

LIBERATOR

20 C

AUGUST 1923



Frank Walts

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The Silver Bugle

By Robert Minor

WARREN Billings, famous political prisoner convicted of "murder" and given life imprisonment solely to make easier the frame-up of Tom Mooney, has been presented a silver cornet which he is learning to play in his cell in Folsom penitentiary, California. The sentiment of it may be all right, but the irony hurts. Is this all we can do for our political prisoners?

No more noble act can be cited in the class struggle in America than that of Billings in quietly taking a life sentence—it might have been the gallows—rather than to escape by the slightest evasion that might have injured Mooney's defense. Assistant District Attorney James Brennan, who convicted Billings and is now ashamed of it, actually admitted Billings' innocence in asking the jury to give Billings a life sentence which could be used as a club to compel him to aid in the conviction of Mooney.

The whole world knows, and most of it admits, that both Billings and Mooney are innocent. The loathesome Hiram Johnson who sponsored the crime of their frame-up even to the point of an attempt to murder Mooney on the gallows, has climbed over their bodies to the United States Senate and fed a wolfish appetite for the presidency. (If Johnson becomes a nominated candidate for the presidency, the crime of California will rise as a ghost to plague him.)

P. H. McCarthy—the famous "P-Haitch" who was Sam Gompers' California labor leader and helped to put Mooney and Billings in prison—has gone down under the shame of exposure of his taking a \$10,000 bribe from employers, even as Brouillet was kicked out of San Francisco Labor Council presidency for aiding in the frame-up.

But Mooney and Billings stay through the long years in the penitentiaries. . . And what do we do about it? We give Billings a silver cornet. For God's sake, blow it, Billings!

IN spite of all the sound and fury that has been made in their name and defense, Enrico Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti may yet go to the electric chair. This is for no other reason than that they are being neglected; perhaps, even, forgotten. The defense of these men has been "successful" in the way that defense of labor prisoners usually succeeds. That is, it has succeeded in disproving every particle of material evidence against the men, and leaves the men indefinitely in jail.

In every labor frame-up it seems there must be used a lady-witness who faints or weeps on the witness stand and testifies "regretfully" that the labor men are guilty. Estelle Smith, from a Los Angeles house of ill fame, was the lady-witness who, for a promise of "six figures in cash" as she afterward admitted, helped Hiram Johnson and the Chamber of Commerce to send Tom Mooney on his way to the gallows. Lola R. Andrews was the fainting "lady-witness" in the Sacco-Vanzetti case, and she has at last admitted that she lied in giving the testimony that condemned the two men to the electric chair. Louis Pelsler was a star "eye witness," and he now swears that he testified under duress and that his identification was false. The man called "Carlos E. Goodridge," who swore he saw Sacco shoot the murdered man in the back, is not Carlos E. Goodridge at all, but Erastus C. Whitney, alias Willis, twice convicted of larceny and excused

from a third prosecution in consideration of his testimony against the labor defendants. But that isn't all. A scientific examination has proven beyond dispute that the bullet that caused death could not have come from the gun with which Sacco was falsely alleged to have committed the murder.

But experience in labor cases proves that Sacco and Vanzetti will be electrocuted with utter disregard for their innocence—or at least will be kept in prison indefinitely—unless the hard cash can be raised to continue their defense.

And we have received the following letter about it:

All persons who have sent money to the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee at any time and particularly recently who have not received a Committee receipt, are notified to at once advise the Committee, giving date of remittance, the amount of the remittance, the form in which remittance was made, the place from which made and if by money order or check the name of the payee and the name of the remitter.

We are sending out this notice because circumstances indicate that Committee mail is not coming through to the Committee as it should. It is vital that we learn immediately just what the true facts are. For upward of thirty days the Committee's receipts have been negative. We cannot carry your battle, to save our two comrades from the death chair, on to a successful conclusion without funds. *Act at once!*

Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee,
P. O. Box 37, Hanover Street Station,
Boston, Mass.

ELEVEN years ago William A. Wood, multimillionaire head of the New England textile combine, tried to break a strike at Lawrence, Mass., by planting a bomb in his own textile mill—and got caught at it. One might expect that to be the end of such things, at least in one neighborhood. But it is not. Again the old game turns up only eight miles from the scene of Wood's activities, at Haverhill, Mass.

John E. Merrick and the Shoe Workers' Protective Union are the intended victims of a bomb (carefully disconnected and arranged so it couldn't explode) planted near a shoe factory where the workers are on strike. Detectives bent on making the case clear against Merrick are shown to have entered Merrick's garage, then to have persuaded the factory owner to offer two thousand dollars reward, then to have arrested Merrick and "found" in his garage a hatful of pieces of metal corresponding to those used in making the bomb. William A. Knipe, the factory owner, has under oath already told conflicting stories about the finding of the infernal machine.

When will this vile method of "getting" labor men come to an end? Perhaps only after the fight ends.

But meanwhile John E. Merrick, an unusually valiant fighter in the Massachusetts labor movement, is in great danger of being sent over with a successful frame-up. The Workers' Defense Conference, at 14 Water Street, Haverhill, Mass., is receiving contributions from all who want to help "catch another Mr. Wood." You want to help; do it early while it counts.



Products of Civilization, or the Survival of the Fittest
(No. 2) John Wingate Weeks

JOHN WINGATE WEEKS is one of the MOST self-made men in the public life of our country. Born on a farm at Lancaster, New Hampshire, in 1860, he raised himself from this humble environment to the position of a leading broker and banker of Boston.

From banker the evolution was natural to the United States Senate. Mr. Weeks having been defeated for a second term in the Senate, President Harding took care of him by making him Secretary of War.

It is here that Mr. Weeks shines like a country school boy reciting "The Charge of the Light Brigade." "Onward!" says John; "more soldiers! more guns! more poison!—ONWARD!"

Mr. Weeks is a large man with fat legs and an oval-shaped head. If you want to know why our country is going Onward!—there stands John Wingate Weeks a living monument to Push, Puerility and Preparedness.

ART YOUNG.

THE LIBERATOR

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EDITORIALS

The Federated Farmer-Labor Party

THE long looked-for labor party was founded in Chicago on July third, fourth and fifth.

In order to come into existence, the new class federation of workers and farmers had to burst the now surprisingly thinned and worn shell of institutionalized cowardice which attempted to hold back the movement and which had, indeed, succeeded in holding it back in the two previous conferences, one in Chicago in February 1922 and one in Cleveland in December 1922.

Nothing could this time hold the six hundred delegates of labor and farm organizations in check, so irresistible had the movement become and so determined the delegates through the two past betrayals. The great class party is founded. Labor and the exploited farmers of this country have entered into political action. It is a major event in American history.

But the crust of institutionalized cowardice of thirty years formation has yet to be broken at two points. The first of these will be the organized sabotage of the "labor vote" merchants in the trade unions and the "farm vote" merchants in the agrarian organizations. Every forward-looking trade unionist and farmer has now the task of his lifetime to see that the reactionaries in the farm and labor organizations do not succeed in postponing the affiliation of those bodies until after the coming presidential election. A big role must be played by the Federated Farmer-Labor Party in the 1924 elections.

The second point is that of getting the news over to the broad masses. In fact, from reading the newspapers it is impossible to learn what happened in Chicago. Never before has the Press of this country so completely succeeded as a smotherer of news.

Suppressors of News

BEFORE the Conference several big newspapers cautiously breathed their fear that a great party of Labor and the farmers might be established. As the Conference opened, an idiotic attempt was made by the Press to wish Henry Ford upon it as a presidential candidate. The Conference was held amid incessant assurances from the capitalist newspapers that "labor and the farmers cannot agree."

The *Chicago Tribune* sat like a buzzard over the scene of operations. Supplying its reports to a large part of the capitalist Press, the *Tribune* tainted with its poisonous stench a large part of the news that went out. A curious incident is that most of the big newspapers had sent their star writers out to Shelby, Montana, to cover a more important historical event—the Dempsey-Gibbons prize-fight—and

their second-class men, in some instances, were sent to cover Harding's voyage to Alaska. The formation of the great class party of the producers of the land was covered by third-class reporters who were unable even to get the names of the factions straight. An exception might be considered the case of Frank A. Munsey who sent his alleged star, Louis Seibold, to Chicago. Mr. Seibold couldn't get the names straight but solemnly reported the leaders of one faction to be the leaders of an opposite faction.

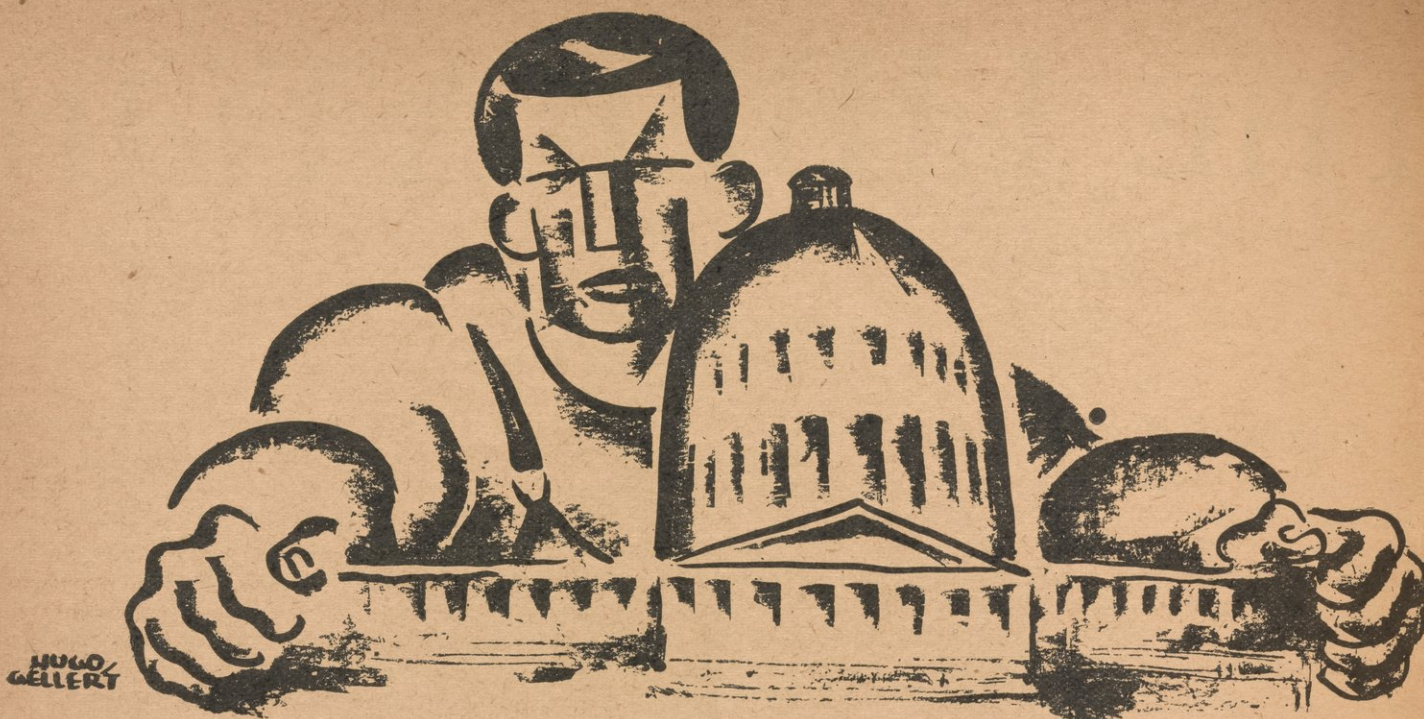
After the great conference ended with enthusiasm and unanimity almost unequalled, the capitalist Press announced that it didn't happen. The fact that half a hundred delegates, mostly of Chicago and Cook County, Illinois, units of the old Farmer-Labor Party, bolted from a conference of six hundred, was seized upon by the capitalist open-shop Press as an excuse to announce that the conference had "broken up in disagreement."

The Capitalist-Socialist Press

MR. ABRAHAM Cahan's *Daily Forward* (Mr. Cahan is the Frank A. Munsey of Jewish journalism) lied with a somewhat freer swing, having the advantage of knowing at least the names of the chief participants.

The readers of the *New York Call* received about the rawest deal of all. The *Call's* daily stories entirely ignored the main events of the Conference and concentrated upon every trivial incident that could be distorted so as to discredit those who were forming the labor party. Determined to use any means to defeat political action, the *Call* daily announced some such an absurdity as "Unions Quit," etc., despite the fact that practically every trade union delegate who entered the conference remained to the enthusiastic finish. When important issues were settled by a standing vote, counted solely by tellers appointed by the conservatives who had the machinery in their hands, showing radical victory of seven to one or even ten to one, the *Call* told its readers that the issue was carried by the yelling of the gallery. Throughout the proceedings the *Call* kept up a running fire of denunciation of every outstanding opponent of Gompers (such as Foster and Meyerscough). As far as the workers who depend upon the *Call* may know about it, all that happened in Chicago didn't happen and no mass party of the workers and farmers was formed. By its act of dishonor and violence to the simplest rules of journalistic honesty the *New York Call* has wiped itself out of the last remaining respect of the workers.

All of which goes to show that there must be founded in the quickest possible time a great daily newspaper to act as a national source of information for the mass political movement which is beginning.



HUGO
GELLERT

Hugo Gellert

Just a look-in, to learn what it's like

The Word They Scare Leaders With

EIGHT months ago John Fitzpatrick and his associates of the Chicago Federation of Labor pulled out of the Cleveland conference in disgust, declaring that Johnston, Stone & Co., had no intention of forming a labor party.

Fitzpatrick thought he wanted a labor party. He and his associates called a third conference—this last one in Chicago—and invited all working class and farming elements to it.

But to his amazement the people who wanted a labor party were the people who came to the conference. He had thought the labor party ought to be founded by the people who did not want a labor party. When he saw that the real militants had come to do the militant job, Fitzpatrick asked that the most militant of the conference—the men who had done the job of getting around to the unions and getting them to send delegates—should go away. The labor party must be formed only by the people who don't want a labor party. The people who do want a labor party are too militant and would give the labor party a bad name.

There John Fitzpatrick made the mistake of his life. Always in the past a bold and honest leader of the masses, he lost his faith in this test. He lost sight of the fact that there are but two elements in this fight about political action—the Gompers bureaucracy on the one hand, and the rank-and-file militants on the other. For builders of the labor party, you have to take your choice of these two; and there is nothing in between. When Fitzpatrick called for delegates to build a labor party, the Gompers bureaucracy wouldn't come; he was sure to have either a hall full of militant rank-and-file union representatives—or an empty hall.

Fitzpatrick was afraid of these rank-and-file militants; they are smeared with "bolshevism." Suddenly Fitzpatrick saw a great light; he saw that he didn't want a labor party.

It is a tragedy; but it is a tragedy of an individual; the mass has gone ahead. By ten to one the conference went

ahead and formed the Federated Farmer-Labor Party.

The one-tenth minority bolted the conference out of fear that the labor party would be called "Bolshevist" by the capitalist Press despite the fact that the Workers Party was represented by only ten delegates and less than a third of the delegates of labor organizations had any connection with the Workers Party. Fitzpatrick saved himself and his Chicago Federation from being called "bolsheviks" by the only possible method—by failing in his duty to the masses. For the first time in his life, John Fitzpatrick won the approval of the *Chicago Tribune*.

It is true that the capitalist and socialist Press says that the conference was "captured by bolsheviks." The brand is automatic and sure as Cain's. Even the "liberal" Democrat, United States Senator Burton K. Wheeler of Montana, was recently chased by a mob of business men determined to tar and feather him as a "red," and the Senator was saved only by a fast automobile and a farmer's rifle. Yet John Fitzpatrick gave up the principle of independent political action of the workers rather than face the capitalist curse of "red." Henry Ford, while temporarily suspected of being a friend of the masses, was called an "anarchist" by the *Chicago Tribune*. There are no bolsheviks in the Senate, yet. And the Federated Farmer-Labor Party is not bolshevist. But it was certain before its conference convened that if it did anything in the interest of the masses it would be called bolshevist.

