

LIBERATOR

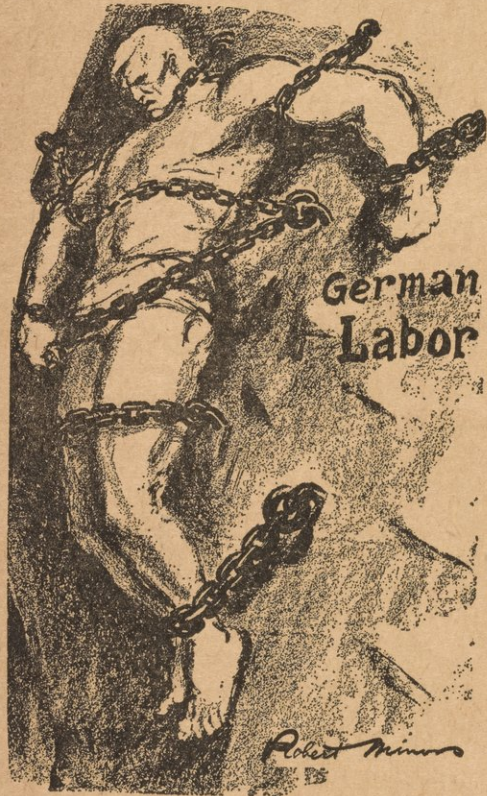


SEPTEMBER, 1924

Lydia Gibson

20¢

MILLIONS OF
German Workers Chained to the Rock



The New Slavery of the Dawes Plan Makes German Labor the Chattel of Morgan's Bank. The 8-Hour Day Is Attacked. Wages Are Slashed. But German Workers Fight Back. 7,000 IN PRISON.

Wives and Children
Starving

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HAMMER AWAY THE CHAINS

5c A BLOW 5c

OUR AIM

To give aid to all needy workers and class war victims without conditions, without political discrimination, whenever and wherever the existence of a working class is menaced by an economic or natural catastrophe, or by political oppression.

INTERNATIONAL WORKERS' AID,
19 South Lincoln St., Chicago, Ill.

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Enclosed find \$.....as my contribution.

NAME

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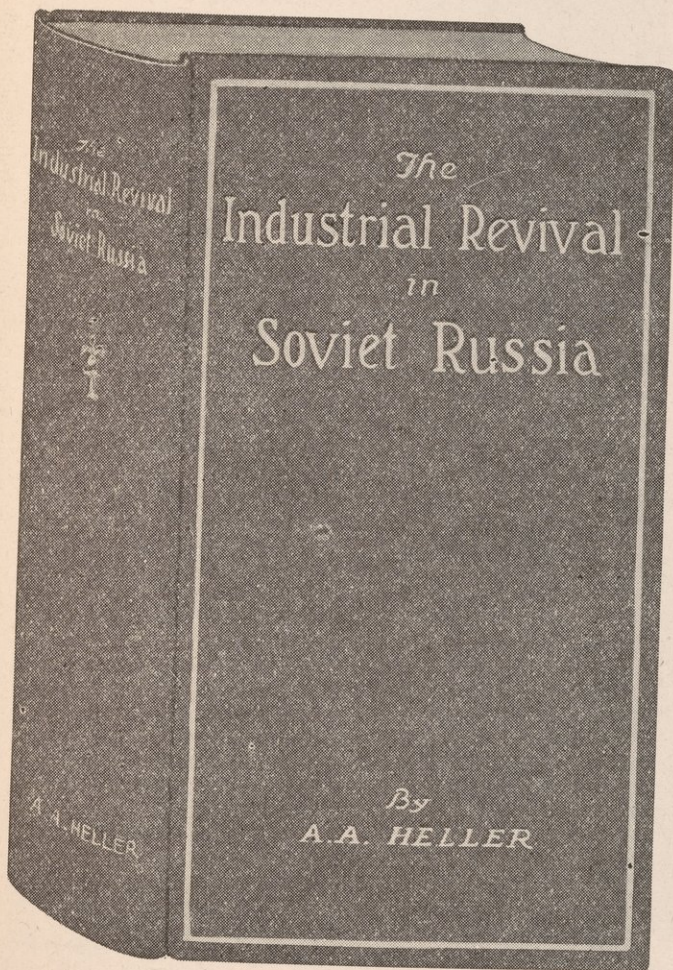
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By A. A. HELLER

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The electrical wizard, Charles P. Steinmetz, in his introduction, says: "... There was no previous experience to guide, nobody could foresee many of the happenings, and much which was done had to be done over again; much might have been done differently, if the future could have been known; but the description as it is, is of the highest interest and importance for every intelligent person."

