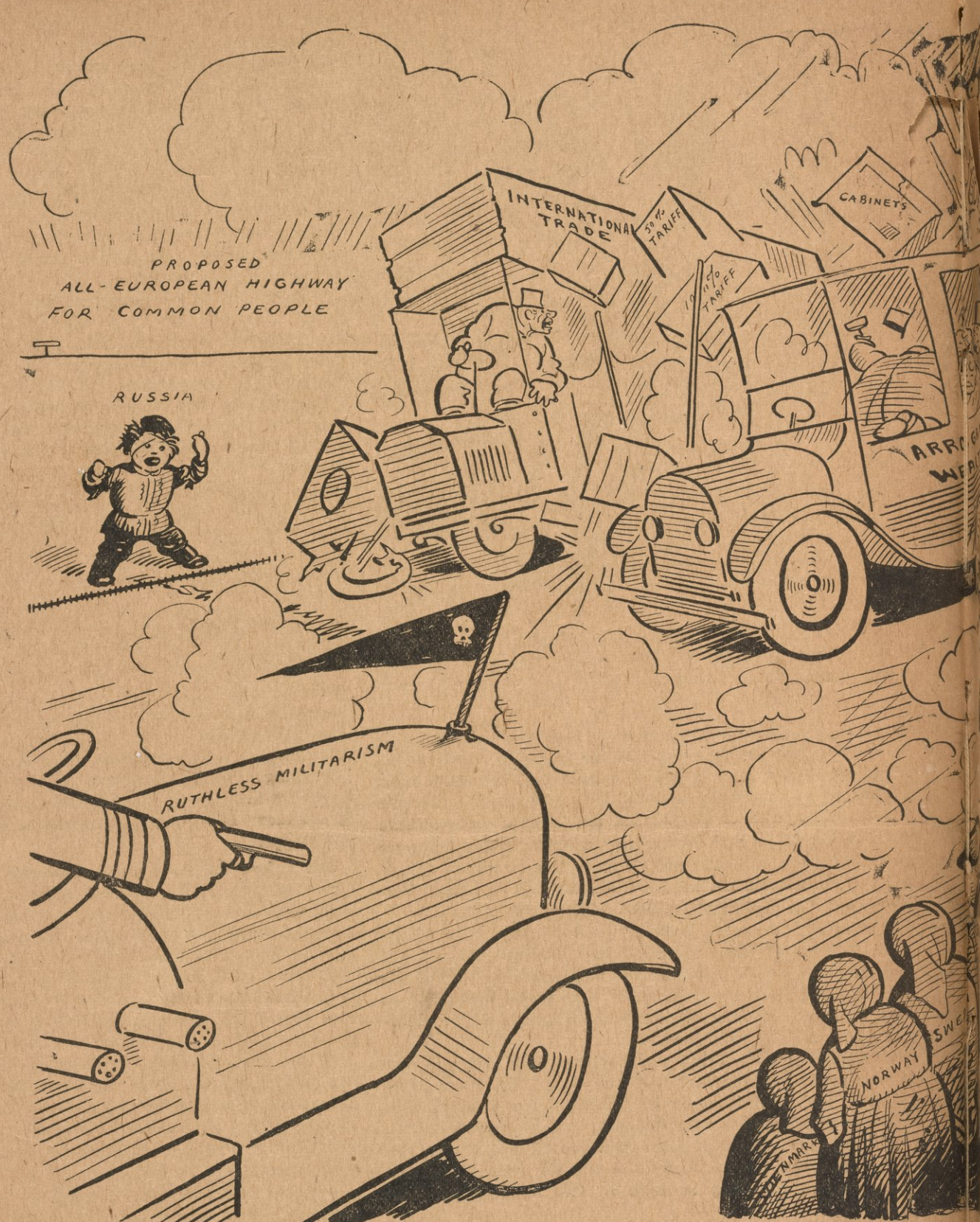
Then began the mightiest newspaper duel in the history of the world—the whole field against William R. Hearst! Hearst put up a valiant fight. His slogan virtually was, "Keep out of Europe; go into Mexico!" and the answering cry of the Morgan-ized press was, "Keep out of Mexico; on to Berlin!"

The Hearst press could do nothing against such odds. Mr. Rockefeller had made the mistake of spending his propaganda fund on Baptist preachers instead of newspapers, and lost the fight.

Certain American capitalists started a last wild effort to drag Wilson into Mexico by hiring Mexican bands to raid and shoot up American towns. Wilson stopped the raids by publishing a single newspaper warning suggesting that he knew the identity of the American capitalists who had inspired them, and would publish the names if the raids were not stopped.

But before the fight ended there was one more little incident of an almost incredible nature. It has never been published, and we are not going to publish it here. It had to do with personal blackmail of the most unscrupulous sort against Wilson, in a matter in which Wilson was blameless. The brazen plot has no equal since President Garfield was brought to hand over the use of his name by a patent medicine house. But the net result of it was that members of the New York banking outfit took credit for a fake rescue of Wilson from the plot. Petty as the incident was, it ended with Wilson planted in the middle of the New York bankers' set, smiled upon and coddled and told that everyone knows that he is not a pro-German at heart and will soon come out to save civilization (meaning the Morgan war loans).

The thundering of the press and the cajoling of persons was too much for Wilson. He fell for it. The Presidential election of 1916 was coming on; and it is said that Wilson could hardly conceal his new-born enthusiasm for European warfare long enough to give his campaign managers a chance to elect him on the platform: "He Kept Us Out of War." Dodge and Doheny dutifully put up funds for Wilson's re-election. But no sooner was the election over, than



Art Young.

Pedestrians of the World



the World, Unite!

Wilson began obvious preparations for a declaration of war.

The Rockefeller-industrial dynasty saw that all hope was lost. Then, according to Wall Street gossip, came a secret treaty between the two dynasties. It appears that it was agreed that the Rockefeller-Guggenheim-etc. group would go in for support of the War (which they would hardly dare refuse, anyway), but that as soon as the war was over in Europe, Mexico would be delivered to them. It is said that Mr. Wilson tempered this agreement with the stipulation that taking over of American control of Mexico he be given a first chance to accomplish it by peaceful means. Certain trading interests favored this idea on the ground that violent methods against Mexico would frighten the South-American republics, the enormously valuable trade of which had just slipped out of the hands of Germany and ought to be grabbed by America. So it was agreed.

All hands set to, and we won the War. The world was apparently made safe for the French and British securities in the hands of the Morgan group of international bankers.

BUT when Mr. Wilson went to Paris to make the treaty, he did something that made the blood of the oil men turn cold. He took along with him only men of the Morgan group. There was Thomas W. Lamont, member of the Morgan partnership, and Bernard Baruch of the same troop—and not a single follower of the oil-industrial group! The Rockefeller group protested in vain. Wilson would not even take along a single Standard Oil Senator.

It must be remembered that the war period had completed a stupendous revolution in mechanical processes, by which PETROLEUM had become the chief economic factor of civilization. Not only must all armies henceforth travel and fight by gasoline on earth and in air, but petroleum had become the indispensable fuel of the sea. The most important key to the failure of the peace treaty lies in this fact:

COAL BURNING SHIPS CAN NO LONGER COMPETE WITH OIL BURNING SHIPS. BRITANNIA CAN NO LONGER "RULE THE WAVES" UNLESS SHE RULES THE OIL SUPPLY OF THE WORLD. NEITHER CAN ROCKEFELLER.