From this time forward any person, group or party that does anything in the interest of the exploited masses must expect to be called "bolshevist." And finally the masses will learn what it means. Just as the delegates in this conference learned that the very small minority who really would do something and could and would lead into the action they longed for, were really bolsheviks, so the masses will learn that the leaders who intend to change social conditions and are not afraid to go ahead are *bolsheviks*.

Then there will be a great many more bolsheviks.

An Awful Tragedy

ON June 26 the Patriarch Tikhon, head of the Russian Church, was secretly poisoned in prison with three hundred and ninety-six columns of arsenic. In addition the good man received a mortal stab wound between the sixth and eighth columns, and a Soviet fired a bullet which struck him in the fourth column of the New York World and came out at the seventeenth page of the Los Angeles Times.

Since the crime the Patriarch Tikhon has issued a press statement in which he says the report of his death is inaccurate. He is, it appears, now in Moscow and hoping for a job as street car conductor.

More seriously speaking, the head of the Russian Church spoiled the furor of anti-Russian propaganda by confessing his guilt of treasonable plotting against Soviet Russia, pleading for mercy on the ground of "bad company," and promising hereafter to obey the laws of the Workers' Republic. He was thereupon released. The Russian Church "fired" Mr. Tikhon and issued a statement declaring "that the religious life we are now enjoying here is such freedom as we have never had under any of the former governments."

Scab Government

THE United States Coal Commission has come out with the point-blank recommendation that chattel slavery be re-established in this country, as far as coal mining goes. The Commission recommends that mine workers be compelled by force to work for private corporations at any wage fixed by President Harding or his successors.

The Commission recommends that hereafter no strikes shall be permitted in the coal mines and, by implication, that in any future case where mine workers disobey their employers the United States Army be immediately sent to drive them into the pits again.

The report is nothing less than a recommendation for the complete destruction of the United Mine Workers' union, covered up under careful diplomatic language. It is said that in the original report, before being edited by Harry Daugherty, there was a carefully tricky recommendation that all the mines be "unionized." It is unmistakable that this, taken together with the other provisions, only meant that "company unions" should be cautiously substituted for the Mine Workers' own organization. But the mouse-minded Harry Daugherty was afraid that would be misunderstood as leaving the principle of unionism undestroyed and would therefore cause Harding to lose the support of the Open Shop movement.

"Gentlemen!" Daugherty is quoted as exclaiming, "you may think you are writing a report on coal alone. You are not. You are writing the labor policy of this Administration."

And so even the "company union" provision was wiped out of the recommendation and the demand for the destruction of labor unionism stands naked. This happens, ironically, at the moment when the Federal Court at Chicago makes "permanent" the Daugherty injunction which outlaws trade-unionism.

Is the time ripe for a Labor Party?

The Commission's subconscious terror of the future causes it to slip into a peculiar allusion:

"The Commission does not recommend Government ownership either by purchases at present value or by expropriation."

Who said *expropriation*? Why—that is the word written on the wall.

Gathering Clouds and the Red Lining

IT'S nine years since August 4, 1914, and the Second World War already heaves into the offing. One could take a pencil now and almost draw the battle fronts of the Universal War that is coming. France is bounded on the east by—Russia. Imperial France extends by means of its tributary states to the western border of Russia. Day by day its predatory army makes further encroachments into Germany, and its field marshals prepare in Poland, Czecho-Slovakia and Rumania for the war intended to extend the Third French Empire to the Ural Mountains.

Peace is not ahead. Peace depends upon stabilization of European industry and finance. Neither through French imperialism nor through any other means can capitalism re-stabilize itself. "Capitalism will undergo periods of fluctuation until the day of its destruction," is the view expressed last November by the Communist International. "Only the seizure of power by the proletariat and the socialist revolution can save mankind from the complete catastrophe which is now inevitable in the conditions of present-day capitalism."

During the period of relative prosperity which seems now about to end, it became a common habit for anti-Communists to jeer at the "mistakes" of the Communist International. Could anything look sillier now?

What of the old question as to whether capitalism could stabilize itself again? This was a question over which the Communists and the Social-Democrats divided. The Socialists (so called) said that we were destined to have a long era of "peaceful reconstruction" in which capitalist industry and society would build itself up and in which the working class would win more and more "democratic rights," progressing on toward socialization of industry. The Communists said, no, capitalism cannot reconstruct itself, there can be no permanent stabilization of peace and industry while capitalism lasts. Who was right?

"Obsolete Capitalism has now reached that stage when its unbridled powers of destruction cripple and destroy the economic accomplishments which have been achieved. . . ." said the Communist International last November. "One can already see that as the present revival of industry is by no means capable of restoring capitalist stability, nor even of repairing the grave damage wrought by the war, the next periodical crisis will accentuate the downward course of capitalism and intensify the revolutionary situation to an unusual degree."

In the shadow of the oncoming war the world may be thankful that the Army of Soviet Russia stands in the offing, 600,000 strong with not less than four million highly trained reserves. A none-too-friendly capitalist correspondent makes that estimate, saying that ten percent of the Army is composed of Communists and ninety percent of sympathisers, while the whole Army is an enormous school of Communism.

As the Second World War approaches, are you glad or sorry that this army of the people exists?

President Harding Makes a Swing Around

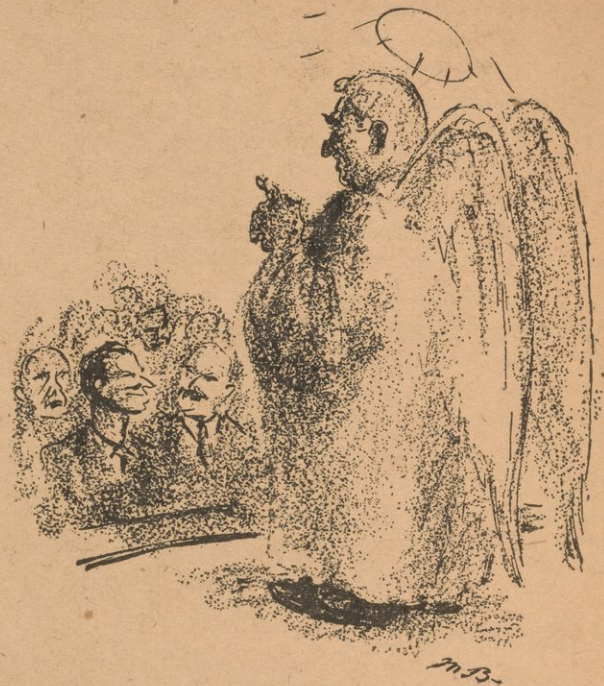
WITH the grudging release of twenty-eight political prisoners who were included with forty-four white slavers, bigamists, bootleggers and a miscellaneous lot of criminals in the exercise of executive clemency, President Harding began his tour to prove to the American people that he is deserving of consideration when the next presidential election rolls around.

The program outlined in the President's speeches is generally acclaimed as the Republican platform for 1924. Undoubtedly it contains what the shrewdest of the big American capitalists think will be good for the people during the coming years. Viewed in that light it should be of interest to every industrial worker and farmer in the United States.

The President's speeches contain many fine generalities. They are "dressed up" in high sounding sentences about the justice, equality, happiness and well-being of which the American people are deserving. Mixed in with the generous phrases there are the concrete achievements of his administration or the concrete proposals for the future. These are far from being generous to the American people—particularly not to the masses of industrial workers and farmers. On the contrary they carefully conserve the interests of the capitalist exploiters of the workers and farmers.

PROSPERITY came in for the attention of the President in his first speech in St. Louis. It is back with us, and, said Mr. Harding, "I like to believe that the recovery is based mainly on confidence in the American policy and the righteousness of our institutions." That is a little vague of course, but comforting. Even though one may wonder whether the institutions were equally righteous while the four and a half million workers the president mentioned as being out of work in 1921 were hunting for jobs while they and their families starved. Or, whether they will still be righteous when the hard times set in earnest, which some economists are prophesying are now on the horizon. But let it pass. The apologists for capitalism have to be vague on the question of the ever-recurring cycle of prosperity and hard times—more hard times than prosperity recently—for fear that those who suffer from the periods of depression might try to find out the why of it, and find the depressions innate in the institution of capitalism, and then—good-by capitalism.

A GREAT deal of Mr. Harding's time is being spent to convince his audiences that the World Court which he wishes the United States to enter into has nothing to do with the League of Nations. "The issue of the League of Nations is as dead as slavery" declares the President, but the New York Herald comments "It would have been truer to say that the League issue was as dead as slavery until President Harding, standard bearer three years ago of the fight against American membership in the League, revived the issue by his advocacy of American membership in the Court created by the League and maintained by the League." The President in his speech on the World Court announced: "I shall call upon your patriotism. I shall beseech your humanity. I shall invoke your Christianity. I shall reach to



Maurice Becker

"I shall invoke your Christianity"

the very depth of your love for your fellow-men of whatever race or creed throughout the world." In the name of God and the International Bankers! International loans will be much more secure when there is a World Court to act as a collection agency for the big capitalist countries. But should war come would not Mr. Harding appeal to our "patriotism" our "humanity" and our "love for our fellow-men" as eloquently as Mr. Wilson did when the International Bankers wanted the country to go to war to protect their investments?

LABOR was taken under Mr. Harding's protecting wing. His administration, he claimed, had stood up against the destruction of unions by the great capitalist combinations which desired that end. Here the record is too strongly against the President to enable him to make even the appearance of a case through his fine phrases. The Railway Labor Board, the President's message to the governors during the miners' strike, calling upon them to open the mines with troops if need be, the Daugherty injunction—that most brazen attempt to destroy the power of organized labor in American history—stamp the President's utterance as sham and hypocrisy intended to deceive gullible workers into further support of the political party of their enemies. Even Mr. Gompers is compelled to say a propos of his speech "Labor requires more than a speech to balance against acts which have gone before." Mr. Harding promises more acts. After telling how his administration protected the labor unions in the past he outlined its future policy. "They (the unions) have no right under any circumstances to bring about the suspension of railroad operation." That is the iron fist. The Railway Labor Board may slash wages, it may increase hours, the whole power of the government

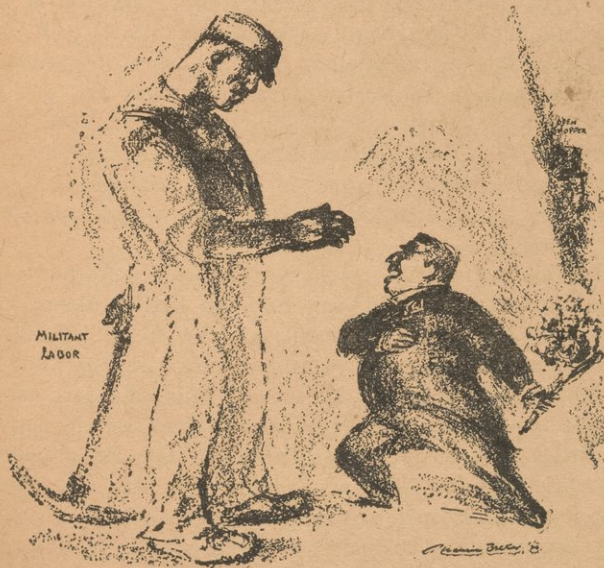
And the Circle

By C. E. Ruthenberg

may be used against the railroad unions through this board, but the unions have no right to strike and tie up railroad traffic in order to protect themselves. That is the real Harding labor policy.

THE President's views on conservation and co-operation show the hidden hand of big capitalist interests in his program for the "people." The President is, of course, for natural resources of the country for the people, but "it is worth while to emphasize that many of the most valued resources of the West are of such character and their development must be on such a scale that they can only be made available under concentrated management and by the use of capital in large units. We must enforce measures which will give capital and management attractive returns. . . ." Could the big financial interests ask more than that from Mr. Harding?

The President is for co-operation because our system of distribution has grown too "elaborate and costly." He wants the producers and consumers to get together through co-operative organizations and thus to simplify distribution and reduce the cost of living. The big capitalists of this country will gladly endorse that program. As long as the basic industries are in their hands reduction in the cost of living through such co-operation—if achievable—will make it a little easier for them to roll up real profits. If co-operation is the cure why not begin with industries which would really count, such as the railroads, the mines, the food industry? But the President is unalterably opposed to nationalization of such industries. Let the producer and consumer play at the game of co-operation so far as non-important industries are concerned but leave the big industries through which the capitalists take billions of loot yearly in their hands in the interest of "individual initiative." That is the President's program in the interest of the exploiters.



Maurice Becker

"I shall beseech your humanity"



Maurice Becker

"I shall reach to the very depth of your love"

THE farmers of Kansas must have felt good when the president talked to them. Also the farmers of the Dakotas and elsewhere when they read his speech. The Harding Administration revived the War Finance Corporation and loaned four hundred million for agriculture. It amended the Federal Farm Loan Corporation Act so that "the loan limit of \$10,000 which had formerly been imposed upon the Federal Land Bank was increased to \$25,000," it passed the Agricultural Credit Act of 1923 which provides for intermediate Credit Banks in which local banks may rediscount farmers' notes—so the President told the farmers. But maybe they were thinking what Benjamin C. Marsh, of the Peoples' Reconstruction League said when the last bill was pending: "Farmers need a fair price for their products, not a futile credit." Also the millions of "dirt farmers" may not have been highly pleased to know that their well-to-do competitors whose farms could carry a mortgage of as much as \$25,000 could get loans to that amount, nor about the further fact that the Agricultural Credit Act of 1923 allows the bankers to mulct them of as much as ten per cent for discounting their paper, something forbidden by usury laws so far as ordinary loans are concerned. The President's boasted services to the farmers look more like legislation in aid of the bankers, a fact borne out by the announcement that hundreds of farmers are in danger of foreclosures which will drive them from the land.

THE President is still talking as this article is being written. Before he returns to Washington we will know the full program of the real rulers of the United States—the Wall Street bankers and the great industrial magnates.

The Workers Party and the Federated

THE workers and farmers of the United States have at last formed their first mass party—the Federated Farmer-Labor Party.

Before the Chicago Convention, I wrote the following in the July issue of the *Liberator*:

“The Labor Party movement is a political earth-quake of the first magnitude. The American capitalist class issued its Declaration of Independence on July 4, 1776. The day of the Declaration of Independence of the American working class will be the day of the founding of its independent political party. July 3 and 4, 1923, the date of the Convention of the Farmer-Labor Party, can be in history the date of the Declaration of Independence of the American working class; however, that Convention will not be the *end*, but rather the *beginning* of the formation of a genuine Labor Party.”

Our judgment was correct. The constitution and program of the new Federated Farmer-Labor Party are the Declaration of Independence of the American working class.

The declaration of independence of the middle class at the Congress of 1776 declared that whenever any form of government became destructive of life, liberty and happiness, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it and to institute a new government. The program adopted in the Convention of July 3, 1923, proclaims the same right to independence for the exploited workers and farmers: “To free the farmer and industrial workers from the greedy exploitation of those who now rule in this country, and to win for them the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness which their exploiters deny them.”

The Declaration of Independence of 1776 would have remained an insignificant scrap of paper if the *masses* of the American middle class with their *militant determination* to free themselves from the exploitation of the British monarchy had not stood behind it. The declaration of independence of the workers and farmers in 1923 would remain an insignificant scrap of paper if it did not have behind it the masses of 600,000 workers and farmers who were represented at the Chicago convention. The Declaration of Independence of 1776 could become a reality, only through years of revolutionary war. The declaration of independence of 1923 can only become a reality through years of intensive conscious class-struggle.