"THE COMMUNIST INTERNATIONAL"

is the monthly organ of the leaders of the world's revolutionary movement, THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE COMINTERN, at Moscow, Russia, published in 5 different languages and edited by the renowned writers and revolutionary leaders, Gregory Zinoviev and Karl Radek.

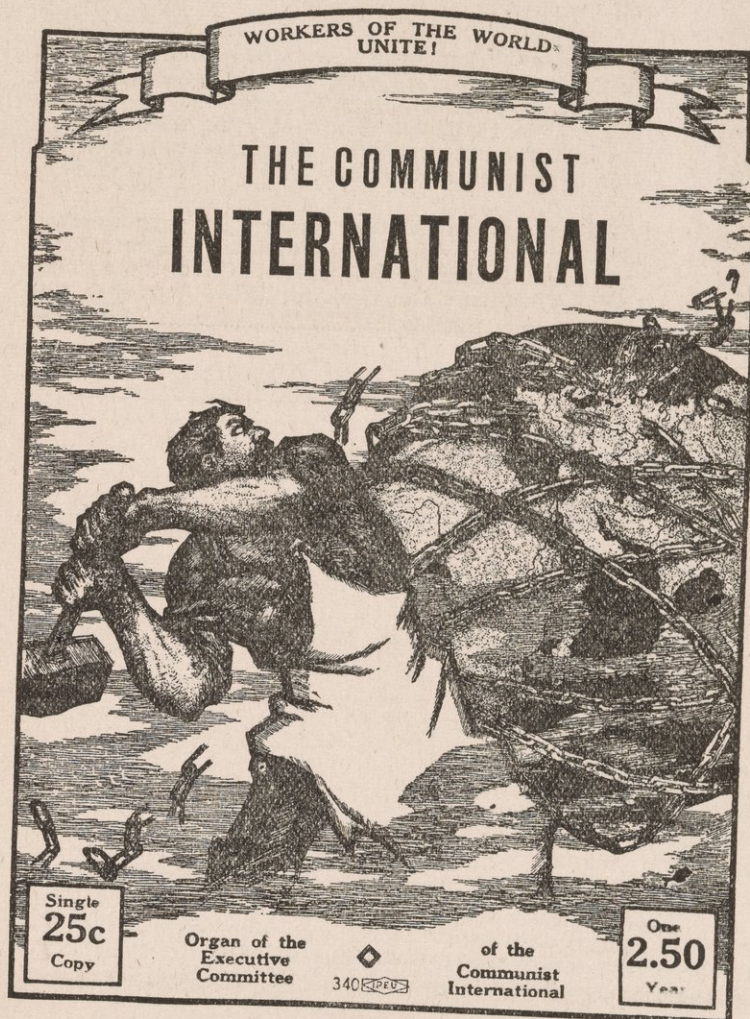
This is the only magazine that represents a movement which aims to benefit the working class internationally; a magazine of International significance; read with concern by those who fear and those who love the revolutionary movement, lead by the Communist International.

Every reader of the LIBERATOR surely ought to be a reader of the "COMMUNIST INTERNATIONAL".

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Maurice Becker

September 12—Morgan Uber Alles

THE LIBERATOR

Vol. VII. No. 9 [Serial No. 77]

September, 1924

The Story of a Spark

By J. Louis Engdahl

THIS is the story of a spark. A spark is something to fear. It was only a spark in the European powder magazine that set off the great world war ten years ago.

But this spark I am going to talk about carries the world-blasting power of a new idea. The spark of a new idea is more threatening to things as they are than are the sparks of fire or the sparks of war. Fire may devastate whole cities. But cities can be rebuilt. War may devastate nations. But if the old social structure still stands, the breathing spells of peace give time for recuperation.

But when the spark of a new idea bursts in full force upon the world, all things change, and civilization moves forward. Such a spark, carrying the world-changing ideas of Communism to the oppressed in the United States of America, is the Daily Worker, the first English language Communist daily newspaper in the world.

