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William Z. Foster

Don Brown

THE LIBERATOR

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May, 1923

EDITORIALS

Mayday

MAYDAY it is. The international holiday of the working people, which the workers hardly dare as yet recognize so much as in a whisper, comes this year upon a world boiling with change. Few realize that America is fast becoming one with Europe. No longer can a shilling drop off a table in the Bank of England without affecting the life of Gopher Prairie, Minnesota. But never mind Europe—let us look at America on this Mayday.

Eight men representing the World War Veterans are picketing the White House today with the demand that the political prisoners of the United States be freed. Thus the old role of the ex-soldier as a bulwark of reaction begins to break down. At last the natural destiny of demobilized soldiers is approached. We seem to remember having heard somewhere the expression, "workers' and soldiers' council," and we do not at all share the stale view that the conscripted soldier is forever the enemy of labor. Eight representatives of an ex-service men's organization are picketing the White House for amnesty for political prisoners. Labor, here's an ally for you!

One issue of a country paper in Greeley, Colorado, carries the advertisements for the sales of 6500 farms for taxes, writes Charles W. Wood in the *New York World*. In one county of 9000 population in Colorado 1600 farmers had their farms sold under their feet for taxes in 1922. One-fifth of the land of another county is to be sold for taxes. After working a year fourteen hours a day, with "successful" crops, the farmer loses his land for the lack of fifty dollars to pay taxes. Farm journals owned by Wall Street and steered in their policy by Barney Baruch are so far keeping these farmers persuaded that it is all due to the "high wages extorted by labor unions." But it can't be kept up; the farmer defrauded of his land will have to learn the lesson of the proletarian. Labor, here's another ally for you.

The rulers of America have definitely adopted the European system of political police—the *provocateur* is the accepted means of dealing with the question of labor and social unrest. This Mayday dawns with a strong probability that a nation-wide attempt will be made by detectives under the "Department of Justice" to transform peaceful Mayday meetings of workers into orgies of police-clubbing followed by hysterical newspaper screams about "red plots." It will be remembered that Mitchell Palmer attempted to do that on May 1st, 1920. It would be a "good stunt" for Daugherty this time.

Slavery in America

IN Florida, men are being sold for twenty dollars a head to lumber companies. The "whipping boss" beats men to death for "laziness." The Florida legislature has decided that the "whipping boss" must be abolished in the slave camps but that the selling of men may continue. There is no shock of surprise in this. The sale of men into slavery has been a continuous practice in Southern states since the country was settled. It was only slightly interrupted by Abraham Lincoln's proclamation. Much modified and minimized by time, it continues in the more backward districts of the South. In one form it exists among the tenant farmers, black and white. But the more obvious form of present-day slavery in the South is that in which wandering laborers are arrested, convicted of "vagrancy," and sold to local capitalists who may be short of labor. It is commonly known in some Southern states that the justices of the peace are regularly informed as to how many "hands" are needed by plantation owners; deputy sheriffs are sent out to pick up the required number of men, who are immediately convicted of "vagrancy" and sold to the plantation owner just as Martin Tabert was sold.

The season finds the chief representative of labor in America engaged almost exclusively, as far as publicly seen, in fighting against every manifestation of hope and militancy in the labor movement. Gompers' latest frenzied attack is against the Garfield Fund, Inc., an institution built on an inheritance which a young man refused because he had not earned it; and Gompers attacks the trustees because they devote the money solely to helping movements that have the object of abolishing the exploitation of labor—yes, so completely prostituted to the cause of employers against labor has Gompers become.

Whom Gompers denounces, Daugherty prosecutes. Hardly had the old labor overseer for the Civic Federation launched his verbal assault against the trustees of the fund, than one of the trustees, Roger Baldwin, was indicted on the initiative of the Department of Justice on the pretext that he had committed "larceny" in acting as an advisor for the "Kuzbas" Russian Colony.

Eight others were indicted with Baldwin for having "obtained money under false pretenses" in recommending the Kuzbas colony to prospective colonists. The indicted men are quite sure that this is a deeply conceived political attack intended to strangle in this country movements of all kinds for the recognition of or help to the Republic of Russia.

Enough evidence of this is seen in the fact that this indictment for *larceny* in a case where the usual procedure would have been a civil suit for damages, was instigated by the assistants of *Harry Daugherty*. It will be recalled that Baldwin has crossed paths with Daugherty in several matters recently. Baldwin has shown up Daugherty's lying in the case of political prisoners, he has exposed Daugherty as the initiator of the prosecutions directed against free speech in Michigan. Baldwin's indictment is Daugherty's revenge.

Baldwin has dug up the very interesting fact that the disgruntled colonists of New Amsterdam sued the promoters of the settlement for having defrauded them in misrepresenting the hopeless wilderness of Manhattan Island as a place possible of settlement for white men. Virginia colonists brought a like suit against the promoters of that settlement. It is inevitable that out of any expedition comprising hundreds of men some should be disgruntled. And it is a good excuse to "get" the enemies of black reaction.

Gomper's partner in labor-baiting, Ralph M. Easley, just at this moment appeals to the authorities to start an assault upon the "Friends of Soviet Russia," to try to wipe that organization out for daring to send clothing and food to Russian orphans.

It looks as though a big drive of reaction is being attempted.

Fathers and Sons

FIFTEEN years ago, the Sainted Theodore Roosevelt, to speak disrespectfully of whom would be treason, sent Admiral Chester to Turkey to look after the interests of American democracy. Today we find Kermit Roosevelt and two sons of Admiral Chester among the stockholders of a giant corporation holding a \$500,000,000 concession for the exploitation of the wealth of Turkey. The newspapers, without thought of scandal, say that this concession is the outgrowth of Admiral Chester's mission for President Roosevelt to Turkey.

Kemal Pasha's government, undoubtedly just as free from sordid considerations, felt that it would be better off with future American Admirals and American Presidents rumbolling into the Near East war crises, than with the matter left to the French and British speculators. The United States Army and Navy will be in the next Near East war.

The World War centered largely upon the German concession for the construction of a railroad, with perquisites, from Berlin to Bagdad,—which rights were begrudged the German capitalists by the British and French. Now the Chester concession includes the building of a railroad from Sivas to Samsun on the Black Sea, which conflicts with claims of French capitalists, and the building of another railroad from Harput, in Anatolia, through Mosul to Sulemania, with the right to exploit oil deposits and mines for twenty kilometers on each side of the line—straight through the heart of the territory for possession of which Winston Churchill spilt rivers of the blood of British Tommies. The United States Army and Navy will be in the next Near East war. What more stirring battle-cry can the Army have than "Hooray for the oil stock of the son of Theodore Roosevelt!" What more stirring battle-cry for the Navy than "Hooray for the forty-kilometer real estate of the sons of Admiral Chester!"

The Orphan

BUT some of the "reg'lar fellers" didn't have any papa in a position to fix them up with the life's ease to which all upper-class guys are entitled. William H. Taft was in danger of having to work. After being chased out of the Presidency where he had conducted an administration more reactionary than ever known before the lame-duck days of Harding, Taft was in the position of an orphan without any guarantee against having to work. But the sixty-four year old orphan found a father in the steel millionaire Andrew Carnegie, and was given a pension.

And so William H. Taft, the highest official in the United States Government, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, which can and does annul any law it pleases over the heads of Congress and President, is receiving ten thousand dollars a year as a gift from the estate of Andrew Carnegie. It is a pension for life, given by one of the biggest builders of steel monopoly to the judge who, of all judges known to history, has done most to give into the hands of the oligarchy of Steel the power to rule and crush the American laboring masses. Taft as a Federal judge was the father of the American injunction—he used to be known as "Injunction Bill." Taft as President of the United States managed to apply the anti-trust laws to the Steel Trust in such fashion that the said Trust became from that moment and remained for twenty years the most powerful monopoly on earth. Taft as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States is the highest official of the American Government. Taft's will is the chief factor in deciding all judicial questions between Capital and Labor. Taft is responsible for the famous Coronado decision which attempts to be the final death-warrant against organized labor, placed in the hands of Capital to use at will.

Taft receives \$10,000 a year from the income of the Steel Trust as a gift.

Taft is honest. We must respect the Supreme Court. It is our most sacred institution, higher than any other; it is the collective Monarch of the United States. If we said anything disrespectful about it, we would probably be destroyed.

But the American bourgeoisie will yet regret having let the source of that judge's income be known. The defrauded masses will get sick of swallowing tales of men too honest to be influenced by the money they take from the other side.

Blackshirt Supreme Court

THE Supreme Court did not find the Minimum Wage Law unconstitutional. Sensible people can't swallow that lie. Five members of that appointed-for-life body simply did not like the law and therefore repealed it. No act of Mussolini's was a more bare-faced usurpation. The Court of Corporation Pensioners decides at this moment to become openly the supreme legislative body of the United States. Just as the Klu Klux Klan placed itself as the supreme ruling power over the little town of Bastrop, La.

It is interesting to note that, just previous to this advance of the Supreme Blackshirts, two notorious corporation legal servants of the most reactionary type, Butler and Sutherland, are appointed to that body by Harding. Both of these new Mussolinis are of the majority of five that repealed the Minimum Wage law for no other reason than they didn't like it. The five monarchs even went so far as to cite the

women's right to vote as a reason why the Minimum Wage law should be junked, saying that no longer is there any inequality between men and women. They say that it is all right to pay women less than enough to live on, because who knows but they might have an income from some other source than the employer?

Even Taft had to blush and protest against this Black-shirt raid on governmental power. In dissenting from the majority decision Taft says, "it is not the function of this Court to hold Congressional acts invalid simply because they are passed to carry out economic views which the Court believes to be unwise or unsound." In other words, the court has, according to its own chief, been legislating its own political views into effect over those of Congress.

We now have a House of Representatives, a Senate, a President, and above all of these we have a "royal family" with the power to veto any act of Congress or President, and the power by pretense of "construction" to create any new law that any five of them may please to place over the lives of the American people. They can act with entire freedom from restriction of the Constitution, and there is no appeal from any decision they make. The hold office for life.

Honest Preachers

Little as the real world is concerned with tempests in the teapots of religion, by militant courage and honesty the Reverend Percy Stickney Grant has rocketed into the skies of fame. Grant started by refusing to swallow some of the most inane of the blather that is Episcopal Church dogma, and the Church of J. P. Morgan & Co., through its Archjanitor Manning, threatened but dared not act against its overdue Luther. Forty-eight of its forty-nine Articles of Faith would it surrender rather than fight.

But woe be unto the cashiers of God! For the Reverend Grant did not stop with the empty ritual that is mumbled from the book. Grant saw that the meanest of low lies was being circulated for the purpose of aiding a new attempt to smother the light out of the world—the lie that the newspapers were printing in a hectic, artificially stimulated propaganda campaign against the Russian Soviet Republic. With a hatred of a lie that might have done honor to the Workingman of Nazareth, Grant denounced the hypocrisy, declaring that the Prelate Butchkavitch was executed for a political crime and not because of religious views or practices.

And Grant didn't stop there. He has raised his voice again, and this time he has stepped on the tenderest corn on the foot of Mammon—he denounced the prosecution of William Z. Foster.

Morgan's religious bank is a strange place to find a champion of truth and justice, but there he is, and here's our hat off to his courage.

Three other New York ministers must be credited for their courage in denouncing the hypocrisy of the Press on the Butchkavitch question. They are John Haynes Holmes, John Howard Melish, and Norman Thomas.

Innocence Confesses

PITEOUS were the howls from the American press when Mrs. Marguerite E. Harrison was arrested in Moscow in 1920. A statement by the Soviet Government that Mrs.

Harrison was a spy was greeted with indignant denials. Just as the press today ignores the political charges against Butchkavitch, so it pictured Mrs. Harrison as an innocent lady-journalist flung into durance vile by barbarous Bolsheviks, trampling upon the freedom of the press and the honor of American womanhood.

And now what is the truth about Mrs. Harrison? We give it in her own words from a statement published in the "Editor and Publisher," April 14. Carrying credentials from the Baltimore Sun, the New York Evening Post and the Associated Press, Mrs. Harrison says that she entered Russia illegally in February, 1920, for the purpose of furnishing "confidential reports for the information of the American Military Intelligence." The evidence upon which she was arrested, she admits, "was of such a character as to furnish incontrovertible proof of my activities." Released on parole, she immediately proceeded to double-cross the Soviet authorities, "thus affording ample justification for my subsequent arrest in October, 1920, and for trial and condemnation to the death penalty had the Soviet Government seen fit to impose it."

Newspaper Integrity

THIS business of using newspaper credentials as a camouflage for spying has gained considerable notoriety lately. Another agent of the American Military Intelligence, Captain Estes, if we are not mistaken, entered Russia disguised as a movie camera man. Allen O. Meyers, a Burns emissary to Russia and the employer of the famous "Windy Lindy" of Wall Street Bomb fame, adopted a journalistic pose to conceal his under-cover activities. Then there is that star reporter of the New York *Herald*, of the Socialist *Call* and of the Jewish Daily *Forward*, the Jew-baiting McCullagh, recently ejected from Moscow. His editors boast now that he was an officer of the British Military Intelligence with Kolchak's army. Such is the degradation of the capitalist press, that its own miserable hirelings add secret snooping to public lying.

Anti-Red Hootch

IN its delirium tremens of anti-Bolshevism, the New York *Call's* foot slipped, and it lost its editor. David Karsner, biographer of Debs, is far from being a communist, but as editor of the *Call* he had an awkward time trying to swallow a new policy of aggressive communist-baiting which the governing board of the *Call* laid down for him to follow. Being ordered to emulate the example of Abraham Cahan of the Jewish Daily *Forward*, Karsner did so to the letter in publishing the writings of the British police agent, Francis McCullagh. The resulting deluge of protest from Socialist Party members who have not sunk to that depth, caused the *Call* board to take fright and to blame Karsner, who thereupon resigned. The *Call* office is full of confusion. Financial help from Abraham Cahan depends upon the paper's taking up a regular policy of aggressive warfare against all revolutionary elements in the trade unions against all communists and against Soviet Russia. But the "public" that crystallized in the past around the *Call* was gathered on the basis of the *Call's* old, easy-going policy of sentimental liberalism and pacifism, and this public was not ready for the change to the Fascist policy of Cahan.

The Kaiser's Mr. Burns

By Robert Minor

THIS story was to be told at a mass meeting in the City of Washington on the evening of April the 8th. It had been announced that the occasion would be used for a revelation of facts showing that the William J. Burns detective agency had organized an espionage service in the United States for the benefit of the German Imperial Government.

Shortly after this announcement the owners of the hall, under some unexplained influence, withdrew the hall from use, and the meeting had to be cancelled. On the scheduled night a body of Department of Justice agents under Burns' official control, appeared at the hall and arrested seventeen men who came to attend the meeting unaware that it had been cancelled. The Washington office of the Labor Defense Council, under whose auspices the gathering was to be held, was simultaneously raided and its secretary arrested. In this article I give the facts which I intended to reveal at the meeting which Burns suppressed.

Practically every essential point in the following account is taken from testimony given under oath by detectives who at the time of the acts were employed in the acts by the Burns agency. A great deal of this testimony has been contradicted by other Burns detectives, equally under oath, and therefore the question may be raised, which set of Burns' men was lying. But the testimony which I quote here can be disbelieved only on the theory that Mr. Burns has the habit of accumulating on his staff a most extraordinary lot of perjurers. I tell the story with the stipulation that those portions which are supported only by the oaths of Burns detectives are to be taken only with such credence as one is ready to give the picked confidential agents of Mr. Burns.

The substance is that the William J. Burns International Detective Agency organized an espionage service in the United States for the German Imperial Government during the World War. This spy service was organized previously to the entry of the United States into the war; and it was used by Burns' agency in co-operation with the German Government spies to supply the German Government with false evidence to be used by Count Bernstorff against the United States Government, to show that American neutrality was being violated in favor of Great Britain.

The Burns agency placed "guards" in American munition plants who delivered reports on the production of war materials, and Burns' agency in turn reported to agents of the German government.

Burns' agents further provided means of fraudulently obtaining United States Army uniforms to be used by them for obtaining information for the benefit of the German Government.

The Burns agency and William J. Burns individually, attempted to get his London manager to smuggle a German agent under a false passport into England during the war, and the London manager, becoming frightened lest he be shot as a spy, resigned from the Burns agency.

IN the beginning of 1915 had begun the period of submarine warfare which was soon to culminate in the sinking of the Lusitania. Von Bernstorff in Washington was using every possible means to arouse enmity between the Allies and the United States, and to arouse public belief that the American Government was unfairly favoring the Allied cause, for which American manufacturers were supplying huge quantities of munitions.

To ferret out all possible secrets of munitions-manufacture in the United States, and at the same time to keep the American people's faith in the German Government while the ships carrying the munitions were torpedoed, were the two imperative tasks that von Bernstorff had to accomplish. The William J. Burns International Detective Agency hired itself out for both of these jobs, if we are to believe Burns' ex-employees.

The job of supplying von Bernstorff with material for diplomatic use against the United States Government was what is known as a "frame-up" job. The work required as its first step the tricking of tug-boat captains into signing false affidavits to the effect that they had carried supplies to the British warships out of New York harbor. The trick was played in this way: the tug-boat captains were offered contracts at \$140 a month, but were obliged, in order to get the money, to sign a long contract form in which was a peculiar "previous experience" clause which specified that the applicant had previously carried supplies to the British warships outside New York harbor.

Through a man calling himself "Captain Wilson," Burns' staff succeeded in hiring "for the British Government" five tug-boat captains, five engineers, five cooks and five tug-boat crews.

One set of Burns' men was to induce these men to load their boats, in the belief that they had been hired by British officers, and to set out to sea toward the British fleet. Then another set of Burns' men would "catch" them in the act, and would be able to show *sworn statements* signed by these men to prove that they had previously done the same thing. It is the most classic example of the "frame-up" as now known to be the practice of the Burns agency. But it was not publicly known at the time that the job was done by Burns.

BUT to go back to the story as it developed. One day in March, 1915, a tug-boat captain strayed into the Neutrality Bureau and carelessly exhibited what purported to be a contract. Secret Service agents got it out of his possession, made a copy of it and returned it before the captain missed it. In studying this strange "contract," the officials were puzzled to see that it did not require the employer to do anything. Most remarkable of all was the fact that a part of the document was *sworn* in affidavit form. This part of the "contract" read:

"....., being duly sworn, deposes and says: I am a licensed pilot and captain, and while on the boat Peerless, in the month of February,

1915, I delivered supplies to the British cruiser Essex and a converted merchant ship carrying guns and flying the British flag several miles off Sandy Hook. I am willing to make similar deliveries for \$140 a month in advance."

At first the U. S. authorities thought they had uncovered a real British plot to break neutrality laws. Shortly after this a proprietor of steam lighters reported to the neutrality bureau that someone had offered to hire some of his boats to carry provisions to the British war fleet. As a result of this report a United States secret service agent (I think his name was Burke or Rourke) trailed a suspect into the Great Eastern Hotel near the Battery in New York, and there discovered the Burns nest of spies.

There it was discovered that Burns' agents had rented a whole floor of the hotel from which the spy system was operating. The place was conducted by Paul Koenig, secret service agent for the German Government, together with "Pop" Gager, a Burns detective (who impersonated a British colonel while serving the German government) and Gaston B. Means the superintendent of the William J. Burns International Detective Agency. Means was impersonating a wealthy American, supposed to come from a Western state. Another Burns "under-cover man" named Hurst was impersonating a prominent attorney of the West.

Gaston B. Means, superintendent of the Burns agency, becoming suspicious that the "underground" nest in the Great Eastern Hotel had been discovered by Government agents, went to some of the United States authorities and attempted to feel them out with cautious questions. Getting no information out of the officials, Means tried to win their confidence with a fantastic and entirely fictitious story about "a rich Canadian" who wanted to blow up the German ship "Vaterland" in New York harbor. Means said that the only way he could persuade the Canadian not to commit the deed of violence was to prove to the Canadian that his own nation, the British, was violating the United States neutrality laws. So he asked the United States authorities to give him information of British violations of neutrality so that he could persuade the rich Canadian to "lay off" of his plan to blow up the "Vaterland" in New York harbor.