The First Mass Party of American Workers and Farmers

The real significance of the foundation of the new Federated Farmer-Labor Party can be measured from two points of view. First, are there really masses standing behind the new party? Second, is the new party really guided by a revolutionary spirit?

The new party is a real mass party. Under the present conditions here in the United States, 616,000 workers and farmers means a real mass movement. The comparisons speak. The American Federation of Labor has no more than 3,500,000 members. The Socialist Party has only 12,000, the Workers Party only 20,000 members, and the Socialist Party in its best times did not have much more

than 100,000 members. And we should not forget that these 616,000 workers and farmers are not merely formally connected with the new Party through high officials, but through a rank and file representation, through local unions and city bodies. The new Party contains 50,000 mine workers, 10,000 machinists, 60,000 clothing workers, 30,000 ladies' garment workers, 7,000 carpenters, 10,000 metal workers, 7,000 food workers. The mighty West Virginia State Federation of Labor with 87,000 members, the great Central Labor Bodies of Buffalo with 40,000, Detroit (40,000), Minneapolis (20,000), Butte (12,000), all declared for the Federated Farmer-Labor Party. The Trades Council of Herrin (11,000), the Minnesota Railroad Shop Crafts Legislative Committee (15,000), and the twelve Street and Railway carmen's Organizations (8,000 are represented in the Party) with their tens of thousands of members. The Nebraska Progressive Party with 40,000 members, the Los Angeles Labor Party with 11,000 members, the Wisconsin Society of Equity (10,000), the Western Progressive Farmers' League of Washington, the state organizations of the former Farmer-Labor Party of Washington, Ohio, Kentucky, California, Illinois and Wisconsin represent in addition tens of thousands of workers and farmers. *Never before in American history did a political party of workers and farmers have such mighty masses behind it.* Karl Marx said once that force plays the greatest role in history; but the idea can also become a force, when it takes hold of the masses. For the first time in the history of the American labor movement we see that the idea of the class-struggle is taking hold, not merely of a narrow minority of militants, but of the masses.

It is a Revolutionary Party!

But that is precisely the great question—whether the new Party is really the party on an idea, if it is really the *party of the idea of the class struggle*?

The Federated Farmer-Labor Party is not a Communist Party. Its program is not Communist. Its whole structure is not a structure of a Communist Party. It is not an organization of individuals, but a bloc of organizations. The overwhelming majority of its members are not Communists—they are not as yet followers of the idea of Dictatorship of the Proletariat and government of Soviets. They still have democratic illusions in many respects.

But the new party is, nevertheless, a militant revolutionary party.

The history of its birth is the best guarantee of its revolutionary spirit. It is not like the British Labor Party; it was not organized from the top by high officials, but from the bottom, by the rank and file. It does not comprise the entire working class, but only the left wing of the labor movement. It comprises the workers who have lost their illusions, not only over the capitalist Republican and Democratic parties, but also over Gompers' non-partisan policy, and Johnston's progressive political action. And it comprises farmers who are even more greatly exploited than the workers, and have lost their illusions not only over La Follette and Ford, but also over the Nonpartisan League and the various Grange organizations.

Farmer-Labor Party

By John Pepper

The program of the new party is not Communistic, but it contains several fundamentally revolutionary points.

First, the new Party says openly that it is organized for the class struggle against the capitalists.

Second, that the enemy is not only the individual capitalist, but the mighty central committee of the whole capitalist class—the government.

Third, the new Party states clearly and sharply that its goal is the capture of political power by the workers and farmers.

Fourth, it breaks with the illusion of gradual reformistic nationalization and says openly, that the workers and farmers must first capture power and possess governmental authority before they can institute nationalization and public ownership.

Fifth, the new party declares war against mortgages and tenantry and demands that the land shall belong to its users.

Sixth, and highest guarantee that the new party does and will remain a revolutionary party, is the inclusion of the Workers Party. The Workers Party was the driving and unifying force in the July 3d Convention for forming a Federated Farmer-Labor Party. The Workers Party will also be in the future a driving force within the new party, so that it shall serve the exploited workers and farmers constantly better and on an ever greater front.

The Great Collapse of Illusions

The new Federated Farmer-Labor Party is not a gift fallen from heaven, but is the result of hard struggles within the labor movement. The great majority of the American working class no longer believes to-day in the non-partisan policy of Gompers. Great masses are also disillusioned over the progressive political action swindle of Johnston. But Gompers and Johnston still have the machinery of organization. Through the power of their machinery they could prevent the great majority of the working class from sending their delegates to the July 3d Convention. For that reason, the July 3d Convention remained only a convention of the militant wing of the American working class. Only those elements came to Chicago which have definitely broken with Gompers' "nonpartisan" ideology, and with Johnston's "progressive" ideology. But even the July 3 convention itself did not have a free road from the beginning, for the formation of a genuine farmer-labor party. The July 3d Convention itself had to fight out an internal battle with the remnant of the officials who remained in its midst. The leaders of the old Farmer-Labor Party and the officials of the Chicago Federation of Labor obstructed the formation of the Federated Farmer-Labor Party. In the past they have waged bitter fights against the non-partisan policy of Gompers. They even broke with Johnston's Cleveland Conference. In December 1922, after the Cleveland Conference Fitzpatrick, Nockels, Buck and Brown made a split for the Labor Party; but in July 1923, in the Chicago Convention, they made the split *against* the Labor Party. They were militant elements in the past, but they are anti-militant elements for the present, and will be so most likely in the future.

What is the reason of this great metamorphosis?

They are being pressed from two sides. From below by the Communists who are becoming stronger and stronger and who no longer content themselves with fine phrases. And from above, there is the pressure of the Gompers machine, which becomes ever stronger, in the same measure as the Communists are becoming more dangerous from below. Gompers' hunt of the reds in Seattle, Minneapolis, Detroit, and Chicago, the threat to take away the charter from these city bodies, has created a dilemma for the officials of the Chicago Federation of Labor who at the same time are the dominating elements in the old Farmer-Labor Party. They had to choose—either they would go together with the really militant elements, against Gompers, or against the militant elements, with Gompers. They have chosen Samuel Gompers, but not without an internal spiritual struggle. A few weeks ago they still believed that they were the enemies of Gompers; and not only the rank and file, but they themselves were overwhelmed as they discovered that they stood in the same camp with Gompers. A few weeks ago, Fitzpatrick was still for the Labor Party, and for admitting the Workers Party into it, for amalgamation and for defense of the Communists in the Bridgeman, Michigan case. To-day he is against the Labor Party, against participation of the Workers Party in the Labor Party, against amalgamation, and against solidarizing with the Communists in the Bridgeman, Michigan case. He became deconverted—from a Paul he once more became a Saul. He was returned from the New Testament of militancy, to the Old Testament of Samuel Gompers. It is really a pity about Fitzpatrick. He has merited much in the labor movement, and was a good leader. The old saying is, that the road to hell is paved with good intentions. And we can say that the road to revolution is paved with the political corpses of well-intentioned leaders.

Farmer-Labor Party and Workers Party

The six hundred and fifty delegates of the July 3 Convention had already broken with Gompers, and with Johnston before they came to Chicago, and in Chicago they found themselves before the bitter necessity of breaking also with Fitzpatrick. The officials of the old Farmer-Labor Party and the Chicago Federation of Labor from the very beginning blocked the formation of the Federated Farmer-Labor Party. The Workers Party was forced to take up the fight against them and for the idea of the formation of the Federated Farmer-Labor Party. From the beginning there were two organized forces in the Convention—the right, composed of the officials of the old Farmer-Labor Party and of the Chicago Federation of Labor, for the vague phrase of independent political action and against the immediate formation of the Federated Farmer-Labor Party, and the left, the Workers Party, demanding the creation of a body for the wandering soul of independent political action and calling for the transformation of the phrase into an organization. The Fitzpatrick bloc had only a very small minority in the Convention, not more than fifty or sixty delegates. The Workers Party was also in the minority. Through various militant unions and other labor organiza-

tions it had not quite 200 delegates. From the first minute to the close of the Convention, we see a continual, hard fight between the officials of the old Farmer-Labor Party, and the Workers Party, for the soul of the other four hundred delegates. The inner story of the whole convention was but the bitter fight of those two conscious political groups—the small group of officials against organizing the Labor Party, and the Workers Party for creating the Federated Farmer-Labor Party.

The old officials had all the advantages on their side. It was they who have called the Convention of July 3rd. They had the entire machinery in their hands. They were the old well-known leaders with popular names, and with great past achievements. The Workers Party was only half-heartedly invited to the Convention, and was handicapped by the fear, on the part of many delegates, of the Communist red devil. The Workers Party had all the disadvantages in the struggle, but it had one advantage. It represented the idea of historical necessity. It represented the need and aspiration of the masses. It was representative of the interests of the working class. It represented the idea of the Federated Farmer-Labor Party. The idea of the Federated Farmer-Labor Party won out, and it is to the great historical credit of the Workers Party that the July 3d Convention at last organized the first mass party of the workers and farmers in the United States.

Frontal and Flank Attacks

The Workers Party was not only representative of a great idea, but it also had the good elastic tactics which succeeded in destroying the prejudices of the delegates, and winning over the overwhelming majority to the realization of that idea.

What was the tactical situation? The officials of the old Farmer-Labor Party tried at the beginning to hide their real intentions. They did not speak openly against the formation of the Federated Farmer-Labor Party, but agitated for independent political action. They said the Convention should wait until the roast pigeon of international unions would fly into their mouths. But meanwhile all should enter into the old Farmer-Labor Party, but only the Workers Party should remain outside, and should be connected with it only through an affiliation committee. With this affiliation committee these officials wanted to create a sort of Ellis Island for the Workers Party in order to test it "physically, mentally, and morally," before admitting it into the respectable society of the high and higher officials. The tactic of the officials at the beginning was not to attack openly the idea of the Federated Farmer-Labor Party, but to try to annihilate the champion of the idea of the Federated Farmer-Labor Party through flank attacks. They did not dare to attack the idea of the Federated Farmer-Labor Party, and therefore attacked the Workers Party. They knew that the defeat of the Workers Party meant the defeat of the idea of the Federated Farmer-Labor Party. The first flank attack was the question of affiliation. They proposed that every delegate should be seated in the convention except national and international groups, in reality, therefore, all except the Workers Party. Their second flank attack was when they saw that they could no longer prevent the creation of the Federated Farmer-Labor Party. They then made the proposal that the new party should bar

from its ranks all groups aiming to overthrow the government by force and violence.

The Workers Party on the contrary had to use every means to force the officials of the old Farmer-Labor Party to declare their real intentions, to force them to speak openly against the idea of the Federated Farmer-Labor Party. The Workers Party had to prevent the flank attack of the officials which stirred up the prejudices of many delegates and had to force them to a direct frontal attack against the idea of the Labor Party, where it was certain that the overwhelming majority of the delegates would declare themselves against the officials. Summed up in a single phrase, the tactic of the Farmer-Labor Party officials was to make a flank attack against the Workers Party, in order thereby to prevent the formation of the Federated Farmer-Labor Party. The tactic of the Workers Party was to force the officials into a frontal attack against the idea of the Federated Farmer-Labor Party, and thus to reduce them to an insignificant minority.

The officials of the old Farmer-Labor Party wanted to isolate the Workers Party in order to paralyze the driving force toward a Federated Farmer-Labor Party. The Workers Party had to isolate the group of officials in order that the Federated party could be organized.

The First Battle

Four great tactical battles took place in the Convention, and in all four the Workers Party remained victor. The first battle developed over the report of the credentials committee. Though the credentials committee was composed of members of the old Farmer-Labor Party, it presented a motion that every delegate be seated in the Convention. The Workers Party had an agreement with the old Farmer-Labor Party, that in the narrower Farmer-Labor Party convention, only those delegates be admitted who represented such organizations which even before the Convention belonged to the old Farmer-Labor Party. The officials violated this agreement when they moved the amendment, against the motion of the credentials committee, that not only bona fide Farmer-Labor Party delegates, but also delegates of all local unions and city bodies should be seated, and that only national and international groups should remain outside. The Workers Party naturally had to take up the fight against this tactical move of the officials. First, the cunning of the officials would have isolated the Workers Party from the big mass of delegates. Second, the convention of the old Farmer-Labor Party would have rendered superfluous the big conference for the formation of the new Federated Farmer-Labor Party, which was to follow. We had to fight against allowing new wine being poured into an old skin in which the old wine had already turned sour. The delegates of the Workers Party explained clearly and frankly that this move was one to prevent the formation of the Federated Party; and the Convention, with the exception of the officials, declared unanimously for permitting all the delegates to stay, and for transforming the narrow convention of the old Farmer-Labor Party to the general conference for the new Labor Party. The first attack was repulsed.

The Second Battle

The second battle developed over the report of the organization committee. The organization committee was composed of representatives of all the various groups of organiza-

tions. Each group nominated its own representatives, and the Convention elected the nominees. The organization committee was a real expression of the will and the political views of the Convention. And this organization committee almost unanimously (of twenty-nine members only three officials of the old Farmer-Labor Party voted in the negative) brought in a resolution before the Convention, that a Federated Farmer-Labor Party be organized immediately, and that a National Executive Committee of this Party be elected by the Convention. Fitzpatrick, Buck, Brown and other officials of the old narrow Farmer-Labor Party made one speech after another against the immediate formation of the Federated Party. They spoke for independent political action, just as Johnston and the leaders of the Socialist Party spoke in Cleveland for progressive political action. But it became evident that independent political action to them meant simply independence from the idea of a labor party, just as for Johnston and Hillquit progressive political action was only retrogressive action back to Gompers. The great task of all honest adherents of the Labor Party was to show that the conditions and masses are ripe for the Labor Party, and that only the officials are not ripe. An old farmer said bitterly "The time is ripe, over-ripe, the time is rotten." It was an historical moment. It was an elementary outburst of the longing of the farmers and workers for a real labor party, a representative of their class interests. Only those politically blind could assert that the time is not ripe for a labor party, after the fights of the summer of 1922, after the Daugherty injunction, after the bankruptcy of the farmers, and on the eve of a new economic depression. In a storm of enthusiasm, six hundred delegates voted against forty, that is, the whole Convention voted almost unanimously, for the immediate formation of the Federated Farmer-Labor Party. With this decision, the frontal attack of the leaders against the idea of the Labor Party was repulsed.

The Third Battle

The third battle was fought out over the report of the agrarian committee. This committee was elected through a caucus of all the farmer delegates at the Convention. The committee unanimously adopted a program which it presented



William Gropper

"Lady, I never sell anything I won't eat myself."

to the Convention. Besides excellent revolutionary demands this program retained a number of points on money and taxation, which were theoretically confused. The Workers Party was in a difficult situation. It attempted to fight in the agrarian committee against theoretical confusion, but it could not break the prejudice of the farmers. We had to decide whether we were to continue the correct Marxist theory and isolate ourselves from the masses of farmers, or to accept the incorrect theory and ally the farmers with us. As good Marxists we chose the latter. The confused theory over the money question is an old heritage in American politics. The problem of "cheap money," of "good money" was always an object of confusion, but it was always, also, the slogan of rebellion. Since the times of the Greenback Party and the Populist Party, the money question has been the hobby-horse of the rebellious farmers. The Workers Party had to accept the confusion of the farmers, so that it could win the rebellion of the farmers as an ally. It was one of the most illuminating episodes of the Convention, and the

best proof that the Workers Party had learned to manoeuvre, when a delegate of the Proletarian Party arose and declared that they as Communists could not vote for the confused, non-Marxian agrarian resolution. The farmers immediately became restless and suspicious. They had the holy and deep conviction that their resolution on taxation and money is the only remedy for the bankrupt farmers, and now they were told that this was incompatible with correct Communism. There arose a dangerous situation. There sprang up the menace that the farmers would declare: "The Communists are against our program. To hell with the Communists." But the Workers Party found the right tactic—the tactic of a party of the masses against the tactic of a sect. The delegates of the Workers Party declared that in certain respects they are not agreed theoretically with this program of the farmers, but that practically they wanted to accept it, precisely because it is a program of farmers, and they wish to go hand in hand with the exploited farmers all along the line. Through this declaration, the whole picture changed. The Workers Party won the confidence and friendship of the farmers. This victory of the Workers Party was so much the finer and more valuable because it was not only a victory over the mistrust of the farmers, but a victory over the past sectarianism of the Workers Party itself. The Proletarian Party showed itself a genuine sectarian group. It was ridiculed and it deserved to be ridiculed. But we should not forget that we ridicule thereby our own past. Someone at the Convention remarked very aptly that it is remarkable that the Workers Party which hardly a year ago came out of the woods of Bridgeman, Michigan, has so quickly learned the elastic manoeuvring within a mass party.