This spark glows with an intensity that startles even its own most ardent supporters. After the first seven months of its existence the enthusiastic exclamation still goes the rounds: "We didn't know it could be made such a power!"

The Daily Worker is a power because it carries the spark of an idea that has already captured one-sixth of the land surface of the earth, and the peoples living thereon, and that is winning millions of new adherents in other lands.

It is an accepted fact that all the Hearst publications, for instance, with their millions upon millions of circulation, have very little influence, little power to stir to action. Their readers are soothed by overdoses of comics, satisfied by the pleasing excitation of sex and blood news, or furiously stirred by the latest publicity given a baseball hero. Thus they forget their own oppressed state.

I recall an anecdote involving Art Young, the cartoonist, and Arthur Brisbane, the Hearst editor. Brisbane chided Young. "You are so far ahead of the parade," he said, "that you can't hear even the first band."

"But you," returned Young, "are away back in the rear of the procession with the calliope, trying to keep in step with all the bands."

That typifies the yellow Hearst papers. For circulation's sake they try to keep step with everybody, always defending, most patriotically, this rotting thing called the capitalist social order.

But it is different with this spark—the Daily Worker. It has but only loyalty—Communist principles. It has but one desire—the victory of labor. It has but one fear—that every available opportunity be not utilized to ad-

vance to the full the cause of the last subject class in its struggle to unseat its masters.

It is because the Daily Worker is the spark that helps threaten the established order of things that it becomes the object of a torrent of efforts to smother the fire it builds in the minds of men.

In blind frenzy the enemy hurls the charge that the Daily Worker is weak because its circulation is small. Such an enemy knows not the power of a spark. For those who know, it must be very small consolation to proclaim, most hypocritically, that "the Daily Worker makes a lot of noise," but that "its influence cannot be very far-reaching."

That is the blind solace with which a great many among the upholders of the present social order have been watching developments, for instance, in Soviet Russia. They argue that the Russian Communist Party includes within its ranks such a small percentage of the Russian people that it is impossible for it to hold on much longer. The seventh anniversary of the victory of the Russian workers and farmers against czarist rule is rapidly approaching. And Soviet rule is more firmly rooted than ever in Russia.

And it is in a smaller way that those who are close to the first English-language Communist daily, entering upon its eighth month of publication in Chicago, experience the sensation of every new day's triumph. For each day's passage sees the Daily Worker stronger, more influential, more widely accepted. This spark, daily shot from its presses out over the land, lights fires of rebellion that all the oceans of printer's ink poured forth by the capitalist press are unable to quench. No other newspaper in the land, like the Daily Worker, can say that it is welcome among the textile slaves of New England and the fruitgrowers of Washington, among the wheat farmers of the north and the cotton raisers of the south, among the toilers in the widely scattered coal and metal mining towns and among the crowded workers in the great industrial centers of the nation.

Let this be only by way of prelude as we consider the smouldering discontent burning quietly but incessantly among the 60,000 downtrodden who go daily upon the treadmill of industry at the largest plant of the internationally known Western Electric company, at Hawthorne, the Chicago suburb.

There is reason for the Western Electric bosses to cushion the rough places for the workers—to try to give a velvet touch to the ceaseless grind, by every means from

September 12—Morgan Uber Alles Maurice Becker

recreation field to old age pensions—every means but the right to organize and to fight.

"They are satisfied, and no discontent can develop among them," say the managers in this great bee-hive, dedicated to making telephone instruments for all the nations upon the earth.

But these managers lie. For there is meaning to the burst of aspiration that swept this mass of labor when the message of Communism was spread among them in special Western Electric editions of the Daily Worker. Only one who has seen these sparks kindling new hope among these great masses can understand the fear to which the high priests of big business, notably those organized in the National Civic Federation, gave voice last January in their effort to excommunicate "The Daily" of labor, at that time yet to be born. They warned loudly against this disturber of the equanimity of "contented toil." But they warned in vain.

It was an historic moment in the life of the Daily Worker when its circulation manager, Jack McCarthy, came back from Hawthorne, where he had been directing volunteer "newsies" drawn from the ranks of the Workers Party and Young Workers League, in the sale of the Daily Worker at all the gates along the far-flung front of this living, breathing thing of concrete and steel that daily draws the hosts of labor into its vitals in the morning, and as regularly spits them forth again at night.