Means refused to tell the authorities the name of the "rich Canadian." Of course the tale was so idiotic that the United States officials rejected it with contempt.

Very soon the United States authorities discovered that their operatives were being shadowed by Burns' operatives. They immediately threw another line of "shadow" men to watch Burns' operatives who were shadowing the first corps of Government men engaged in watching the Burns "underground." So there were four lines of detectives, each watching the other.

Finding themselves completely enmeshed in the line of Government operatives, the Burns men suddenly closed their rooms in the hotel and disappeared.

The conspiracy was traced by the newspapers as far as Gaston B. Means. But Means succeeded in passing himself off as "representative of a peace society" (unnamed) and in obscuring the fact that he was General Superintendent of the William J. Burns International Detective Agency. In the press, only the vaguest mention of the name of Burns was made, and the connection was not exposed.

On April 12, the New York Times quoted the Providence



"And I always believed in Sherlock Holmes."

Journal as saying that the German Embassy in Washington was spending millions of dollars for the purpose, among others, of accomplishing:

"The direct creation of conditions and the manufacture of evidence tending to show that the Allies are breaking neutrality laws, and the subsequent 'discovery' of this evidence by the very men who have manufactured it."

Referring to the affair which we know to have been cooked up by the Burns agency, the Providence Journal says:

"The whole plot was conceived in the German Embassy at Washington and was carried out, as far as it went, by directors of a steamship company in New York, who, in behalf of the German Government, paid every dollar of the expense incurred in preparing all the elaborate background for the falsehood."

The Providence Journal says further, "...the German Embassy plot in connection with the creation of evidence of violations was designed, first, to get Captains of tug-boats, in their greed for easy money, to swear that they had already made many deliveries of goods to British vessels and were familiar with the work, and second, to get them to load up with provisions, start them off down the bay, in the belief that they were dealing with British agents, and then catch them in the act.

"When all arrangements were completed, and plans even made by which the steamship people should execute bonds to reimburse the Captains in case their tugs were caught and condemned and their licenses forfeited, the whole deal was called off by the German Embassy."

Burns' superintendent, with a lordly gall, tried to get out of the trap by saying, "We were interested only in insuring that the United States laws were enforced." But, before being caught, he had not informed the United States authorities as to what he was doing. On the contrary, he had put detectives whose reports were going to the German Government, on the trail of the United States secret service operatives.

When finally faced with the threat of exposure, both

Gaston B. Means and Raymond Burns, son of William J., admitted that the fantastic tale of the "rich Canadian" was a pure lie and that they had been hired for the job by the Hamburg-American Steamship Company whose ships were a part of the German war fleet and who operated, as is well known, for the German Government. Paul Koenig was interned at Atlanta, Georgia. Koenig told the United States authorities that the affidavits were to be supplied to Count von Bernsdorff, the German ambassador, for use against the United States Government in a charge of violating international law against Germany.

The question before the United States authorities was, what to do about it. The United States was certain, sooner or later, to enter the war, and it was known that the German government had an elaborate spy system in the United States. Would it be better to attack the Burns agents openly, thus giving them the rights of defendants including the right to refuse to "talk," or would it be better to compel Burns' men to reveal what they knew about the German spy system? The United States Government pursued the latter course. The discoveries in connection with Burns' spy nest in the Great Eastern Hotel were used as a club over Burns' head to compel the Burns men to help "turn up" Burns' clients.

Because it was considered better for the United States Government's interests quietly to keep track of the known organization built up by Burns than to break this up and have a new and unknown organization built up to replace it in the service of the German Government, Burns' services to the German Kaiser remained buried as a secret in Government archives from 1915 until June, 1917, when the facts were partially brought out in an official investigation in New York.

The investigation grew out of an application by Edward W. Edwards of the Allied Printing Trades Council to have Burns' state license revoked after Burns had been convicted in General Sessions of unlawfully breaking into the offices of Seymour & Seymour, lawyers, and taking one or more letters and private papers belonging to the firm. As far as my searches reveal, the investigation received the contemptuous disregard that is usually received by an investigation based on complaints originating in labor sources. The investigation was dragged out interminably, postponed and interrupted repeatedly, and as far as I can learn, almost entirely ignored by the Press. It was conducted before Deputy State Comptroller William Boardman, at 233 Broadway, New York.

In this investigation, Gaston B. Means had to admit that he had conducted the operations in the Great Eastern Hotel as an employee of the Burns agency, but strove hard to conceal that he was Burns' General Superintendent. He was induced to give a sample of his handwriting in the words, "G. B. Means General Supt. William J. Burns Detective Agency," and then confronted with a photograph of exactly the same signature with the same title. Means at first swore that he "didn't remember" whether he had ever been Burns' superintendent, but finally admitted that that was his signature.

The efforts to show a direct connection between the Burns spy staff and the German Government are illuminated by a look at the examination of the former Burns superintendent. Attorney Meier Steinbrink asked Means:

Q. Are you acquainted with Captain Boy-Ed?

A. The German Attache, yes, I knew him.

Q. Where did you meet him?

A. I met him and talked to him at different times before the war and after the war.

Q. Mr. Means, if I may suggest, if you will listen to my question. Try and answer the question. My question was where did you meet him?

A. I think I met him in Washington first.

Q. By introduction? A. Yes.

Q. Who introduced you? A. A young lady.

The former Burns superintendent testified further that the young lady who introduced him to the German spy was not connected with the Burns agency and that he did not meet the spy, Boy-Ed, in the Burns offices at any time, nor at the Great Eastern Hotel.

The efforts of the examiners to get Means to admit that he had visited the offices of the Hamburg-American Line, and his final admission that he delivered the Burns reports to an unknown man in a room in the same building, are shown in Means' testimony:

Q. When in New York do you visit the Hamburg-American offices at all?

A. Not the offices. I visit that building.

Q. Have you any offices there of your own?

A. No. I visit the Greek Letter Fraternity League.

Q. And has that office ever been used by you as a meeting place with any officials of the Hamburg-American Line?

A. No.

Q. Have you ever gone into the Hamburg-American offices from the early Fall of 1914 up until, well, up until the present time? I mean the Hamburg-American offices at 45 Broadway?

A. You mean the individual offices?

Q. Individual offices? A. No.

Q. Never? A. No.

After a long course of questioning and admissions of the witness that his business in the Hamburg-American building had not been solely with the "Greek Letter Fraternity League," and that he had visited two men of the Hamburg-American Line whom he named, Means was asked:

Q. Anybody else?

A. Yes. Another office there.

Q. Who?

Thereupon Means turned to the Comptroller and said:

"Mr. Comptroller, I have never, I have always made it a point never to name a client or a man for whom I was doing any work, or assumed that I was doing work, not that there is any mystery about it, but I feel morally obligated in breaking the confidence. There is no mystery about it."

The Comptroller said, "If there is no mystery, tell us about it." There followed a long wrangle between the attorneys, Mr. Steinbrink saying that a suggestion had been made that the facts should not be disclosed because Burns had been working for the United States Government, whereas the truth was that Burns had been working for the German interests and the Hamburg-American Line. Burns' attorney said that Burns had never claimed to have been working for the United States Government, and that there was a discrepancy of a year. The Comptroller directed the witness to answer the question.

The witness: May I tell you and Mr. Steinbrink confidentially what I went there for?

The lawyers, the witness and the Comptroller left the room for a while and then returned.

The witness: I want to make another point clear, that this office that I went in was not in the Hamburg-American office at all.

Q. It was in the building?

A. Yes.

The Comptroller: Go right ahead and answer Mr. Steinbrink, and anything that is violating any secrecy the representative of the press will leave out.

Witness (continuing): I talked to what I assumed to be—this is confidential—what I assumed to be an officer of the Hamburg-American Line.

The witness was asked about this man whom he assumed to be an officer of the Hamburg-American Line:

Q. Do you recall his name? A. No.

Q. Would you remember it if you heard it?

A. No, I would not because I did not ask his name, but I knew he was connected.

Q. If you don't know his name, if you would not remember this name if I mentioned it to you, how do you know he was connected with the Hamburg-American Line and was an officer?

A. Because I was directed to go by Mr. Paul Koenig to a certain office in that building. I could tell from his conversation.

Q. Were you taking all your orders from Mr. Paul Koenig in this matter? A. No.

Q. From whom were you taking orders?

A. From William J. Burns.

Paul Koenig, referred to here, was the chief of the German Imperial Government's espionage agents in the United States, second only to Captain Franz von Papen. Photographic facsimiles of cancelled checks and check-stubs taken from von Papen's possession (which can be exhibited if my statement is challenged) show the following payments made by the Kaiser's chief of spies to his sub-chief, Koenig, with notations on the stubs to show what the money was for:

Check No. 111, March 29, 1915, to Paul Koenig, \$509.00. Notation on check-book stub: "Secret Service bill."

Check dated April 18, 1915, to Paul Koenig, \$90.94. Notation on check-book stub: "Secret Service bill."

Other checks are: May 11, 1915, to Paul Koenig, "Secret Service," \$66.71. July 16, 1915, to Paul Koenig, "Compensation for F. J. Busse," \$150.00. August 4, 1915, to Paul Koenig, "5 bills secret service," \$118.92. Check No. 167, August 26, 1915, to Paul Koenig, "various cases in secret service," \$247.24.

Of all the above checks photographic facsimiles can be exhibited. Of the following only the check-book stubs are available: October 11, 1915, to Paul Koenig, "Secret Service September," \$186.47. November 29, 1915, to Paul Koenig, "Re'zl. Schumann," \$77.24.

Another check to G. Amsinck & Co. for \$700, is distinguished by the fact that the corresponding stub in von Papen's checkbook is marked "fuer Horn." It is dated January 18, 1915. On February 2, occurred the attempt to dynamite the Vanceboro bridge, for which Werner Horne, a German officer working under von Papen, was arrested.

All of these checks were drawn on the Riggs National Bank of Washington, D. C. The deposits have been traced and it is established that every deposit to this account of

von Papen's was made by Count von Bernstorff personally, except some made by another member of the German Embassy.

The following testimony was given under oath by detective Harry J. Connor, former member of the staff of the William J. Burns International Detective Agency in the same proceedings on June 25, 1917.

Burns' attorney, Hedges, asked the witness:

Q. Don't you know that any inquiry at the time it was made as to whether British boats were being provisioned was a perfectly proper inquiry, this being a neutral country?

A. That may have been a perfectly proper inquiry, but it was a representative of the German Government—

Q. Supposing the Kaiser had employed a man to inquire whether the Americans were obeying the law?

A. It was not done in the interest of the United States. It was done in the interest of the German Government.

Q. Supposing it went right to the German Government, was that proper?

A. I think it is improper.

Q. Why?

A. Violating the neutrality laws.

Q. Provisioning this vessel? A. Yes.

Q. Wasn't that what Burns was hired to find out?

A. Yes, but they knew very well in the very beginning that they weren't being provisioned.

Q. Who knew it?

A. The men assigned to the case.

Q. What men? A. Gager.

Q. He knew they weren't being provisioned?

A. Certainly.

Q. How did he know it?

A. Well, from his own conversation he knew.

Q. As near as I can make out your habit of mind is that you credit a fact by something someone told you.

A. I don't know that I would have reason to believe otherwise.

Q. You believed that this Government was obeying the neutrality laws? A. Yes...

Q. And Burns was hired by someone to find out if the law was being violated? A. He was.

Q. Therefore, he was hired by somebody, say the Kaiser, to find out if the citizens were violating the neutrality?

A. Our information is that he was hired to create German sympathy in the United States.

Q. That Burns was hired to create German sympathy?

A. By coming out in the press and saying that British warships were being supplied with foodstuffs.

Connor testified that another Burns detective named Boisonoy, with the connivance of Paul Koenig, placed a "detectaphone" in Koenig's room in the Great Eastern Hotel, Burns' "undercover" headquarters in New York. This testimony reads in part:

A. ...Gager was working under the direction of Gaston Means. Means was Burns' operative.

Q. Was he (Gager) also known as "Colonel?"

A. Yes, he represented himself as a British, a colonel of the British Army.

Q. Frank Gager is the man you referred to?

A. Yes, known as "Pop Gager."

Q. Just what work was being done there? Please tell the whole story.

A. Gager was assigned to get affidavits from the tug-boat captains stating that they were supplying the British warships with foodstuffs and the like. He secured a number of affidavits which were false from his own lips. They installed a detectaphone. He enticed this tug-boat captain to his room at the Great Eastern Hotel and had Paul Koenig and the stenographer, whose name I just forget, take this conversation between Gager and the tug-boat captain. Koenig employed Gaston Boisonoy and the stenographer himself. Gager's duty was to get these affidavits and try to discredit the British Government.

Q. In other words, it was work which in effect and in its result, was work as against the British Government or the Allied cause?

A. That is correct.

Q. Now this took place, did it, at about the time that the statement appeared in the public press in connection with the wire-tapping cases, that the revelation of that would hurt the government of the United States, since it was work that was being done by the Burns agency for the Federal Government, is that correct?

A. That is correct.

Q. As a matter of fact at that very time the Burns agency was engaged in work for the Hamburg Line and against the British Government, is that correct?

A. That is correct.

Q. Now, do you know the method that was pursued of inducing this captain to take provisions out to the vessels in the harbor? (Meaning to the British warships.)

A. *They were paid so much money for their affidavit, the amount I don't know.*

Q. So that with reference to the work, and especially as against this tug-boat captain, it was what is known in your profession and vernacular as a "frame-up?"

A. Frame-up.

False Passport

IN the same investigation Norman T. Bailey, who had been London manager for the Burns detective agency, testified on July 12, 1917, in part as follows:

A. I conferred with Mr. Burns in his office in the Woolworth Building the first time I came over and we discussed the matters, and as I was leaving the office, Mr. Burns called me back, and he said, "When are you going back, Bailey?" "Well," I said, "now," I said, "I want to get back on Saturday, but I may not be able to go back until the following Saturday." He says, "We are trying hard to get a German over the other side and we are having considerable difficulty in getting a passport." He says, "You see Smith, the assistant manager, and he will tell you all about it." I saw Smith.

Q. Who was Smith?

A. Irving Smith. He is a detective in New York City.

Q. And Smith at that time was what in Burns' office?

A. He was an assistant manager.

Q. And Mr. Burns referred you to him and told you that he would tell you all about it?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did you see him, following Mr. Burns' instructions?

A. Yes sir. Mr. Smith told me that he was trying to get a fictitious passport to get a German over on the other side, and they thought I could possibly take this man over with me, that I would sort of allay suspicion and I could get him

through without any trouble. I had this conversation with Mr. Burns. Mr. Burns also asked me the same question, if this man could go back with me that it would sort of allay suspicion in getting him through into England.

Q. Was your business in New York terminated before the fictitious passport was obtained?

A. Yes sir.

Q. Did you return to England?

A. Yes sir.

Q. Did you subsequently learn through the press some months later the occurrence in connection with the name of Captain Boy-Ed?

A. I read an account in the paper where some man had been persuaded by his fiancee to make a confession to the United States Government that he had been mixed up in getting fictitious passports to get Germans into England. This was in all the London papers, and it started me thinking, and I figured out as a British subject what sort of a chance I would have stood if I had taken this man over. They would have stood me up against the wall of the Tower and I would have gone just the same as those other—

Q. And what did you thereupon do?

A. I made up my mind to leave the Burns agency.

Q. Did you leave it?

A. Yes sir.

Places Agents in American Munition Plants

DETECTIVE Connor testified further that a certain Thomas O'Brien, formerly employed as a strike-breaker became an agent for Burns in several American munition plants, under Connor's direction. Connor was asked in regard to O'Brien:

Q. What work did you assign him to do in Bridgeport?

A. Night inspector at the U. M. C.

Q. That is the Union Metallic Cartridge Company?

A. Yes.

Q. And at that time you and he were working for the Burns agency?

A. Yes sir, and working hard for them.

At this point attorney Hedges for Burns interjected:

Q. To your entire satisfaction?

A. To Mr. Burns' satisfaction.

The examination proceeded:

Q. Did you ever talk it over with Burns?

A. I did.

The witness Connor said that Burns' undercover man O'Brien was transferred into the plant of the Crucible Steel Company at Harrison, N. J. O'Brien, from his post in that munitions plant, supplied information to the Burns agency which in turn was furnishing information to the German agent.

Q. Was O'Brien subsequently transferred from Bridgeport to some other work?

A. He was. O'Brien worked hard at Bridgeport and was taken out of there for no reason, just because the man up there didn't like him.

Q. Where was he transferred?

A. To the Bliss plant.

Q. Munition plant?

A. Yes sir. He worked there for several weeks and he was sent to the Crucible Steel, Harrison, New Jersey.

Obtaining U. S. Army Uniforms

Q. Did you hear Garvan, one of the managers of the Burns office, give O'Brien any instruction with reference to his clothing, whether he was to wear a uniform or not?

A. No. I understand that the officials of the Crucible Steel—

(After interruption by attorneys, the witness continues.)

A. O'Brien informed me that the men at Harrison were going to be uniformed. O'Brien informed me one of the boys, meaning one of the guards over there, told them that they could buy army uniforms for six dollars. O'Brien in turn took it up with Mr. Garvan (Burns manager) and Mr. Cosgrove.

Q. Who is he?

A. I don't know what his title is. He is one of the Burns men in the office.

Q. You had seen Cosgrove there often?

A. Know him personally. He was sent down to Fort Hamilton where he saw a quartermaster sergeant whose name began with the letter "N". O'Brien himself went down and bought those uniforms.

Q. Who sent him?

A. William Garvan.

Q. The manager of the New York office?

A. Yes sir.

Q. (By Comptroller) O'Brien told you that he sent him down?

A. O'Brien told me.

(During interchanges between attorneys the witness is asked, "Where is O'Brien now?" and replies "I guess he is employed by William J. Burns." After further dispute of attorneys, the examination proceeds.)

Q. At the time that O'Brien is supposed or alleged to have made a purchase of uniforms was he in Burns' employ?

A. He was.

Q. Now, from whom did you learn the alleged facts concerning the purchase of those uniforms?

(Burns' attorney, Hedges: "I object.")

Q. From whom did you learn the alleged facts concerning the purchase of uniforms?

(Mr. Hedges: "I object to that as incompetent, immaterial and irrelevant and having no bearing on these charges in any way, shape or manner.")

(The Comptroller: "Can't we have O'Brien here?")

(Mr. Steinbrink: "I would be delighted if Mr. Burns will produce him.")

(Mr. Hedges: We will produce every man whose name is mentioned here that we can find on earth.")

The Comptroller: "I think O'Brien will be the best, if we can have O'Brien.

Mr. Hedges: "On this matter they are trying to prove an employment on two sides because somebody bought a uniform, because he heard somebody else say he did."

Mr. Steinbrink: "At that time the statement appeared generally. The proof is that at the very time the Burns Agency was in the lime light on the theory that they were

aiding Governmental work on that thing, and these disclosures would hurt the Government, they were on the other side purchasing through subterranean channels from Army officers Government uniforms."

(The question, from whom he had learned the alleged facts concerning the purchase of uniforms, is read to the witness, who replies:)

A. Thomas O'Brien.

The witness further testified that he had later seen several of the Burns men whom he knew, and who had been placed by the Burns detective agency in a munition plant at Providence, wearing United States Army uniforms. According to this witness, a Mr. and Mrs. Sloan subsequently communicated some of this information to Superintendent Baker of the U. S. Secret Service, and that an effort was made to find O'Brien, who could be traced no further than some of the Burns operatives.

The New York Tribune, September 18, 1917, says:

"COMPLETE reports of thirty-eight manufacturing plants turning out munitions were found yesterday among the papers of Gaston B. Means, business advisor of Mrs. Maude A. King, whose death is the subject of a grand jury investigation which got under way here yesterday, and a second coroner's inquest in North Carolina, which starts next week.

"Disclosures in Means' papers of his connection with German propaganda in this country, and his intimate connection with Captain Boy-Ed and other German agents sent out of the United States for unneutral conduct, are substantiated by the finding of the batch of reports.