The Fourth Battle

The fourth battle was waged over a statement of the old Farmer-Labor Party group. This statement declared against the formation of the new Federated Farmer-Labor Party, demanded that the Convention should continue the old Farmer-Labor Party without change, and should bar all such organizations which adhere to the Communist International or which advocate the overthrow of the government by force and violence. The officials of the Farmer-Labor Party tried by every means to frighten the delegates with Moscow and the red devil. But the counter-revolutionary phrase had no longer any effect. In Cleveland even the Farmer-Labor Party delegates had declared that the force and violence stuff in Keating's mouth was nothing else than Burns' most vicious weapon against the entire labor movement. Now in Chicago they had fallen so low that they aped Keating's aping of Burns. But the Chicago Convention was not the Cleveland Conference. It was not a conclave of officials, but a gathering of the rank and file who hate Daugherty's Burns, and have contempt for the smooth-tongued phrase-mongers who tried to translate Burns' language into the language of the working class. At the end of the debate, there were five hundred and fifty votes against fifty to table the motion of the officials. With this, the last flank attack against the idea of a militant Labor Party was beaten.

The Communist Party and the Interests of the Working Class

In all these fights the leader in the fighting was the Workers Party. But it would be a mistake to believe that

the Workers Party fought for itself. The Workers Party did not fight for itself, but for the idea of the Federated Farmer-Labor Party. It would also be a mistake to say that the Workers Party organized the new Federated Farmer-Labor Party. The new Federated Farmer-Labor Party was organized by the hundreds of farmer and worker delegates themselves. The Workers Party played only the role of midwife. And just as little as the Workers Party dominated the convention, just so little does it control the new Party. The Party is controlled by farmers and workers directly.

The Workers Party has worked so little for its own selfish party interest, and so much for the interest of the worker and farmer classes, that its entire tactic was a tactic of unification. It fought against its own isolation, because that would have been isolation of the idea of the Federated Farmer-Labor Party. The tactic of the Workers Party in all the battles, was to extend the front of the adherents of the Labor Party idea. In the first battle, on the question of affiliation, they extended the front of the Labor Party adherents, through solidification of local unions. In the second fight of vague phrase versus concrete party organization, they extended the fighting front through alliance with the idea of the Federated Farmer-Labor Party. In the third fight over the agrarian program, they extended the front through winning the confidence of the farmers. In the fourth battle over force and violence, they extended the fighting front still further by winning the left wing and the center of the old Farmer-Labor Party itself. This internal revolt within the old Farmer-Labor Party which isolated the right wing grouped about Fitzpatrick, likewise isolated the right wing definitely in the whole Convention. Except for two score of officials, the whole old Farmer-Labor Party joined the new Federated Party.

The Workers Party has shown itself a real communist party precisely because it did not allow itself to be guided by sectarian party interests, but by the interests of the entire working class. As the Communist Manifesto had already said:

"The Communists have no interests separate and apart from those of the working class as a whole.

"They do not set up any sectarian principles of their own, by which to shape and mould the working class movement.

"The Communists are distinguished from the other working class parties by this only: 1. In the national struggles of the workers of the different countries, they point out and bring to the front interests of the entire working class, independently of all nationality. 2. In the various stages of development which the struggle of the working class against the capitalists has to pass through, they always and everywhere represent the interests of the movement as a whole.

"The Communists, therefore, are on the one hand practically the most advanced and resolute section of the working class parties of every country, that section which pushes forward all others; on the other hand, theoretically, they have over the great mass of the working class the advantage of clearly understanding the line of march, the conditions, and the ultimate general results of the working class movement.

"The immediate aim of the Communists is the same as that of all the other working class parties: the formation of the proletariat into a class, overthrow of capitalist supremacy, conquest of political power by the working class."

Petrograd: May Day, 1923

By Claude McKay

THE Neva moves majestically on,
The sun-rays playing on her breast at seven,
From her blue breast all winter's snow-slabs gone.
Now ripples curl where yesterday lay riven
Great silver oblongs chiselled by the hand
Of Spring that bellies through earth's happy womb,
To glad and flower the long, long pregnant land.
Where yesterday a veil of winter gloom
Shrouded the city's splendid face,—today
All life rejoices for the first of May!

The Nevsky glows ablaze with regal red,
Symbolic of the triumph and the rule
Of the new Power lifting high its head
Above the place where once a sceptered fool
Was mounted by the plunderers of men
To awe the plundered while they schemed and robbed.
The marchers shout again, again, again!
The stones where once the hearts of martyrs sobbed
Their blood are sweet unto their feet today
In celebration of the First of May.

Cities are symbols of man's forward reach,
Man drawing near to man in close commune.
And mighty cities mighty lessons teach
Of man's decay or progress, late or soon.
And many an iron-towered Babylon,
Beneath the quiet golden breath of Time,
Has vanished like the snow under the sun,
Leaving no single mark in stone or rhyme
To flame the lifted heart of man today
As Petrograd upon the First of May.

Oh many a thoughtful romance-seeking boy,
Slow-fingering the leaves of ancient glory,
Is stirred to rapture by the tales of Troy,
And each invigorate, vein-tingling story
Of Egypt and of Athens and of Rome,
Where slaves long toiled for knights and kings to reap.
But in the years, the wondrous years to come,
The heart of Youth in every clime will leap
For Russia that first made national the day
The world-wide workers' day—the First of May.

Jerusalem is fading from men's mind,
And Christmas from its universal thrall
Shall free the changing spirit of mankind:
The First of May the holy day for all!
And Petrograd, the proud, triumphant, city,
The gateway to the new awakening East—
Where warrior-workers wrestled without pity—
Against the powers of magnate, monarch, priest!
World Fort of Struggle! each day's a First of May
To learn of thee to strive for Labor's Day.

Worlds

IF microbes foam like spiral nebulae;
If, hurtling round through space of blood, they can
Unfurl atomic worlds to sweep along
The firmament of man,

Who knows how bright bacilli of the suns
Fever what monstrous body, as they storm
In blood-streams pouring through the veins of space
In what gigantic form?

Louis Ginsberg.

To the Richest City

YOUR poets mourn, each day, their flowering dreams
That droop and die beneath your smoky noon;
And still new dreams they plant, until it seems
That all your streets with withered dreams are strewn.
To your rich markets strange-eyed poets bring
The songs they weave from sharply scented Truth,
And when your burghers dare not buy or sing,
For bread your poets sell their hearts and youth.

When, too long starved, they fear your stony smile,
Come seeking favor, sing your praise aloud,
You feed them gold, and in a little while
They are become quite wise, and very proud.
Soon, all the fresh young songs their hearts possess
Are proud and loud and wise, and valueless.

Dabney Horton.

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The Bet

By John Noble

I KNEW something was up the minute I stepped from the train. The usual loiterers lounged near the station, keeping within the shade of its eaves and gossiping in desultory groups. But there was a difference. At first I thought I had arrived on some sort of a local holiday.

But I found the baggage room open; and there I noticed that the popular conversation was about some crime. I heard such words as, "gave herself up," "the prisoner," "injustice," "guilty," wherever I came upon people talking: at the station, on the way to the hotel and in the hotel lobby itself. In fact, the hotel was, as usual, the center of the gossip—the congregating place for all those who had news to impart or curiosity to satisfy.

It was here that I learned, rather vaguely, what had happened. Someone had disappeared, and no trace of him had been found until a reward had been offered for the discovery of his whereabouts, dead or alive. It was on the day of my arrival that the body had been found in an almost inaccessible part of a swamp, beneath a foot of mud and several inches of water. A mulatto girl had led the sheriff to the spot. And now the girl was being held until she could establish her innocence.

I strolled into the barber shop, and sat down to await my turn. From my chair I could see the pool-room and bar, which opened into the lobby. Over the bar-room door was a large sign: "Soft Drinks"; and usually, I knew, the bartender tried to make appearances accord with the advertised provender of his place. Only on days of general celebration was discretion set aside. All governments are wise enough to wink at trespassing on such occasions.

To-day the place was so crowded that the bartender had not even time to rinse the tiny glasses into which he poured a golden liquid from a large, tin coffee pot. There was a great deal of treating and clinking of glasses. I could not understand the carnival spirit that pervaded the place.

The elder of the two barbers seemed to understand, however: "I hope they don't figger on startin' something!" He spoke vaguely as if fearing that once the word were uttered it might be taken up and passed from mouth to mouth until it became a cry. "I'm mighty certain that little wench wouldn't harm no one. 'Sides that, the haid was crashed in behint and how's a little streak like her goin' to do that?"

"Oh, public sentimint ain't against Dolly," affirmed the younger barber, a tall, fair youth with slender, competent hands, "Everybody knows there ain't no harm in her. Why, she'd 'most shy at a piece o' paper like a young colt."

"Wal, I guess she's not of much account," remarked one of the men who sat in the "waiting row," where most of those present were apparently waiting for nothing more than gossip. "The man who (by her own story) let slip where Parsons was buried, was spending the evening with her, drunk, and she don't even know his name."

"Oh, she was a weak sister all right!" laughed someone. The laughter spread. For some reason the general verdict in the barber shop was, at that moment, "Not guilty."

"Sure! Afraid of her own shadow! Wouldn't harm a mouse!"

"Hired out to my uncle's one time. Kindest girl to the children they ever had."

A man appeared in the doorway. His face was remarkable for its absence of any lines, although he appeared to be at least forty years old. It made him appear almost feminine, but his jaw was heavy and sensual; his eyes held a sullen, expectant look. He did not wait to hear what conversation was in progress: "This Dolly woman took a thousand dollar reward in Ceola county, Florida, for finding the sheriff's body. It was her that murdered him, too."

There was a general silence. Only the younger barber responded.

"How long ago was that?"

"Wal, it ain't forgot yet."

"It was in the winter of 1917 wa'n't it?"

"Sure 'nough! In January."

"Wal, I was down there that winter; and there wa'n't no sheriff murdered. Nor in the year each side o' that, neither. And no one ain't heard o' Dolly leavin' this town. But everybody knows I was down in Florida them three years."

It was assertion against assertion. The man in the door looked angrily at the young barber.

"Well, she's guilty here, that's sure! Look how she led the sheriff straight to the grave."

"Why, that ain't no proof," said the barber, "You ain't studied the facts."

The man did not attempt argument. It was apparent that his story had established the girl's guilt wherever he had told it, and that he was piqued and enraged at its unexpected failure before this gathering.

"I tell you she's guilty!" he shouted. "I'll lay twenty dollars to ten cents she's guilty!"

"I'll call that bet!" instantly rejoined the barber.

"Sure you will! You ain't got nothing to lose!" sneered the man. "Make it twenty dollars to five dollars"; and he pulled out a twenty dollar bill.

"I'll call that bet too!" responded the barber.

The man was dumbfounded: "Put up your money," he parried.

The older barber slipped the younger man a five dollar bill.

"Here you are," said the younger.

The man seized upon an excuse: "Bet your own money, if you want to bet with me!" and he hurried out of the barber shop to join the crowd in the bar-room.

Everyone laughed at his retreat. But one by one, the gossip gleaners followed him into the bar-room where they joined the ever growing ring about the man with the heavy jaw.

The elder barber turned to the younger, "Say, Carl, you never told me you was in Florida."

"I never was!" replied Carl, "I wanted to call his bluff."

As I lay back in the barber chair to enjoy Carl's remarkably gentle and dexterous manipulation of the razor, I noticed that the noise in the bar-room was becoming louder.



William Gropper

"It's just YOUR luck that I'm a pacifist!"

Except for a boy in the other chair I was the only customer left in the barber shop. Still the buzzing excitement grew, without. There was complete silence in the shop.

Suddenly the elder barber exclaimed, "There's that word!"

I had heard no word. But I did not ask him to repeat it. I was only anxious to get out of the chair... to get into action against some impending disaster. So, apparently, was Carl. He worked with nervous and rapid skill, and in complete silence.

"There it is again!" The older man paused in his work to listen; as to an approaching storm.

I could hear it now—"Lynch!" It was spoken here and there; scarcely audible in the general hubub; then it was taken up and became louder until it was a unanimous roar.

A crowd had gathered outside the hotel. People with experience had known what was forming in the bar-room, and had spread the news.

Several voices were louder than the rest—one voice topped all others. The tumult subsided. There was comparative silence. No voice could be distinguished.

"No chance for Dolly now!" said the elder barber, "they're organizing."

Carl snapped up my chair, and finished his work precipitously. "That fellow put an idea into my head," he said. "You two have got to stand by me. Give me all the money in the safe, George. Don't worry—I'll stand good for it."

"I ain't worrying," said George, "You can have the shop, too, if you want it!"

He handed Carl the money, and we followed him into the bar-room. Money in hand, he sprang lightly on the bar.

"Here's a sporting proposition!" he shouted. "I lay you three to one, and take all comers, that Dolly Johnson is innocent! Here's cash in hand, and this man (indicating me)

from New York has ten thousand dollars to back me. Anybody who can prove that Dolly Johnson is guilty can get three times his money."

There were answers from unseen people in the crowd such as "Aw, it's ten to one she's guilty!"

"Come on! Let's see your money!" shouted Carl. "Who has five dollars to say Dolly is guilty? Come on! Put up your money!"

There were many taunts but no money.

"I'll make it ten to one!" shouted Carl. And finally: "I'll make it ten to one I can prove her innocent!"

For a moment the tide seemed stayed. People in the crowd again began to consider the evidence.

Then the voice of the man with the heavy jaw: "He's lying! I know she's guilty! Somebody paid for this! It's blood money! Lynch the nigger!"

The word was taken up. The tide rose once more. The half organized mob swept out into the streets and toward the jail. From all sides, men and boys, carrying cans of kerosene and dead branches and ropes, came running to join the throng. Whooping and yelling, they passed down the street.

Roots

O HEAVILY weighing earth! O grim travail
 In sunless silence with no hope of light!
 O impotent wine! O bracken-food of pain!
 I accept you all. I accept the timeless blight
 Of crawling like a worm with unclean things,
 Of being forever a yearning, voiceless root
 Bedded in this unwarmed oblivion
 So that the great sun mellow my ultimate fruit.

Elsa Gidlow.



RODRIGUEZ

Don't get
up - somebody
might call you
Bolshevik

FITZPATRICK

Labor Get

The Federated Farmer-Labor Par



Robert Minor

Robert Minor

bor Gets Up

ner-Lab Party Is Formed in Chicago

Intellectual Life in Russia

By Victor Serge

(Translated and abridged from *Clarté*.)

IN the soil of Russia, ploughed up by the Revolution, tares are mingled with the sprouting grain. Between what is coming to birth, and what wishes to survive, war continues, incessant and inexorable, in every field of life. This is particularly true of the field of intelligence. The intellectual life of an epoch is always rigidly conditioned by the necessary contacts between classes, that is to say by the part they play in production and distribution. This first principle of historic materialism finds a singularly strong illustration in Russian intellectual life. A proletarian and revolutionary State, in possession of the principle industries and means of transportation expropriated from the bourgeoisie, a Communist Party exercising the power of a dictatorship to lead the country to socialism—and private commerce, private industries, fairs, exchange, speculation, concessions, businessmen shopkeepers, goldseekers, parasites; these two worlds confront each other every day. Everyone knows that there can be between them no lasting peace. Strong in victory, proud of being the hope of the world, the Revolution counts on conquering the future. Strong in the apparently unshaken power of the dollar and of some capitalist States, whose old skeletons they do not wish to hear cracking, the Reaction hopefully watches and waits—and not inactively...