"We sold five hundred more copies tonight," said McCarthy. "That makes 2,100 in all for the day. That was all we had. We could have sold more. The workers just mobbed the Daily Worker truck and all our 'newsies.' When all the papers were gone they came around the truck picking up the torn shreds of the Daily Worker scattered about on the ground. And, would you believe it, they began reading what they could find on these scraps!"

No messenger of Moscow, having accomplished a most difficult task of the world proletarian revolution, could boast a more evident flush of self-satisfaction than beamed upon the face of the Daily Worker's circulation manager as he made this report.

The test had been made and had proved successful. For days hundreds of copies of each new issue of the Daily Worker had been sold. This was not considered extraordinary. But when thousands began to buy the Daily Worker and read it eagerly, then it was felt that the world's first English-language Communist daily was really beginning to perform its mission, to voice the desires of the many.

But that is only one of many indications of the startling successes achieved by the Daily Worker in reaching the workers, in going into the shops, mines and factories, and out on the land, and recording the grievances of those who toil; in going with the workers upon the strike picket line and actually helping to bear the brunt of the struggle; in going to jail with the strikers, being reviled with them, experiencing all the joys and all the disappointments of the day's victories or defeats.

On the first day of the recent Chicago strike of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, the Daily Worker reporter entered a strike meeting. Instead of being given the news of the day's developments, he was called on for a speech. And during the strike practically all the members of the editorial and business staffs of the paper went out on the picket line, or addressed strike meetings,

and some of them were arrested for violation of the usual anti-picketing injunction.

Down on the far South side of Chicago, the pickets of the spontaneous walkout of workers against the notoriously anti-labor Pullman Company sold the Daily Worker to those who remained at work, or gave it away to the imported strikebreakers. Handling the Daily Worker was one of their most important duties as pickets. The Daily Worker was the most potent weapon of these workers, fighting the wage reduction that this rich Morgan corporation was trying to impose upon them.

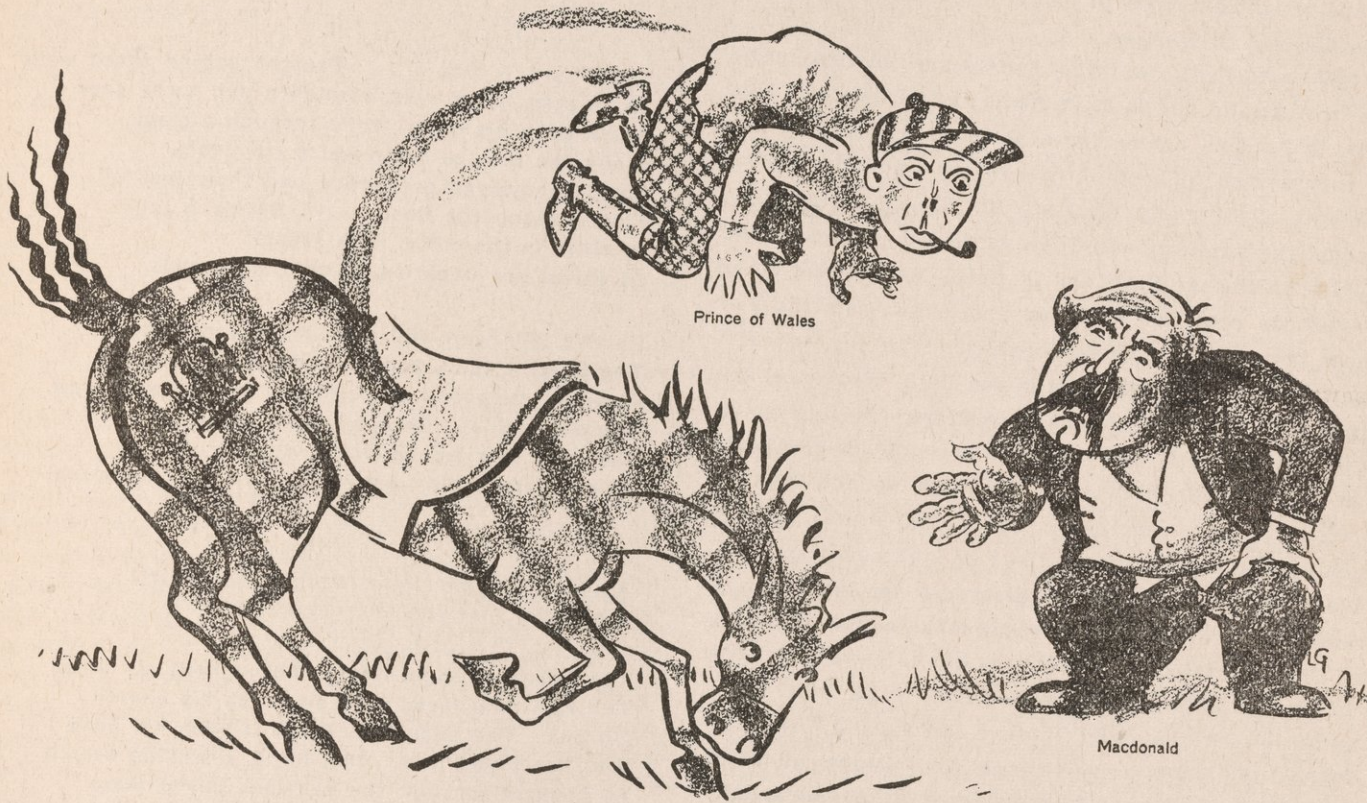
The Pullman police were called out, of course. It was declared "illegal" to sell the Daily Worker on the streets. No capitalist sheet, however, was molested. Policemen tried to shoot up the Daily Worker newsies in wild western style. When this effort to intimidate failed, arrests were resorted to. But, nothing daunted, the Daily Worker continued on the job, the living expression of the strike until it was over.