"Assistant District Attorney John T. Dooling, who is in charge of the King case investigation here, said:

"The reports were evidently made to Means. They furnish in typewritten and tabulated form complete data as to the output, in product and quantity, of each of the plants under surveillance. I know that many of the plants manufactured munitions of war, and possibly all did some work in relation to military affairs.

"These complete reports, in some cases indicating that intimate knowledge of the plants had to be obtained, I consider of great value to the Federal authorities, to whom they will be turned over at once.

"In connection with German propaganda, Means seems to have been doing business with a man by the name of von Hoffman in 1915, in affairs not favorable to the Allies," said Mr. Dooling. "I have also found among his effects, seized in his apartment at 1155 Park Avenue, a letter to him, signed, "Papen," which bears no date."

"Captain von Papen was the military attache of the German Embassy, dismissed at the same time as Boy-Ed, for his propaganda work. Means had boasted at various times, according to testimony in the hands of Mr. Dooling, that he had received sums as high as \$100,000 and \$200,000 within a year for services rendered the German Government."

It is only fair to say that Means was acquitted of the murder of Mrs. Maud A. King. We are interested in the murder trial, which occurred a few months later than the events here recited, only insofar as it served to throw light on the subject of this story. The New York Times of December 7, 1917, said: "Answering a question, Means said he was acquainted with Captain Boy-Ed, the German Naval

Attaché, and had done some work in which the latter was interested..." Another issue of the Times said that William J. Burns came to the North Carolina town where Means was being tried, consulted with Means and then hurried to Chicago.

The New York Morning *Telegraph* reported on Saturday, June 30, 1917, that the former Burns detective Connor testified that:

"One night another operator, Monroe, who was also employed by the U. M. C. Company in the auditors department, came out and informed another operator and myself that he had been working late and that he had to take some confidential papers he had taken down to New York and have them copied." Detective Monroe was put on the stand in behalf of Burns and denied that he had told Connor this. C. L. Reiersen, vice-president of the Remington Arms Co.—U. M. C. Co., denied that any papers were missed from his plant.

The writer makes no claim that Burns maintained his spy system for the German government after the United States entered the war. Burns was caught at the job and had to quit before the United States Government declared war. Those who think the Kaiser's government was a perfectly honorable client for an American detective agency; who approve of the "frame-up" system of supplying false evidence; who think the use of perjured affidavits a legitimate procedure of warfare and that the Kaiser's cause was sufficiently righteous to justify an American detective agency to assist in this way the Kaiser's government for pay; who think there was nothing inherently dishonorable in having dealings with the Kaiser's spy system in America before the United States entered the war, may find some excuse for Burns in the fact that he quit before the Senate declared war. The quitting was done under compulsion, as I have described.

The later confessions of Burns' confidential operatives go to show that only in the size of the job was this work for the Kaiser different from the regular business of Burns. It was probably the biggest job that Burns had ever had up to that time. Since then, clothed by Harding with Government authority, Burns has had the job of "framing up" the railroad unions with "seventeen thousand affidavits of crime," to assist Daugherty in obtaining the infamous railroad injunction.

And now, biggest of all in political significance, Burns has the job of convicting men for "unlawful assemblage" in the State of Michigan. In this case no overt act is charged—nothing but speech and assemblage. I contrast this "speech and assemblage" of Burns' victims with Burns' own overt acts for the German Kaiser.

Is there any wonder that Burns suppressed the meeting at which this story was to be told?

Pyrotechnics

MIX prudence with my ashes;
Write caution on my urn;
While life foams and flashes
Burn, bridges, burn!

Louise Bogan.

Cock A Doodle Do!!!

COME then brother loafer poet,
I would have you be a red cock in the grey dawn,
Crowing on the good burgher's backfence
Till you wake the heaviest sleepers,—
Crowing, damn your silly soul, crowing.

Cock a doodle doo!
Hail the revolution!

Now who ever heard a red cock lament
The waning of the pale, insipid moon?
Or who ever saw a proud chanticleer
Tremble lest he stir the snoring swine?

Cock a doodle doo! he crows.
Hail the revolution!

See here, Mister Rooster, I said to him
The other morning in a huff,
Do you think you're one of the seraphim?
Come down off your perch. I call your bluff.

Cock a doodle doo! he cried.
Hail the revolution!

No other word he spoke, but turned
Majestically to the east,
Where the great sun was lifting one flaming shoulder
Above the rim of the stalwart hills.

The shadows fled, the heavens trembled,
The young morn put the dead stars to rout,
And the red cock baring his breast to the wind,
Broke into a joyous shout.

Cock a doodle doo! he crowed.
Hail the revolution!

Edwin Seaver.

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Absolute Zero

By Howard Brubaker

THERE is news from Washington that absolute zero has been approached in Federal tests. You will be surprised to learn that this refers to some scientific matter and not to the Hughes foreign policy.

HAYNES deploras widespread violation of the prohibition law by "high, influential and respectable men." He might publish a list, "Who's Hootch in America."

ENGLISHMEN are relieved over the approaching end of the steeplechase season, but we shall all miss the Prince of Wales's daily fall from his horse.

WHEN Harding leaves the White House he is going to his childhood home "to become a gentleman farmer and spend much of his time writing." The best thing a gentleman farmer writes is a check.

THUS the New York *Times* headlines: "Police Comb City in Fight to Sweep Back Crime Wave." Anybody who has ever tried to sweep back a wave with a comb will sympathize with the cops.

ADMIRAL Sims says that those terrible U-boat atrocities were propaganda and that the Germans were really quite decent about saving lives. We must be economical with our myths from now on; the supply is getting low.

NICHOLAS Murray Butler won't discipline a fascist professor because he refuses to interfere with a teacher's private or political opinions. Well, Academic Freedom has a charming new friend.

BETWEEN radicals and open shoplifters, Samuel Gompers day by day is getting madder and madder. It's about time we had a minimum rage law.

ADARWIN exponent at Kentucky Wesleyan College has agreed not to mention the subject until his departure at the end of the college year. After all these years a few more defenseless weeks won't hurt evolution much.

THIS little Piggly Wiggly went to the stock market but the next one, according to reliable reports, will stay at home.

PERSHING complains of the poor literary style of army officers. It's a short downward step from murdering the king's enemies to murdering the king's English.

THE President cannot understand why his proposed speaking tour should be regarded as playing politics. All who heard him speak will vote for acquittal.

ONE more illustration of the power of the press. The Germans can print money faster than the French can confiscate it.

ADRENALIN restores life to dead babies—

RESPECTFULLY referred to Lord Robert Cecil.

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

Of The Liberator, published monthly, at New York, N. Y., for April, 1, 1923.

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

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

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

Publisher, The Liberator Publishing Co., Inc. 799 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Editor, Robert Minor, Room 405, 799 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Managing Editor, Jos. Freeman, Room 405, 799 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Business Manager, Elmer T. Allison, Room 405, 799 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

ELMER T. ALLISON,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of March 1923.
(Seal)

CAROL WEISS KING.

(My commissior expires March 30, 1924.)

Michigan in the Muck

By Eugene V. Debs

THE state of Michigan, by the grace of the dollar-a-year patrioteers and their official hirelings and stoolpigeons, presents just now a sorry spectacle to the nation. The Wolverine State in which the then undesirable Republican party was born as a protest against slavery and gag rule, has been made, by the profit-mongers who now hold sway there, to repudiate and condemn its own honorable traditions, and to disgrace itself with a law the sole purpose of which is to strangle free speech and free assemblage, and re-establish slavery in an even more outrageous form than that against which the pioneers revolted three quarters of a century ago.

Michigan is in the filthy mire of capitalist politics in which all vital issues are determined by corrupt politicians, agents of the exploiting masters whose sole business it is to rob the workers and loot the nation.

It is not William Z. Foster, Charles E. Ruthenberg, Rose Pastor Stokes and other communists who are on trial today in Michigan, but it is the state of Michigan itself that is in the dock and on trial before the nation and the world.

If the idiotic and criminal "criminal-syndicalist" law enacted by political crooks to seal the lips of industrial slaves is allowed to prevail then the state of Michigan ought to be fenced off as a peonage plantation, and decent, self-respecting people warned to keep away under penalty of being gagged and locked up.

The people of Michigan, if susceptible to state pride, are certainly entitled to congratulate themselves upon the trial staged for them by their Main Street morons which makes of the state the laughing stock of the whole country.

Of course it never occurs to the political morons that a rotten legislature consisting of corporation tools has a thousand times more to do with disturbing the peace of the state and overthrowing the government of the nation than such a meeting as that of the communists at Bridgeman which has thrown the dollar-a-year patriots and their one hundred per cent political mercenaries into a fit of violent hysteria.

As to the actual issue involved, the communists had as good a right to hold a convention in the state of Michigan and to discuss their affairs and formulate their program, any kind of a program that stopped short of the actual commission of crime penalized under the law, as the graft-infested Republican and Democratic parties have to hold such a convention. In the one case, whether they are right or wrong, the attending delegates were seeking to correct the abuses from which the people suffer while in the other the deliberate purpose is to keep the people in subjection.

The naked proposition in Michigan is a very simple one. Have men the right to an opinion of their own and the right to meet in public and discuss it? That is all there is to the question. The issue is clear-cut, complete, and simply stated. There is nothing beyond it in the Michigan case. The reams of "testimony" that have flooded the trial are camouflage; pure bunk, and nothing else.

The actual purpose of this vicious and cowardly attack stands out in bold relief to all but the stone-blind. It is not

the communists alone who are to be strangled, but it is the entire labor movement, industrial and political, that is to be throttled the instant it becomes clarified and militant enough to be regarded as a menace to the Robbers' Roost in Wall street and their subsidiaries in the several states of the union.

And the most disgraceful part of all in this foul assault upon the Constitution and upon the elemental rights of citizenship it solemnly guarantees, is that taken by the federal government itself in raping the fundamental law under which it has its own existence. Not in all the centuries the czars held barbaric sway in Russia was there a lower, meaner, more disgraceful and contemptible role enacted than that the so-called Department of Justice in employing the foulest degenerates to set traps for men too rigidly honest and true to be bribed or bullied, that they might be branded with crime and ignominiously consigned to the pestilential black holes Uncle Sam maintains for the peculiar type of "criminal-syndicalists".

It is entirely consistent that such a putrid government should have Harry Daugherty as the head of its Department of "Justice" and William Howard Taft, the father of the anti-Labor injunction in the United States, as the Chief "Justice" of its Supreme Court.

It is likewise entirely and Christianly consistent that such a plutocratic, graft-infested government should be the only one on the face of the earth to condemn men to life sentences in its hell-holes for simply expressing aversion to human slaughter; the only government to murder a great soul by slow torture as it did Magon for the crime of being a civilized human being, and as it is now doing Tom Mooney for the same reason, though the whole world knows him to be absolutely innocent of the crime with which the marauding malefactors in California charged him, to conceal their own infamy and crime.

The duty of the American working class and indeed of all American people who love liberty and abhor despotism is as clear as the issue itself in the Michigan situation.

If we have intelligence enough to understand the vital issue at stake and courage enough to do our duty we will back up our comrades on trial in Michigan to the very last. We are on trial with them and in defending them against this atrocious attack we are simply defending ourselves and our own families and firesides.

American plutocracy must be boldly challenged and fearlessly met in this atrocious attempt to destroy the last vestige of American liberty by gagging the lips and crushing the manhood and womanhood of the American people.

Let us all to the rescue with loyal hearts, willing hands and open purses, standing solidly behind our persecuted comrades in the true spirit of solidarity until this dastardly attack upon our cause, the cause of free speech, the cause of humanity, has been repelled and the rights of citizenship under the constitution completely vindicated!

Supersalesman for the Supernatural

By Gertrude Marvin

"Mystery-seekers, mediums, diviners, these set the tone; one might say that with bourgeois economy, bourgeois reason has also gone bankrupt."—N. Bucharin.

IF you believe in fairies, wave to me, Peter Pan pleaded across the foot-lights. Arthur Conan Doyle not only believes in fairies. He believes in God. But he has none of the whimsical fantasy of his Barrie to help put his message across.

He stood a solid, middle-class-in-spite-of-his-title figure. Here was none of that burning intensity which turns men into propagandists, and one wondered what was the real force that levitates this 64 year old titled Britisher out of his easy chair and slippers for an annual barnstorming trip. The swankest of the agencies for sprinkling British culture over our thirsting soil provides fashionable audiences, which must net a comfortable percentage of profit all round. Can it be that Sir Arthur is in the control of a complex instinct to exploit three birds with one stone,—the vogue of Spiritualism, his patents of nobility, and his fame as creator of Sherlock Holmes, the ultimate purpose being, prosaically enough, mere box office receipts?

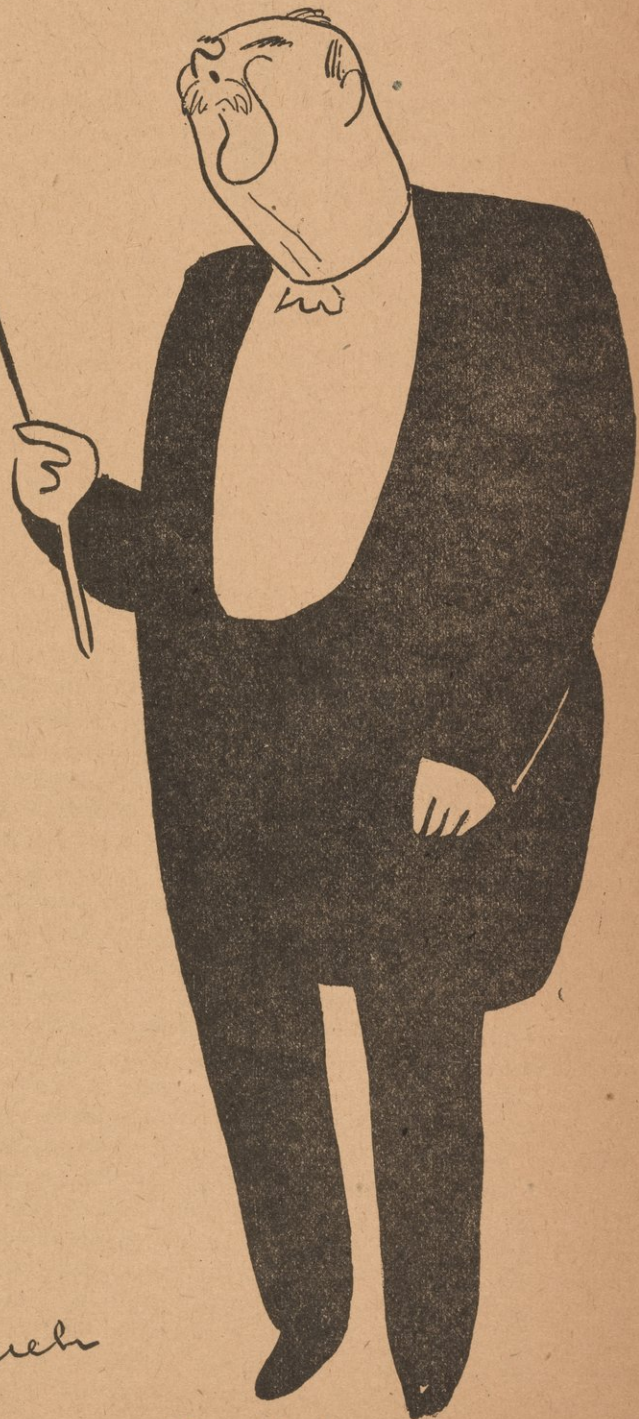
Sir Arthur's lecture deepens this suspicion. Next to his genius as a fiction artist, his real instinct seems to be for publicity. Repeatedly during his Friday evening lecture, he interrupted a narrative or incident with the aside, "I shall show a picture of that—or him—or her—at my lecture here on Sunday evening", until one was goaded into memories of Coney Island barkers exhibiting luscious samples outside gaudy tents, and urging you to step inside and see the show.

According to messages from the Beyond, for whose authenticity Sir Arthur vouches, the next world is going to be exactly like this one—almost. We shall be artists, scientists, promoters, there as here. We shall have our trials and joys, failures and successes. There will however be no further reproduction. Nothing as gross as maternity may survive translation. "The only children in the next world", Sir Arthur delicately explained, will be those "who die young here."

Modern psychology offers a simple explanation of Sir Arthur's undoubtedly sincere revelations of his fantasies. It is the principle of wish fulfilment. Freud has explained how a wish may not only affect the entire conduct and temperament of an individual, but may finally develop into hallucinations.

For nearly forty of the sixty-four years of his life, the names of Conan Doyle and Sherlock Holmes have been almost as synonymous as Gallagher and Shean. Gradually Holmes became better known than Doyle. Sherlock's pipe and long, thin fingers and double vizored tweed cap appeared in cartoons until he was an international figure.

Sir Arthur, as he passed the prime of life, shrank from the thought of a next world without Sherlock Holmes to lean upon. It is bad enough not to be able to take our diamonds and limousines to heaven with us, but Sherlock Holmes was different—a purely spiritual creation,—surely he could be smuggled past Saint Peter.



Conan Doyle



HUGO
GELLERT

Goats

Hugo Gellert

This wish-fulfilment mechanism which permits Sir Arthur to hope to take his famous sleuth right up to the fringes of God's footstool, has an appeal which, if properly handled, ought to make Spiritualism the best-selling religion yet devised. For it seduces not only men like Sir Arthur who have arrived and want to carry their achievements of this world into the next, but it also whispers alluringly to the failures, the men and women who never succeeded in adjusting themselves in this world. And it promises—Another Chance! What a captivating chimera—personal immortality which allows us to cling to all the tricks with which we have cushioned our egos in this world; and an Eternity of Youth!

Science with its striding progress is constantly upsetting old traditions, and Sir Arthur's revelations iconoclastically dispose of the belief that dead men tell no tales. Perhaps it was this bit of iconoclasm which led him to entitle his lecture "The Scientific Side". Certainly it was as near as he came to anything remotely resembling science. Between his training many years ago as a physician, his ingenious use of chemistry, physics and telepathy in the deductions of his great detective, and perhaps some borrowed glamor from Sir Oliver Lodge, we had pretty well swallowed the impression that Sir Arthur was another of England's eminent scientific men who had become interested in Spiritualism. Attending his lectures removes the impression. Nothing about science transpired.

A Correction

TO the Editor: My friend the Bio-Chemist complains that he was misquoted in the report of our discussion of the chemistry of life in "The Outline of Marriage," last month. The report should go, after the question, "What is a colloid?" as follows:

"A. It is a very contradictory affair, neither a solid nor a liquid, but something of both—a puzzle which we have just begun to investigate.

"Q. What does it do?

"A. This particular colloid manufactures amino-acids—which are a kind of unstable union of hostile chemical forces, held together in the molecule in such a way that they don't fight.

"Q. What are the chemical elements involved?

"A. Well, there are probably different kinds of protoplasm. But protein, the food which ordinary plant and animal protoplasm needs, to feed itself on, contains chiefly four elements, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen." Etc.

He will be pleased if you will make the correction.

FLOYD DELL.

The third installment of Floyd Dell's "The Outline of Marriage" was unavoidably delayed this month. It will appear in the June number of The Liberator.

Answering Uncle Sam

By Scott Nearing

SINCE governments make and remake their policies to fit circumstances, American radicals cannot afford to miss one move of "Our Enemy the State." The trial just staged at St. Joseph, Michigan, and the way in which the whole case was handled, both inside and outside the court room, mark a departure in Federal Government tactics. Hereafter, outstanding radicals are to be prosecuted and their opinions are to be broadcasted as the best method of discrediting the movements which they represent.

Until 1917, no great issue of this kind was raised, but the war was accompanied by a rigorous attack on the expression of opinion. The war is history, yet every great industrial State except Wisconsin has provided itself with some form of gag-law and the Federal authorities propose to use these State laws where the necessity arises. The gag-laws will not be repealed. They have become a permanent phase of Americanism. No one save the historian need waste further time talking about American liberty. American liberties and constitutional guarantees enjoy an honorable place in eighteenth century history. It is the twentieth century in which men are now living and working.