To the British mind of the House of Morgan and the international banking cult that circles around it, it is perfectly natural, traditional and proper for Britain to "rule the waves." It was, in fact necessary for Britain to continue to rule the waves if British trade was to revive and thus sustain the British securities in New York vaults. But the Rockefeller dynasty had other ambitions than to leave the sea power of the world in the hands of crippled British debtors. In fact, to leave the sea power in the hands of Britain would be nothing short of charity. The logic of America's war-created position as the creditor nation of the earth and the richest industrial producer, called for her ruthlessly to seize the world's sea traffic from Britain.

But the first requisite of this is to seize the PETROLEUM supply of the world. And the logic in the Rockefeller group, as the head, at the same time of both of the Oil Trust and the new-born American shipping interests, was too compelling for resistance. But to the further amazement of the Oil group, Mr. Wilson walked into the arms and the plans of Lloyd George who was planning everything as the agent of the Royal Dutch Shell Oil Co. and the British sea power. Standard Oil saw in horror that the treaty was being written by Lloyd George and J. P. Morgan's partner in secret conference from which it was excluded, and that the treaty

imposed upon Britain the duty of protecting Christians on every square foot of the Earth that smelled as though it might have oil under it. To their further amazement they learned at last what Mr. Wilson's "peaceful plan" for controlling Mexico was—by means of a League of Nations in which every British Colony would have representation, as against one representative of the United States. And a League of Nations framed by and for the Royal Dutch Shell Oil Trust! It meant that even in Mexico, America's very back yard, the British Oil Trust would fight Standard Oil and Doheny for control, while excluding Americans from every other great oil center of the world!

Immediately there was a tremendous rally of the oil-copper-industrial group in America to defeat the treaty. Standard Oil and its rivals, the Independent Oil operators of the Southwest made a treaty of combination. With them came the Guggenheim Copper interests and the Mellon Industrial and oil interests. This tremendous combination capitalized every possible political wind in a desperate drive that beat the treaty in the Senate and then started in to take the Presidency away from Wilson or any Wilson heir. The revulsion from the war sentiment was the political wind that would blow them in to victory. Very few people realized what a fierce and widespread hatred of the War smoldered in the breasts of Americans. To what extent the Republican Party went to capitalize the anti-war sentiment is evidenced by a huge sign that the Ohio State Republican Committee put up on the streets of Cleveland:

"REMEMBER! 'HE KEPT US OUT OF WAR.' DON'T BE FOOLED AGAIN!"

The Republican and Democratic parties are, of course, interchangeable. The Morgan group having possession of Wilson and the Democratic Party, the Oil group used the Republican Party to get them out. The great Rockefeller-Guggenheim-Mellon-Independent Oil-Hearst combine gathered at Chicago for the Republican convention of 1920. Although combined through necessity to beat the Morgan treaty, there was within this group a sharp factional difference. The Independent Oil-Hearst minority faction had many antagonisms to the Rockefeller-Mellon faction. (As to which of these factions the Guggenheims adhered to, it is hard to tell). At first it was attempted to put over General Wood as the common candidate. The Rockefeller representatives, together with Sinclair and Doheny for the Independent Oil interests, W. B. Thompson, the copper magnate, Wm. Loeb, Jr., employee of the Guggenheim Copper interests, and others, contributed \$1,773,000 to put Wood over in the convention. But this failed because of the scandal about the too-brazen attempt to buy the delegates, and another candidate had to be agreed upon. The fundamental quarrel between the little oil men and the big oil men broke out in a scramble to name the candidate. Some of the little men wanted Hiram Johnson, who had been a long time getting himself a "radical" reputation which would make him an ideal candidate to win this particular election.

But Standard Oil was not going to throw the power too far West, into the hands of its little rivals. It had a candidate up its sleeve—Mr. Warren Gamaliel Harding. Some five months earlier, one of the Standard Oil's little dirty-job artists in Ohio, Harry M. Daughtery, had boasted that at a certain stage of the coming convention there would be a secret conference "at two o'clock in the morning" and that after that conference Warren G. Harding would be nominated. Well, at the convention, within eleven minutes of 2 o'clock



Protest

Art Young

one morning, the secret conference was brought about by Harry M. Daugherty and—by *George Harvey*—the same shoddy adventurer who had picked out Wilson for President! The strangeness of it, and the coincidence of it, make the thing almost unbelievable. But the facts are not disputed. Harding was nominated, and after election he rewarded the two wire-pullers by making Daugherty Attorney General and Harvey Ambassador to London.

Harvey, from the point of view of the Southwestern mining and Independent Oil interests, figures as the evil genius that brought suspicion on the whole affair as a "frame-up." Harvey, a Democrat who dished into this Republican convention, was the man who, after launching Wilson for President, quit Wilson under the queerest of circumstances. His intrusion here smelled suspiciously of a flirtation between Standard Oil and Morgan, and a consequent betrayal of the little allies of Standard Oil in the Southwest. Doheny of Independent Oil, after putting up money for Wood, quit cold on Harding and went over to contribute to the Democratic campaign fund. Dodge, the Arizona copper man, put his money into the Democratic campaign fund, as was his custom. Altogether, it was hard for the little allies of the big Rockefeller-Mellon group to swallow the Rockefeller candidate.

The suspicion that the Rockefeller outfit was going to betray its little allies by fixing up a compromise with the Morgan-League-of-Nations bankers, hung over the Republican campaign from the start. In the middle of the campaign the suspicion was suddenly fanned into a scandal by a bad break that Harding made in a speech. His words gave a hint that *some sort* of a League of Nations might be acceptable.

Immediately the little allies went into a stampede against Harding. Senators Johnson and Borah, the chief orators for the little allies, suddenly cancelled their meetings and refused to speak any more for Harding. The mid-campaign

rebellion seemed to threaten a split in the Republican strength that might cost the Rockefeller-Mellon crowd the election, after all. But the remedy was applied: Mr. Harding cut straight for Oklahoma City, the center of the Southwestern Oil district, and there made a careful speech pledging himself solemnly to keep out of the League of Nations, and, furthermore, to "protect American interests" in Mexico—specifically mentioning OIL as one of the interests he meant. Hiram Johnson and Borah came out again for Harding, and the campaign went merrily on to victory.

But when elected Harding appointed a coalition cabinet including a Morgan man. Senator Fall of New Mexico, the political hawk of the Southwestern independents, was made Secretary of the Interior. Mr. A. W. Mellon, a central figure in the Rockefeller-Mellon group, was made Secretary of the Treasury—and we'll say the appointment of this Trust magnate was as brazen a piece of nerve as would have been the appointment of John D. Rockefeller himself to head the Treasury). Standard Oil's Ohio ward heeler Daugherty, got the job of Attorney General. The job of Secretary of State was allotted to the House of Rockefeller by the appointment of Charles E. Hughes, who is, or was, a director of the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial, one of John D's big foundations. But *Herbert Hoover*, of the Morgan group, and known to favor the League of Nations, also got a seat in the Cabinet.