It may be explained here that the Daily Worker has everywhere been accepted by the workers as a weapon in their hands, a useful and powerful cudgel against the bosses. This must be made clear in view of the fact that the anti-Communist officialdom of organized labor is developing a hatred of the Daily Worker, just as intense in its way as is the affection of the rank and file.

The Daily Worker representative at the Indianapolis convention of the United Mine Workers of America, in January, was sought out for special attack; while at the district gathering of the Illinois Mine Workers, at Peoria, the Farrington machine actually brought about the expulsion of the Daily Worker reporter from the convention hall, while writers for the capitalist press were allowed to remain. These were indications of the fear of labor's officialdom in the face of the growing influence of Communism's daily press. Yet in the actual struggle the most reactionary officials are helpless, even under the spell of this fear. This was shown in the strike of the International Ladies' Garment Workers. The officials of no union hate Communism, and all things Communist, more than do the cogs in the Sigman machine that dominates, through its dictatorship, the organized workers in this branch of the needle trades. When the strike started, the official strike headquarters, so far as news was concerned, was closed to the Daily Worker. But before long barriers were broken down by the value of the Daily Worker's services to the strike, in spite of the fact that it waged a ceaseless campaign against not only the officials of the union, but also those of the Chicago Federation of Labor for their laxity in pressing the fight.

Of course, when the Chicago strikers demanded the passage of a resolution at the Boston Convention of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, congratulating the Daily Worker for its services during the strike, they were defeated by the united opposition of the Sigman administration. That would also be true of the officials of the Brotherhood of Railway Carmen, although it would be difficult for the strike pickets at the Pullman shops to understand the reason for this opposition, unless they know the stuff that union chiefs are made of.

These reactionaries in the labor movement extend their congratulations only to the socialist and conservative labor sheets that fawn on labor's officialdom. The anti-Communist New York Jewish Daily Forward (Socialist) was in high favor at the Boston convention of the International Ladies'



How often must I tell your Royal Highness to ride only on the back of the proletariat?

Garment Workers' Union, while during the Chicago strike an effort was made to give financial aid to the anti-Communist Polish daily, Dziennik Ludowy (also socialist). The solicitude for these pro-official publications finds its antithesis in the attitude toward the Daily Worker expressed by this same group on the eve of the launching of our publication. "The sooner you start the sooner you will die," was their hopeful viewpoint.