Before the war, the ruling classes of the United States ignored the radical movement. During the war, the authorities entered definitely on a policy of suppression. Since 1919 or 1920, an entirely new policy has been adopted—the policy of exposure. The Michigan case is a case of exposure; the newspapers are trying to tell the people what Foster and his associates stand for. They are giving the subject a very prominent place, with extreme headings, on the theory that if people really know what such men believe, they will unquestionably repudiate the doctrines. The people responsible for determining Government policy are convinced that the American people believe in the United States as it is today, and so they take it upon themselves to expose anybody who proposes radical changes. It may be a mistaken guess, but it is being tested out in this effort to expose the radical movement.

If this is a correct statement of the new Government policy, the American radicals must face the question: When the Government prosecutes a man or a movement because of the opinions held and expressed, what is the best attitude for the accused to take?

There is first of all the silent defense of the I. W. W. Instead of replying to accusations they refused to make any defense, and ignored the Court completely. Paraphrasing the Christien Scientists they insisted,—“There is no State.” They insisted: “We will not recognize you; you are not in our class.” But they went to jail. Non-recognition of the State is not realism, because if there is not a State there is certainly something which acts very much like one. It is not necessarily idealism to deny the existence of the State, and it is certainly not realism. Some people regard it as folly, but there is a certain grandeur about the gesture of the silent defense.

If the radical movement in the United States has a task to perform, it must begin by recognizing the society in which it works. In a farming or a steel manufacturing community it must adapt itself to the dominant economic forces. Booker T. Washington used to tell a story of a missionary who went to him for advice.

“What shall I learn?” asked the missionary.

“How do the people there make a living?” asked Washington.

“By raising sheep.”

“Then learn all about sheep,” was Washington’s advice.

No matter what knowledge he might have of the Kingdom of Heaven, the people would be much more inclined to listen to him if he knew some of the things that they knew best. That is true of any movement; it must recognize the community in which it carries on its propaganda.

Sadler’s recent book, “Our Enemy the State,” takes it for granted that the State is an opponent. Those who defend themselves in a prosecution must utilize this enemy since the State permits the accused to have a lawyer and to examine witnesses. No defense can be made until this permission is granted, so that the defendant not only recognizes the State, but uses it.

One of the rights granted by the State is the right to hire a lawyer, and hiring a lawyer is one of the most serious elements in this whole problem. One local union here in New York spent \$35,000 in one year on lawyers’ fees. Prosecution thus means a heavy drain on the funds of radical movements. A lawyer may ask anywhere from ten thousand to one hundred thousand dollars as a retaining fee in a big case,—that much to be put down before he will talk business at all. The State prosecutes and radicals defend. A great amount of energy and money that could have gone into some other form of activity is thus expended, and the costs are so enormous that a poor organization is swamped in the process.

There are a number of reasons for carrying on a defense,—first, to keep people from going to jail; second, to keep the leaders of a movement at work where they are useful in order to save the organization that they represent; and third, to propagate certain doctrines. Therefore, there is at stake in any legal defense,—first, the personal comfort of individuals, which is an important element, because if people are uncomfortable, it is hard to live with them. Men who are in prison for a great length of time are permanently harmed, but those outside who are too comfortable are likely to forget the men in Leavenworth.

Personal comfort, after all, is not so important; a few years or months in jail need not destroy either personal efficiency or social usefulness. Many revolutionary spirits have done their best work in jail. Every man and woman in the radical movement in the United States should realize that from this point forward a part of their business will consist in going to jail.



"What's that—what's that? What's the matter with them beans?"

"I tell you, lady, them beans is sour—"

"All right. I'll give you more of 'em for your dime."

While mere personal comfort need not weigh there is another personal element which must be considered,—the personal integrity of the accused. There is a clear-cut difference between a person with integrity and one without. In the radical movement a large proportion of the people are people of high integrity,—people who are in earnest and who can be relied on.

Foster is an excellent example of this type. He has devoted himself unreservedly for years to the task of having the workers run the United States. Men feel that he is going right ahead on the job, government or no government, trial or no trial, jail or no jail. Under trial Foster says the same things that he has been saying for ten years, regardless of the consequences, and this shows a certain element of personal dignity and integrity which at all costs must be preserved for the radical movement.

So much for the individual. Next as to the organization. How can an organization be maintained under these attacks from the government? Only by having the members of the organization feel that the men who are serving them will stand true to the principles of the organization, come what may to the person of the leader. Workers' Party members have the right to expect that the leader will go to Michigan and talk right straight out about the Workers' Party doctrines. The less the defendant denies, the better off he is. If a man denies enough he is finally convicted out of his own mouth. He may deny that he beats his wife, abuses his

children, steals change out of the cash register and manufactures whiskey, but if the prosecution can get in enough of such questions, even though each one of them is vigorously denied, they will eventually tell the tale. Furthermore, if a man denies everything, the jury feels sure he is a liar, but if he admits three things and denies a fourth, they see that he is willing to face the music. The Michigan Defense was strong because Foster and Ruthenberg neither denied things nor admitted things—they affirmed them. The maintenance of a radical organization depends largely on the amount of vigor with which the leader stands by his guns; one of the things that shakes the movement to pieces more rapidly than anything else is to have the leaders go back on the things the rank and file believe in.

Another fact must be borne in mind,—the Western Europeans are a seafaring people, and are imbued with the principle that the Captain must always be the last to leave the ship. The tradition is that the Captain's place is on the ship until everything possible has been done to save it. When a leader abandons any movement, he acts as a Captain might who leaves a ship in a gale,—saving his own skin. The logical thing may be to save the Captain because he is the best man on board, but any movement built on the ideology of the American people must realize that the man who is responsible has to stand by, even though he gets caught.

The various political parties, Socialists, Communists, etc., are not persecuted because they have purloined money, be-

cause of a breach of contract, but because they and those who stand with them have certain ideas and are advocating certain doctrines. If opinions are not worth holding, then the sooner they are dropped the better, but if they are worth holding, they are worth it whether the Government prosecutes or not. The main thing is not the comfort of any individual member of an organization, but the advancement of the particular end the organization has in view. Foster is trying to establish a government of the workers in the United States; if individuals have to go to jail to accomplish it, that is but an incident to the main issue.

There are five general rules which carry the answer to the present government policy of exposure in the radical movement. First, never do or say anything that is unfitted to appear on the front page of the New York Times or the Chicago Tribune. There is a good practical reason for this rule. So long as the present policy is followed, what you do and say in the radical movement will go on the front page of the Times whether radicals like it or not. No matter how secret the organization, no matter how carefully it may be protected, reports of its activities will find their way to Washington. Wherever two or three American radicals are gathered together, an agent of the Department of Justice is among them.

Second, talk American. Each country has its own history, its traditions, its pet loves, its pet aversions, its phrases, its ambitions, its purposes. People absorb these things at home, on the street, in school, in the shop, from the paper, at the movies, until they become Americanized,—that is, until they think in terms of these traditions and phrases. Whoever wishes to reach people must understand their prejudices and the premises on which they base their thinking. It is a waste of time to use words and phrases that must be explained and defined. Each word and each act of the radical should bear some relation to the people he is seeking to influence, and to the historic situation in which they are placed. Since tradition and practice vary from one part of a continent to another (depending on economic and other forces) the radical must vary his language to suit the jargon of those to whom he writes and speaks.

Third, when an American radical is asked about his attitude, he should not deny but affirm emphatically. That is, instead of being left on the defensive he should take the offensive.

Fourth, when the radical defendant gets a chance, he should explain why he believes a certain thing, as a matter of information, not as a matter of apology. At all times the radical should be prepared to give a full justification for the faith that he holds.

Fifth, the radical must never retract nor apologize unless he changes his mind, then he must do it publicly and in writing, so that he is put on record. No radical can afford to dodge out from under the movement he represents.

On the main issue there is no compromise; men either believe that the present economic system is satisfactory or they do not; either they believe that the profiteers should run the country or that the workers should run the country. On economic rights and wrongs at this stage it is impossible to compromise. The individual who enters the radical movement should enter with these things clear in his mind. A

propaganda organization must be prepared to go the whole way or not to start. In the United States men cannot be radical and respectable, for a radical organization stands for fundamental change, and is therefore outlawed by the present order.

There is no other way in which radical causes may hope to advance in the United States. Apology does not further a cause. Foster and Ruthenberg did a masterly piece of work at St. Joseph because they went right down the line, apologizing neither for themselves nor their organization, telling what they believed and what their organization was trying to do, and putting before the country the issue between the established order as represented by the State and the Court and the new order which they represented. If that kind of a trial were repeated every three months, and were very generously reported and commented upon, with men like Foster and Ruthenberg making a clear cut stand, in a very few years there would be a comparatively sharp line-up and people would definitely be either with the new order or with the old order. Even though the Trade Union Educational League may be destroyed and the Labor Herald forced to suspend publication, in the long run the people of the United States will get a clear cut concept of these issues that they would not get in any other way.

Ku Klux Klanthem

NIGGER, wop and dirty kike,
Pestilences sent to blight men,
God but rid us of your like—
Us He made the world for,—white men!

Up before the winter's sun,
At some filthy task you cherish
Lest a grimy little one
Of your comic brood should perish:

Needle, shovel, pick or hoe,
Scarce we knew the job existed;
Only that you slaved where no
Decent white man had persisted:

Gripped your job for those you love,
Muddy, bloody, but unswerving?
Rather, grabbed the place above,
Just to oust the more deserving!

Granted, now and then you rise
From the humid heap you squirm in,
We would boot you, were it wise,
Down again amidst the vermin.

Nigger, wop and dirty kike,
Pestilences sent to blight men,
Take what filthy jobs you like:
God rejoices in His white men!

Seymour Barnard.

Follies of 1924

By Jay Lovestone

STANDING on the warm shore of Miami Beach and looking northward to the giant factories and banks, our Strikebreaker-General has once more proclaimed Harding's renomination. Daugherty, the President's legal adviser and political manager, has determined to rededicate Warren Gamaliel to the Presidency and America to normalcy.

Why this great haste in blowing the political trumpets of a man, who, regardless of all his failings and failures, is "destined" to succeed himself? Why is it that Presidential timber is being advertised so much earlier than is customary in national elections?

Preparing for a Great Struggle

The year 1922 saw America engulfed in the most gigantic strike wave. First of all, there were the three great national strikes—the textile strike, the mine strike, and the railway strike. Never before in our industrial history were there so many workers on strike and never before did they stay out so long. Though the great industrial battles of 1922 proved of inestimable aid to the workers in putting a halt to the open shop drive, yet these battles were not decisive. The workers did not succeed in shelling the employers out of their industrial entrenchments. On the political field the class struggle was as indecisive. Despite the tremendous pressure of the workers and the working farmers in the last election, the reactionary exploiters and big capitalists are still securely in the saddle at Washington and all the way down the line.

But the employers are determined to fight it out to a finish. Their sanguine hopes to uproot every vestige of working class organization and slash wages to the bone have not been realized. They must try again, try harder than ever before to achieve this infamous purpose.

That the center of gravity in the next phase of our class struggle is veering to the political field is evidenced in many ways. The Government is more and more openly fighting the battles of the employers in the labor struggles. Tomes could not adequately narrate the strikebreaking activities of the Government in the recent class conflicts. Today, the working and farming masses are more conscious of their need for organizing and fighting politically than they have been ever before. Day by day the Government is unmasking itself as an outright agency of the powerful industrial magnates and bankers. It is this growing knowledge of the true role of the Government that has brought the pressure of the working and farming masses on the big employers. The effect of this pressure is reflected in the wave of insurgency in the Republican Party, in the results of the last election, and in the widespread sentiment for the organization of an independent political party of the city and rural working masses.

The 1924 election is, therefore, already looked upon as the next big phase of the class war. It is about the 1924 election and its issues that the contending armies in the struggle are gathering. A big fight is in sight and energetic preparations are on foot.

Issues and The Issue

IN the characteristic American fashion many issues will be injected into the 1924 campaign. Tariff, taxation, railways, agricultural relief, prohibition, the open shop and the World Court will stuff our newspaper columns. But all of these issues, when stripped of their verbiage and rhetoric, simmer down to one fundamental, composite issue—the Open Shop Question—the impending gigantic struggle between the working class and the employing class.

Tariff is perennial campaign swash. On the problem of taxation, Harding will talk and Mellon will act. Warren Gamaliel will talk of lowering all taxes and Mellon will continue to aid and abet the millionaire tax dodgers by another covert or overt reduction of the surtax.

As to agricultural relief, it is not unlikely that Harding's farm homilies will materialize into the one bright spot in his clouds of "mellifluous phraseology." The Government may buy some grain for another starving country. Incidentally the big grain gamblers will have another opportunity to rob the farmers by forcing them to sell at low prices. In view of the Chester concession in Turkey, the invigorated "sick man of Europe" may become the new recipient of Wall Street generosity. But while Harding will be talking, Secretary of Agriculture Wallace will work hand in glove with the packers and grain elevator magnates.

Strenuous efforts will unquestionably be made to win the farming masses over to the side of Big Business. In the class conflict today the rural masses are wavering between the powerful industrial employers and the city workers. We should, therefore, not be surprised to see a reduction in railway rates in order to appease the discontented farmers. Of course, the Government will grant a bonus to the poor railway capitalists to help them bear this reduction. On the heels of such a reduction and after an expenditure of more than one billion dollars by the railway capitalists for "improvements," the country will be spared the luxury of even a discussion of government ownership and will be prepared for a new wage cut. The rail companies will spend this money with their usual reckless extravagance among the supply and equipment companies in the clutches of the same railway financiers. Thus operating expenses will mount, the rate of profit will decrease and the reduced freight charges will have to be raised again. The continuity of the flow of dividends on the new billion will have to be guaranteed. And the Government will do it. This vicious circle in which the city and rural masses find themselves will be the real solution of the railway problem.

Now as to prohibition. The workers can rest assured that in these days of highest tariffs and protection of Big Business, bootlegging which, next to agriculture, is perhaps our biggest industry, will be adequately protected. Prohibition will be enforced. But the enforcement of prohibition will only serve as a further subterfuge for Republican lavishness in patronage. Prohibition enforcement offers a chance to appoint numerous agents and marshals who can be lieu-



Hoover's Hootch

tenants for building up a strong Party machine and who will act as a potential army for the enforcement of "law and order" against striking workers. An effort will be made to draw the Solid South closer to the Republican fold through prohibition enforcement. The South is hungry for patronage and the Republican machine can stand lots of strengthening there.

Finally, the world court issue. The Democrats and Republicans will play hide and seek around this vagary. The Republicans will call their panacea a "Permanent Court of International Justice." The Democrats will stick an old label, "The League of Nations," on their quack remedy. As a matter of fact the practical politicians will allow Harding to indulge only in the thinnest of abstractions when discussing foreign policy. It will be up to Hoover and Hughes and Senator Pepper to talk of a League of "Limited Liability." Harding will at best fight for it "within the limits of his temperament." Thus those who favor the League will not be antagonized and those who oppose the League will not be lost. As usual, indefinite sidetracking will be the capitalist solution.

But no matter what the Democrats and the Republicans will say of the world peace, it is obvious that both prefer to employ the talk of foreign affairs only as a screen behind which they can hide their real objective—to crush the workers. When Wilson was talking world peace, Palmer was hounding and imprisoning workers. Wilson had his Palmer and Harding has his Daugherty. While Harding will be

talking peace Daugherty will be waging ruthless war against the workers. Harding will be Don Quixote and Daugherty will be Sancho Panza.

Republicans Closing Their Ranks

THE arena is being quickly prepared for an attack on the workers. In the name of public economy and private health Harding will take a trip to Alaska. The country is buzzing with gossip that this trip is a political junket but Harding insists that he will speak and act only as President. Warren Gamaliel proudly points to the fact that his trip to the Canal Zone brought the country "economies amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars a year." Incidentally it should be pointed out that these "economies" were secured through forcing a reduction of wages and intolerable conditions of employment on the workers in the Canal Zone.

This early announcement of Harding's candidacy coupled with the characteristic Gamalielian defense of outraged innocence, is merely a notice to the Republican insurgents to toe the Party line and quit fooling. They must be either for or against Harding. A united Party organization is a prerequisite to a successful campaign against the workers.

It is for this reason that Harding is irritated by the existence of Congressional and Senatorial blocs which are but a vague expression of the first stages of developing class-consciousness. Thus spake Gamaliel at St. Augusta: "There is a menace in the perpetuation of class and the organiza-

tion of blocs... There is danger in envy and jealousy... Let us be on guard against envy and jealousy." But Senator Jones who led the disastrous fight for the Ship Subsidy and who is not considered Presidential timber could afford to speak more plainly. And he did. Said the Washington Senator: "Republican senators may be gumshoeing. I think some of them are. There is no teamwork amongst them. Each one is doing and advocating what he thinks his constituents want. The main argument now made for or against a proposal is that people are for it or against it. THAT SHOULD BE THE LAST ARGUMENT URGED." The last, especially, is refreshing in its honesty and frankness.

The workers and working farmers need have no illusions as to the floodgates of progressivism overwhelming the Republican machine. The reactionaries controlling the Party have weathered many a storm before. In the 'Eighties the revolt of General Weaver petered out. In the 'Nineties Teller led a small band of the hopeless, only to see McKinley win in a walk-over. And even the mighty Teddy, lion-tamer and phrase-monger, could not resist the temptation of falling in line with the Old Guard at the first favorable moment.

The insurgents of today will do no better. They haven't the kidney to fight. Borah will perhaps be given a chance to preside at the Convention. Walter F. Brown, a prominent Ohio ex-Bull Mooser, will very likely be given the chairmanship of the National Committee. Such steps will serve to keep in line some blind, groping rank and file progressives. But no matter what feint gestures the Old Guard will make to progressivism, they will maintain control of the Party. This condition was well summed up by Daugherty in his remarks on the first nomination of Harding. He boasted:

"At the proper time after the Republican National Convention meets, some fifteen men, bleary-eyed with loss of sleep and perspiring profusely with the excessive heat will sit down in seclusion around a big table. I will be with them, and will present the name of Senator Harding to them, and before we get through they will put him over."

Daugherty has good reason to be proud of his boast. There is no reason for his not being able to repeat this performance in 1924.

The Issue—A New Open Shop Drive

IN this fashion will the doubtful be whipped into line and the faithful be put on the job. Harding himself will be extremely chary of coming out foursquare for the open shop. He will speak as he spoke after Herrin. He will speak of the inalienable constitutional right of the workers to labor for the employers under any conditions. Harding, like "Injunction" Bill Taft is "surrounded by men who know exactly what they want."

It will be up to the practical fellows like Daugherty and "Hell-and-Maria" General Chas. G. Dawes, to deliver the open shop goods to Wall Street. Daugherty will bellow about law-enforcement, but only against the working men. He will not move a finger to punish the agents of the Missouri & North Arkansas railroad who hanged the innocent worker Gregor. Our Strikebreaker-General will not

make the slightest effort to secure the enforcement of the safety laws on the railways capitalists. Daugherty will busy himself imprisoning workers who may be violating his injunctions by giving bread to the famished children and starving families of the striking shopmen.

As early as last December "Hell-and-Maria" General Dawes, Chicago banker and expert in profanity, opened the Republican Party's campaign for the open shop. Addressing the Chicago Chamber of Commerce, this eat-em-alive swash-buckler, who in 1896 helped Mark Hanna sell McKinley to the workers, swore: "The politicians these days are afraid of the labor unions, many of which are headed by criminals... We need men who are not afraid of mobs—who are ready to fight." And accompanying Harding on his last Southern golf expedition, "Hell-and-Maria" went on to thunder: "In the next contest one of the great parties in clean cut language and without evasion must take its stand for the new bill of rights against minority organizations. The American citizen demands that this issue be drawn. Politicians will try to dodge it at their peril. The American citizen is no longer asleep and the American loves his country."

Indeed, the General, being a banker, is especially qualified to speak for all American citizens. As such, he is particularly qualified to speak on what American citizens love.