The Rockefeller-Mellon-Guggenheim interests lost no time in consolidating their power with the advantage of having one of their chief trust magnates, Mr. Mellon, in charge of the U. S. Treasury. While the law was understood to require a heavy surtax upon the earnings of corporations that might be paid out in dividends, the great Rockefeller-Mellon-industrial group held back enormous sums of earnings as "surplus." In this respect Mr. Secretary of the Treasury comes into an interesting light. Under the law the Secretary of the Treasury is required to impose penalties upon cor-

porations that hold back their earnings as "surplus" for the purpose of avoiding payment of individual surtax. Did Mr. Mellon interfere with the hold-back? No. He waited until the Supreme Court had obligingly removed the necessity of paying the tax on dividends, and then he gave the signal for the general "merry riot" by having his own Gulf Oil Co. declare a two hundred per cent. dividend. Then began the huge melon cutting. Standard Oil began pouring out dividends in several hundreds of per cent. Atlantic Seaboard Oil declared dividends amounting to nine hundred per cent. Two thousand millions of dollars were thus dished out within three months.

About the early part of last summer, it is understood, Mr. Secretary of the Treasury Mellon brought about a consolidation of his Gulf Oil Co., with the Standard Oil Trust. No more danger from the anti-trust law—Daugherty is Attorney General.

THINGS were going to hell fast in Europe. The French were threatening to invade Germany. On October 23 the German Chancellor Wirth proposed that the German Nation go into bankruptcy, which would pull down French securities to worthlessness.

The big movement to get the United States back into Europe got under way in London, apparently steered by Ambassador Harvey. It was announced in London on October 23 that the British and French oil interests would let in the American Oil Trust for a division of the petroleum lands in Turkey that had once been captured from Germany.

On December 8 Hearst got wind of what was coming and featured a big editorial in the N. Y. American denouncing George Harvey for being, not the Ambassador of the United States, but Ambassador of the International Bankers to London, and demanding Harvey's recall.

President Harding on December 8 addressed the United States Congress with a Message which gave a suggestion of the forthcoming deal with the House of Morgan. Harding's message is important in other ways. For instance, he asks for the final and complete annihilation of labor unionism with a law to compel the unions to obey all orders that the Trust magnates may issue through the mouths of a federal "labor board." With the naive cynicism of his Kiwanis-Club brain, he asks for a law to put men in the penitentiary for striking. He is sentimental over the rights of strike-breakers to break strikes. He asks that immigrant workers be put under police registration and kept track of for their political opinions by an elaborate spy system. He expresses his fright before "the advocates of revolution," in short, he asks that the United States be made a penitentiary for Labor. At the same time he warns, in twisted, ambiguous phrases, against the idea of "a fair and living wage," which is "theoretically" all right but in practice won't work. It's a hell of a message, in other words, all the way through; but the point that concerns this story is the following little paragraph:

"The four-power pact which abolishes every probability of war on the Pacific has brought new confidence in a maintained peace, and I can well believe it might be made a model for like assurances wherever in the world any common interests are concerned."

The newspapers seemed to know in advance that this was coming and what it meant. Translated into plain English, it means:

The Standard Oil Company will agree with the House of Morgan to put the United States into a League of

Nations to save Morgan's European interests and to give the American international bankers the hegemony of Europe, provided that it is done on a basis of equal partnership of the two American financial dynasties, with no more persecution of Standard Oil, and provided that the Royal Dutch Shell Oil interests will divide with the Standard Oil Co. the European and Asiatic oil concessions that were given to the British under Mr. Wilson's Versaille treaty.

Four days later the Allied diplomats adjourned the Lausanne conference to January 2, by which time Harding is expected to come through. Meantime, Poincare blustered about seizing the Ruhr "in a few days," and kept his eye on Harding.

The next day (Dec. 12) Mr. Harding let it slip out that something might perhaps be done about the European finances. The following day the Harding Cabinet held a meeting on the subject, and let it be unofficially known that, while the United States money lenders might put some more cash into Europe, there is no use of talking about cancelling debts to America; furthermore France must cut down its demands against Germany to a lower and definite figure. Ambassador Harvey was called back from London to report how the deal was going.

The New York stock market that had wobbled three weeks before, began to wobble again and to throw a slight scare into Wall Street.

Bonar Law came out stronger with a suggestion of cancelling debts but said that England couldn't do it alone, hinting that America would have to come through, too. He warned that Germany was about to collapse, and this meant that France, also, would collapse, with the destruction of Mr. Morgan's European interests and perhaps a general European working class revolution starting in Germany. A British mission, and Ambassador Harvey with it, prepared to come over from London to talk it over with Mr. Harding and Mr. Morgan.

Early in December came a forecast of a great merger of Rockefeller's Anaconda Copper Co. and the Guggenheim Copper interests into a gigantic Trust covering North and South America, and including practically all copper production in the U. S. except that of two independents. This probably means a further isolation of the little allies.

Simultaneously, the backbone of the Southwestern oil clique was broken on the New York Stock Exchange. The biggest brokerage house of the Southwestern Oil group was the firm of Houston and Fible, of Kansas City, Oklahoma City and Tulsa. The authorities of New York Stock Exchange called Mr. Houston to New York, put him on the carpet. The firm was unable to meet the demands of the Exchange authorities. It frantically appealed for a loan to hold it together, was refused, and collapsed, throwing a flood of the stock of Southwestern oil operators on to the market to be gobbled up cheap by—God knows whom—but ask Standard Oil.

Obviously, the Rockefeller half of the Oil dynasty, together with the Guggenheims, is heavily moving over to a new alliance, leaving its former little oil and mining allies of the 1920 election in the lurch.

And then it was that Mr. J. P. Morgan went down to see Mr. Hughes, one-time candidate of Mr. Rockefeller for the Presidency, director of the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial Foundation, and now Mr. Rockefeller's Secretary of State of the United States. The two dynasties do not yet condescend to tell what they are going to do with the United

States, but it is evident that they intend to do something big. It is fairly sure that what they are going to do is to pledge the conscript lives of the American male population to guarantee a loan of a billion and a half or two billion dollars from the Morgan Banking circle and the Rockefeller, Guggenheim and Mellon banks to the German Government. The project has the purpose of saving Morgan's investments in Europe. But it has a further and vaster ambition—the ambition to establish the financial and political rule of Morgan, Rockefeller, Guggenheim and Mellon over Europe, with the American Army and Navy as their police.

It is an enlargement of the League of Nations—the League of Nations with Rockefeller, Guggenheim and Mellon let in on an equal basis with Morgan as its directors. And, note well, it means that the job of protecting Christians in petroleum lands, which was given over to the British by the Versailles treaty, will have to be heavily shared with Standard Oil. France will have to surrender to Wall Street the *first lien* rights on German resources. She will also have to quit spending on an army twice as much as her income, and will have to try to get solvent in preparation for paying her new master, Wall Street.

It is all very delightful.

One of the most illuminating lights on the purpose of this plunge of Harding into Europe, is supplied in the reactionary New York Herald by Louis Seibold, who gets it in Washington. Seibold makes it plain that, in the first place Germany is on the brink of a revolution, and the German Government has to have 75,000,000 to 100,000,000 bushels of wheat this winter to stave it off. In the second place, he shows, Mr. Harding hopes that if he can give the farmers of the Northwestern States a chance to sell that seventy-five to a hundred million bushels of wheat in Germany, it would calm the irritation of the farmers and cause the "wave of radicalism" to disappear. He thinks that if the farmers can sell their wheat they will be less likely to follow "leaders of fantastic and dangerous political ventures directed at the security of the Government itself." These are merry days.