Even the Terror has not annihilated the intellectual resistance. In 1922—the year V—this resistance showed itself in various ways. Early in the year a strike of the University teachers, which spread to the majority of the high-schools of the country, tried to drive the hated “sovietism” from the Faculties; the professors demanded “autonomy,” no more, no less. They protested against the preference shown the worker-students. The scientific Congresses followed, notably that of the physicians, which were really political manifestations; the old counter-revolutionary liberalism gave them their tone. In the universities, the proletarian students find themselves sometimes treated as plague-carriers; they must respond to this by organization.

Is the NEP (New Economic Policy) the beginning of a return to the old capitalist regime? Professor Oustrialov, Cadet, who noisily rallied to the Soviet Government, says it is. “Bolshevism is evolving—let us help it evolve.” This is the theme developed, with the reticence demanded by prudence, by a whole literature which is unexpectedly springing up in the two capitals exhausted by civil war. The Academician, V. M. Bechterevev, published an edifying work in the manner of Lombroso, on “Collective Reflexology.” Bolshevism?—a collective psychosis, nothing more!—this pamphlet appeared in Petrograd where the author serves on the Commissariat of Public Instruction. Two economic reviews (since suppressed) also appeared in Petrograd, the *Economist* and *Economic Renaissance*, which took upon themselves the task of preaching the reconstruction of capitalist Europe. Professor Venediktov announced one day the infallible defeat of the proletarian state in mixed enterprises with the capitalists. M. Zaitsev, in the first number of *Economic Renaissance* asks “What shall we do with our railways?” and concludes that a good part, to begin with, must be given to private industry. The program of Stinnes and Mussolini,

unfolding in Petrograd in 1922! The economist Stein says much in the same direction...

The works of Oswald Spengler, recently translated into French, contain an audacious affirmation of imperialist doctrines. They bring to the not long since ruling class of Russia, beheaded and dispossessed, an explanation of disaster and a new hope. The old religious philosopher Berdaiev and his friends, Boukspan, Stepoun and Frank, consecrate to the revelation of Spengler a volume of poems. Eight-tenths, certainly, of poetry and literature of Russia during these last months is not concerned with actuality; and to be “unactual,” to take refuge in the ivory tower, is just another way of being counter-revolutionary without risking one's skin in political activity. While red Russia struggled in a ring of fire, great poets turned their creative power to translating Henri de Regnier (Kouzmin) or announced in pretty, mystical sonnets the defeat of the Apocalyptic Beast (Sologub).

And in the streets, half given over to the merchants by the NEP, other and no less dangerous phenomena are witnesses to the intellectual offensive of the forces of the past; the idiotic movie-shows; the little theatres of the boulevards; the cheap literature, exciting and pornographic; the widespread new editions of rotten novels. It is an orderly attack against the new spirit, in which all weapons are used. There is the fashionable philosopher for cultivated folk; the pseudo economist for the highbrows; “art for art's sake” for the educated; idealism and mysticism are the subjects of innumerable lectures for souls homesick for the Beyond; the film-before-last of “Fatty”; the popular song and “parisian” review for the passers-by; and what an atmosphere, what teaching in the schools in which the Youth formed by the Revolution must ask for food for their souls!

At the Twelfth Congress of the Communist Party, Zinoviev, in a long and detailed report, warned of the danger. Radek and Bukharin announced the counter-offensive of the Revolution in the realm of ideas. And truly the Russian Communists have never ceased to be active and aggressive in that realm. Only, when all is said, their blood has flowed more freely in the civil war than that of the intellectuals of the old regime; and they were fewer to begin with. The Russian proletariat lacks educated men who know how to teach and to handle the weapons of the spirit. The present teaching personnel of the universities is almost entirely that of the old days; the war was very unequal, above all in the higher schools; this is the explanation of the recourse to repression, the recent exile of a certain number of incurably reactionary intellectuals whose senile ambitions were too much encouraged by the NEP.

THE grouping of the advanced elements among the professors (the Red Professorate); the formation of new faculties of superior instruction, recruited among the young intellectuals, and also when possible among the young educated proletarians; the work of party education; the organization of Communist students for the conquest of the universities; creation and distribution of numerous communist periodicals; systematic defense of the materialist philosophy,

the work of Marxism; the refutation of adversaries, so many means tirelessly set to work by the Russian Revolution in the battle of ideas. Let us recall here several important facts; the appearance of Bukharin's "Treatise on Historic Materialism," and a good half-dozen refutations of Spengler in the reviews. Also the work of Professor Pokrovski, author of a compact History of Russia, conceived in the Marxist spirit, and making it possible for Russia to dispense with the poor old history-book-battles still in use everywhere else.

The new spirit has two other tools, and valuable ones, though hardly known elsewhere; satire, led by Demian Biedny; and literary criticism, which Trotzky has just enriched with a powerful book. Demian Biedny—"Demian the poor, the mischievous Moujik" as he lately called himself to tease the profiteers of the NEP, has a genius for criticizing social customs. He enjoys an enormous popularity. In the great soviet dailies he has published rhymed "columns" every day for years, in which excellent stuff is to be found. Demian Biedny has an extraordinary instinct for rythm and for the popular tongue; all the rythms of Russian verse are well-known to him, and all the slang of the farmer, and the new and often savory slang of the street during these years of torment. But what wins for him the dearest place in the hearts of the simple, the frustrated, the workers and the fighters, is that he never misses a chance to hit off with priceless banter just what the public is thinking. Not a folly of the moment gets by him; not a fad nor a waste, nor a mistake, that he does not brand; not a disagreeable truth that he does not sooner or later serve up to "His Friends the Commissars." Unfortunately, he seems to be untranslatable. Nobody has done more in red Russia to combat bureaucracy, to scourge bad communists, to ridicule the profiteers of the NEP. It is hard to give any idea of his style; we remember his story of the used-up mare that fell dead in the street; by the time the Commissariats of Food, of Leather, and of Bones, had finished quarreling over the poor carcass, and the Cheka had intervened to settle the quarrel, the dogs had eaten it... The comrades who lived through war, blockade, and socialist reconstruction, who accomplished their revolutionary duty against all odds, read that bit with great amusement; the satire revenged them a little against the odious petty bourgeoisie which already infested the Soviet administration.

"Literature Since the October Revolution" (La Littérature en dehors d'Octobre) is the title of Trotzky's new book. The Pravda has published extracts from it. Trotzky studies one by one the contemporary Russian writers, from the Marxist point of view, showing in each one the class origin of his ideas. For there is no work of the spirit which is entirely a stranger to the class war: there is none which cannot fruitfully be criticised from the revolutionary angle; this searchlight must be brutally turned on the literary sanctuary; the new thought must free itself from the strangle-hold of a dying age. In certain pages the critic Trotzky becomes pamphleteer and polemist; then his style attains a violence, a precision, a sharpness of expression that are extraordinary. This cruel word cuts like a scalpel; that judgment stuns like a club. The "Epic" of Andre Biely, an egocentric and mannered book, itself almost unreadable, thus is the subject of a terrible and beautiful chapter which is one of the most striking in Trotzky's book.

It is dictated by the indignation of the revolutionist before those who, while the peoples of the world transform it, are absorbed in self-contemplation. In another place how well he disposes of the critic Tchoukovski, who ingeniously misinterprets Blok's poem, "The Twelve," making it out "nationalist." This scribbler, guardedly counter-revolutionist, is pummeled, shaken up, denuded, thrown at the foot of the pillory. And between these hand to hand combats with the enemies of his class, are periods of contemplation during which his thought unfolds and rises. I wish I could quote here a page, in the most impeccably cadenced language, on the lyricism of the revolution.

In this combat between the Reds and the Whites, the new literature occupies an indeterminate position as to ideas, not to say an intentionally equivocal one. Let us say right away that it is very rich. The year 1921-22 has seen the rise of a good dozen young talents, or older talents rejuvenated by the hurricane. But if one excepts Mayakovski, a poet who, judging by his works has long been a communist, all exert themselves to be non-partisan politically. Mayakovski has just published "International Life," a great fresco of lands, masses, machines, the whole planet perceived through the electric brain of the wireless. This is a literature that has nothing "literary" about it at first glance—a poem to be declaimed on a public square, brutally imagined, dominated by new feelings—the love and understanding of technique, the will to social transformation, the "planetary" vision of things, to use a word beloved of Maxim Goriky.

The Serapion Brotherhood made a sensational entry into the lists, with several new talents, none of which lacks originality. The very different men, allied in this brotherhood, describe, unaffectedly but with much truth, life under the revolution. The influence of Zemiatine whose style is counter-revolutionist, Fedine, once a communist, and Vsevolod Ivanov, red partisan from Siberia, is strong among them. The greatest reproach against them is their enormous insistence upon form; but they are, above all, Russians who are freed from foreign influences, able to return to common sources of their racial originality. Their language is that of village, workshop, and steppe; their style has nothing of the "pink tea," thank God!

But they are weakened by a neo-nationalism, a certain incomprehension of the revolution, which Trotzky attributes to the fact that they are all of peasant spirit and therefore do not fully understand the revolution of the city proletariat. Boris Pilniak, the greatest Russian writer, head and shoulders above even the Serapion Brotherhood, has the same fault. Pilniak and Jakovlev, have made a whole literature out of the famine. Lidine, in "Nights and Days" has shown us, in black night, blood and torture, through years of torment and war, vermin, outrages and hopes, the rise of the October Revolution.

We are going to hear more of this new Russian literature. When the revelation is made in Europe there will be great surprises. We have only been able to indicate, too roughly, the character of this development; but it is enough to show what an abyss separates it from the boudoir and alcove literature of the past, whose sentimental complications are still in favor with the most cultivated public of old Europe.

Ten Acres of Hell

By Harrison George

A THIRTY foot wall crowns a long, smooth hill a mile from the drowsing town of Leavenworth, Kansas, in the country-side where John Brown's men argued abolition with rifle and dirk. A south front, with a facade of white stone that looms, glistening and majestic, against sunny skies. Gravel driveways to the entrance. To right and left, wide lawns and sumptuous residences for the warden and his deputy. Black soldiers, now convicts, who resisted lynching in Texas, scrub and flunkey here. Before the double-barred "main gate" a tower rises from the lawn. Above, a tobacco-chewing Cerberus paces with rifle and pistol belt, challenging all comers. Trusty prisoners with "outside passes," wearing yellow stars, lounge about. Guards, hard-faced men in cheap blue uniforms, twirl clubs and loll at the steps. They are paid seventy dollars a month by a prodigal government and—they belong to the A. F. of L.

Occasionally, across the peaceful stretch of lawn, come "fresh fish"—new prisoners, manacled and watched by a dutiful agent of the law. Dutiful but often drunk. Some new men wear clothes that are good but in disarray. Others, often many in a group, netted out of lousy jails where they starve and wait their fate, lack coats, sometimes shoes, always baths—and the posture of freedom. Wan-faced, wide-eyed, they glance about covertly, speaking no word in the presence of the monster which is about to swallow them.

Sharp commands. Pale apprehension seizes them as the outer gate swings inward, a name is checked off, a soul expires and a body becomes a number...

They must not look backward now; they must not glance a farewell to the reposeful wooded hills and the green slope of lawn, where, on Sunday evenings, come the lovers of the village with their gay and laughing girls, to listen to the prison band...

INSIDE. Ten acres of hell surrounded by a thirty foot wall. Birds fly over it. Happy birds that feed on horse dung and can fly across the wall. Prisoners envy them...

From the air the sparrow sees brick streets separating brick buildings within the inclosure, mostly massed against the south wall. There are the cell houses, the cages full of men—two or three thousand men in cages. The shops lie scattered, the kilns of the brick-yard belch smoke and sulphur fumes at one corner and, in the center, the power house lifts its smoke-stack a hundred feet above the pavement. Here is the siren which blows, bellowingly and screechingly, warning farmers of the country that a convict has escaped, telling them to seize their shot-guns and join the man-hunt for lust of blood and twenty-five dollars "dead or alive." The happy birds that feed on horse dung and know nothing of rules, pause, terrified at this weird, metallic screaming. Then they flutter across the wall... Prisoners are sent, when "escape" blows, to their cells... The guards join the man-hunt...

INSIDE the cell-houses. Huge shells of buildings erected around and over—but without touching at top or sides—the "cell-block"; a rectangular pile of steel and stone,

twenty odd feet wide, a long block long and five crouching storeys high. Between it and the cell-house wall, all around and above, is twenty feet of space. The cell-block is the kernel in the shell of the cell-house. There are four cell-houses. Not one cell opens a window to the day; each is windowless; each but a hole dug into the rock of the cell-block, little box-like holes, nine feet deep in the rock from each side of it, seven feet high and just four feet six inches from wall to wall. The front, open upon brass railed runways around the whole block of stone, is all of steel bars three inches apart. Five layers of cells, one over the other, with an approaching stair at one end of the block.

You enter a cell through a door of bars in the front wall of bars. A sense of utter powerlessness overcomes you as the guard turns the key. From the half light of the front you look into the gloom at the back. Faintly discerned objects outline themselves. Between the cell wall at one side and the double decked bunk—occupying most of the cell—at the other, there is scarcely walking room. At the inner end a small wash-bowl with a spigot of cold water. This is a face bowl, bath-tub and laundry for you. Beside it the toilet bowl. "Hmm... not so bad." Wait!...

Night comes. The cell-house fills at five o'clock, with grey-clad, silent men, marching in rows, stolid and resigned, to their cells. Continuous crashing of steel on steel as doors are shut and locked. Guards shod with "sneak shoes" pass your cell with suspicious glances, counting you. You must stand. You are a number. You are a cadaver. You are reckoned up as so many cadavers. If no cadaver is missing you may sit on a canvas stool after "count." Guards pass the cell silently, looking in. You are watched. Always you feel, always you will feel through the years to come, that you are watched. Asleep or awake, in mute anguish or silent merriment, hostile eyes will be upon you...

By a weak electric light that burns overhead you may read, but as you read the guard pauses in front of your cell and you look up, apprehensively; you lose your page and the power to immerse yourself. You may write, but the guard pauses, gazing critically, a symbol of constraint. Censorious eyes will read every word you write to your wife, to your sweetheart, to your friends. Vulgar men, prisoners chosen for servility, will laugh at your most sacred emotions. They will read each message from your loved one before you do... Dare you complain in a letter of the slightest detail of prison, dare you assert with but the usual boldness of the citizen the criticisms of government heard in the street, and your letter will be turned over to the warden, your number called next day, your cadaver hailed before authority, despotic, ignorant, vindictive, phobic; and you will be sent to "the hole" on bread and water and a bed on the floor—a wooden plank. Your "writing privilege" will be cut off, your loved ones will wonder, worry and become frantic. You will vision it, and you will come to know the cynic truth in the saying of prisoners that your friends forget you at once, that a sweetheart lasts six months—sometimes, a wife remembers her wifehood but a year, and only a mother never forgets... Yes, you may read and you may write in Leavenworth!...



A. Blanchi.

“—That a Sweetheart Lasts Six Months—”

YOU are not alone. In this cell, this tomb, not too large for one dead man, are two live men. If you are in “D” cell-house you may be lucky and have a wobbly for a cell-mate, for here, under special surveillance, are kept the “petemen” (safe-blowers), train-robbers, murderers, political prisoners and all the “dangerous” convicts. You may talk with your cell-mate—not too loudly, though. If one of you arises to move about, the other must get on the bunk—not room for both at once. You must clean the cell, and—daily in warm weather, you must clean the straw or husk mattresses of bugs, often found by handfuls. They come from other cells, and the fight goes on endlessly, like the class struggle.