It is a peculiar fact that the printers employed on the nation's great dailies must get the news of their own industry, not out of the sheets that employ them, but out of the Daily Worker. When the recent newspaper strike threatened in New York City, it was a copy of the Daily Worker that was pasted upon the bulletin board in the composing rooms of the New York World, the Chicago Tribune, and other metropolitan dailies, so that the printers could learn of the crisis confronting their union. Similarly, no news of the strike against the William Randolph Hearst publication in Seattle, the Post-Intelligencer, goes out to the world except what is published in the Daily Worker.

It was during a great shoe strike in Milwaukee that some of the shoe bosses drove around to the office of Victor Berger's socialist daily, the Milwaukee Leader, and complained of some stories that had been published. No bosses have ever undertaken the useless task of filing a complaint with the Daily Worker, although their lawyers have wailed long and loudly against it before the kept judges of the capitalist courts, where its representatives or strikers happened to be on trial.

Then in the day's mail comes a letter from South

Carolina renewing a subscription that brings a copy of the Daily Worker into the hands of fifty Negroes in this southern state.

"It just goes the rounds until it is completely worn out," says the letter, reminding one of the treasured shreds picked off the ground at the Western Electric plant.

The Daily Worker openly makes its appeal to the 12,000,000 Negroes in the United States. In Chicago, if not elsewhere, it is now accepted as a competitor by reactionary "Negro" publications politically controlled by high and mighty white Republicans. This means that the Communist daily receives its measure of attack as well as of commendation from what is called the Negro press. It may be said that the Daily Worker won its spurs among the Negroes during the Sanhedrin, or All-Race Conference held in Chicago in February. The Negro press for weeks discussed the entrance of the Daily Worker into this field. The best and the only really complete and accurate reports of the Philadelphia convention of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People were to be found in the Daily Worker, written by Robert Minor.

When the farmers in the state of Washington take the position that there can be no solution of the land problem under capitalism, it can readily be understood that the Daily Worker receives an enthusiastic reception from these tillers of the soil, co-workers with William Bouck, president of the Western Progressive Farmers, who are beginning to understand that the price of wheat is fixed in the Liverpool market, that their problems are world-wide in scale, and that

they have naught but good to expect from the Soviet power that has its seat in Moscow.

It was on the same day that letters arrived from publications in Australia and in East Africa, and from the Labor Monthly, in London, asking for a place on our mailing list. These papers wish to keep abreast of the times by reading the contents of the Daily Worker. But almost at the same time, come the publications of the oppressed peoples of the Philippines, in the far East, and of Cuba, Mexico, and other Latin-American countries, writhing under the brutal heel of American imperialism. These republish, with joy, extracts from news articles and editorials in the Daily Worker, championing the cause of the victims of Wall Street's imperialist rule. It was not until they received a bundle of the Daily Worker that the oil strikers at Tampico, in Old Mexico, knew that they had comrades in the United States fighting for them against the organized greed of both countries.

"We read the Daily Worker every day for labor news," the representative of the international news gathering agency, the Associated Press, told me at the June 17th gathering of the National Farmer-Labor Party, at St. Paul.

"Subscribe for the Daily Worker and read it," the Chicago Journal of Commerce advises its big business clientele, telling them they will want to know what a Communist daily is publishing against them.

All politicians, at Washington and elsewhere, who make any pretense of keeping abreast of the times, see to it that they get the Daily Worker, and either read it thoroughly themselves, or have their secretaries go over it and report to them what each issue contains.

How the prosecutors and the government agents hate the Daily Worker was demonstrated when the steel worker, Andy Kovacovich, went to trial for sedition in the steel and coal empire of Western Pennsylvania. Kovacovich is charged with treason against the capitalist government—and the main exhibit is the Daily Worker. In attacking Kovacovich, the Workers Party and the Daily Worker, the prosecutor for the steel and coal barons, frothing at the mouth, declared:

"This hall in Farrell was known as Bolshevik Hall. Those of us who are interested in fighting this damnable thing could scarcely believe our eyes when we read in the Daily Worker that the Workers Party of America is the only Communist Party in America. Look at them—who are they? William Z. Foster, national chairman; there is C. E. Ruthenberg, executive secretary, and also J. Louis Engdahl, editor of the Daily Worker. Why, I honor Bob LaFollette for denouncing these men and their party."

And so on.