A demand came from the White House that the newspapers should not talk so much. Most of the newspapers obeyed and quieted down. Only Hearst is tearing around as mad as a wet hen. But the anger is diluted with pleading in the the Hearst newspapers, which are the voice of the little ally. The Hearst papers had helped to show up Daugherty's lurid career and were in the middle of a campaign featuring the scandal of Secretary Mellon, when the blow struck. Then, suddenly on December 18, the Evening Journal published an editorial defending Mr. Harding's Daugherty in the most fawning press-agent fashion, and followed it in the next morning's American with an editorial in lavish defense of Mr. Secretary Mellon. These are but tearful promises to be good if Mr. Harding will not desert the little allies to go over to Morgan and Rockefeller.

At the same time Mr. Hearst himself steps to the bat by publishing in Arthur Brisbane's editorial column a long letter to Brisbane lambasting Harding for going over to the House of Morgan and cursing the adventurer Harvey. Hearst's open letter is a threat of general exposure of the whole dirty history, and he deliberately spills a few sample beans to show what he can do if deserted. He claims that the trickster Harvey sat in on the 2 a. m. conference in Chicago that agreed on the nomination of Harding, as the agent of the Morgan clique. (Perhaps, after all, Harvey was the go-between of Standard Oil and Morgan and had

up his sleeve all the time this impending coalition of the two big dynasties with the desertion of the little oil allies of the Southwest.) It is interesting that Hearst at the same time accuses Wilson of going over to the House of Morgan in entering the War after he had been elected on his promise to keep out of the War.

And Hearst bluntly and cruelly points out the purpose of Harding's quickness in moving over to the House of Morgan—it is to get the job done before the newly elected Congress can assemble.

But Harding had to do it. After the disastrous defeat of the Harding-Standard Oil gang in the last elections, which means a split in the Republican Party, nothing can hold a safe majority control of the United States Government except a coalition between the Oil Trust and the International Bankers. Standard Oil and the House of Morgan can no longer afford to fight each other after the last elections. The present situation is like the situation when Byran was nominated in 1896, which compelled a coalition between the Oil Trust and the House of Morgan for the election of McKinley.

The successful candidate in the election of 1924 will be a Morgan-Rockefeller coalition candidate. Which party the coalition will use, remains to be seen and depends somewhat on how badly split up the Republican Party is. The other party will be backed by remnants of the Southwestern Oil group, the tag ends of copper mining that have been left out of the Rockefeller-Mellon-Guggenheim combine, and by Mr. Samuel Gompers.

And so I would suggest to Borah and La Follette that when they campaign against Harding in 1924, they stick up as many signs as the little allies will pay for with the following legend:

"REMEMBER! 'HE KEPT US OUT OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.' DON'T BE FOOLED AGAIN!"

Bound to Get Home

By Michael Gold

HE was homesick for the South, yes suh, and he was tired of being a hobo, was Makins Butler. Who was Makins Butler? He was a short, brawny Negro in a hickory shirt and blue overalls, a migratory worker with a pleasant face and misty, dog-like eyes, who had ranged all over the western lands during his five years on the road. There are thousands like him here, wandering from harvest to harvest, and living like homeless dogs.

"No, suh," he said in the bunk-house at the Californian fruit ranch one night, "hain't nuthin' lak South Carolina in all the world. And my ole mammy's there, and a little yaller gal's there Ah kin have any time Ah says the word. It's a good livin' down there, Ah'll tell ye boy! Don't make as much jack as here, mebbe, but hain't the beatin's a hobo gets along the road. Ah don't lak this hoboin' around business, nohow; hit's a yaller pup life, it is. Ah've been beaten up fohty-six times, Ah'll bet, time sence Ah've been on the road."

His friend, a powerful, easy-going black giant, roared with laughter and hit Makins a huge slap on the shoulder. They called him Makins because he was always borrowing Bull Durham "makings" for cigarettes from the other men; he was tight, he was saving his money.

"Well, why don't ye jest a-travel down there?" the friend laughed "Who's a-holdin' ye?"

Makins grinned shamefacedly. "No one a-holdin' me," he admitted. "Jes a-damn fool, wid not the sense of a horse-fly in mah fool haid. Every time Ah gets a stake to go back with Ah jest fritters it away. Ah've started fohty-nine times for South Caroline, Ah guess, and never gone through. Always frittered mah stake away fust, lak a bo'n baby."

One day, with a hundred dollars stuck safely in his shoes, Makins made another start for South Carolina. He lay royally in a box car on some straw, and smiled and chatted with himself as he felt the long miles clicking off beneath him, and saw through the half-open door the deserts and ranches and mountains of the west marching by. He was happy. He was going home with a stake at last. His mammy, if she were still alive, would be proud of him; and he would live like a lord for the next six months or more.

"Gawd, why hain't Ah done this befoh?" he said to himself. "Nevah had no sense, me; always a bo'n fool. One time Ah spends mah stake on whiskey; 'nuther time lets a slick nigger trim me with loaded dice; 'nuther time, that Filipino gal, she jest cleans me out; jest a bo'n fool me! But hain't no one nor nuthin' goin' stop me this time, no, suh. Hain't a-goin' to be stopped this trip!"

He would have broken into joyful Negro thanksgiving and song had he not remembered that the trip was not yet over. He was still on the road, in the enemies' country. Hobos led a rough and dangerous life. Hobos are beaten up frequently; when they are Negroes as well as hobos they are hounded, arrested, tortured, robbed and beaten up twice as frequently. Makins travelled anxiously for three days, but nothing happened to him.

"Nuthin's goin' to stop me this trip!" he repeated to himself exultingly, over and over again like an incantation.

One afternoon, in the Arizona desert, Makins forgot to smile and chat to himself as he lay about in the straw. The train was nearing a little junction town named Maricopa; and this town was the home of Maricopa Slim, a railroad detective famous with all the hoboos of the west for his love of whiskey and his mania for sapping up hoboos, the sap being the western name for black-jack. Every hobo who had ever passed through Maricopa had felt Slim's sap on his head and ribs; few had escaped.

Makins had heard all about Slim, and so he shut the door of the car, and huddled miserably in a dark corner. They were nearing Maricopa now. The long freight train stopped with a rattle and a bang; voices were mumbling outside; yes, this was the junction. Beads of clammy sweat came out on Makin's forehead.

"Nuthin's goin' to happen to me on this trip," he said over and over again for consolation.

But something did happen. The door was slid back abruptly on its rollers, and a tall, smooth-shaven westerner in a sombrero stood up against the sky, and flashed his pocket lamp about the car. He found Makins crouching in a corner, and grimly smiling, dragged him forth into the sunlight of the railroad yard. Makins shrunk into himself, and followed without a word.

It was Maricopa Slim, all right. Standing by the car, the detective began his defence of law and order by kicking Makins in the thigh with his heavy boot. "Get the hell out of this town, ye nigger bastard!" he snarled, like a stage villain.

He took a tight merciless grip on Makins' shirt and walked him in a bitter silence for about a mile through the town, out to the Mexican huts where the town met the desert. Makins dragged dumbly along, depressed and yet a little hopeful. The tall red-faced detective was just going to put him out of the town limits, that was all. A few hours lost, but no beating.

"Now get the hell out of this town, ye nigger bastard!" the detective repeated, letting go his hold on Makins' collar, and kicking him forward. Makins did not answer a word, but started to walk quickly toward the wide blazing distances. Suddenly he was felled by a cruel blow from the rear. Maricopa Slim had begun on his favorite sport. He slugged the prostrate Negro with his black-jack over the head and face; the blood that spurted excited him, and he slugged the Negro again. Then he kicked Makins in the face, and stamped on him with both feet, and finally spat at him, and then walked off.