You are nervous, as are all prisoners, and pace the cell. Three steps from the door to the wall, three steps from the wall to the door, fatiguing yourself without exercise. At times you smother. You touch the ceiling, upward, without effort; touch the walls on both sides by half-raising your arms. The walls seem animate, implacable, suffocating. They close upon you, upon the soul of you...

The murmur of voices, now loud, now soft, reaches you from the corridor. Above, below, all around, are men, invisible. Their voices come eerily, from nowhere, from no one. Sometimes yells; insane or obscene; sometimes, laughter, or such elevated language as did use the gods upon Olympus...

Gongs clang, a bugle call of “taps” dies lingeringly upon the night, the cell darkens, leaving only lights from the corridor wall. Three thousand men count off another day of eternal time from their sentences as they turn to their dreams, or to lie panting and sweating in nakedness during summer, or to shiver under filthy blankets in winter.

Snores resound, and the effluvia of hundreds of closely prisoned bodies sicken you; sewer gas fills the cell until

you strain, reaching your nose through the bars, asking a breath from the corridor. You have, with Coleridge,

“...counted two and seventy stanches,
All well defined, and several stinks.”

You sleep at last, resigned to everything.

A DAWNLESS dawn. Only a getting up and a scratching. Lights, the morning count, and the clangor of gongs as the great block bleeds men, bleeds misery, as a honey-comb bleeds honey. Long lines of men, shuffling like a whisper, pour into the mess-hall, to feed as animals feed, upon poor food, stale and often putrid, thrown at them upon dirty plates set atop plank benches that stink. Guards walk the aisles with clubs, menacingly. You must be silent and make signs only for your food. When the food becomes unbearable, riots, dead guards, and punishment for the starved men. From the mess-hall to the hospital is from the cause to the effect.

THE hospital is presided over by the “doctor,” who dopes you with calomel and salts and cheerily watches you die; the doctor who is responsible for the death of Ricardo Flores Magon, the doctor who allowed a prisoner, who knows even less than he does, to give aspirin to a man with heart disease. It is not a hospital under this drunken “doctor” who coolly allowed another man to die ten days after Magon, without treatment that would have saved him. It is a place of terror, filled with sycophantic wretches of informers, each trying to outinform the others, headquarters of intrigue, pederasty, secret dope deals and drunken “favorites” of the internes’ homosexual harem.

As guard in the hospital is one Beck, a person with a face of Mephistopheles and a snarl like nothing either human or animal.

THE warden’s office—and the warden. The capitol of hell with an officious paranoiac devil in charge, petty, vain, ignorant; a country politician who fawns abjectly upon his superiors and works himself into sadistic rages at the unstudied dignity of those politicals who refuse to sue the government for pardon, the I. W. W.-s.

The office is large, airy, carpeted, and its marbled walls hung with paintings, the work of the genius he persecutes—Ralph Chaplin. The visitor is received with suavity and informed that Leavenworth is the model prison of all the world; he is conducted about by a glib guard, who explains the advantages of being a prisoner. . . Prisoners are forbidden by strict rule from speaking to such visitors. Journalists go away and we read, in our cells, the tale of our rosy and pleasurable existence in this model prison. . . In the “hole” of this model prison, friends of mine have been beaten insensible, have written their names in their own blood upon its walls!...

TEN acres of hell surrounded by a thirty foot wall. Outside, unseen by those upon whom the gates have closed for years and often forever, lie the reposeful wooded hills and green slope of lawn, where, on Sunday evenings, come the lovers of the village with their gay and laughing girls, to listen to the prison band.

On Joining the World Court

By Scott Nearing

SHALL the United States join the World Court? President Harding, Secretary Hughes and other authorized spokesmen have recently made speeches concerning it; it has been officially laid before the Senate, and it will constitute one of the biggest factors in the 1924 election unless it is settled before that time.

The very first thing is to clear up our ideas about the Court. What is it? How did it come into being? Who started it? These questions have not been answered in the newspapers.

Article 14, of the Covenant of the League of Nations reads: "The Council shall formulate and submit to the Members of the League for adoption plans for the establishment of Permanent Court of International Justice. The Court shall be competent to hear and determine any dispute of an international character which the parties thereto submit to it. The Court may also give an advisory opinion upon any dispute or question referred to it by the Council or by the Assembly."

Under this article the Court may hear cases brought before it by members of the League and by the Council and the Assembly of the League. The process of organizing the Court took about a year. At the end of 1920 (December 13th), the League of Nations issued a statement regarding the organization of the Court. This statement was signed by a number of nations—some forty odd small nations and the Big Four,—Japan, Italy, the United Kingdom, and France. The World Court as it exists today is the product of the action of the League in 1920.

The important section of the statute for the permanent Court of International Justice provided for by Article 14 of the Covenant of the League of Nations is in part as follows:

3. The Court consists of fifteen members—11 judges and 4 deputy-judges.

4. Members of the Court are elected by the Council and the Assembly of the League from nominees made by "the national group in the Court of Arbitration".

13. The members of the Court shall be elected for nine years. They may be re-elected.

23. A session of the Court shall be held every year.

32. The salaries of the judges to be determined by the Assembly of the League, on the proposal of the Council.

33. The expenses of the Court shall be borne by the League of Nations, in such manner as shall be decided by the Assembly on the proposal of the Council.

35. The Court shall be open to the members of the League and also to States mentioned in the Annex to the Covenant.

37. When a treaty or convention in force provides for the reference of a matter to a tribunal to be instituted by the League of Nations, the Court will be such tribunal.

Secretary Hughes says the fundamental question is whether or not the League of Nations controls the Court. The Court was constituted under the Covenant of the League of Nations; its judges were elected by the Council and the Assembly of the League of Nations; its salaries and expenses are paid by the League of Nations; otherwise, it is in-

dependent of the League. Plainly the Court is the official judicial organ of the League of Nations.

The judges as originally elected were from Spain, Brazil, Cuba, Holland, Switzerland, Denmark, Italy, Great Britain, United States, Japan and France. One each from six small countries and from five great countries, although one can hardly call Cuba a separate country. The project for the Court was submitted by an advisory committee of jurists consisting of Elihu Root, United States; Lord Phillimore, Great Britain; Albert de Lapradelle, France; Arturo Busatti, Italy; M. Adatci, Japan; B. C. J. Loder, Netherlands; R. Altamira, Spain; Clovis Bevelacqua, Brazil; Baron Descamps, Belgium; and Francis Hajemp, Norway. The project was modified by the Council, October 27th, 1920, and by the Assembly on December 13th, 1920. Of the committee of jurists that constituted the Court, five represented five great empires, and five represented very small countries.

These are a number of facts connected with the organization of the World Court which give a basis for judging the questions raised regarding it. First, that the Court is not a part of the League of Nations is of course pure legalistic bosh, out of which Hughes may make the best case he can. The second question regarding the Court is whether or not it can stop war, and stabilize the life of the world. The Court is the Court of last resort—paragraph 60 of the Statute says: "The judgement is final and without appeal". That does not give it power; it merely gives it finality. The only thing that gives it power is its capacity to see its decisions carried out, and that is no greater than the capacity of the League of Nations, which established it and which pays its bills. Therefore, if the League is capable, the Court is undoubtedly capable; if the League is incapable, the Court is just as incapable, because its powers cannot be greater than those of the body which constituted it and which maintains it.

Why is it that the same gentlemen who so fluently opposed the League are so thoroughly in favor of the World Court? Because they want to go in by the back door where they originally refused to go in by the front door. They have decided that the time has come to join the League, and since they cannot swallow their own words so soon they have decided to do it legalistically. Why do they want to do it? Various prominent business men and bankers are anxious to join it because of the essential change in the economic situation which has occurred in the last three or four years. After the war, business men came back from Europe and told us that everything would be going on as usual in a very short time; they made all kinds of optimistic promises. Then came the calamitous financial panic of the spring of 1920, followed by the depression which is still felt; during those years, economic life has steadily disintegrated, and the events of the last few months in the Near East and the Ruhr have turned grave doubts on the possibility of fixing things up.

Three or four years ago the American banker thought that he could buy up the European junk heap; the theory was that the United States could hold itself aloof and buy Europe under the hammer. It was a dream; instead of a sheriff's sale, there was a funeral.

This is just a speculation, but I believe that the American

business man in 1920 thought that it was perfectly possible to go on profiteering—it looked like a good thing. The last years convinced him of his error; he has come to see that aloofness is impossible, and that he has to be saved by a united front, and this move of Harding's is an attempt to set up a united front of the capitalist world.

The business men are out to establish a unit in the world of economic affairs, and they want to organize an international business court to settle international questions between business men. This represents a part of the general effort of the business world to establish and maintain an economical and political front.

There is another question—the possibility of having a series of nations functioning through a world court. There are forty odd nations belonging to the World Court; how can they work together? For instance, France has high tariffs; will she lower them after she joins the World Court? Will England withdraw or modify her oil concessions? Are these things submitted to the World Court? Not at all. When France gets ready to invade the Ruhr she invades it, because nobody is compelled to take a case before the World Court; it is optional.

What does modern economic life consist of? A hopeless mess of monetary difficulties, a tremendous national competitive struggle. What control over it has the League of Nations,—the World Court? None, until somebody gets ready to submit these difficulties to it. If France does not choose to submit to it her controversies, the Court is oblivious of what is going on. Will the World Court prevent war? Hughes lays great emphasis on the supposition that it will. Will it? Yes, providing the contending parties take their differences before the Court, and providing they abide by its decisions; but the Court cannot make them come, and cannot enforce its decisions after they appear. If great issues are raised, the parties interested will not bother the World Court.

The World Court being a subsidiary of the League, it is subject to all the limitations that exist for the League. Since the League of Nations was organized there have been 26 wars; they claim to have prevented three, but the other 26 went right on. The World Court being a subsidiary of the League, can hardly expect to score higher than the League; we may very reasonably expect that the World Court will be as impotent as the League, and probably less potent.

How effective will the World Court be in the case of labor disputes? Will the World Court do the same thing to world labor that the American courts do to American labor? The World Court was constituted by Elihu Root and his like, is dominated by the great empires of the world and functions in their interests, and when they are threatened by a labor uprising they will undoubtedly do what they can to maintain the status quo. The Court is no different from the League; the League is no different from the great empires with one important exception, and that is that in the League there is a handful of great aggressive robber powers and a lot of little fellows who are afraid they may be robbed at a minute's notice, and who hope they may be able to exert an influence that they could not accomplish separately.

Shall the United States join the League of Nations? Shall the United States join the World Court? It is the same question, and the answer depends on what the United States wants to do. A representative of Standard Oil, or United States Steel should be for it 100 percent. Harding is speak-

ing as an intelligent advocate of the business interests; the wise and expedient thing for the business man to do is to join the League. As far as capitalist communities are concerned it is a gesture in the direction of internationalism, although all the mechanisms of nationality remain and all the hindrances are still here.

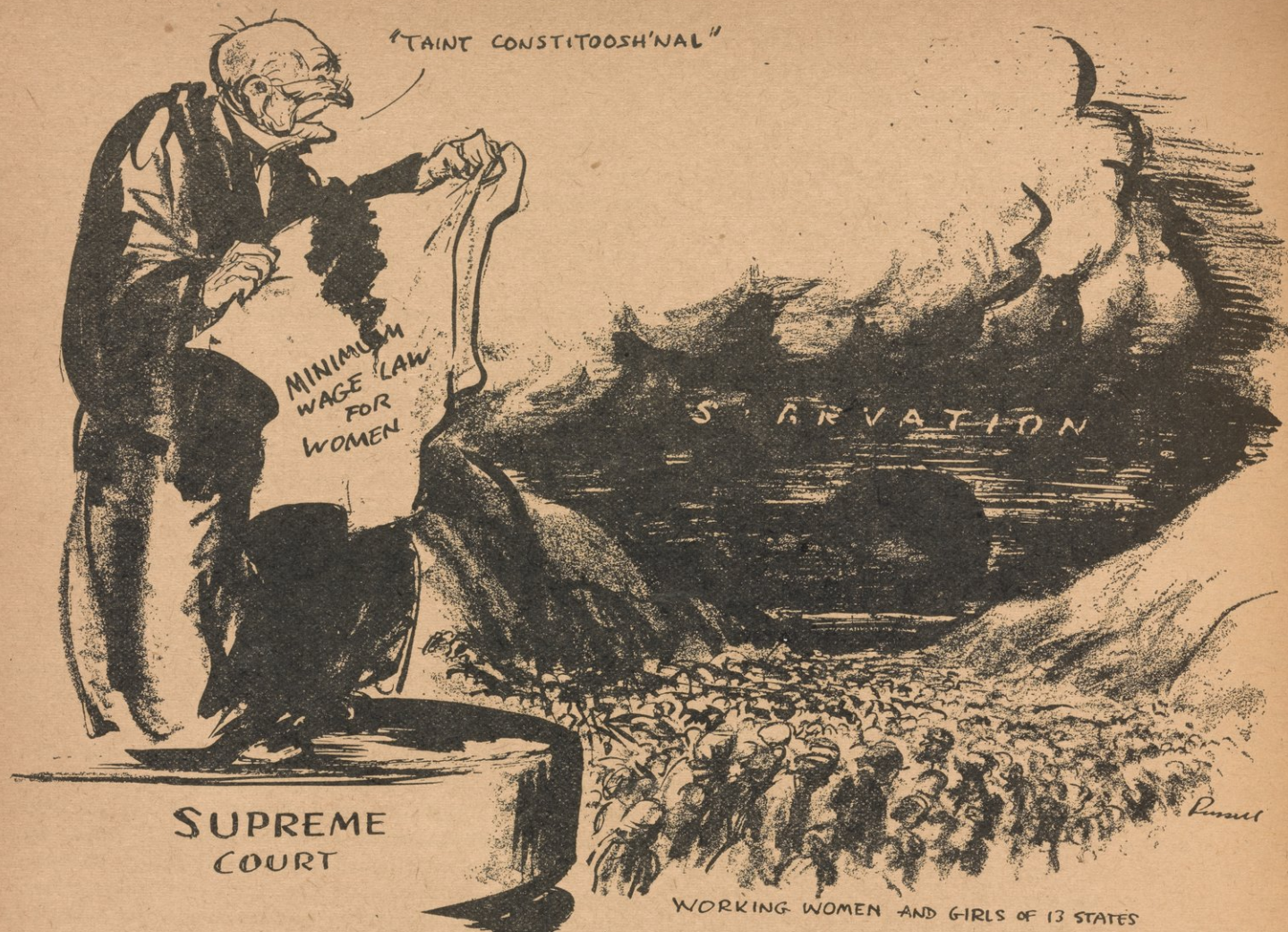
Will this World Court solve any of the important questions that confront the world? No, it is a fine gesture with no conceivable result; there is nothing much to be lost, but there is nothing much to be gained. On the whole, we might as well join it, but as far as hoping that it will stop war is concerned, or that it will stabilize economic life, it is like the fine phrases that Wilson spun for us—talk—and although Hughes talks to the tune of eight columns in the newspaper, it is still talk, and in his case, very cheap talk, because he overlooks the facts.

The World Court is bred out of the present order,—bone of its bone and flesh of its flesh. Go where you will, whether in China or the Near East or South America, you will find that big capitalists are all trying to get in on the ground floor. The financial structure has reached an impasse, where war threatens every move, and having reached that, they are seeking a way out by constituting impotent bodies which camouflage the real issues. Harding may be re-elected on the strength of this program. But as far as the people who have faced the facts are concerned—people who recognize the essential economic and political situation—there is no reason why they should be fooled.