It is a Daugherty or a Dawes who will be the cock-of-the-walk politically in the Republican Party, in the conclaves of the innermost councils of the employing class. In the Republican campaign of 1924, Daugherty and Dawes will unquestionably be the Gold Dust Twins. They will pull the financial strings and they will pull the noose around the worker's neck. When Daugherty and Dawes talk of law enforcement, prosecution of "Reds" and the open shop as issues of the 1924 campaign it is a sign of the coming storm. It is proof that the capitalists mean business; that they are on their hind legs to fight.

The workers and working farmers must at once prepare for this coming fight. In the past year the American Federation of Labor lost close to eight hundred thousand members. The farmer's taxes today are twice what they were ten years ago. For three consecutive years the farmer has been receiving lower prices for his produce. All the working farmer has in the bank at the end of the year are promissory notes on which interest is overdue—but not a cent in money.

The working masses in this country cannot look forward to either the Democratic or Republican parties for relief. A Southern farm paper has recently painted the following vivid and realistic picture of the two Parties. It said that the Republican Party is in the food pen and growing so fat from the political pap that it could scarcely stand to eat; and that the Democratic Party was running around outside the pen, growing leaner and leaner, and squealing louder and louder while trying to get in.

Nor can the city and rural working masses trust the progressives and liberals of these parties. The great "friend of labor," Wm. G. McAdoo, only recently sent a letter congratulating the Ku Klux Klan hero, Mr. Mayfield, upon his election to the United States Senate from Texas. The notorious Republican insurgent and progressive, Hiram Johnson, who worked overtime defending the infamous labor hater Wm. J. Burns, has, of late, been resting in Italy. At a ban-



Louis Riback

A Drawing

quiet with the bloodthirsty Fascisti Premier who has jailed and murdered hundreds of workers Senator Hiram Johnson, waxed eloquent and said: "After having admired the grandeur of ancient Rome, I have seen the marvel of modern Italy, Professor Mussolini."

Finally, Governor Sweet, who was elected as a progressive Democrat and "friend of labor," is considering the appointment of Mr. Alva B. Adams, lawyer for the Atchison Topeka and Santa Fé railroad, to the United States Senate to succeed the late Senator Nicholson. The Santa Fé is one of the worst enemies of labor. Its shopmen are still locked out. But the railroads can well afford to have another friend in the next senate. The "friends of labor" must therefore help them.

For the workers and working farmers there is but one way to hurl back the coming open shop drive. The workers and working farmers must get together to use their political power in their own self-defense. They must organize a powerful independent mass political party unreservedly committed to the protection of the interests of the city and rural working masses. They must build an independent political party on the basis of all the organizations of the workers and working farmers regardless of political differences.

EDYTHE BAKER, sketched at the WINTER GARDEN, is
The Subject of **THE MAY COVER** by Frank Walts

Curves

OF every gesture Beauty makes
I know that I can find,
A curve is like a song unheard
But singing to the mind.

What Beauty utters in her curves,
I always like to mark
In veering of a bird in flight
Or in a fountain's arc.

The haunting crescent of the moon
Arches into a hymn;
The rainbow gestures eloquent
With music of its rim.

But yet, of all the singing curves,
Most lyrical belong
To symmetries of girls that coin
The silence into song!

Louis Ginsberg.



The Man on H

Burns



Robert Minor

on Horseback

The First Born

By Elmer J. Williams

SHE was old Nathan Salak's niece. Ivor did not know of any of her kin. He didn't care much.

His brown fingers, hairy between the joints, clenched the pick. Ivor's fists were hard as ship-rope. One blow with those fists would break every bone in Nathan Salak's face. If the old man came whining to him, Ivor would break his face, because, Ivor said, the old toad could not do a damned thing. The priest would not interfere because neither old Nathan nor his niece belonged to the church. That was the best thing about the whole business. For all of Ivor she could have the brat and do as she pleased with it. He wondered when it would be born.

Ivor brought his pick down into the gray clay of the trench, and it made a wet, sucking sound, like the fangs of a beast in a warm bird. A smear of mud slashed his brow as he wiped it. Vile and filth-soaked as he was with his own perspirations, his own odors, Ivor cursed the thing ahead of him in the trench, lifting and falling, stooping and raising always with his haunches near. The other man's trousers clung to his loins and the bull-like hulk worked with the purposeless monotony of muscle and bone. Ivor kicked at the man and ordered him to change his position. The other, in Bulgarian, called him a swine and roared like an inflamed steer. They kept cursing each other as they fell to work again...

That night Ivor met one-eyed Peter and they talked about it, Peter winking with the orbless, red-rimmed crater, and smirking until he showed the three black snags in his gums. He told Ivor to keep his mouth shut because nobody could harm him. Ivor swore he would go to prison, but there would be no marriage. He could have blackened her cow-eyes and twisted her neck, she was so calm and stupid when she told him. Peter only laughed and the awful socket twitched with the wicked twinkle in his good eye. Then Peter went home to his wife.

For many days Ivor swung his pick and tossed the leaden clay out of the trench, but nevertheless there were long hours when the thing did not leave his mind, and on these days he fought with any brute who crossed him in the trench, besting and drawing blood on his antagonists with immense satisfaction. Ivor was waiting for old Nathan Salak...

Sometimes he thought of his two thousand dollars in the bank and he wondered whether they could take it away from him. He could take it out and hide it.

As weeks wore on he experienced shifting sensations of security and wretchedness. There were times when he prayed like a fiend for old Nathan to come to him, for he wanted to take the old devil by the throat and press the wind out of him until he promised Ivor never to say anything or go blabbing about. Of her he thought scarcely at all.

Frequently he started in the direction of the Salak house, but always he turned stolidly back, consummately determined not to pay the slightest attention to either of them. One day a policeman glared at him.

Every Sunday, in his soft shirt, Ivor went to the church. Once he visited the priest for confession, telling the whole

story from beginning to end. The voice of the priest had sounded troubled and he told Ivor to come back. For a little while after that he was in a better mood.

Half-bull, half man that he was, he could summon no reasoning to lift him from the sinister obscurity of the thing; there were no intellectual tapers to light the abysmal pits of his suspicion. His thoughts, like worms, crawled through his mind. Sometimes there were things which bolted him upright in his bed; emotions brute or human, which tore and reared at one another, frothy-faced, until he, not understanding them at all, fell back upon his pillow in a strange desolation.

Later he sought no more of Peter or the priest, and as the slow months went by he became more vicious in the trench. One day a blond stranger dropped his pick and sent Ivor sprawling with a terrible blow on the ear. Ivor, under the sneers of the others, feared the fellow oddly.

He withdrew his money from the bank and counted it, but he took it back again the next day. That night he wrote a letter to her, saying that she could not draw wool over his eyes; if she had a child it would be none of his. Then in a raging fury he attacked the letter and destroyed it under his shoes.

There came a dark night when he did walk by the home of Nathan Salak, and having seen nobody, paced up and down the street several times. He watched the house and saw nothing strange about it.

He did not go back to the street for several nights, but when he did not go there was something so fearful in his room that he could not rest; he was compelled to get up, walking wild-eyed with the invisible presence, and it followed him up and down, backward and forward, always peering over one shoulder or the other.

It wore out his mighty body, but left his brain wide awake.

So every night he went to the street of Nathan Salak. Every night he lurked there a long time, hating the place always, yet fascinated by every shadow that fell over it or every light that moved inside. Nobody ever entered it or went away, save once or twice old Nathan, and Ivor stole between two houses to avoid him. Later he discovered a place on the opposite side of the street, under a dying lilac bush where he would lie and watch the house for hours. He slept profoundly after the hated vigil, but if compelled by any reason to stay away he was racked throughout the night by a great uneasiness and the next day he went to the trench with fear in his heart.

One night it rained. Thunder thumped across the heaven in a far away but menacing rumble and the skies of the east flared nakedly in lingering flutters of lightning. Ivor watched it from his windows. Then he put on the wrinkled, sweat-soaked shirt and trousers of the trench. He did not want to go out that night to hide under the bush, because the rain could pour down on him. But he fastened his coat collar close about his heavy neck and slipped into the storm.

As he passed under a great tree, that shivered like a

shaggy dog after a swim, a young bird, drowned to cold death in the nest, fell down and struck him in the face. He picked it up. He did not know it, but the bare unfeathered thing was in his hand as he plunged it into a pocket.

NATHAN Salak's street was dimly lighted and the thin rain fell on the mud, making it a dismal mire. When Ivor crept beside the little bush it shook cold drops on his face and neck. It was after bedtime in that street for none burned a light save little Nathan. Ivor watched that light with narrowed eyes...

Sometimes as he squatted with his coarse fists clasped around his knees, the dumb procession of emotions, finding no response without went marching through his brain, colliding with a force which hammered at his heart, harassing him like a prisoner's dream, but never finding any soul to bring to life. And sometimes his thoughts just crowded there and watched with him. One hand touched the dead bird in his pocket and the fingers recoiled as though separate from himself.

In his own way, Ivor was thinking, but they were wretched things, his thoughts, oxen-eyed and heavy-footed, with monstrous proportions like himself and they pounded and throbbed in his brain. His thoughts were of the house across the street where they might be thinking of him, and suddenly there was a new impulse which wanted to drive him through the mire so that he could peer through the windows and hear what curses were being laid on his head. As he started through the blue rain he was seized with a desire to lift that house from its roots and in a devouring passion dash it to destruction. He trembled with the desire.

In the east there was no more lightning, save now and then faint lights, pallid as the arms of death, but a moaning wind went round, driving the rain like a lash. The man got up and splashed through the darkness, across the street. He did not pause until he had waded the heavy mud and over the vacant lot next to Salak's house. The lot was grown with rank, high weeds, now dripping with rain. As Ivor stood at the side of the house he was protected some by the eaves. The little window near him was dark and he could see nothing. But he stood there, with an odd sensation of security, fixing his gaze upon the window. Sometimes he gripped the window ledge until his tough nails cut the soft wood. Once he heard a voice, cold, clear words, which one might hear in a delirium of fever or of passion...

He sought no means of combating the instinct which held him there, holding the window-sill with unconquerable fingers and mad and powerful enough to tear it from its place like a rotten tooth.

IVOR stood there and heard it. He heard it as the beast might hear it, a pain-racked sentinel outside the den. He stood livid-faced when there came the first moans which ripped wide his soul and stabbed his heart with the blade of pain.

At times he rested, but with a dreadful effort, his hulk shattered by the strain, his breathing nothing more than excruciating groans.

He sought a strange relief; not in flight, but there at the window, a relief born of his burden, and when there came again the awful tempest of torture, the quivering moans which ended sometimes in a fearful scream or died with the

suddenness of a smothered child, his head fell on his arms and he clawed the sill until his fingers bled.

But never through the long hours that he stood thus, sometimes limp and deathlike in his weariness, and again tearing like a wild thing at the fetters of his suffering, did he understand the dumb physical part of it. Once he crossed himself, but it ended in a direful curse. Again above the screams he heard a highpitched, garrulous voice and it frightened him unaccountably. It rained still and he had no hat on his head. But he only knew of his pain and the aching weariness that at times came over him.

Then at last came the hour when he reeled blindly. He did not know how long, but death-grip, or life-grip, upon the window ledge, he gave it up.

OLD Nathan with his purple line of a mouth, his crooked spectacles and hollow eyes, heard the mighty pounding on his kitchen door. He sat in a chair, half alive, watching the thin panels quiver under the terrible blows. With the motion of an automaton old Nathan went to the door and opened it, to meet a face that was masked in gray terror, strange and terrifying eyes, and arms that were upheld like the limbs of a falling tree. Ivor stood in the doorway.

Nathan backed off, mumbling words. Leaving a black pool under his feet, the inflamed ox of a man watched the other with madly fixed eyes. Old Nathan mumbled on and sat down.

Then an old woman with hair in her eyes came stooping through an opposite door, carrying a big round pan. The eyes of the big man pursued her as she placed the pan on a table. The pan was covered with oilcloth. The hag watched Ivor and pointed to the pan with a yellow finger. Under his frightful stare she retreated through the door.

Ivor went to the table, but he tottered like a great tree which feels the blows of disaster at its roots. The abominable gas jet revealed him as swift flashes of lightning in a storm at sea would show the hopeless black hull of a sinking vessel. His fingers, blood dried and nails broken, touched the ghastly oil-cloth. Ivor lifted it and gazed at his son...

The dead infant lay on its full round arm, in all the appalling agony and all the beauty of its birth. The man touched the flesh with his fingers.

Old Nathan sat silently and saw it all. He saw the big human drop face down on the table with the muscled arms clasped around the pan. He watched the man for hours, sometimes storm-tossed with his crying and again a seeming lifeless form with ashen lips and glazed eyes. Nathan heard the terrible prayers and the curses and they disturbed him so that he went behind the stove. He saw Ivor lift his haggard face again and again to stare at the child.

Once the old woman came out and put the covering over the pan and as she passed out again she whispered in such a penetrating manner that it seemed to echo through all the house.

Cold dawn came stealing through the windows and found the father still there at the table. And it found old Nathan stirring miserably in his sleep behind the stove. Then Ivor went through the door where the old woman had gone...

*

The girl lay sleeping, her full, strong body outlined on the counterpane, which rose and fell with her breathing.

She did not wake, or open her eyes, but reached out slowly and put her fingers in Ivor's hair.

What's Wrong With This Murder?

By Joseph Freeman

DO you know all the laws of courtesy? Do you know what clothes to wear for each social function, how to hold your knife and fork when eating soup, and how to drink your finger-bowl? Do you, when holding a *tete-a-tete* with your stenographer or the elevator-girl, pronounce correctly such French words as *valet*, *claret*, and *buncombe*? If you do, stop right here. Anybody who knows what is wrong with this picture has nothing more to learn. But if you are still floundering in a sea of difficulties; if you are still unhappy, misunderstood, and stagnant, your education in the laws of etiquette is obviously incomplete. Don't miss this offer; learn how true gentlemen conduct themselves in the more unpleasant kind of situations.

The first problem of etiquette is one which concerns millionaires. Perhaps you are at present a longshoreman or a knee-pants operator; but don't worry; this is a land of opportunity, and at any moment you may become enormously rich. Now a millionaire is, of course, a dignified member of some church; he believes in the chastity of women and the sanctity of the home. If he is married he will make especially large contributions to the American Defense Society. This will insure him against the communists, who, as everybody knows, want to nationalize all women.

However, a millionaire is human. Occasionally he has impulses to commit not merely perjury but perhaps even seduction. That's perfectly all right. For the proper fee a psychoanalyst will assure him that he is free from sin; it is only his Unconscious which is guilty. The real question is how to get away with it.

On this point social usage has an unequivocal rule. It is very impolite for an aristocrat to seduce a girl of his own class. Mediaeval princes and barons deflowered the daughters of the peasantry; and modern bankers and factory-owners are permitted to recruit mistresses among daughters of the proletariat. Certain kinds of shop-girls, stenographers and models will gladly exchange their miserable jobs, their class and their virtue for silks, jewels and a flat on West End Avenue. A gentleman should not be squeamish about such contact with the lower classes. It is extremely bad taste to bring a poor girl into one's home; but by keeping several establishments one may at the same time keep his mistresses and his reputation.

The proper costume for entertaining a mistress is fully described in the chapter on *What to Wear for Every Occasion*. Pajamas should, of course, be silk and the latest fashion in colors seems to be pink. It is low to object to one's mistress having other lovers; at any rate, there seems to be no way of preventing it. Some also consider it poor judgement to write incriminating letters of affection from winter resorts in Florida. However, this is occasionally done.

The second problem in etiquette concerns district attorneys. Imagine that a beautiful model, the mistress of a millionaire who stands on the highest rung of the social ladder, is found

murdered in her bedroom. Near her body is a bottle of chloroform, partly empty. On the bed lies a wad of cotton soaked in the deadly liquid. A larger wad of cotton is found in a silk umbrella which someone has left in the room. A man's pocket comb is discovered in the bed. A neighbor tells the police that during the night of the murder she heard heavy footsteps in the unfortunate girl's room, and caught the pungent odor of chloroform. The elevator-boy of the apartment-house testifies that a certain man was the last to go up to the girl's rooms—and that this man did not come down by the elevator. The elevator-boy gives the district attorney that man's name. How should the district attorney proceed?

This a delicate social problem indeed. Its solution depends on the social factors in the case. The man named by the elevator boy is unquestionably a most important figure in the case. He may have had nothing to do with the murder, but he is a material witness. If he is a clerk, or a chauffeur, or a salesman, or even a petty businessman, the district attorney should at once arrest him and put him under bail. The newspapers should at once be given all the details. The most guilty-looking snap-shot that the staff can take of the witness in dishevelled condition after being manhandled by the police should be prominently displayed on the front page of every newspaper except the *New York Times*. The Hearst papers should also display photographs of the witnesses' wife and child, if any. The headlines should read:

POLICE GRILL SHOE-SALESMAN LAST SEEN WITH SLAIN MODEL

In his attempt to extract information from the material witness the district attorney should stop at no means, from pitiless publicity to the third degree and all-night clubbing by detectives.

The real problem for the young district attorney not yet fully versed in the etiquette of his profession arises when the man known to have been with the murdered model last turns out to be her millionaire lover. Let us assume this millionaire is the head of one of the largest rubber concerns in the country. Perhaps he is related to a partner of J. Pierpont Morgan himself. In this delicate situation the conduct of the young district attorney must be the reverse of his conduct in the case of a mere wage-worker. He must protect the millionaire from the vulgar public and the yellow press. Under no circumstances must he divulge the real name of the witness, for this would drag in some of the most influential families in the United States; it is not the thing to do. Everybody understands that. The young district attorney will have no trouble if he says he is withholding the name of his most important witness in order to protect that witness' family. However, since the newspapers must in some way refer to the millionaire, it is advis-



Drawing of a Model

Louis Riback

able to choose some simple pseudonym, such as Mr. Marshall. In such cases a Christian name is unnecessary...

So far the etiquette of murder is, as the young official can see for himself, a fairly simple matter. The procedure is more complicated when it concerns a millionaire who has actually committed murder and publicly confesses his crime. If the millionaire, as in the case of Harry K. Thaw, has killed another millionaire, it is the district attorney's duty to take action against the murderer. In a wrong involving members of the same class, the courts must carry out the austere dictates of justice; though in the case of a millionaire the austerity may be somewhat mitigated by the insanity which the culprit will manage to acquire before the trial. But suppose the millionaire shoots down a penniless devil of a fellow, a sailor, let us say? The vulgar press will leave the district attorney no alternative; he will have to make the millionaire spend one night in the sheriff's spare-room; but the murderer may be released in time to breakfast with his family. It is not even necessary in the case of a millionaire to require bail; for could there be a greater insult to a man with millions than to require a few paltry thousands as an assurance that he will not run away from a situation

in which he knows that no real efforts will be made to punish him?

The district attorney will then investigate the facts. He will investigate and investigate, but will discover nothing. Insanity is an excuse that should be used only in such extreme cases as that mentioned above; it is more refined to attribute the killing to blackmail. However, certain misguided citizens may make a loud demand for justice; the court must then request the millionaire's lawyers to produce some casual indication that the dead man attempted blackmail. In that case, the millionaire will claim that his own cables to his father, who is in Europe, prove that he shot the sailor in self-defense against blackmail. A man's own word is sometimes proof of his own innocence. If the court should demand to see those cables, the cable company must under no circumstances produce them. To do so would be to commit an unpardonable breach of etiquette. Should the court manage to obtain the cables in some manner, it is absolutely obligatory to find some other technical pretext for not proceeding against the millionaire.

It would be the most shocking social blunder to employ the third degree for the purpose of getting information out

of a millionaire. This is a courtesy reserved exclusively for members of the lower orders. Officers of the law must not be misled by the methods employed to extract information from working-class agitators, such as the fellow who was so tortured by a third degree in connection with the Wall Street bomb explosion, that he "jumped" out of the window and was killed. That is an entirely different matter; and perhaps it would be just as well at this juncture to explain the difference.