Makins lay there on the desert sand, unconscious for about an hour. The sun beat on him; the flies gnawed at his flesh. When he came to, he felt himself, and found bloody bruises everywhere. He sat up and slowly began thinking about it all. Fury suddenly seized him; it seemed to him as if the past five years had been nothing but this sort of life. A terrible rage swept over him; his eye-balls grew red and inflamed, and he stood up and shook his fists toward the town.

"Always sappin' ye up, always beatin' ye up! "he cried hysterically. "Ah'll kill this bastard; Ah'll go down to Bowie and buy me a gup and come back and kill that bastard! No one hain't a-goin' to sap me up again!"

Towards dusk he caught a train at a water tank, and it was going to Bowie. He lay in the straw, weak and bleeding, and filled with a tearful, murderous frenzy. "Ah'll buy me a gun in Bowie, and jest go back and kill him, that's what Ah'll do! Always sappin' ye up, always beatin' ye up!"

He reached Bowie in the night, and got a room in a cheap hotel where he washed his face and hands and had something to eat. Then he went out into the streets, brooding, "Ah'll get a gun now! Ah'll get me a gun!" But as he walked about, little by little his rage departed. There were so many red-faced westerners in sombreros who looked like Maricopa Slim, and as he passed them, he felt each of them as ready to sap him up as Slim had been. The dimly-lit streets were crowded with these devils; the world was full of them.

"Oh, hain't no use," he found himself saying wearily at last. "No use monkeyin' around, Makins; don't spend no money on no gun, or waste yoh time. Jest get back south to yoh people, that's what you want. Nuthin's going' to stop ye on this trip, no suh, nuthin'; jest a-bound to get home!"

Here it is again!

When? March 2

Where? Tammany Hall

What? That's right, you've got it—

THE LIBERATOR COSTUME BALL!

Litany of the Revolution

By Arturo Giovannitti

"*Prolétaires, à cheval!*"—Trotzki

STAND HO! the knighthood of the spade,
 Round up your madcap cavalcade,
 Your ride is done, your spurs are won,
 Dismount here for the accolade.
 Here ends your first world-errantry.
 Come around the liberty tree,
 Bastard willow mongrel oak
 Without nests and without shoots,
 Dangling corpses are its fruits,
 Twisted skeletons its roots;
 But though hacked and reft asunder
 By the ax and by the thunder,
 Never ho, will it go under,
 It will never end in smoke.
 Vault on your red-pennoned lance
 Join the bivouac wild dance
 Horse to horse and man to man;
 Throw aside your yataghan
 Musket holsters bandolieres,
 Sport it now as cavaliers,
 Hug the buxom vivandieres,
 Kiss and pinch the laughing nurses
 And with guffaws toasts and curses
 Boom the ribald jamboree.
 Hop pell-mell and romp and yell
 While we've left a single shell
 For a master or a slave
 Who won't work or won't rebel,
 War is heaven, peace is hell,
 Let us dance the Tarantelle
 All around the liberty tree.

Come and kick up fast and hard
 La Gaillarde
 And whoop up the roistering Braule,
 Scramble in the dizzy whirls
 Of the capering rigadon;
 Beggar poet serf buffoon
 Villein craftsman seneschal,
 Kitchen maids and scullion girls
 Bow along the last Gavotte
 To the hurdy-gurdy's tune.
 Come ye, jacques and sansculottes,
 Come black-stockinged Herbertists
 Jacobins and Babouvists
 Chansonniers and pamphleteers,
 Mad philosophers grim sages,
 Social quacks of all the ages,
 From the gutter and the rostrum
 From the jail, the paupers' home,
 Come with every salve and nostrum

From the gospel to the bomb,
 Come with tears and come with laughters
 Finders of new roads to Rome,
 Harbingers of all hereafters,
 Prophets of all kingdoms come;
 Commissaries, carbonaris,
 Come and yawl your charivaris,
 Shout once more your loud response
 To the tocsin's midnight call,
 Round the lanthorn on the wall
 Let us dance La Carmagnole
 To the music of the guns.

Nearer, nearer tears and grows
 Through the tundras and the snows,
 Ever closer, closer, close
 The cotillon's grand finale
 To the flag-flame that has hurled
 Like the dawn around the world
 L'Internationale.
 Come around its fiery grail
 That sears all the earth and scorches
 The last Monster's face and hands,
 Throw into its blaze your torches
 And your brands,
 Midnight lamps and votive tallows,
 Broken crosses and torn gallows,
 Blow it with your song's fierce bellows,
 Burn the whole world free!
 Harken to the matins bell
 Peel from every citadel
 Where your souls were pent and crammed
 In the dunjons of despair;
 Raise again the oriflamed
 Gonfalon of Lucifer
 And intone your litany;
 The magnificent of hell
 The Te-Deum of the damned,
 Man's first chant of victory.

II

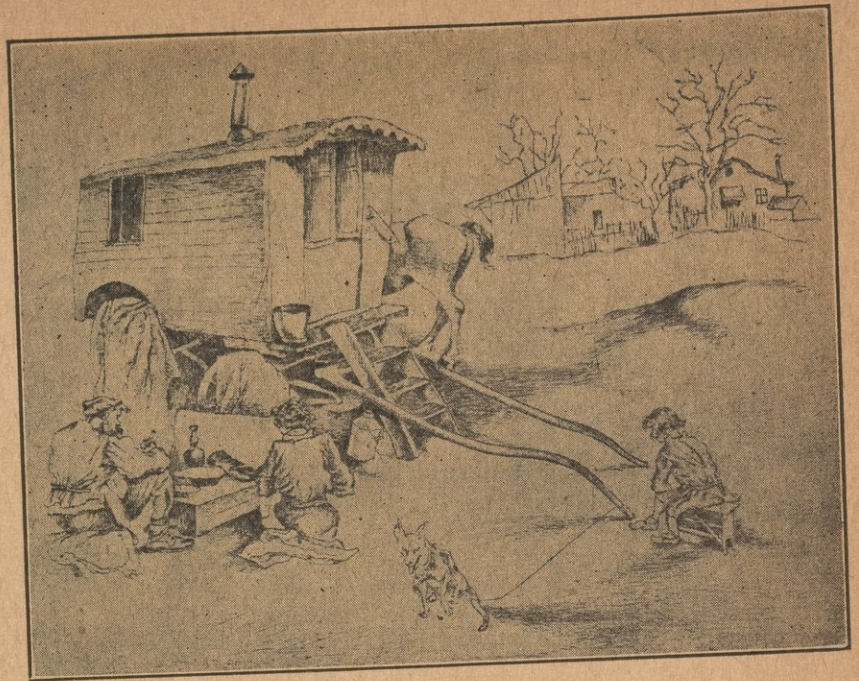
HAIL, O Creator
 Servant Dictator
 Hastener Waiter
 Of all the things that are new,
 Love that all seeds rears to flower
 And toil and truth are in your power,
 Command and eternate this hour,
 Make time bow allegiance to you,
 Now and forevermore.

Temple of peace and war
 Archway of love's main stream,
 Altar where all men kneel down to adore
 Themselves only to find this law supreme
 That they who serve the most grasp life's best lore,
 Stand open after this to a vaster dream
 Now and forevermore.