On the other hand, the Court is a world suggestion; it has no power, but it sounds as though it had, and it at least leads men to think in terms of world affairs, in terms of bringing questions before a World Court; it builds up the idea of international political power. It brings no practical advantage in the immediate present, it will not stop war, it will not now affect political or economic life, but it will build up habits of thought in a new direction. Insofar as it does that, it represents a move in a new and advantageous direction.

What A. C. Bedford and Elihu Root want is not a world controlled by workers and equalization of economic opportunity, but the danger of revolution reduced, law and order established. What we are interested in is seeing a world constituted in which men and women are living together and working out their problems on a world scale. Bedford and Root are interested in the preservation of nationalism and property; we are interested in seeing the human race as a co-operating group. They want world consciousness and so do we, and insofar as they can produce that, let them do it. But the World Court need not seriously concern us, because we can expect practically nothing serious from it.

The world is interdependent economically; since 1914 the means of preserving this interdependence have steadily disintegrated. This breakdown is not due to natural disasters—not famine, nor flood—the iron and coal are still in the ground, the sun still shines—but to political frontiers, customs, armaments, wars, etc., to the incapacity of man to work out the economic problems. Obviously, the solution does not at all lie in the reconstitution of these nationalistic obstacles; if we expect to get anywhere in the solution of economic world problems it will probably not be done through the rebuilding of nations as such but through the ignoring of nations as such. These impediments,—frontiers, customs, barriers,—are the logical and inevitable outcome of national-



"To Hell wit' 'em; they ain't got no rights!"

ism and competitive imperialism, and the questions they bring up cannot be solved by wars or by conquest. If they could, they would have been completely solved in the World War, because it was a great, sterile military triumph. The conquerors did everything that a conqueror could do. Has that brought about economic peace in the world? Not at all. You cannot beat up the rest of the world and thus make the economic system run. It depends on credit and credit cannot be coerced.

Ever since 1914 productivity has been lowered, and it cannot be restored to its pre-war status until something happens to rehabilitate it. What shall that be? It has to be some form of cooperation—getting people together. How can we get people together? If it cannot be done through nationalism how can it be done? By organizing people who work at various occupations along the lines of economic activity, miners with miners, agricultural workers with agricultural workers, building up a structure of society based upon the things that people do, and not on the places where they live.

Is it possible to organize the world on that basis? If not, it is not possible to organize it on any basis, because the normal course is the channel of least resistance, and that

is the line of economic activity, where people are working together without serious hitches, smoothly, miners with miners, builders with builders, etc. Our only rational hope lies in the organization of world economic affairs sufficiently vigorous to direct world economic life, sufficiently strong to decide economic questions and enforce decisions which are sufficiently general, so that every important group will come under its jurisdiction.

One of the great difficulties with the World Court is that Russia and Germany are excluded. We need a re-organization of the world's economic life that shall have as a part of its activities a world court which can hear and decide cases and enforce its decisions. The economic life of the world has gone on to a world plane,—has jumped the boundaries of nationalism. It remains for those recognizing the change to build on a new foundation. The League of Nations is merely a gesture of the old order, and the World Court is merely a gesture of the League of Nations. The demand for peace, bread, and liberty,—for life, liberty, and happiness,—will not be met by the League or the Court, will not be met by financial imperialism. While Harding and Hughes are talking, it behooves us not to be fooled by them, but to work for a new world order.

An Early Liberal Minister

By Lewis Browne

"The words of Amos, who was of the herdmen of Tekoa, which he saw concerning Israel...in the days of Jeroboam the son of Joash, king of Israel, two years before the earthquake."—Amos, I, 1.

SCENE: The counting-house of Elbabbitt and Gamaliel, importers, in the city of Beth-El, in the reign of King Jeroboam II (about 760 B. C.). Forenoon. On a low stool in a corner, squats the rotund middle-aged Elbabbitt, a well-to-do Israelitish merchant, sour faced and with half-glued eyes. He yawns unhappily, rubs his fists to his aching temples and groans, "Oh hell! What a head!" Enter Gamaliel, his partner, likewise rotund and middle-aged, prosperously dressed in an imported mantle with a girdle of gold from which is suspended a heavy emblem-charm of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Camels. He is tired-looking and dusty. Elbabbitt looks up in surprise.

ELBABBITT. Well, so you're here at last! Where the hell you been all this time? You're a day late.

GAMALIEL (throwing off his sandals, squatting on a mat, and savagely poking his fingers between his toes to remove the dirt of travel). Aw, shut up! Damned if I ever go to Dothan again! Rottenest dump I ever came across. Spent half the day trying to locate that Phoenician jobber, and by the time I talked him into shipping us that consignment of purple dye at our figure, I had to near break my neck to catch the four o'clock caravan back. I caught it, too; but it didn't do me any good. The head camel-driver was afraid to start because he heard there was a gang of brigands laying for us the other side of Samaria. So I had to lay over a day extra until the coast was clear. It sure was one hell of a trip!

ELBABBITT. Too bad. You shoulda been here last night. Had some gay party over at the Temple, we did!

GAMALIEL (preoccupied with an ingrown toenail). What was it like?

ELBABBITT. Oh boy! Some party! Best party we had in a jubilee.

GAMALIEL. 'S that so? Any excitement?

ELBABBITT. I'll tell the world! We had enough excitement, Joe, to keep me pepped up till the next Sabbatical year.

GAMALIEL. What was the trouble? Did you all get soused and start roughhouse?

ELBABBITT. That wasn't the half of it! 'Course, you'd expect everybody to get shikker at the Autumn Festival, specially when there's so much prosperity around. Say, I never knew there was so much booze in all Israel as we lapped up last night! And the way everyone cut up with everyone else's wife! Boy!

GAMALIEL (crabbily). But what was the excitement?

ELBABBITT. Hold your horses! You're a day late anyhow, so what's your hurry? I was just leading up to the excitement.

GAMALIEL. Well, get to it.—Got a drink around here anywhere? I'm dry.

ELBABBITT. Sure. I got some new Carmel wine from

a peddler yesterday. There's a skin of it hanging over there. Help yourself.

GAMALIEL (after taking three or four swallows and smacking his lips). Want some? It's not so bad.

ELBABBITT. Hell, no! I can't look at the stuff this morning.

GAMALIEL. Huh. That's what comes from not knowing when to stop.

ELBABBITT. Not knowing when to stop? Say, 'Long-side of some of 'em there last night, I never even started. There was some crowd there. Pretty near everybody that counts in Israel from the King and the High Priest up. And every last one of 'em was lit up like glory. Say, you should've seen the women! Holy Mack'rel, some of 'em—. Well, never mind that. Your wife was there—and so was mine. But anyway, we was having a great time. The priest had the place tricked out awful nice, with lots of new couches and loads of swell tapestries. The king's throne couldn't have been beat even by—what was the geezer's name?—you know, that big king the hist'ry books tell about—dammit, my head won't work a-tall this morning!

GAMALIEL. Who do you mean? Solomon?

ELBABBITT. That's the bird—Solomon. I bet his throne had nothing on King Jerry's last night. It was a lulu! And the altar had the swellest trimmings you can find this side of Damascus. Well, everything was going along nice and smooth, and everybody was congenial. Even the four-hundred snobs that hang round the king all the time, were acting like reg'lar fellows. We'd finished all the food from the sacrifices, and we were trying to see how much wine we could put away. The Levite jazz band was whooping her up, and we had the whole chorus from the Follies of 760 there. And say, maybe those blondes couldn't shake a wicked hip! Boy! I tell you, everything was coming along just hunky-dory, when suddenly—what do you think? In walks a gazabo with long hair and a mantle of sack cloth, and before you could say "Jacob son of Rubin," he jumps right up on the altar and begins to yell! And say, couldn't he yell, though! By gad, he had a voice that drowned out the orchestra and the laughing and the talking, and before you knew it, we was all sittin' up and listening to him. You know what he was doing? Singing a funeral dirge! Yessir, that ragged bum busts right in on our party and starts singing a funeral dirge!

GAMALIEL. The hell you say! What was it? A joke?

ELBABBITT. No! It was serious. It seems this guy's a preacher named Amos, that comes from a burg called Tekoa, down in Judah—though if you ask me, he's a reg'lar I. W. W. agitator in disguise. They tell me he's been soap-boxing around town for quite some time. Y'know, if I had my way, I'd send the militia to Judah tomorrow and string up every one of them anarchists. They tell me every sheep herder in that section's a crazy Red. I was sayin' only yesterday to Jephaniah ben Kenekot, who's president of the Chamber of Commerce over in Shechem, that to my mind—

GAMALIEL. Yes, but what did this Amos say?

ELBABBITT. Hanged if I know exactly. It was all

too deep for me. But whatever it was it sounded like rank socialism. He said we was all headed straight for the bow-wows, that God's got it in for us and that we was gonna be invaded by an enemy that would just wipe up the floor with us.

GAMALIEL. You don't say!

ELBABBITT. Yessir! And that wasn't all either. He gave us all sorts of hell because we was having a wild time, and because we was parasites, and all that. You know the sort of bunk those fellows hand out. I get it morning, noon, and night from my son David ever since he went to that prophetic school down South.

GAMALIEL (sneering). Yes, I know. Parlor bolshevism.

ELBABBITT. Yes, that's it, 'cepting that this Amos wasn't very parlorish. He came right out with it, cussing us up and down for having country homes and winter palaces and for putting things over on the poor boob's without brains enough to get on the inside. He even began to lace it into us because fathers and sons go chasing women together!

GAMALIEL (incredulously). NO!

ELBABBITT. Posolutely!

GAMALIEL. But why didn't you shut him up?

ELBABBITT. That's what beats me! I guess it was because at first we was too drunk to know he was there, and then once he got a good start, why, he just got the best of us! Jiminy, the way he recited that funeral dirge over us, it gave you the creeps!

GAMALIEL. Yes, but didn't you do *anything*?

ELBABBITT. Well, in a way we did. The trouble was the king was so blind drunk he thought it was all a joke, so we didn't dare touch the guy. But once the King fell asleep, Amaziah, the high priest, ups and says to him: "Heh, you get the hell outa here!"

GAMALIEL. You don't mean the *high-priest* said that?

ELBABBITT. Well he didn't use exactly those words, but that was what he meant. He said, "If you don't like it 'round here, go back to your own country! We got enough of you cheap agitators around here that call yourselves preachers and prophets and all that. Beat it!"

GAMALIEL. Good for him! And did the hobo beat it then?

ELBABBITT. Not on your life! Not him! No sir, instead of making a bee-line for the door, he turns right on Amaziah and yells, "Hey, ring off, Santa Claus! you got the wrong number. I ain't a prophet, nor a son of prophet neither. I'm just a plain sheepherder and lumberjack, and the Lord came to me and told me to go to Beth-El and tell you you're all going plumb to hell. And don't think *you're* gonna get out of it, either, you damned old Papish priest," he says. "Your wife'll be a street walker—" (which, between you and me and the lamppost, wasn't so bad! The missus always did say that high priest's wife was purty fast)—"and your children will be murdered, your property will be confiscated, and you yourself, you old boozefighter, 'll be buried in a potter's field!"

GAMALIEL. D'you mean he had the nerve to say all that to the high priest?

ELBABBITT. Ab-so-tive-ly! I tell you, it was the hottest stuff I ever heard. I wouldn't a-missed it for a thousand shekels!

GAMALIEL. But what did Amaziah do then?

ELBABBITT. DO? Why, he almost cashed in right there and then, he was so mad. He began to splutter and stutter about having that Amos strung up, but everybody admired that guy's nerve so much they wouldn't touch him.

GAMALIEL. *You mean they let him go on?*

ELBABBITT. That's what they did! And maybe he didn't let loose then! He said God was agin us and bent on destroying us, just like he'd destroyed Syria and Tyre and Edom and all those other backward nations.

GAMALIEL. Aw, he must've been plumb crazy.

ELBABBITT. Oh sure! Why, he even said we was no better in the eyes of God than the Ethiopians—the *niggers*!

GAMALIEL. And you mean to tell me you let him get away with *that*?

ELBABBITT. Well, what else could we do? He had such a gift of gab, he just knocked us cold! You should've heard the language he used! It sounded like real po'try! Yessir, it did! And when he was through he had us so spellbound, there wasn't a one of us with presence of mind to stop him.

GAMALIEL. You mean he got clean away?

ELBABBITT. You said it! Clean away! I don't know just how he did it, but he disappeared as sudden as he came.

GAMALIEL. But where's he now?

ELBABBITT. Search me!

GAMALIEL. *What?* Ain't he in jail?

ELBABBITT. No. Don't you understand plain Hebrew? He got clear away—vamoosed—beat it!

GAMALIEL. Well, I'll be damned! (He rises in disgust and takes down the day-scroll from the shelf; returns to his mat.) You all must a-been in a *fine* condition to let him get away with it. No wonder the children've got no respect for their elders, when such agitators can come 'round here and shoot off their mouths that way. It's a damn disgrace! Just because a bum calls himself a preacher, and says God told him what to do, we're scared to touch him. That's the trouble with this country—we're too easy-going... What we need around here is a few more stonings. *That* would put the fear of god in the hearts of them Reds. (Savagely he opens the scroll and begins to look through the latest entries. In a low growl)—Believe me, if I'd a-been there he wouldn't 've got away with it!



The impression on the cover of this issue is a sketch of Edna Porter by Frank Walts.

A page of book reviews in the July issue, under the head "Minority Reports," by James Fuchs, was so badly mangled by typographical errors as to make some of the sentences read as utter nonsense. The author should not be blamed. Beg pardon.

—Editor.

The Outline of Marriage

By Floyd Dell

V.

"BUT Professor!"
"Yes, what is it?"

"Why not get down to brass tacks? I mean, why not skip the Ancient Greeks and the Medieval period and so on, and come down to marriage in contemporary life? After all, that is what we came to hear about!"

"Excuse me—I confess, my dear sir, I thought we had been talking about modern marriage all along! Sometimes it serves to throw light upon a modern condition if we view it in a somewhat unfamiliar guise—and that is what I have been trying to do with my head-hunters of Borneo and so forth. However, if you insist upon seeing modern marriage without these historical trappings which serve to reveal its origins, you shall have your way. I assure you that you are missing something by not hearing about the hetaira of Ancient Greece and the romantic mistress of medieval legend. For these, too, have had their part in shaping the destinies of modern marriage. But let us be contemporary, by all means! I will take as the text of my disquisition upon modern marriage nothing less than the corset advertisements in the latest magazines. Have you noticed the names of the newest of these instruments of torture? One will suffice—will more than suffice—for our purpose. 'Boyshforme.' I repeat it. 'Boyshforme.'

"The history of marriage during the nineteenth century is concentrated into that one word. Let me unravel it for you, with the aid of an expert witness. Pat, will you please come forward. Thank you.

"Only a few years ago, ladies and gentlemen, the name Pat would have suggested to you a comic Irish laborer. But times have changed, and you are not in the least surprised to see a good-looking bobbed-haired young woman answer to that designation.—Pat, what is your real name?"

"Patricia."

"Of course. And will you tell us why you are called Pat?"

"Oh, I don't know!"

"Well, perhaps you will find out before the session is over. Pat, do you wear a Boyshforme corset?"

"Certainly not! I don't wear any!"

"To be sure. You don't need to wear a Boyshforme corset because you already have a form sufficiently boyish. Tell me, Pat, is it true that you are going to be married soon?"

"Yes—tomorrow."

"It is very kind of you to come here at a time when you must be so busy—"

"You mean with my trousseau? Oh, that's all attended to. I bought them yesterday."

"Bought what yesterday—if it is not indelicate to inquire?"

"Not at all. I bought a new bathing suit, and a pair of knickers, and a pair of riding breeches, and some golf stockings. You see, we're going camping for our honeymoon."

"Not to Niagara Falls, then?"

"No, to a nice little place where we can fish and swim

and even get in a little mountain-climbing before we come back."