Some inexperienced young district attorney may be confused by the name Marshall mentioned above. He may have heard that Marshall was also the pseudonym of one of the twenty men arrested at a convention of a certain political party which was held in the state of Michigan last summer. An immature mind might conclude from this that there is something illegal, evil, or criminal about using a pseudonym. Such is not always the case. Any officer of the law who is under the illusion that the machinery of justice is applied in the same manner to people of all classes is committing a vulgarity of the worst sort. This cannot be emphasized too strongly. No true gentleman can go on believing the popular error that the law is the same for rich and poor alike. Of course, this popular error must be fostered in the press, for, to paraphrase a celebrated Frenchman, "publicity is the art of concealing facts." But in his actual work an officer of the law must realize, if he is to cut a proper social figure, that courts exist for defending the rich and oppressing the poor.

Any officer of the law who is a true gentleman will see why the entire machinery of justice should be brought to bear on men who are passionately and intelligently trying to abolish a system in which the majority of people are exploited. In the first place passion and intelligence when applied to anything except making profits are coarse beyond words. In the second place, the majority of people are wage-slaves, and unless we have wage-slaves we cannot have millionaires, and without millionaires etiquette would perish.

The duty of an officer of the law is not to investigate millionaire murders, or wholesale bootlegging, or sugar scandals, or German spies, or violations of the Anti-Trust Act, or election frauds, or the Ku Klux Klan or the American branch of the Fascisti. The sole duty of all officers of the law, from the attorney-general at Washington down to the measliest myrmidon in Herrin, is to persecute ruthlessly all those who seek the emancipation of the ill-mannered workers.

For if the workers should ever be emancipated, then, as far as gentlemen and millionaires are concerned—good night!

'Ogs is 'Ogs

OGDEN Armour,
'e owns the packing 'ouses;
'is packing 'ouses are 'og dens
Made for 'ogs and Ogden
Owned by 'im and not by workers.

J. B. C. W.



Louis Riback

A Library

THERE I found on printed pages
All the wisdom of the ages,
Lives of saints and words of sages,
At my service on a shelf.
There I found myself surrounded
With "confusion worse confounded",
For the wisdom there expounded
Did not simplify myself.

Did not help to make it clear
As to why I should be here.
What to work for, what to fear,
How to make a better change.
In the meantime I am wondering
"Is it well, or am I blundering?"
For the fog in which I'm floundering
Is monotonously strange.

Jean Thorne.

The S. P.—Two Wings Without a Body

By John Pepper

SCOTT NEARING, one of the leaders of the Socialist Party, made a statement: The Socialist Party belongs to the past and the future belongs to the Workers' Party.

The Socialist Party had 104,822 members in 1919. In July, 1921, it had 5781 members.

The Socialist Party as an *organization* has collapsed.

The Socialist Party had a revolutionary ideology until the Indianapolis convention of 1912, but then the famous Article 2, Section VI, against direct action was adopted.

The Socialist Party as the bearer of a *revolutionary ideology* has collapsed.

At present the Socialist Party resolves itself into only two factors: First, Morris Hillquit, Victor Berger and their gang of leaders. Second, a revolutionary sentiment represented by Eugene Debs, and a fine culture represented by Scott Nearing.

Morris Hillquit, Victor Berger and their gang of leaders have the Party machinery completely in their power. The revolutionary sentiment which Eugene Debs can evoke from the masses is being shamelessly exploited by them. That craving of the worker for knowledge which Scott Nearing satisfies through his lectures and books, is being converted by the Socialist Party into nickels and dimes of vulgarity.

The Socialist Party is no real party. It has neither an organization, nor masses, nor an ideology, nor a program, nor any campaigns or actions.

There is not a single question on which the Socialist Party as a whole has any opinion. On every actual question concerning the labor movement, the Socialist Party always has two opinions—the opinion of the right wing, and that of the left wing.

What is the right wing of the Socialist Party? It is something definite that one can actually put his hands on. It consists of half a dozen leaders and a few scores of their henchmen. It is a petty Tammany Hall.

What does the left wing consist of? It has no organization at all. It consists only of a vague sentiment. And it may be a paradox, but true nevertheless, that if the Socialist Party at present still has any successes, it is not due to the petty Tammany Hall of Morris Hillquit and Victor Berger, but to that vague revolutionary sentiment expressed by the veteran fighter, Eugene Debs.

The petty Tammany Hall of Hillquit and Berger is clumsy, helpless, and has until now brought only failure for the Socialist Party. Morris Hillquit may ridicule and jeer at the "idealist" Debs, but he himself, instead of exercising the tactics and strategy of a realistic political leader, has simply practised the tricks and deceptions of an average lawyer. Hillquit, as representative of the Socialist Party's Tammany Hall at the Cleveland Labor Party Conference, has completely destroyed the confidence of the masses in the Socialist Party. But Eugene Debs, without an organization, and without a press, but simply with a few meetings, was able to capture 40,000 votes for the Socialist candidate for Mayor in Chicago.

If a warrant should be issued against the Socialist Party as a whole, it would not be found anywhere. Only the right wing or the left wing would be found. But only against the left wing would the warrant take effect. For, Morris Hillquit somehow knows how to fall sick at the right moment, while it is Eugene Debs who marches to prison.

A House Divided Against Itself

THE working class of America is facing great struggles.

It must protect itself against the open shop drive of the capitalists, against the political persecution of the capitalist government. Only through the unification of all the forces of the labor movement can a successful defensive be carried on. What is the position of the Socialist Party? Eugene Debs and Scott Nearing are for the united front. But the *official* Socialist Party and its whole press are against the united front with the revolutionary Workers' Party.

The labor unions are losing one strike after another. The masses of unskilled workers are unorganized. The form of the craft unions is antiquated. Debs is for industrial unions, and endorses the amalgamation campaign of the Trade Union Educational League. The *official* Socialist Party supports the American Federation of Labor bureaucracy against amalgamation and against the "dangerous boring from within" policy of the Trade Union Educational League.

The *official* Socialist Party has only hatred and contempt for the Communists on trial at St. Joseph, Michigan. Debs, however, declared his solidarity with the persecuted revolutionaries.

The *official* Socialist Party organizes a systematic and shameless campaign of slander against Soviet Russia, and against the Bolsheviki. The basest lies of the capitalist press and of Czarist hirelings are good enough for the New York Call and the Forward to reprint, in defense of the counter-revolutionary clericals. Debs, on the contrary, expresses his enthusiasm for Soviet Russia, and says openly that the world will in the future erect monuments for the Bolsheviki, and the rank and file of the Socialist Party protests through hundreds of letters against the clericalism of the Socialist Party.

Debs and every self-respecting worker in the Socialist Party is for the formation of an independent class-party of the workers. And yet, at the Cleveland Conference, the *official* Socialist Party—Hillquit, Berger, and Oneal, made a common conspiracy with Johnston and Keating against the Labor Party, and for participation in the primaries of the old capitalist parties. Of course, a few months after the Cleveland Conference, Hillquit debates publicly with Keating. What irony! Hillquit for a Labor Party, and Keating against! The Socialist Party announces this debate as the "Big Battle of Giants." In reality it is a well-rehearsed act by two clowns. The slaps rang out loudly, but did not hurt. And everyone had the feeling that Hillquit could just as skillfully and with as much conviction, have spoken

against the Labor Party as for it. For after all, the clown Hillquit is a lawyer.

Debs always speaks openly against the cowardly and treacherous trade union bureaucrats who, in the summer of 1922, betrayed the great strikes. The *official* Socialist Party and its entire press had not a word of criticism against the open betrayal.

The *official* Socialist Party and its press had enthusiastically defended Ramsay MacDonald who dined and supped with royalty in fancy ball-costume. But the rank and file of the Socialist Party protested indignantly against this cynical stand.

The right wing of the Socialist Party is sinking lower and lower. In the year 1920, the Socialist Party sent a request for affiliation to the Communist International. In 1922, the Socialist Party joined the Second-and-a-Half International. In May, 1923, the Socialist Party will without a doubt join the Second International. But against this official betrayal, the left wing within the Socialist Party protests and demands the impossible—that the united Second and Second-and-a-Half Internationals should admit only such parties as reject the "Burgfrieden" policy of truce with the bourgeoisie. In the May convention of the Socialist Party, two resolutions will stand opposed to each other on this question.

Such is the image of the Socialist Party on every question in the labor movement—a right wing, a left wing, but no body.

Peddling the Drug of Anti-Bolshevism

THE Socialist Party is at present in a tragic situation. The Socialist Party was at one time the political expression of the *revolutionary, semiskilled and unskilled workers of the East Side*. The expulsion of the left wing in 1919, by the Tammany Hall of Hillquit, meant that the Socialist Party threw out the revolutionary workers. The Socialist Party no longer possesses the confidence of the semi-skilled or unskilled workers of the East Side. The Workers' Party has fallen heir to this confidence.

The leadership of the Socialist Party sees with consternation these masses who once supported them, now going over to the Workers' Party. The Socialist Party leaders are therefore now seeking a new basis, namely, the support of the *American labor aristocracy*.

The ideal of the Socialist Party leaders to-day is the German Social Democracy. They desire a large mass party. A party which compromises with the bourgeoisie. A party whose only action is election campaigns and the capturing of Congressional seats. A party which has deep roots in the trade unions. A party of the labor aristocracy. That is the dream of Hillquit, Victor Berger, and Oneal. But they can never reach this ideal. They are like the child which runs towards the rainbow, and in the end breaks down from fatigue. They are running towards the rainbow of Scheidemannism, but they will never reach it. Hillquit will never be Scheidemann. Victor Berger will never be Fritz Ebert. Oneal will never be Kautsky. All the *material conditions* are lacking for the realization of this dream.

The German Social Democracy is deeply rooted in the trade unions. The Social Democrats were the *founders* of the trade unions in Germany. A personal union exists between the Social Democratic party-bureaucracy and the trade union

bureaucracy. The American Socialist Party has an entirely different tradition. It has been *outside* the trade union movement. It has been an advocate of dual unionism. The Socialist Party contains on one hand an element of workers who have become petty bourgeois, and on the other hand some foreign-born workers with a revolutionary inclination.

But it has no elements of the native-born, American, English-speaking labor aristocracy.

The political and social situation has made it possible in Germany for the Social Democratic leaders as ministers or deputies to sell out the workers to the bourgeoisie. Naturally, the German Social Democracy had to win the confidence of the masses, through years of organization and political work *before* it could perpetrate this historic betrayal. In the United States to-day every possibility is lacking for a working class party to capture the presidency or positions in the Cabinet. And it is of course ridiculous for a party of workers which is striving to win the confidence of the masses to *start off* with compromise and betrayal. The German Social Democratic Party was already a mighty mass party when it completely betrayed the masses, whereas the American Socialist Party wants to *become* a mass party *by means* of selling out and betraying the masses.

The Socialist Party has lost, as a basis, the *revolutionary, unskilled and foreign-born workers*. It cannot win over as a basis the *American labor aristocracy* because all the necessary historical conditions to make that possible are lacking. Therefore, the leaders of the right wing have turned somersault, and are now trying to gain the confidence of the *trade union bureaucracy*.

The whole official policy of the Socialist Party is but a desperate effort for gaining the favor of the conservative trade union bureaucracy. In order to win over Johnston, the Socialist Party has sabotaged the formation of a Labor Party. In order to win a friendly smile from Gompers, the Socialist Party betrays the idea of amalgamation. In order to sit at the same table with the bureaucracy of the American Federation of Labor, the Socialist Party has transformed its whole press into a lie-factory against Soviet Russia. The mighty trade union leaders do not allow the Socialist Party to enter into the trade union movement through the front door, but they allow the Socialist Party to come in secretly by the delivery entrance, like a drug-peddler, with the single article which he still has—the drug of anti-Bolshevism. But this poor drug-peddler is having hard luck. He has himself become a dope-fiend. The class-struggle in America is becoming daily sharper. We are going through revolutionary changes in American political life, and the Socialist Party has only one answer on every question—anti-Bolshevism, anti-Communism, counter-revolution.



J. J. Lankes.

The Revolution Comes to Gravel Hill

By Ralph Goll

MANY of us, watching the march of repression in these United States, must have expected a conviction in the trial of William Z. Foster at St. Joseph, Michigan.

We thought we knew farmer juries. We thought we knew Michigan—we had heard about Newberry and Ford, and we may have even heard about Will Carleton and Eddie Guest. We thought a verdict of guilty would be reached before the bailiff could be put to the trouble of bringing more than one package of chewing tobacco into the jury room.

Now we wonder, what has happened out there?

I came out of Michigan on Easter Day. On my way to the nearest railroad station I passed five empty churches—churches with broken windows and sagging doors.

I remember, too, that I passed many deserted farms, that the road took me through vast stretches of waste land called "burnings".

I remember that I did not see a single tall and healthy tree. Nor was there within a day's walk of the lake at which I had been living one strong and alert young man or woman.

What of the trees? What of the young men and women?

I rode with a farmer who told me about them. His face was old, tired. He made strange gestures that took the passion from his words.

His sons, like the sons of his neighbors, had gone to the automobile cities. His daughters had followed. He was old now, and wished to have his children near him. He wanted to have about his house and fields the friendly warmth of big trees.

His children were workers. From them he had learned something of industrial oppression.

They, he said vaguely, they had taken his children. He could forgive that, but they had taken his children to rob them They had deforested the fields, depopulated the farms It would all end in the big cities where there would be suffering and violence.

I had heard other farmers say those things. In the stores at Gravel Hill, Camden, Montgomery, I had heard things that seemed to have come out of some story by Andreyev.

There was no talk of Communism—no talk of Socialism. These names would have frightened them a little, I think. They talked of Revolution!—not the bloodless kind either.

Of the debating farmers of Gravel Hill probably Ezra Kuntz was most conservative.

Ezra lives in a log house. In cold weather he fastens his coat together with blanket pins and wraps strips of burlap around his legs. All his life he has known wretchedness. He used to read the Bible and vote the Republican ticket. That was when a little money would buy good whisky. Ezra does not vote now. That is his protest. He still reads the Bible, but he says he wants so die.

During my stay among these rural workers I learned of only one man who seemed completely satisfied with the conditions under which he lived. His name was Charlie Ruhl. He owned land valued at \$20,000.

In the late fall Ruhl said something to one of his brothers about wanting a change. It was an unusual thing for him to say. His brother remembered it.

The next day Ruhl went out on the lake in a row boat. He tied two plow shares to his body, shot himself through the head and rolled into the water.

During the winter two other farmers, residents of an adjoining township, killed themselves. Two farm women were committed to insane asylums. And an imbecile boy starved to death.

These things are, perhaps, not so unusual. But they seem to have some significance when they accompany talk of war—class war.

Probably there is not a rural majority opposed to the present form of government. But unquestionably the many are suspicious in their attitude toward it.

I do not care to say that the mass of country laborers can be organized into a force for revolt. But I am sure of this: the farmers of Michigan cannot now be dragooned into the complete servitude of war days.

The Republican party may continue to control Michigan. The Detroit Free Press may keep its place as a household god.

But the farmer is no longer going to be the perfect instrument of reaction—not in Michigan, anyway.

Maybe the rural workers are not facing the future. But they are putting their backs to the past. I think that a change in government compelled by city workers will not be seriously opposed by the farmers. Many of them would support such a change.

In a way, William Z. Foster was not on trial at St. Joseph. Communism was not on trial. The people of the state of Michigan were trying themselves.

I am glad that they did not find themselves guilty.

I came out of Michigan on Easter Day. I passed empty churches, deserted farms, desolate fields. I heard a farmer speak of revolution—and trees.

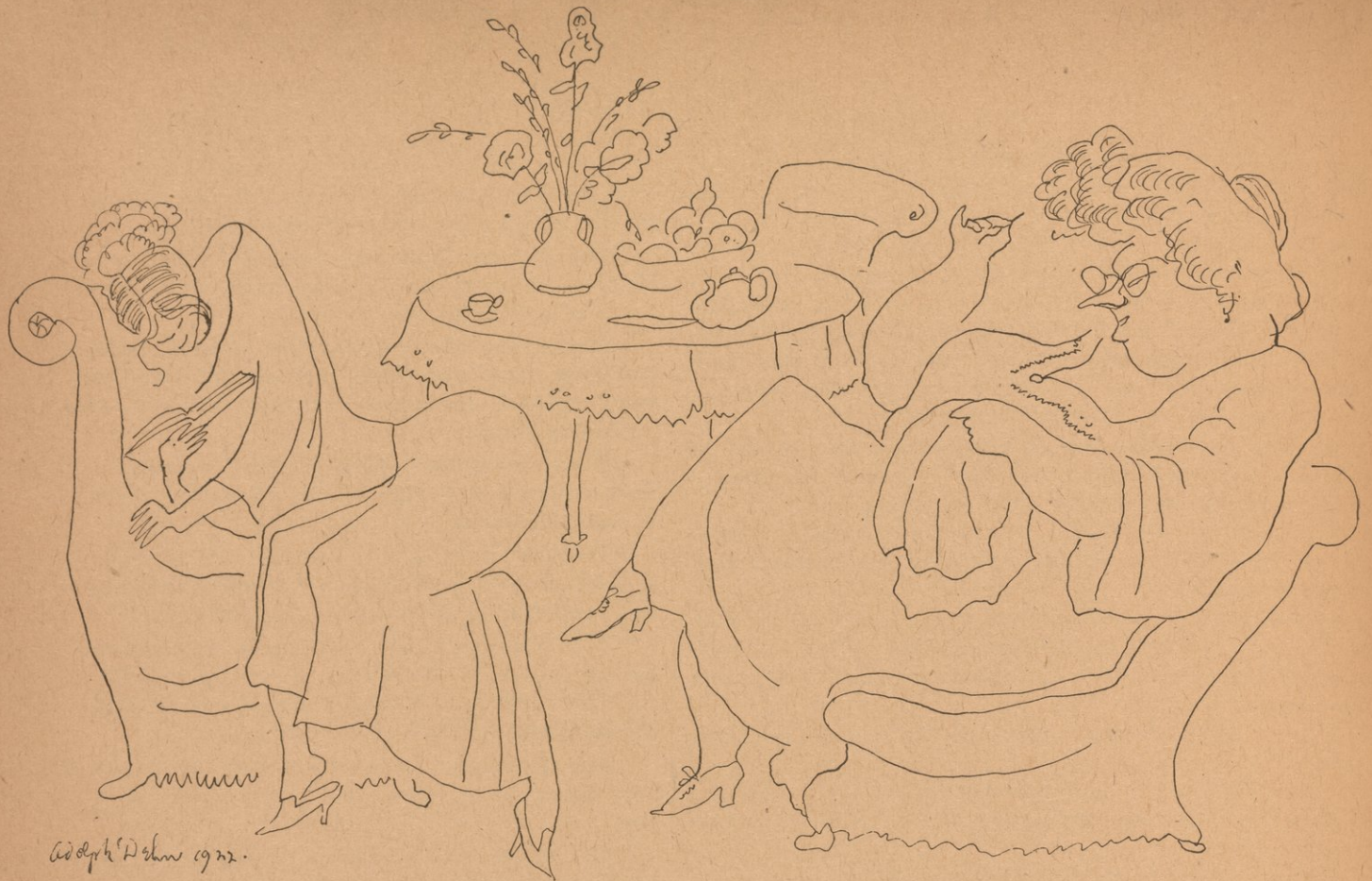
"Before they cut off all the big trees the wind didn't blow so hard," he said. And into his awkward gesture came something fine and terrible, "I think things are changing."

Gigantic Walker

GOD, if I were up so high,
Where you wade across the sky,
I'd scoop into your pool of blue,
And let the clear light trickle through.

Stoop, and lift me to your knees,
Gigantic Walker of the Skies;
Lend me your sun and all your eyes,
And I will make a poem of these.

Carl Rakosi.