Revelment of our faith
 Achievement of our death,
 Passion conception breath
 And tool of all our hearts;
 Sower of doubts and creeds
 Grower of facts and deeds
 Mower of all the harvests of our pain,
 O flesh immortal, O eternal brain,
 Bear nurse reward sustain
 Whomever has a gentle gift to bring,
 All those who toil and march, all those who sing,
 All those who stand true watch by your domain
 And those also who dream and do nothing;
 Today, tomorrow, till your next call ring,
 And then once more again.

Deliverer of doubters,
 Deliverer of weaklings,
 Deliverer of scuffers,
 Deliverer from poverty and pelf,
 Deliverer of each one from himself,
 Blaster of every cell where men's souls grope
 (Ambition, worry, hate, despair and hope).
 Knight of the bad thief's cross,
 Knight of the gibbet's rope,
 Knight of the fallen star,
 Sealer of every tomb
 Healer of every womb and every scar.
 Almoner of the poor,
 Comforter of all grief,
 Rich brother of the thief,
 Chaste sister of the whore,
 Messiah of the ultimate belief,
 Alchemist who turns gold into manure;
 Singer of love and arms,
 Ringer of glad alarms,
 Bringer of balms and charms
 That makes flesh hard and eager to endure
 The stigmata of all your epopees;
 Captain of phalanxes,
 Assembler of cohorts
 For the unending sports
 Of Labor's own gigantic holidays;
 Beater of morning drums,
 Stirrer of merrier laughs and holier sobs,
 Pilot of every wing and every prow,
 Ensign of all derided labarums,
 Antiphony of all singing mobs,
 Master, Redeemer, Comrade, Friend, come now!

Come, O Truth, this your hour!
 Rise against the fates the times
 The place the law the multitude.
 Stand and conquer, smite devour
 Every drowsy certitude
 Every reason every sense
 That held forth against your storm
 The dry logic of a norm
 And a palsied consuetude.



John Barber

French Tramps

Self-engendering force, immense
 Will, inscrutable, enorme,
 Make us serve you stern and joyous
 And however you employ us,
 To upraise or to destroy us,
 Prove our faith in you and live!
 For this glimpse of the eternal
 That you grant our blind belief—
 Be it heavenly or infernal—
 For this made escape from doubt,
 For this last reprieve from error—
 Be it permanent or brief—
 There's no scourge we won't bear out.
 Loose upon us war and terror
 Livid famine, red-eyed drought,
 Girt our homes with fire and slaughter
 Burn our fields, dry up our water,
 Make black pestilence our warden,
 Of each fruit tree of our garden
 Make a gibbet and a stake;
 Make our own blast tear and rend us,
 But be with us,—O Tremendous,
 And keep us awake.
 Spare or flay us, save or slay us,
 Second ruler of the chaos;
 In this red Jehoshaphat
 Let us teem or let us rot,
 But first rip up, scotch and blot
 Every root of the old weed
 That crushed out our hardest seed:
 Ruler master conqueror
 Avatar and ancestor
 Monger soldier priest and judge.
 Choke them with you thickest smudge
 Drown them in your foulest mire
 Blast them with your hottest fire,
 Till nothing's left but your song
 And your glory and your sorrow
 And the clean, wind-swept tomorrow,
 Naked free and young.

III

O REVOLUTION, voice of all things that are mute,
 Our Mother who art everywhere,
 All those who are about to live, salute
 Thee who will never die. All pure, all kind,
 The banners of your grace are up the wind
 Over the ensanguined earth a rainbow manifold,
 Crimson and green and gold,
 Above the habitations of mankind
 Flung out in the still air.

Let now your peace arise serene and fair
 Like a clear morning call and like a prayer
 At eventide when every strength grows weak;
 And let your song that leaps from peak to peak
 Be but the clarion charge of Work All-knowing,

The hum of the machines, the joyous blowing
 Of steamy throats of steel, the gentle lowing,
 Along the placid fields, of plowing cattle,
 And lo! your shout of battle
 Be now the hallelujah of rebirth.
 O without fear supreme fulfilled desire,
 O ember everlive of the first fire,
 O love eternal, O eternal mirth,
 Replenish now the bare arms of the earth
 With a new race of men
 Ready to fight and readier yet to serve,
 A sacred urn each one there to preserve,
 Till you return again,
 A splurting fuse to your almighty bolt.
 Engender with each law its twin revolt,
 Mother, Redeemer, Comrade, Friend! AMEN.



Drawing by Frueh

Fascismo

By G. Cannata

THE world's attention is today centered upon a movement originating in Italy which has more than a merely local significance. Fascismo has been defined and superficially described; Clare Sheridan has been amazed at the virility of Benito Mussolini and his juvenile entourage; and an illiterate collaborator of the *Sunday Call Magazine* has made the atrocious discovery that the Fascisti have a tender regard for the Italian Communists and a deadly hate for the white-bearded and placid leaders of the reformist socialists.

But does all this give a correct idea of the genesis of the fascist movement? I believe it is necessary to go a little deeper into the question. Above all, we must examine the economic characteristics of the Italian nation and their effect on the various social groupings. The leaders of Fascismo are, curiously enough, practically all ex-radicals; and this is a very significant fact. More than half a century ago, Marx coined a contemptuous epigram regarding the personnel of Italian socialism: "Lawyers without clients, doctors without patients, teachers without pupils", said he. And this for a reason.

Among the modern great powers, Italy is, has been and will be the pariah. With a density of population surpassed in Europe only by Belgium, she lacks all the natural resources that can furnish the economic basis to a crowded population. She is essentially an agricultural country; has practically no coal or petroleum resources and little iron and other ores. Her African colonies (Somali, Eritrea, Tripoli), are the valueless crumbs dropped from the table of the Great Plunderers: France and England.

We have then a virile, temperamental and imaginative people, with a past of glory and power, cooped up and condemned to economic poverty. The middle class "intelligentsia" comes from the universities fired with the spirit of Caesar, Scipio Africanus, Cicero, Dante, Titian; it wants worlds to conquer—and instead it is forced to fill a mean civil service post. Disillusionment and unrest follow. Many of these discontented men turned in the past to the labor and radical movements; and why not? Here was adventure, here was tumult and glory of a kind.

The ruling classes of France, England and Germany had no such problem to face: their cultured elite had innumerable industrial, political, colonial, naval and military posts to fill. Kipling sang the glories of empire, but D'Annunzio was in the torment of the literary decadents.

The war was an opportunity for these misfits; the radical veneer disappeared. Syndicalist, socialist and anarchist leaders of prominence knew but one slogan to offer to the workers: intervention! The "cultural patriots" went into a frenzy: De Ambris, Mussolini, D'Annunzio, Labriola saw before their eyes a mirage of glory and power.

Then came the peace, a peace which meant a return to the prosaic past. Drunk with the habits of military life and the prestige of martial heroism this element carried over a great amount of turbulence into the civil life of the nation. Under the moral (or immoral) leadership of D'Annunzio, and allied with the semi-criminal elements which served as shock troops (*arditi*) during the war, these super-patriots engaged in the opera-bouffe performance at Fiume, a nationalist orgy

in which the heroic "liberators" kept up their enthusiasm by continuous and extremely theatrical demonstrations, dope-injections and other sensational tomfoolery. Having made themselves a complete nuisance to the starving population of Fiume, and after some slight pressure from the mother-country, the "heroic" legions returned to Italy in search of new laurels. This was at about the time of the great metallurgical strike and occupation of the factories in Italy (September, 1920).