But how differently the workers. It is with the money the workers have contributed that the Daily Worker has been able to buy its own building in Chicago, to put in all its own machinery, to forge the complete weapon that turns out the spark—The Daily Worker—the joy of the oppressed toilers, the nightmare of the whole robber class.

What a fight! And it has only just begun!

The County Jail

I.

THE jail is full . . . Tonight behind those walls
A man turns over, scratches and turns back
Again upon his bunk, while through a crack
Along the cell, to their weird carnivals,
Come beady-eyed gray mice and their foot-falls
Flutter along the floor . . . Beside a rack
Of rifles in the office, with a pack
Of cards, are deputies. And time crawls.

Earth's jails were full a thousand years ago.
The Bastille fell. Where Torquemada's deep
Abysmal dungeons reeked now flowers may grow.
Too old is this grim habit which men keep,
Too dark this jail so silent with its woe,
Where guards play poker so they will not sleep!

II.

RICH man, poor man, beggar man, thief;
Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief!"

The jail is in their lives. Throughout six days
The rich man loves it as he loves his church
On one. The poor man hates it with his head
And heart and fists. The blind, unending search
Of beggars through the perilous, paved maze
Of streets is to escape it—their gray dread.

The thieves that lie in it find it a part
Of living. Like the invalid's fierce pain
It is endured. Oh, two or three obscene
And dreary sentences are not in vain,
The theory is, if one's persistent heart
May hold brief celebration in between!

The doctor takes the pulses in the cells,
Then takes his fee. And with more fees than wits
The lawyers, snarling in their courts, distort
Men's lives. The merchant sells clubs, guns and wits,
The chief, the county sheriff, vainly swells
With pride; the jail is full by his report.

III.

THE jail was built by workers for their friends
Who, sickened by the thought of work in shops,
Might take to jobs annoying to the cops.
Brick-layers built the stairway that descends
To dungeons, built the doorway that portends
Of bugs or floggings. Hunkies, Yankees, Wops,
Whose widows someday will be pushing mops,
May see their own sons here before life ends.

So old among us here this jail has grown
That even now there in the cells, in gray,
May be a man whose father built with stone
The high walls; one whose father hauled the clay
For those dark bricks that close him in; or one
Whose father wired the gongs that mark his day.

Stanley Boone.

What Don Quixote LaFollette Is Fighting

By C. E. Ruthenberg

SENATOR ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE expounded his political philosophy in his letter to the Conference for Progressive Political Action, declaring his intention to run as a candidate for the presidency as an "independent progressive." The central thought of this philosophy is that the evils existing in government in the United States are the result of the growth of a "private monopoly system" and that the way to remedy these evils is to destroy this private monopoly system.

In his letter Senator LaFollette states the problem in these words:

"The private monopoly system has grown up through long continued violations of the law of the land and could not have attained its present proportions had either the Democratic or Republican parties faithfully and honestly enforced the law."

Later in the same document we find this affirmation of faith in the almightiness of the Sherman anti-trust law:

"The Sherman anti-trust act of 1890, enacted by a Republican Congress, placed in the hands of the executive department of this government the most effective weapon that the ingenuity of man could devise against the power of monopoly, while it was yet in its infancy."

From the above quotations it is clear that in Senator LaFollette's opinion the industrial development which has brought into existence the great organizations for wealth production is an undesirable development and that the only remedy for the evil of control of the government by the great corporations, trusts and monopolies is to destroy these organizations by enforcing the Sherman anti-trust law, which LaFollette praises so highly. That this is Senator LaFollette's cure for present day evils is further indicated by the fact that he devotes a great part of his statement to citing the platform promises of the Democratic party to "bust the trusts" and the failure of that party to carry out its promises when in office.

II.

It is enlightening to turn to the Fourteenth United States Census on Manufactures for the facts in regard to the industrial process which Senator LaFollette wishes us to stop.

The figures on the size of industrial establishments, arrived at by the number of wage earners employed, the total wealth produced, and the amount of value added, give such an astounding picture of industrial concentration in the United States that it is not at all surprising to find that the small capitalists, whose economic views Senator LaFollette represents, have risen in revolt against the process of being squeezed out of industry and are dreaming of the enforcement of the Sherman anti-trust law in order to restore their paradise of "free competition."