"Mother and Daughter"

Adolph Dehn

Adolph Dehn

By Lydia Gibson

WHEN pictures really do what their maker set out to make them do, it is hard to find things to say about them. There they are, filled quite full, leaving no margin to be filled up with words. As to pictures that don't do it, there is always lots of room for intellectualizing and aestheticising, in what often seems to me a desperate effort to complete an inadequate job. The drawings of Adolph Dehn shown this month at Weyhe's gallery are amazingly fluid and precise; they say exactly what he wants them to say. Go look at them. There is black-and-white that does what is not often done with a whole rainbow of colors; black-and-white full of yellow-green of young trees, violet of mountains, crimson of cheap silk waists, white of bleaching linen, or of bleaching bones; black as assertive as thunder or saxophones. After a while you begin to chuckle at the outrageous noses and eyes and clothes and anecdotes. Dehn is ironic and cruel and yet full of good-natured laughter. He is as naively touched by young spring on the mountains as he is by amazing legs shaken in a cabaret. There is no conflict in him at all between subject and form. The flamelike delicacy of

trees is no more expressive to him than the jazzing line of the "Mother and Daughter" series. He is not outside his life, he is one with these hills and one with this mutilated and defiant humanity which wells up so unquenchably in cellar cabarets. He is without the moral despair of Grosz, whose bitterness presupposes a disappointed ideal; he is free of the sentimentality of the French, of the fantastic unreality of the Russians. Dehn and Pascin (both, by the way, Americans,) alone seem able to state without comment all the richness and poverty, the fatness and leanness that make up modern life; perhaps because they are young enough to accept great changes without regret.

Adolph Dehn was born in Minnesota. After a few years in art schools, studying and teaching, he went to Vienna. There he made most of the drawings that are being shown at this exhibition. The Liberator has had the pleasure of showing many of his drawings during the past three years. His work shows a steady growth in power and a beautiful flexibility which seems to make it easy for him to feel and express the rapidly changing spirit of today.

Pioneers

By Don Brown

ON a cold February afternoon ten years ago a freight train pulled into the stockyards of Kansas City, slowing down as it reached the suburbs. Two obscure labor organizers jumped out of a box car to the ground. One of the men, as he swung from the train, carelessly left one hand in his pocket. He lost his balance and plunged headlong down a cinder bank. Hard, gritty pieces of the burnt coal ground into his face and the blood oozed out over them. His companion helped him to scramble up the embankment and they walked into the city. Freight-train passengers have to get off in the suburbs and walk into town. Soon they were knocking on the door of the shabby residence of a bookkeeper of John D. Rockefeller's Standard Oil Plant in Kansas City.

Aching and dirty from their long trip, the two travellers were out in the back yard washing up when the bookkeeper reached home. They went into the house, and after the injured face was dressed they ate a warm supper and sat around the kitchen stove, talking far into the night.

The travelling labor organizers discussed with the bookkeeper a plan for the reorganization of the American Labor movement into a solid, class-conscious, powerful body. The bookkeeper was Earl Browder, who nine years later became Managing Editor of the Labor Herald. One of the two travellers was Earl Ford, who later left the labor movement to become an actor. The third man was William Z. Foster.

That night Foster outlined a great tactical plan for welding the weak, isolated little craft unions into industrial unions, organized and equipped to grapple with the employing class on a large scale. Foster had been carrying this plan in his head for a long time. On his return home from Europe in 1912, he fought within the I. W. W. against its perilous policy of dual-unionism. He urged the militant workers in the labor movement not to secede from the big, conservative unions to organize themselves into ineffectual separate unions, but to stay in the old trade unions, to carry on their work wherever the mass of workers was to be found, to pour their revolutionary energies into the organizations which already existed and in which the workers already had faith.

The first concrete expression of Foster's plan was the Syndicalist League of North America. But the agitation of this group had little effect upon the militants of that day. They had still to learn the inexorable necessity of working along with the grain of labor-union evolution instead of against it. It was on the rocks of the secession which he opposed that Foster's first efforts foundered. But Foster was not discouraged. In 1916 he made another attempt at organizing the militant workers so they could function within the existing trade unions. It was at this time that The Trade Union Educational League came into being. This new group struggled along, died down, and came to life again in 1920. For a year it struggled against the dual policy in vain. Then better things began to happen. Foster's able and long-sustained efforts suddenly began to have wide-spread effect. Almost overnight the great but shapeless revolutionary ele-

ments arrived at the conclusion that the old method of splitting off into simon-pure unions is wrong, that the proper place for militants is not in aristocratic seclusion but among the masses. Not only Foster but all the other militants had learned something from the Russian revolution.

Active organization of the Trade Union Educational League was taken up with new vigor in February, 1920, and at the present time the League has groups and connections in practically all industrial centers of the United States and Canada.

Up in my dusty back room in East Fourteenth Street the other day, Earl Browder, one of the three men who met that night in Kansas City, told me of the talk between himself and the two freight-train passengers and some of the things that have grown out of it.

One result is that 300 local railroad unions a short while ago took matters into their own hands and, smashing through the dead-weight opposition of the Grand Dukes, sent delegates to a great national conference in which they endorsed Amalgamation—thus taking the first great step for a united front of all Labor against the cynical tyranny of a capitalistic regime which has realized the necessity of unity from the first.

"The purpose of the Trade Union Educational League," said Browder, "is to effect an organization of the left wing of the trade union movement, which shall not break away from but keep WITHIN and vitalize the old bodies. We want a common meeting ground for all elements opposed to the reactionary and static bureaucracy of Gompers and his gang. We want to build up the unions instead of tearing them down with schisms. We want all organized labor to form itself into one great Labor Party which could, for instance, take political action and defeat the combined Republican and Democratic parties of the present system."

The Trade Union Educational League program is neither rigid nor dogmatic. It takes part in the daily struggles of the workers. It adapts its conduct to the genuine demands of each situation. But its goal is clear, and each step which the League has taken has brought the workers nearer to that goal; which is, to mould the trade unions into genuine fighting organizations. The League's work on behalf of Amalgamation has already borne fruit. Its referendum among 35,000 local unions in the United States has shown that 98 percent of the workers reached are in favor of the formation of a labor party. This overwhelming vote is a repudiation not only of the old policy, but also a repudiation of the old bureaucracy; it came despite the machine's hysterical attacks on Foster. Circulars abusing Foster and denouncing the Trade Union Educational League have been sent out in enormous numbers by the kaiser of the A. F. of L. The circulars, which are still going the rounds, do not even pretend to argue about the merits of the question proposed in the referendum. They rage, and swear, and fulminate, and in the end BEG the workers not to vote in the referendum. But the workers have not only taken part in the balloting; they have voted almost unanimously in favor of



William Gropper

"My Gawd! We didn't get Foster!"

a labor party. This result is more than a slap in the face to Gompers and Company. It is a sign of the progress which the workers of America have begun to make.

Thus it develops that the terrific battle on the hands of the T. U. E. L. to enforce its plan of internal peace and industrial unity against a unified foe is not alone directly with Capitalism—yet. It is also against those who are supposed to be leading organized labor, Gompers and his ilk, bureaucratic reactionaries, friends of congressmen, Lewis, Johnson, Lee, P. H. McCarthy of San Francisco, the taker of a \$10,000 bribe; Murphy, the post office robber and others high in the Gompers machine; these are the desperate foes of labor's forward march to complete victory.

With their salaries running from \$5,000 to \$20,000 a year these parasites suck a rich living from the body of labor while they fight its well-being with all the crushing power of machine politics.

To these men the sad case of Mr. Grable is a terrible example of the result of the ideas taught by the T. U. E. L. Grable was "Grand President" of the United Brotherhood of Maintenance of Way Employes at a salary of \$14,000 a year. At the convention held last year it was disclosed that Grable had entered into what was little less than a conspiracy with the Railroad Labor Board to keep the 400,000 laborers he controlled at work during the great Railroad strike. As these facts were brought out in the Convention,

Grable and seventeen of his henchman vice-presidents were deposed by the angry delegates. Not stopping here, the delegates endorsed a resolution favoring Amalgamation in spite of the desperate opposition of the "Grand President."

In these actions Gompers and the other reactionaries recognize the first puff of a storm which shall blow down much rotten timber in the forest of organized labor.

The three men who sat in Earl Browder's kitchen in 1913, have scattered somewhat. Ford is acting in a theatrical stock company somewhere in the Middle-West. He no longer rides in box cars. Foster has just come out victorious in a trial in which some of the fundamental rights promised Americans in the Declaration of Independence were not violated because of the courage of five plain men of a jury, led by one straight-thinking woman. Browder, after spending three years in Leavenworth prison for labor activities in war-time, is managing editor of the Labor Herald, official organ of T. U. E. L.

These two men may be sent to the Michigan penitentiary. They may be broken and destroyed. But the idea that was discussed in the Kansas City kitchen by John D.'s bookkeeper and the two freight-train passengers is destined to have a mighty part in sweeping away a whole system of society and in bringing about peace, freedom and security for the workers of the world in a way that is more direct and sane than any as yet recorded in history.

Makers of America

By C. S. Ware

WHO are Americans? Are they the Scottish-born Carnegies and the German-born Schiffs, whose Americanism has paid them in hundreds of millions of dollars? Or are they the millions of workers who have come from far lands, who have dug the coal, moulded the steel, laid the railroad tracks, and run the textile mills; who with their brawn and sweat and blood have built up the gigantic industries of America? Well, here are some facts to ponder over: There are today in the United States almost fourteen million foreign-born men, women and children. These constitute a little over thirteen percent of the population. Over thirty-four percent of all the people living in the United States are foreign-born stock; that is, either they or their parents were born abroad. The 17,816,181 citizens of foreign stock make up twenty-nine percent of the potential voting population of America. Fifty-eight percent of all the workers employed in American industries are of foreign stock. In the basic industries—such as mining, iron and steel, meat-packing, and clothing—the number of foreign-born workers is as high as sixty to seventy percent.

These figures tell an important story. They fairly shout that foreign-born workers make up the most vital element of American industry. And yet to the lot of these foreign-born American workers has fallen the longest hours and lowest wages, the rottenest housing condition, and the poorest schooling; and on top of all these stand sinister state and national laws discriminating against them. This brutal and desperate life has been the lot of over thirty-four million human beings who came to America seeking liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The employing class of this country has piled up fabulous profits out of the crushing toil of these foreign-born workers; yet it is against these very workers that the employing class is launching a new offensive. The capitalists aim to intensify and perpetuate the artificial division among workers along the lines of nationality. By playing off the native-born workers against the foreign-born workers the employers hope to exploit and oppress more intensely both the native and the foreign-born. It is the centuries-old policy of exploiters: divide and conquer.

National divisions in the ranks of the workers are false everywhere; in America they are preposterous. Even that spokesman of one-hundred-percenters, James A. Emery, of the National Association of Manufacturers, has admitted that "we are a nation of immigrants; within a hundred years we have admitted to the United States some thirty-four and three quarter millions of immigrants."

These immigrants have come from every part of the world. From the countries of northwestern and central Europe came the first great stream of workers. About half of our foreign stock came over during this first period from England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, Canada, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, the Netherlands, Belgium, Switzerland, France and Germany. These early immigrants easily adapted themselves to their new environment. In this they were aided



Don Brown

Damn Foreigner

by several factors. They came from industrial countries, they spoke chiefly English or German; their traditions, customs and habits resembled those of the people who were already living here. For these reasons, and because of the rapid development of American industries during this period, they soon passed out of the ranks of unskilled workers.

The need for the unskilled—but indispensable—work of railroad-building and ore-mining was supplied by the second mighty tide of immigration. From 1890 until the World War, South Central Europe, Southern Europe and Eastern Europe poured workers into the United States; and the

United States not only used these workers; the development of industry, agriculture, transportation and mining became absolutely dependent upon this tide of immigrant laborers. The census figures of 1920 show that over forty-six percent of our workers of foreign stock came over during this period from Poland, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Jugoslavia, Russia, Lithuania, Finland, Roumania, Bulgaria, Greece, Italy, Spain and Portugal.

The immigrants from these countries differed greatly from the first group. They were chiefly peasants from agricultural countries. They knew little or nothing about modern industrial methods. Many of them had never seen a modern machine. They were cut off from the other workers by differences of language, custom, and religion. Their isolation made them an easy prey to the rising employing class. Today it is these workers who form the most exploited and oppressed section of the American working class.

During the world war many of these workers left the hell of American industry for the hell of European battle. The stream began to flow back to its source. But during 1920-21, 668,000 new immigrants landed in the United States. To the employers this new body of immigrants, although necessary to their industrial purposes, presented, politically, a "menace." They feared that these workers, having learned something from the various upheavels in Europe, would bring with them a certain amount of political heresy. As a sedative for the panic-stricken Babbits, Congress passed the Three Percent Restriction Act. Since the Act was passed 356,995 foreign-born have been admissable to this country. During this last period of immigration no change has taken place in radical make-up of the American working class. It stands at the machines, the looms, the ploughs; it is down in the black bowels of the earth, a vast army of slaves recruited from every corner of the globe. They came strong and sturdy, eager to look on the face of freedom, to drink in the happy air of the promised land. They came to forget the misery and despotism of the old world in the plenty and democracy of the new. A bitter and a terrible disillusion awaited them. In the land of their desire they found themselves despised burden-bearers grinding out their lives at the most killing tasks, condemned to live in squalor, in poverty, in fear of disease and unemployment while they created wealth for their masters.

And now these masters propose to turn their slaves into prisoners. For that would be the logical consequence of the proposals to finger-print and card-index foreign-born workers as if they were criminals out on parole. The object of these measures is to rivet powerful chains to the ankles of half the working class so as to control it, oppress it, exploit it and use it as a weapon against the other half. The danger hangs over the heads not of the foreign-born workers alone; it is as great a menace to the native workers. To ward off this danger all workers, regardless of birthplace, race, or nationality, must unite to fight against the common enemy which exploits them.

Jack London, in his novel "The Iron Heel," written before the war, has displayed a thousand times profounder insight into the course of the world revolution than all the theoreticians of the Second International put together. The great revolutionary novelist describes three centuries, not of peaceful slumbering evolution into the state of Socialism, but of severe struggles.—Karl Radek.

Jenny in Night Court

*"Lazy, laughing, languid Jenny,
Fond of a kiss and fond of a guinea,"*

I.

FORGET your hatred and your bitter pride,
Forget your dismal future and the past
And smile as if this were your first and last
Appearance, smile as if you were a bride.
And when the judge hears how policemen spied
Upon your room, pretend your heart beats fast
With shame. Be humble, Jenny, stand aghast
At what you did, look down as if you cried.
A pose like that might gain you freedom, Jenny,
A lie may save you from the jail house door.
Oh, tell them you would give your last red penny
If you had been a nice girl, not a whore.
Pretend to them the years have not been many,
Oh, say you never had a chance before!

II.

WHEN last I saw you, little did we guess
You would be here now, Jenny,—here tonight.
For now your nearness and your voice excite
Lean alley vagabonds that weakly press
Against you in the line. Beneath your dress
Your white limbs fail. They tremble, not in light
Sure luxuries of love, as once they might,
But at love's end instead, love's weariness.
The harshness of the street is on your eyes,
The harshness of bleak houses in a row...
Have you forgotten, Jenny, grown so wise,
One winter's night at Molly's years ago,
When we went forth, as children in surprise,
Into a world so exquisite with snow?

Stirling Bowen.

The Circus Parade

IDREAMED that where the moonlight pierced a wood,
Interminable monsters on parade
Filed one by one from night, in moonlight stood
A moment each, and passed on into shade.
Dragon and trachodon and dinosaur,—
Winged and scaled and hooped and horned they passed,—
Mammoth his tusks and sabre-tooth his roar,
Engulfed in darkness,—and the ape at last.
And then a clown leaped underneath the light,
Lively, intoxicated, bawling out
Jest, rhyme and prophecy into the night,
Bombastically slinging swords about.
He shouted:—"Look what's coming after me!"
Alas, my dream broke there! I did not see.

Viola C. White.

REVIEWS

The Hunger for Life

The Holy Tree, by Gerald O'Donovan. Boni and Liveright.

THERE is a quality of childhood that must be kept if you would not wither before you die; and I don't mean "fresh and dewy innocence" nor that sweet fantastic imagination that makes the mother see a young Shelley where the neighbors see a young liar. Nothing so fragile, nothing so impracticable. I mean the clear and imperative perception of our need. He may gain in skill with years, but woe betide him if in the process he has too much contradicted his inner will. For all we know, all the unhappiness and frustration in the world may be boiled down to the corruption of our hunger for life. Our impulses are weakened; we have been taught that bread and milk is wholesome food, and we have a bread-and-milk life, when we might attain heaven in the struggle for caviar! Or we have learned to think that caviar is romantic, and stubbornly we live on it, starving for the plain meat and vegetables that our deeper nature may crave! And in this perversion of the strong hunger for the kind of life that is ours by inner necessity, what is known as "freedom" is often as perverse as what is known as "virtue"; both patterned on some exterior model, conditioned by impersonal and irrelevant and oblivious forces. And then the instinct becomes corrupted, and the just-as-good is accepted in the big things and in the everyday things that seem so small and yet build up or wear away life by their continuousness. Then the light goes out of waking up and the comfort goes out of the darkness; flesh becomes a burden to be exploited or despised, and our denied and thwarted dreams clothe themselves as nightmares to be revenged upon us. I think our friends and lovers are dear to us, more than for themselves, for their power to sweep away our self-doubt, their power to make us say; "This is my health, this is my need, this is my good; this will I have!" And there can be, I think, no love on earth like that love, as yet known actually to few, which is the birthright of many, that shouts, "This is Our health, this is Our need, this is Our good; this will We all have!"

And so it seems to me that a book that shines with the sacredness of this will is beautiful; and a book that draws such pictures of the blossoming of life and the withering of life as Gerald O'Donovan's *Holy Tree*, is rain to our thirst. That it does so in language that is pure poetry passes almost unnoticed at the moment, so naturally like the sound of the good rain is it.

The Holy Tree far surpasses Mr. O'Donovan's last novel, *Vocations*, fine as that was, in clarity, in poetry, in the drawing of character, and in its feeling for the struggle for fulfillment that is the theme of all novels. Ann's gay earnest childlike attack upon life, the slow withering of her *Holy Tree*, the rising again of the sap in her branches with the coming of love, are done with exquisite understanding, not of one woman's life only, but of the inevitable consequences of dealing with emotional and instinctive needs by ulterior standards. Ann refuses in healthy horror, to marry the old scoundrel who wants to buy her of her

mother, but out of pity for her family does marry the young blunderer who offers a way out. Young or old, it is much the same in the long run; the corrosion is slower, the anaesthetic more merciful, that is all she has gained. Then she meets the lover who stirs her, the rebel whose dreams for Ireland awake her own idealism, and whose dreams for herself awake her old strong true hunger. The book ends in a melodramatic and question-begging scene which is its weakest point. Brian's open life with Ann, a married woman, will destroy his influence with the simple priest-ridden people among whom his work lies, and will discredit his political life; yet like all deep love, theirs is evident and proud. The author settles this problem by drowning Brian. But in life, when people come to this not-to-be-avoided question of love, fate doesn't ask them whether they are married or single; they don't drown, at least not accidentally. And they never drown on purpose until their love's last ray is blown out.

This book is full of God and calling on God, too; but don't let that fool you; he isn't a church god, he's grandfather, or an old wise Merlin, or the great Poet of the world, and as intimate with them all as their hills and the sea that tears their nets and gives them their living and drowns them so conveniently. Perhaps he is the sea. All this seems simple and unsophisticated; but it is subtle and wise and goes closer to the bone than a lot of current romancing. I'd like to quote from it, but better you should read it for yourself and enjoy the poetry where it grows naturally, like fruit picked in the orchard instead of bought two for a nickel out of a pushcart.

LYDIA GIBSON.

The Case Against the Government

The Government-Strikebreaker, by Jay Lovestone. Published by the Workers Party of America, Room 405, 799 Broadway, New York City. 320 pages, cloth, \$1.50.

THE literature of the American labor movement, particularly the revolutionary labor movement, has been notable for the absence of original studies of the economic and political developments in this country. Of books of propaganda, harangues, there have been a plenty, but of books dealing with facts, books in which the statement of the conditions which the workers have to meet were supported by careful marshalling of facts to prove the thesis, there have been few indeed. It is a book of the latter character which Jay Lovestone has produced.