A new adventure presented itself to the mind of Benito Mussolini, editor of the ultra-nationalist *Popolo d'Italia*. The Italian reds were threatening a seizure of power, a social revolution. They are internationalists. Horrors! what would become of ultra-nationalists in a country governed by internationalists? The fascist bands are organized; they will fight the "reds"; they will defend the motherland against the peril of social revolution!

If up to this point the elements described above had been merely tolerated by the liberal and pacific government at Rome, a change was soon to take place. As soon as the black-shirted death's head hussars of Italy began attacking the radical and labor groups, burning their headquarters, destroying with vandalistic fury literature, printing presses and institutions which embodied half a century of sacrifices of the Italian workers, their fortunes steadily rose. The Italian bourgeoisie, cowardly, unenterprising, incompetent, ready in the autumn of 1920 to give up its position as ruling class without a struggle, bankrupt morally and financially, had at last found its *Pretorian Guard*.

The history of the decadence of Imperial Rome is being repeated: a weak, dissolute ruling class places its defence in the hands of low mercenary bands of armed ruffians. These acting as the agents of the class in power, carry out a policy of oppression and violence which the oligarchy itself hadn't dared to employ directly.

The fascisti have not belied their ancient ancestors; their violence has been inconceivably brutal; they have killed men, women and children; they have outraged, raped, sacked, burned, plundered and tortured their victims. With a superior military equipment, furnished by the funds of the capitalist companies, they have been able to attack the workers always in superior numbers. Their "punitive expeditions" never approached a locality until a previous search for arms had been carried out on the workers by the local police force. The courts of the "impartial" government carried the tragi-comedy further, tried the fascisti for their crimes, found them "guilty" and then suspended sentence. The system worked admirably, but the workers' organizations were so powerful and their combative spirit such that the black-shirted "heroes" have had to lament no less than two thousand dead in two years of struggle.

We now advance to the culminating episode of the story. Keeping in mind the analogy between modern Italy and decadent imperial Rome, the crowning triumph of Fascismo will immediately reveal itself as a *revolt of the Pretorian Guard* of Italian capitalism. Benito Mussolini had previously given this estimate of the Italian situation:

"We have a class (the proletariat) that can establish a



Italian Bourgeois: "Eh, Padre, national glory is fine, but what if that mob asks Mussolini for the eats—?"

dictatorship and does not want to; and we have another (the bourgeoisie) that would like to establish a dictatorship, but cannot."

In fact, the democratic leadership of the Italian state was wallowing in a sea of futile endeavors. Imagine the immensity of its task in the financial sphere alone: a country with a national debt of 100 billion lire, a foreign debt of 80 billion lire and prospective budget deficit of six billion lire for the current year, the whole being equivalent to the approximate national wealth of Italy. With the industrial activity of the nation paralyzed by the class conflict and credit abroad impossible to obtain, the most astute politicians of Italy, Giolitti, and the ablest economist, Nitti, were afraid to take the helm of the Italian ship of state.

Mussolini, the leader of the pretorian guard, viewing the spectacle of political helplessness around him, visualized a more ambitious role for himself and his "black shirts": the pretorian guard, through its strong armed might, would take over the state!

This has come to pass; with a pomp and show of power that can only express the inhibited cravings of the lowly upstart, Mussolini has come to Rome; he has flung his contempt in the face of the democratic bourgeois politicians and the venerable old school diplomats. Many of the old lackeys of the bourgeoisie saw a Frankenstein in this monstrous compound of violence and bad manners. But in the main, industrial capital has recognized Mussolini as its saviour. Behind the usual political bunk about the co-operation of classes for the national good, there is hidden the steady purpose of

reconstructing capitalist industry and finance through the more intense exploitation of the workers.

What are the projects of this new government that poses as a new agent, above all social classes? Increased taxes on wine and on the incomes of manual workers (formerly exempted); the return of the national railways, telegraphs and telephones to private ownership, and a more intense labor exploitation; the forcible suppression of all labor disputes, etc.

There is something inconceivably bold and provocative in the plans of these ultra-nationalist hoodlums: after having dragged the workers into the world war, they plan today to make them pay for the war by increased exploitation. Signor Mussolini may have cut a virile and competent figure as a critic of the former regime, but he will undoubtedly break his neck on the rocks of class-antagonism. Already we have the first inkling of what is to come in the news from Naples that the railwaymen of that city have occupied the stations in protest against the labor policy of the fascist government.

In his desperate efforts to save the Italian state by balancing the budget, Mussolini is prepared to lower by at least twenty per cent the standard of living of six million Italian workers' families. This mad enterprise will goad the energetic Italian proletariat to its last and most terrific struggle for power and freedom. This time there shall be no half-measures, no stopping short of the final goal—the proletarian dictatorship and communism.

Signor Mussolini must have been reading the handwriting on the wall when he recently declared: "If I fail, I am a finished man. The experiment will not be tried again."

One of Whose?

One of Ours. By Willa Cather. Alfred A. Knopf.

ONE always takes the blurbs on book jackets with a grain of salt. Publishers and their agents too frequently yield to the temptation of overrating their "finds" and devoting to them a quota of praise with which impartial critics are rarely in accord.

But when Mr. Knopf proclaimed *One of Ours* an "authentic masterpiece" which had required three years to prepare, and voted it a novel to "rank with the finest of this or any age," we acquiesced without a tremor, and prepared for a great literary treat—for was it not by Willa Cather? Then followed the reading of the book, and with it a resolution never to accept any opinion on trust, and a curious kind of disappointment. Curious because we shared the author's failure, wondering whether we possessed the intrinsic qualities and particular viewpoints necessary to a thorough appreciation of the novel.

The first half of the book is the Willa Cather we know and admire, the Willa Cather of *My Antonia*. The second half is a stranger—some facile, sentimental journalist, who can burrow into war, and discover the popular, idealistic nonsense. The first half is the story of Claude Wheeler, his vague troubled longings, his parents, his marriage,—the second half is history. History made familiar not only through the regular agencies, the newspapers, fiction, drama, but also through personal revelations like *Three Soldiers*.

Claude Wheeler fails to win our sympathy. Consider his contact with the Elrich family. There he receives his first taste of conversation as an art, of easy relationships, of a graceful acceptance of ideas and culture as a normal part of life. It was precisely what he had been groping for. He would return to college, take additional courses, cultivate the Elrich friendship.

Then his quasi-Falstaffian father saddles the farm onto Claude. One hopes for revolt. One expects Claude to laugh at it, and go out on his own. Instead he meekly accepts it as if it were some supernatural judgment, which will tolerate no contradiction. One gets the same feeling of disappointment out of his relationship with Enid—that frigid slice of Puritanism who became his wife.

In the latter part of the book, David Gerhardt, the sensitive, fatalistically resigned musician, rises as the predominant figure. There are passages of familiar sentimentality about the war as the great adventure in which men find their souls, and finally the heroic death of Claude on the battle-field, "three clean bullet holes—one through the heart. "Only in sentimental romances do soldiers in battle die so painlessly and so neatly.