"That sounds very nice indeed. Tell me, Pat, isn't there an old spinning-wheel in your attic at home?"

"Why, yes! it belonged to my great-grandmother. She spun wool to make clothes for the whole family."

"You have never spun wool, I suppose?"

"No, of course not."

"Of course not. You buy your clothes in a store. Your mother baked bread for her family, didn't she?"

"I suppose she had to."

"While you get yours from a bakery. You send your washing to a laundry, no doubt?"

"I wash out my own silk things, sometimes. I could wash other things if I had to!"

"But you don't have to. It would be ridiculous for you to do your own washing when it can be done better and more cheaply at a steam laundry. In fact, most of the tasks that used to occupy your great-grandmother have been taken out of your hands by modern machinery. Being a wife was more of a job in your grandmother's time than it is now—isn't that so?"

"In that way, yes."

"Your great-grandfather was doing a pretty good thing for himself, economically, when he married your great-grandmother, I'd say. By the way, how many children did she have?"

"Thirteen. But my great-grandfather didn't have to pay their way through college, remember that! They grew up on the farm and made themselves useful. But if you think it would be a nice thing for me to have thirteen children, you're mistaken. Even if I can't spin wool and weave cloth and make clothes for Bill, and bake bread and do the family laundry and all the other things my great-grandmother did, there's one thing I can do for him—and that is, not have thirteen children! And you needn't worry, I won't, either!"

"It would seem, then, that children have ceased to be an economic asset, and have become a liability?"

"You're right, old dear."

"The machine has reduced to a minimum the number of things you can do in the home that will be of economic benefit to your husband. And the one thing left that you could still do—the one thing that machinery hasn't proved it could do better—I mean, having babies—is in the nature of an economic injury instead of a benefit. The most you can do for him is to refrain from having babies until he is able to see his way clear to sending them through college. Meanwhile, the very fact that you are a woman and as such can have babies is a danger to this economic security. I take it that Bill is not a millionaire?"

"I wish he were!"

"Pat, you worked in an office, didn't you?"

"Yes, that was where I met Bill."

"I was going to ask you *why* you worked in an office, but perhaps I can consider that question already answered. Your family didn't need your wages, did they?"

"No."

"You met Bill in an office. Suppose you hadn't gone

to work in an office, wouldn't you have met Bill the same?"

"Where?"

"Well, in your own home, for instance."

"Men are shy of calling on girls in their homes. It looks too much if they were going wooing!"

"But at parties, then?"

"Bill isn't a lounge-lizard. His idea of amusement is to go off and play poker with the boys."

"So Bill avoided places where he might see and fall in love with nice attractive girls like you!"

"Well, do you blame him? He's a man and he's got to make good on his job!"

"And so you went to work in an office so that Bill just couldn't help seeing you and falling in love with you?"

"Well, do you blame me? I'm a woman, after all!"

"Exactly. But wasn't Bill afraid of falling in love with you?"

"Of course he was. But he found that I was the kind of girl he could pal around with—"

"Just as if you were a boy. . ."

"Well, yes, in a way. I was easy to get along with, and not too possessive—at first. He used to tell me about his love affairs."

"And you weren't jealous?"

"I didn't show it if I was. And we batted around to different places together. We were just friends. Then one night we kissed each other. We were both very much surprised."

"Were you as much surprised as he was?"

"Well—in a different way, perhaps!"

"And then you became engaged?"

"Oh, no! People don't think they have to get married nowadays just because they've kissed each other."

"Then why did you decide to get married?"

"Oh, I don't know. We're human, after all!"

"And Bill isn't afraid of you any more?"

"I don't look very dangerous, do I?"

"Dangerous? Dangerous? You don't look as though you would present him with thirteen babies."

"Oh, you needn't think—just because—!"

"Yes, Pat, we know you *can* have babies. And probably you will—a discreet one or two or three. But you don't seem inflamed with the maternal instinct. You look as though you could exercise a proper self-control in the matter of babies. You look, in fact, as though you were not quite grown up enough to have babies for a while yet. You look like a tom-boy, eager for play. You look like the most agreeable playfellow in the world."

"You ought to see me in my knickers!"

"I wish we could. And now I think that is all, thank you, Pat!"

"So long!"

"Ta-ta! And now, if you please, ladies and gentlemen, we will call another witness. Her name is Bobbie.—Yes, Bobbie, take the chair. We wish to ask you a few questions. Is it true that you are getting a divorce from your husband?"

"It certainly is!"

"How long have you been married?"

"Four years."

"Any children?"

"No, thank goodness!"

"Well, then the divorce ought to be an easy matter to arrange. May we ask what your grounds of divorce against your husband are?"

"Statutory grounds. I can't afford to go to Reno."

"Statutory grounds! That's very sad—very sad indeed!"

"Oh, don't take it so seriously. It was all fixed up between us. I mean, when you want a divorce there *have* to be grounds, and Jack, like the perfect gentleman that he is, offered to go through with it according to specifications. It's a little unpleasant, that's all—but our friends understand."

"He *hasn't* been unfaithful to you, then?"

"No more than I have to him."

"Dear me! And can't you forgive each other?"

"Oh, yes, we can forgive each other. That's the easiest thing we do."

"I am glad to see this evidence of—er—mutual tolerance. So different from the barbaric jealousies that used to be in fashion. So modern, in short. It is no doubt because you each realize, from your own experience, that these—er—divigations on the part of the other are due to profound emotions which must—er—which must not be repressed. You know what profound—"

"Rot! As a matter of fact, we know that those things didn't amount to a damn. At least, we know it now. At the time we fooled ourselves, of course. We thought—"

"What did you think?"

"Oh, we thought it was the real thing. And yet we didn't quite believe it, even then. We never dared really to let ourselves go."

"Pardon me, but you seem, from your previous statements, to have let yourselves go, in a manner of speaking!"

"Oh, yes—that way. But we didn't have the courage to throw everything overboard, and elope, and start all over again."

"And why didn't you?"

"Because it would have been just the same story all over again. And we knew it. That's why."

"And you really want—so to speak—a new story."

"Yes—so to speak—I most certainly do."

"And what would that new story be like?"

"How can I tell you that?"

"Try."

"Well—a girl grows up and reads books and goes to the theatre and the movies—and gets a great idea of herself. She thinks that because she's a girl she's somebody. In stories and plays and movies she's always worshipped because she's a girl. Men fight over her. They are crazy about her. She runs away from them, and they follow her. They really *want* her. They *woo* her. And—"

"Well?"

"It's not like that in real life. They don't want her. At least the interesting ones don't. They don't run after her. They run away from her. She has to do the running after them. She has to woo them."

"And you didn't like that?"

"Oh, it was exciting enough, at the time. A girl's competitive instincts are aroused. It's an interesting game—cutting out the other girls, and getting your man. It's a triumph, when you succeed. But—"

"Yes?"

"Well, then you've got him. But what have you got?"

"What's the matter with the one you got?"

"Oh, he's all right, in his way. I like him better than any other man I've ever known. He's great fun to play around with. And he might have been—oh, everything in the world. But—don't you see—he's never had a chance to be a lover. He never had to woo me. The fact is, he never learned to want me. And I want to be wanted. Does that mean anything to you?"

"Yes. But tell me, candidly, why should he want you?"

"That was a mean dig. Men used to want women. Did they have any more to give than I have? We both gave all we could. I'd have spun wool and baked bread for Jack—gladly enough—if there had been any sense in it. I can't help it if all I had to give was—companionship. Isn't that worth something?"

"How much was it worth to you?"

"What do you mean?"

"Did it satisfy your sense of self-respect? Were you proud and happy to be giving your companionship to Jack? Were you a contented wife?"

"Oh, I suppose I *wasn't* contented. That was where the trouble started. I wanted to *be* somebody—to *do* something. And there wasn't anything for me to be or do. It wouldn't have helped for me to go out and take a job. That would merely have meant that I would be too tired to play with Jack; and the wages were so piffling, and the jobs were so silly. That wouldn't have made me proud and happy. Say what you want to, there's no real place for women yet in the world of work. I worked until I married Jack. It was worth while to do a silly job for piffling pay because I got a chance to meet and play around with men I liked. But I couldn't go back. Do you know what I had been? A filing clerk. Why should I go back and be a filing clerk? If I could have been an engineer—but I couldn't be. No. So I practiced my music, and thought about going on the stage—"

"Did Jack object to that?"

"No—he'd have let me do anything that would have made me happy. He felt somehow to blame, poor dear. And I suppose that was my fault. I did rather feel that he was to blame because I wasn't happy. Anyway, it made him miserable, and then he got to running around with another girl—"

"Who didn't make him feel miserable?"

"She made him feel that he was the most wonderful man in the world. He told me."

"And so you forgave him?"

"And so I had a love-affair, too. Oh, yes, I forgave him!"

"Did the—the other man make you feel that you were the most wonderful woman in the world?"

"Almost. Damn it, one does want to feel wonderful! When you've felt that you were useless and worthless—well, you can stand it just so long. And then you'll do anything to feel different."

"But you didn't quite succeed?"

"No—I just succeeded in making Jack more miserable than ever."

"Was he jealous?"

"Not exactly. Merely humiliated."

"And so you decided to get a divorce?"

"No. Then we made up, and were perfectly happy for a while. Sometimes a jolt like that does people good. At least, we could talk things out, and understand each other. We were happy for at least a year after that."

"And then what happened?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Yes. That was just the trouble. Nothing happened. We played around together. We didn't misbehave after that. Lots of our friends did, and we knew we could if we wanted to—after you've once done it you realize how easy it is—and we have decided to give each other perfect freedom—but we felt, what was the use? There just didn't seem to be any point to it!"

"But then—why the divorce?"

"Because—there didn't seem to be any point to our going on together, either."

"But—you loved each other."

"Of course. We still do. More than we love anybody else. But we hurt each other, too."

"How?"

"By not being what the other wants, I suppose."

"What does Jack want?"

"I wish I knew!"

"Well, what do you want?"

"A man. A lover. Somebody who needs me. Somebody I can be of some real use to. Somebody who will make me feel that I am wonderful. I told you before—I want to be wanted, I want to be wooed! Jack's the best pal in the world, but that isn't enough!"

"Has it occurred to you that it isn't enough for Jack, either? Perhaps he wants a woman, a wife, somebody who is of some real use to him, somebody that he *can* woo—and not just the best pal in the world!"

"Oh, perhaps. Well, let him go find her! I hope he does. But is it my fault that I'm merely a pal to him?"

"No, my dear, it is the fault of the machine age."

"Well, what can I do about that?"

"You might try your hand at revolution."

"No, thank you. I want happiness—not speeches and pamphlets."

"Then you'll have to go and look for it. And I'm sure we all wish you well. But just one moment. Somebody in the audience has just passed up a note telling me to ask you why you don't settle your difficulties by the simple expedient of going back to Jack and having children."

"For that man! No, never. I'm thankful I *didn't* have any. Then I would have been stuck. But I wouldn't have been happy. I'll have children—if I ever do—for a man who wants them—and me! May I go now?"

"You may; and thank you very much.—Now, ladies and gentlemen, I think we have succeeded in making clear one at least of the factors which determine the character of marriage in its contemporary aspects. As I was saying, there is a century of history in that one word—with which we began our discussion, and which I trust you have not forgotten. Boyshforme. Boyshforme. How trippingly it goes over the tongue. Boyshforme! In that word, ladies and gentlemen—"

(To be continued)

REVIEWS

Muna Lee

"Sea-Change" by Muna Lee. Macmillan Co. 1923. \$1.50.

WHILE not so poignant as Sara Teasdale nor as cryptic as Elinor Wylie nor as verbally magic as Winifred Welles, Muna Lee possesses her own pervasive flavor. A few drops more of iron to her poetic compound would make the resulting solution bite deeper. As it is, to change the figure, Miss Lee's poetic texture gives a feel of delicacy, of strong fragility, despite, here and there, a crease of weak brittleness.

In the main, Miss Lee is occupied with the theme of love, which, while it trails along to an inevitable disillusionment, transmutes the soul at last into something rich and strange, as is implied by the title of the volume. Frequently it is the poet's method to release the door of a sudden poignancy. She often sharpens by a tightened last line an apparently harmless lyric. Such a poem is one called "The Little White Flower." Another, which shows how, around an insignificance, such as odor, can pivot a soul's freight of grief:

Behind the house is the millet-plot,
And past the millet, the stile;
And then a hill where the melilot
Grows with the wild camomile.

There was a youth who bade me good-bye
Where the hill rises to meet the sky.
I think my heart broke, but I have forgot
All but the scent of the white melilot.

The method of the above and a few other lyrics in this book starts floating into the mind these memorable lines of Rossetti:

"From perfect grief there need not be
Wisdom or even memory.
One thing then learnt remains to me,—
The woodspurge has a cup of three."

The group of sonnets in "Sea-Change" are, on the whole, of a tepid nature: they are correct and proper; but somehow no strong current of emotion bears the lines into the heart of the reader. Nor does one find any magic phrase which noiselessly explodes, as it were, and in a sudden flash-light pours a brilliant illumination in the chamber of the soul.

Miss Lee scores better in her other lyrics. In addition to the poems mentioned above, a poem which is memorable is this hushed and fragile "Dirge":

Though you should whisper
Of what made her weep,
She would not hear you:
She is asleep.

Though you should taunt her
With ancient heart-break,
She would not listen:
She is awake.

Passion would find her
Too cold for dishonor,
Candles beside her,
Roses upon her.

Other verses among honorable mention, are: "When We Shall Be Dust In the Churchyard" (which, by the bye, we have met before in Sara Teasdale's collection called "The Answering Voice"); "Tropic Rain," "Vendor of Green Coconuts," "The Cabbage Field," and "Barrier." In a few of these last named poems, Miss Lee varies her theme of love with other richly colored motifs. The poem "Barrier" is interesting:

"My little brother toad, I am afraid of you—
A timid helpless bit of life crouching in the dew.
I love you with my heart, but I could not bear the touch
Of your pitiful small hand, nor your gray skin's clammy touch.

My little brother toad, you are afraid of me.
We cannot ever learn to speak to one another.
We stand apart on meeting beneath the tolerant tree—
Are you sorry as I am sorry, brother, little brother?"

Louis Ginsberg.

Out of the Shadows

IN the wake of the first Soviet film, "Russia Through the Shadows", comes "The Fifth Year," a movie of present-day life in the Workers' Republic. "Russia Through the Shadows," pictured the utter devastation of a famine-stricken and ravaged land. Quite different in tone, however, is this new film. After five years of bitter struggle Russia emerges more confident of her strength because she has survived the trying ordeal of civil war, intervention and famine, and we see her in "The Fifth Year" energetically reconstructing her industrial, social and educational life.

No word or pen-picture could convey so satisfactorily the industrial and social development taking place in the Russia of today. A part of the picture is devoted to showing large clothing manufacturing plants, managed by the workers themselves, some under the direction of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America. Another shows the strides made in up-to-date farming where even tanks, tractors and other implements of war are now being used to cultivate the land. A section of the film is devoted to the air forces of the Russian Red Army, the greater development of which Trotzky has urged. And most refreshing is the sight of thousands of working men and women joining in athletic games in the open fields, the stamp of ruddy health upon them.

Unlike "Russia Through the Shadows," which had to be taken under the most discouraging conditions, this second movie has had the benefit of modern facilities in photography and moving picture science. It is a commendable production. The Censorship Board in discussing this nine-reel motion picture prepared by the Friends of Soviet Russia says: "The motion picture, in this instance, makes another fine contribution to the pictorial ledger of history and human struggle upward. To everyone interested in world affairs, 'The Fifth Year' should appeal as a vivid document in terms of the screen."

"The Fifth Year" merits the attendance of American workers in every city. It is hoped that the readers of The Liberator will give this picture the encouragement and support it deserves, not only going to see it themselves, but also spreading the news of it among their friends and neighbors.

Nancy Markoff.

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