The activities of the government of the United States during the strikes of 1922, were of such a character that even the usually unobservant workers received the impression that the government was the chief supporter of the employers. This was shown by the numerous resolutions adopted by labor bodies calling for a general strike, a demand which was so great that even the Executive Committee of the American Federation of Labor was obliged to give it consideration.

Lovestone has undertaken the task of showing the working people of the United States just what the government of the United States, supposed to be "a government of the

people, for the people, by the people," did about the great struggles between the workers and their bosses last year.

This is not done by haranguing the readers about the evil deeds of the government. The case against the government is made by setting forth the documents proving the acts of the government. Each one of the great strikes of 1922, is studied in detail. Every charge made against the government is supported by the evidence, in the shape of official documents, proclamations, injunctions, court records.

The result of marshalling the evidence of governmental activities against strikers during the textile strike, the miners' strike and the shopmen's strike builds up a case against the Government which will leave no reader of this book in doubt as to the part which the government has come to play in the class struggle in the United States. The title of the book is shown to be no misnomer, the government was the strikebreaker during the recent industrial crisis.

While the main thesis of the book is the activities of the government in breaking strikes, the part of the capitalists and the other institutions of capitalism are not forgotten. The book opens with a study of the economic conditions which precipitated the industrial crisis and the preparation of the capitalists to take advantage of this industrial crisis to cut down wages and smash the labor organizations. Here as everywhere there are no unsupported charges. Every statement, every charge, is supported by quotations or citations from documents proving the case. The book shows that the attack upon the labor movement during 1921 and 1922 was not something that just happened but that it was a carefully laid plan of the employers to break the power of the labor organizations and to force the whole working class of this country to accept lower wages.

After presenting the facts about the capitalist offensive and how it worked out in the textile strike, the miners' strike and the shopmen's strike, the part played by various institutions of the capitalist system is analyzed. There are chapters devoted to the newspapers, the courts, the army, and each of these institutions are proven to be part of the highly organized capitalist machine by which the workers are kept in subjection.

Once the evidence is piled up proving the role of the government in the strikes, the government itself is analyzed and shown to be a cleverly constructed organization to carry out the will of the capitalists.

The book as a whole is a carefully prepared document which must have cost months of research work. The emphasis laid on the marshalling of facts must not, however, leave the impression that it is dry reading. The indictment drawn against the government is so startling and damning that the interest never flags.

C. E. R.

Question

(For a painting by Edward Bruce)

WHAT is the beauty
Of this balancing of rectangles
Framed by hard lines,
Seen in crude light?
What is this pain of life
That grips my heart
At sight of blank buildings
And a bare tree?

Edith Engel.

Disciplined Eagerness

For Eager Lovers, by Genevieve Taggard, Thomas Seltzer.

BOOKS of poetry are seldom best sellers; yet here is a slim volume, the first offering of a young writer, which has gone into a second edition a few months after its publication. This rare occurrence must be accounted for by more than the beauty of the poems. Beauty is a vague term for a complicated quality. Insofar as it refers to imagery, music, and phrase, these poems are superbly beautiful. They are crowded with lovely colors, gestures, and sounds; the poet has touched, smelled, tasted, seen, and heard details of the external world with a set of remarkably acute senses; she has remembered her experiences and found rich words for communicating them. One could not ask for a better example of mere poetic craft than *Sea-Change*:

"You are no more, but sunken in a sea
Sheer into dream, ten thousand leagues, you fell;
And now you lie green-golden, while a bell
Swings with the tide, my heart: and all is well
Till I look down, and wavering, the spell—
Your loveliness—returns. There in the sea,
Where you lie amber-pale and coral-cool,
You are most loved, most lost, most beautiful."

However, it is more than such music and color that has made Genevieve Taggard's book stand out and has lifted her into the front rank of modern American poets. What has moved people most deeply is the poet's attitude toward herself and toward life; it is an attitude which grows visible from page to page until it matches the current mood of modern youth. This mood is a reaction to the chaos and tumult which has filled the world these last ten years. It is the desire for building new things which comes after destroying old ones. The reaction to the repressions of puritan America was a poetry which broke all bonds, plunged recklessly into all sorts of experiences and experiments; it was the poetry of a generation repudiating its fathers; throwing out its passions and energies with a beautiful and terrible extravagance; a generation defiantly living in shining palaces built upon the sand and singing by the flame of candles burning at both ends. But the new mood, separate from the old by these brief years of defiance and destruction, is of a more intellectual fibre.

The new youth seeks self-discipline; it wants to understand all limitations in order to overcome them, and to prefigure all possibilities in order to achieve them; it seeks to master its own intellect and emotions in order to master the world, as an engineer masters his intellect and emotions in order to control machines. This is evident in every field. Foster's amalgamation takes the place of aimless vituperation; T. S. Eliot's considered criticism takes the place of Anatole France's personal impressionism; a historic materialism takes place of a mystical and non-committal bergsonianism; in art mere energy gives way to definite form, and in personal conduct the passion for excitement gives way to self-reorganization.

These poems of Genevieve Taggard's are chiselled out such a mood. They are solid not only with the external discipline of clear-cut rhyme, rhythm and phrase; but are vibrant with the dignified music of inner control. In these pages there is no boisterous rebellion, no sprawling of emotions, no blind appetite for indiscriminate experience. The lines are aloof with thought; desire is tempered by caution and resentment by wisdom. The poet, like her *Enamel Girl*, learns from experience. Her first lesson makes her timid:

"Fearful of beauty, I always went
Timidly indifferent:

Dainty, hesitant, taking in
Just what was tiniest and thin;

Careful not to care
For burning beauty in blue air;

Wanting what my hand could touch—
That not too much;

Looking not to left nor right
On a honey-silent night;

Fond of arts and trinkets, if
Imperishable and stiff.

They never played me false, nor fell
Into fine dust. They lasted well.

They lasted till you came, and then
When you went, sufficed again.

But for you, they had been quite
All I needed for my sight.

You faded. I never knew
How to unfold as flowers do,

Or how to nourish anything
To make it grow. I wound a wing

With one caress, with one kiss
Break most fragile ecstasies...

Now terror touches me when I
Dream I am touching a butterfly."

But in the shelter of her reserve the poet begins to gather strength. She does not curse life and run away from it; instead she begins to lay a foundation for independence. She repudiates the domination of the world which has hurt her; she refuses to let her moods mirror the whims of "Mother Nature" any longer; she begins to build a world of her own, a garden whose delicate foliage hides a fortress:

"And I grew me a willow of my own heart's strength,
With my will for its width, and my wish for its length:

And I made me a bird of my own heart's fire,
To sing my own sun, and my own desire.

Wherever I go, no matter where,
My bird and my willow-tree are there.

However you frown, no matter how,
I will sing as I am singing now."

With this quiet resolve the poet's powers begin to grow. Her self-reliant observation begins to see he dreams and defeats of others as clearly as her own, and most clearly she catches the meaning of the gestures made by *Eager Lovers*: The climax of the poet's struggle for self-discipline is her *Unacknowledged Dedication*. This is a strong and thoughtful triumph. Unfortunately the poem is too long to quote entirely; its emotional and intellectual qualities border on greatness. After the pain with which the poet has built solid walls about herself, planted her own willow tree and created her own bird and her own songs, the *Dedication* comes with a grim dramatic power:

"These were his songs. Now he has broken them.
All he has made, that has he also slain.

* *

Where will we go, my songs under the sun?
There is no place to go, no, there is none.

* *

When all the sky is darkened at the rim
And he and we have stumbled in its shade
No one will know the beauty he has made.

The rest of the book is the fruit of self-conquest. The poet is now more or less at home in the world, alert to its glories as well as its sorrows. A happy Utopia rises in *Indian Summer*, bright with color and laughter; the earth vanishes in the cold mist of an *Ice Age*; there is the sound and sight of forests, fauns, boys and girls and "all the essences of sweetness from the white day." In the last two poems—*Twentieth Century Slave-Gang* and *Revolution*, the poet catches reverberations of the social struggle:

"Prepare, prepare to see your towers fall;
Foundations groan, no longer to withstand
The burdens of your abundant banquet hall.
So perished Babylon. Behold the hand
That turns your river underneath the wall
And makes your wealth an avalanche of sand!"

JOSEPH FREEMAN.

THE World War Veterans' Organization has begun publication of *The Veterans' Voice*. The magazine will reflect the militant and progressive policies of this body of exservice men whose attitude toward Labor is very friendly. The offices of *The Veterans' Voice* will be at 110 West Fortieth Street, Room 606, New York City.

A Blue Print of Utopia

The Next Step, by Scott Nearing. Published by the author.

A COMMON criticism which the unventilated commercial mind makes of socialism is: a fine ideal, but impracticable. A common criticism which the lazy liberal mind makes is: a fine mechanism which loses sight of its goal. Here, at any rate, is an attempt to clarify the aims of socialism and at the same time to supply a workable scheme. It is to Scott Nearing's credit that he describes both the goal and the means in simple terms; and it is to the credit of the Russian Revolution that Utopia has been taken out of the hands of literary romancers and put into the hands of econ-

omists acquainted with the organization of large economic enterprises. Eventually the job will be finished by industrial engineers.

Scott Nearing does not offer a painting of Utopia; he offers a blue-print. His arrow points to the magnetic north of freedom; and a very specific freedom it is. It is freedom from primitive struggle with hunger, thirst, and cold; freedom from wars of every kind; freedom from servility; freedom to develop the creative instincts; wisdom in consumption; leisure for effective expression; universal culture. This practical freedom has, of course, been the aim of communist revolution since Marx and Engels issued their Manifesto; and Nearing is himself enough of a Marxian to realize that the first step in the direction of freedom is a socialist form of economics. His plan is a detailed design for the organization of a world owned and run by "producers." Though he uses the obsolete language of middle-class democracy he really describes a world federation of industries all of which are owned by workers.

This federation begins with local units. The workers of each mine, mill, factory and store meet regularly; they decide on the immediate problems of their productive units; they elect leaders and committees to carry on the routine work; they also elect delegates to the district organization. The districts within a given geographic area form divisions covering whole sections of the globe which are bound together by transport facilities and related economic interests. Thus North America might form one division; South America another, Northern Europe a third, and so on. Divisions would send delegates to division congresses. These congresses would meet annually and choose executive committees and boards of engineers and experts to supervise industry.

Such industrial divisions would be held together by a world federation of producers, with a world parliament, administrative boards, and a world board of managers. The units of this federation would consist of the producers in each of the major industrial groups. Thus the machine manufacturing industries, the transport industries and the agricultural industries would, as units, send delegates to the world parliament. A world executive committee would be chosen consisting of ten per cent of the world parliament. This committee would appoint administrative boards of experts; and the world executive would be a board of managers consisting of the chairmen of the administrative boards.

This world of federated industries analogous to the federated political states of this country, is intended to control natural resources, raw material, transportation, exchange and credit, and also to settle disputes among the subordinate units. With all the colossal dimensions of this scheme, Nearing has managed to outline methods of election, legislation, and administration. He has even suggested how often the various bodies should meet and of how many members it should consist.

The size and simplicity of the plan both make it suspicious. Like any wholesale map of a new world it is full of gaps on all sorts of crucial matters. How the capitalist system is to be abolished and the communist system ushered in is not taken up at all; the author leaves the plan and execution of a world-wide revolution to others. He is also vague on other vital points. He begins by assuming that the workers will own the economic machinery and before long this ownership

has dwindled into "control." How can workers control anything which they do not own? Still, Nearing does emphasize the class-struggle and his slogan "All power to the producers!" sounds very much like a disguised version of our old friend, "All power to the Soviets!"

However, the author offers his blue-print with true scientific humility. "This outline... is tentative and suggestive rather than arbitrary or final... The aim of the plan is to build up an economic structure that will be efficient and at the same time sufficiently elastic to meet the changing needs of the times..." At any rate, when the communist revolution has swept all countries and the workers are ready to reorganize the world which they have taken over, Scott Nearing's detailed plan is one which, for all we know, the Third International may refer to an international committee of experts.

JOSEPH FREEMAN.

Minority Reports

AFTER the two Wilson terms, the number of Americans with a genuine taste for high words covering mean actualities is probably not so large as it used to be, but it is still large enough to insure a handsome audience for whatever Herbert Hoover has to say about "American Individualism." The reader gets Mr. Hoover's generalizations neat, as it were, without any dilution of fact, historical or statistical, adduced in support of seventy-two pages of sermonizing. Here is a fair specimen of Brother Hoover's super-rotarian style:

"It is not the individualism of other countries for which I would speak, but the individualism of America. Our individualism differs from all others *because* it embraces these great ideals: *that while* (because that while—*sic*—very *sic*) we build our society upon the attainment of the individual, we shall safeguard to every individual an equality of opportunity to take that position in the community to which his intelligence, character and ambition entitle him..."

And so on and so forth, about 5000 words in all, without a pennyworth of fact to carry off an intolerable flood of boosters' paypatriotic sack. The New York *Times* is delighted: "We think, this little book deserves to rank, and doubtless will rank, among the few great formulations of American political theory."

Perhaps it will—and if it won't, Mr. Hoover has prudently made sure of a consolation prize: through his publishers, he charges a dollar net for a two-bit booklet. It is to be hoped that his rake-off will slightly assist him "to maintain that position in the community to which his intelligence, character, ability and ambition entitle him."

THE incapacity of the American Federation of Labor to cope with the injunction problem is richly documented by John P. Frey in "*The Labor Injunction*" (Equity Publishing Co., Cincinnati). Mr. Frey, Editor of the International Molder's Journal, is one of the tchinovniks of Sam—not Uncle Sam—of Sam Gompers, the man that has conducted for the last thirty years the cause of American labor as if it were a problem of chicanery in a police court. Never-mind, Mr. Frey's helpless comment on the labor injunction—you needn't read that, unless you want to. His collection of court-documents will be of important assistance to every student of the American labor situation.

JAMES FUCHS.

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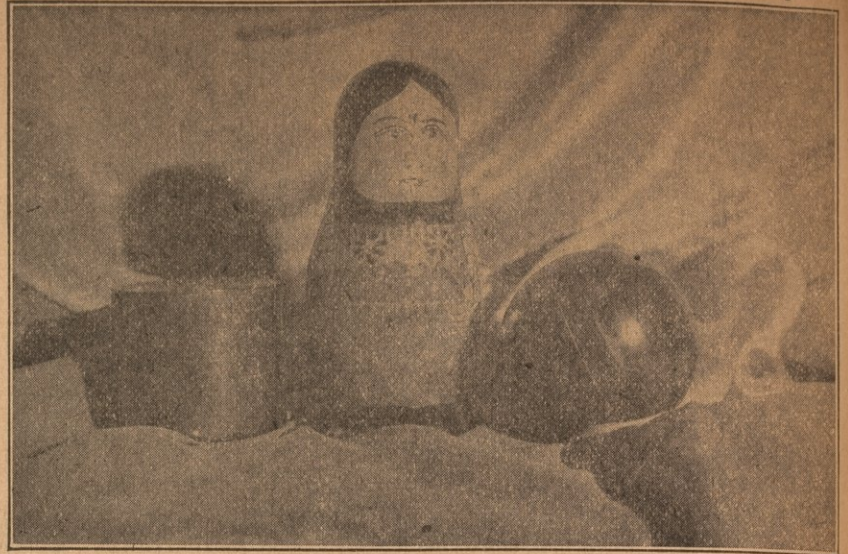


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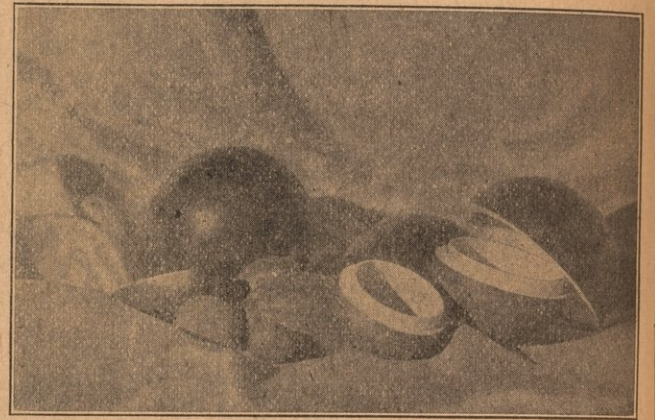


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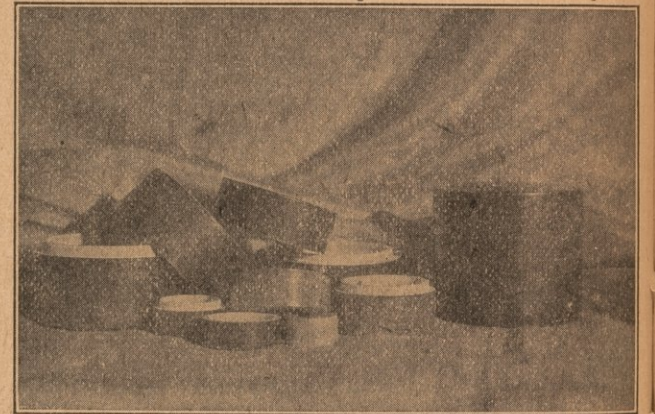


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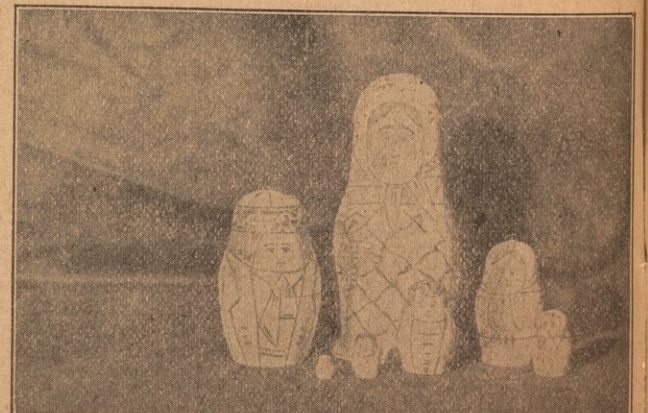


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the belief of your fathers? A thousand years ago there was but one accepted religion in all Europe. Religions change with time, as all things change with time.

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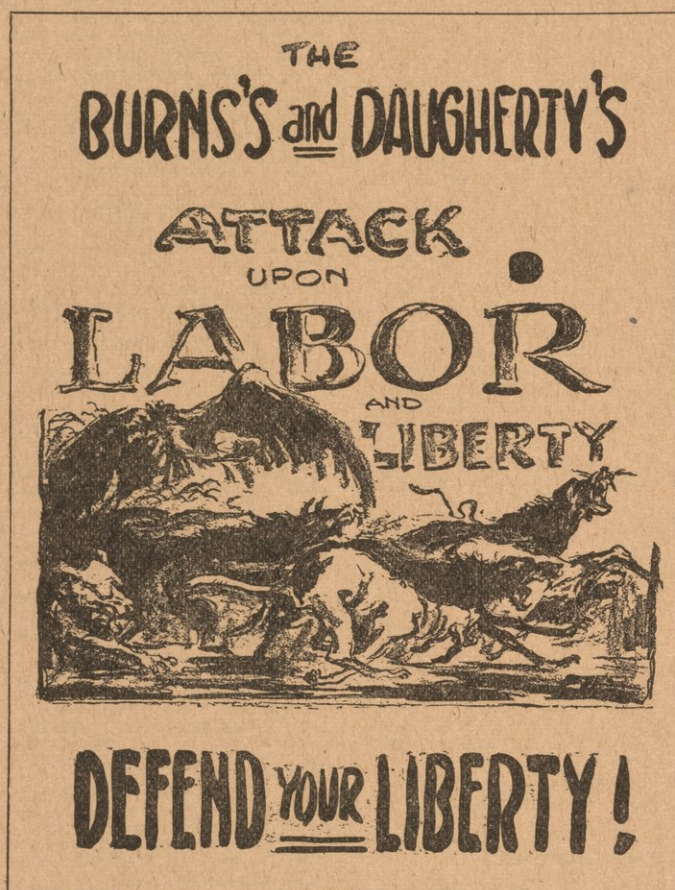
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