Claude's mother, old Mahailey, and Ernest are excellently delineated. Some of the scenes between Claude and his mother are of a marvellous tenderness, and life on their farm is portrayed with a moving fidelity. But the war provides an incongruous ingredient and produces little more than irritation and disappointment to readers who expected Miss Cather to maintain her former standards as a realist.

A. KANDEL.

The English Genius

England, My England. By D. H. Lawrence. Thomas Seltzer.

THE novels of D. H. Lawrence lack the architectonic quality; they are the record of clear moments, far apart, separated by dense fogs in which nothing is clear. This is, truly enough, the way in which man remembers his life, but only in despairing and sub-human moments. If he has the dramatic sense, he at least manufactures for himself in retrospect a fine steel structure, a skeleton of dreams, to hold up that flabby and sensitive mass in a more gallant pose. But Lawrence seems always concerned with the mass, and not with what it can or would or might be made to do. He lets it lie inert and writhe under the blows, or equally terrific caresses, of an always defied and terrible fate. He doesn't even analyze his bucketful of protoplasm. The flashes of clarity have the effect of being the rich distillation of intense feeling, the wringing out of feeling and more feeling, instead of the antiphonal answer of thought to feeling. But this lack in his novels, is the great virtue of his short stories where we are concerned only with the distilled moments, and undampened by the intervening fog. And his new book, "England, My England" is made up of such moments, each one suggesting long years behind it and long years ahead of it that go to its making. From the bleak brutality of "Monkey Nuts" and "You Touched Me" to the hot chuckle of "Samson and Delila"; from the dry poverty of spirit of "Fannie and Annie" and "The Primrose Path" to the tragic groping futility of "The Blind Man" and "The Horse Dealers Daughter"; this is a long range, and Lawrence has loved and hated his stories into an intense reality. These are all stories of people thwarted by money, custom, gentility. What hours of secret fear and inferiority are behind the blind man's strange caress; what long-starved desperate desire spoils in Mabel; the men and women in "England, My England" revolve around each other languidly, never nearer than their passion, never further than their passion; and the maenads of "Tickets, Please" drive away their desire by the very fury of their assault. Every story in the book is concerned with the baffling of love; every character is somewhat crippled, blinded, groping in the search; and every story ends in a bitter or arid or sultry compromise. They are profoundly sad because the people in them never use their heads to get what they want, and life overwhelms them. And they are profoundly true for the same distressing reason. And they are beautiful, because these people though without thought or skill in life, with a stubborn sullen fury break through their hidebound days for a moment. Life breaks through. I don't believe Lawrence ever thinks; he is in life as a rock is in the weather; heated, chilled, split assunder. He submits himself to the emotional flood, it rolls over him. It is not due to his agility that he is not overwhelmed, nor to his intelligence. It is due to his stubbornness, his heft, his resistance. His book is well named, after all; it is a beautiful vindication of the English genius for muddling through.

LYDIA GIBSON.



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ON CHRISTMAS DAY in the year 1620, a little band of Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. They had fled to this country to escape persecution for their beliefs. They suffered untold hardships and often "they knew not at night where to have a bite in the morning." Here they sought to establish a community which would not persecute men for ideas, but which would guarantee all men the right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."



Some of the twenty on trial for trying to use their right of free speech

ON CHRISTMAS DAY in the year 1777, hundreds of American soldiers lay in the winter snow at Valley Forge suffering terrible hardships. Why did these men suffer? What did they look forward to? Their hopes and aspirations may well be expressed in the words of Thomas Paine, who said, "The birthday of a new world is at hand and a race of men . . . are to receive their portion of freedom." These hopes and aspirations were finally drafted in the First Amendment of the Constitution of the United States in the following memorable words: "Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances."

AND YET AFTER ALL THESE CENTURIES OF STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY

ON CHRISTMAS DAY in the year 1922, twenty men will be on trial for their ideas. On August 21, 1922, these men were arrested at Bridgeman, Michigan. Among them were William Z. Foster, leader of the great Steel Strike and organizer of the packing house workers; and Charles E. Ruthenberg, secretary of the Workers Party of America. These twenty men are charged with being communists and are held under the Michigan State

Criminal Syndicalist Law.

There is no federal law in the United States under which the holding of or preaching Communist doctrines by citizens is a crime. Yet the raids and arrests were made under the direction of and with the co-operation of the United States Department of Justice. Not a single overt act has been committed by, or charged against the defendants.

WHAT AMERICANS THINK OF THE RED RAIDS

Chicago Federation of Labor:

"The arrest of more than a score of men noted for their Progressive views and activities in the labor movement on the charge of violating the so-called "Criminal Syndicalist Laws" of Michigan creates a crisis that cannot be ignored by anyone concerned in the maintenance of American civil rights or in the struggle of workers for a decent standard of human rights."

"Freedom is Freedom. The right to believe is the right to believe anything. The right of free speech is the right to state whatever you believe. The United States was founded in support of these rights and this freedom."—Lincoln Colcord.

Eugene V. Debs to William Z. Foster:

"All I have to say is that when I have recovered my strength sufficiently to take up my work again, I shall be with you shoulder to shoulder in your stand for the working class and industrial freedom."

Reverend Charles M. Lathrop, Executive Secretary of the Department of Social Service of the National Council of the Episcopal Church:

"Our government particularly in the arrest of the alleged communists in Michigan seems to take the position that it is a crime to be a communist. I cannot help but be reminded of the original communists who were the first converts to the Christian faith. If the Roman Government in the early days of Christianity had taken the same attitude, the entire Apostolic College would have been arrested, Saint Peter, Saint John and the rest of them. They would have been in the same position as Mr. Foster, Mr. Ruthenberg and the others are to-day. Fortunately the Imperial Government of Rome at that time was not so reactionary. As an American citizen and speaking for myself, I want to take my stand on the basic right for anybody in

the United States to be a communist who wishes to be one."

American Civil Liberties Union:

"There is not a single issue in this case except those of free speech and freedom of assembly. No overt criminal act of any sort is charged."

John Haynes Holmes of the Community Church, New York:

"I rejoice in the work that your council is doing on behalf of our basic American rights of free speech, free press and free assembly. The wanton violation of these rights by the United States Government in recent years constitutes one of the blackest scandals in American history. If such violation is to be ended it must be by the concerted action of the people and more especially labor, which is the chief sufferer, in protest against the action of government officials and in defense of all victims who suffered lawless oppression."

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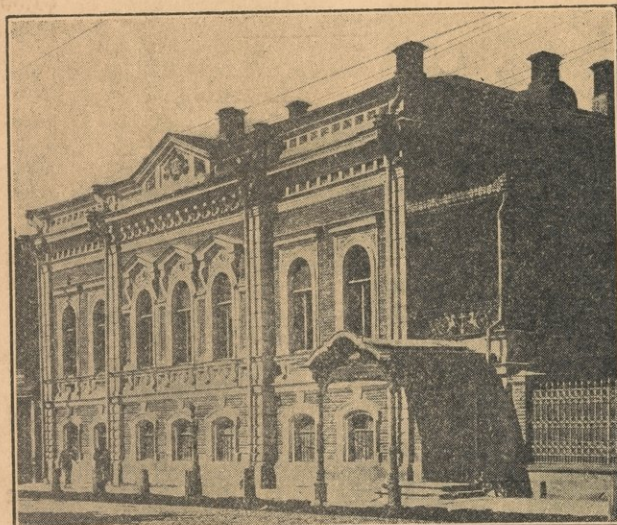
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