The 1920 census compares the situation in industry as between 1914 and 1919. During this period the number of establishments which produced less than \$5,000 per year decreased from 97,060 in 1914 to 65,485 in 1919. The number which produced \$5,000 to \$20,000 per year showed a slight decrease; those which produced from \$20,000 to \$100,000 yearly increased from 56,814 to 77,911; those producing from

\$100,000 to \$500,000 increased from 25,847 to 39,647; those producing from \$500,000 to \$1,000,000 yearly increased from 4,320 to 9,208; and those producing over \$1,000,000 yearly increased from 3,819 to 10,414.

The significant figures are those showing the increase in the last two categories. They show over 100 per cent increase in the number of establishments producing over \$500,000 per year and close to a 300 per cent increase in the number of establishments producing over \$1,000,000 per year.

The figures in regard to the number of wage earners employed in these manufacturing establishments are even more illuminating in showing the development of large scale industry. The number of wage earners in all manufacturing establishments producing up to \$1,000,000 in 1914 was 4,560,241, while in 1919, although there was an increase in the total number of workers employed in industries of all categories, the number employed in industries producing less than \$1,000,000 had decreased to 3,923,662. At the same time the number of wage earners employed in industry producing over \$1,000,000 annually increased from 2,476,006 in 1914 to 5,172,712 in 1919. Thus we have a decrease of the number of wage earners in establishments of a size which produced less than \$1,000,000 annually totalling 646,579, while during the same period the large-scale establishments which produced over \$1,000,000 annually increased the number of wage earners they employed by 2,696,706, or more than 100 per cent.

The most decisive figures, however, showing the rapid process in the development of large-scale industry are the figures from the same census on the value of the product of the manufacturing establishments of the country. In 1914 the total product of manufacture was valued at \$24,246,434,724. Of this total \$11,794,060,929 was produced in establishments producing over a million dollars annually. In 1919 the total product of manufacture was \$62,418,078,773 and out of this total \$42,301,103,617 was produced in establishments having a productive rate of over one million annually. In other words, two-thirds of the manufactured products of the United States in 1919 were produced in establishments which produced over one million annually and there were employed in these industries close to 60 per cent of the wage earners employed in manufacturing.

Incidentally, the census figures show that the application of the LaFollette program in the state of Wisconsin has not prevented this same concentration from taking place in that state. The separate figures for Wisconsin in the census report show in every respect the same process of concentration going on there as in the country as a whole.

This is the process of concentration which Senator LaFollette wishes to stop. The census figures do not tell us how many of the industrial establishments, which are listed among those producing over a million dollars a year, produce fifty million or one hundred million per year, nor what proportion of the wealth produced in this country is now produced in such establishments, but we can be assured that the process mirrored in the figures quoted continues among these establishments and that the number of such establishments, the proportion of the wage earners they employ and the pro-



"Reparations!"

Otto Meister

portion of the wealth produced in manufacturing establishments, would very likely show an even more marked increase.

The whole process of industrial development in the United States is killing off the small manufacturers and creating that monopoly production about which Senator LaFollette says:

"The whole American people now understand that so long as they permit their government to remain in the hands of the monopoly power they will be helpless to control their destinies either in peace or in war."

III.

The process of industrial evolution, which is reaching its climax in what Senator LaFollette calls the "private monopoly system," is not the result of the evil machination of individuals, as one may be justified in inferring Senator LaFollette believes, in view of the fact that he would stop it through civil and criminal prosecutions under the Sherman anti-trust law.

The forces which produce the private monopoly system are innate in the capitalist system of production. The original system of competition itself produces the driving force.

Let us set up ten manufacturing establishments equally equipped to produce at the rate of a hundred thousand dollars of product a year and set them in competition with each other. Each will endeavor to develop more efficient methods of production in order to survive in the competitive struggle. In modern industry more efficient production is achieved through the development of new and more highly developed machinery of production. This creation of more highly developed machinery requires a greater amount of capital. A steel plant employing twenty men might have survived in 1870, but what chance would it have in competition with the great steel plants of today with tremendous equipment of plant and machinery? Competition and the development of more efficient machinery of production create the constant urge toward greater industrial establishments. The winner in the race crushes its rivals and absorbs them. Out of this process comes a United States steel corporation and similar great organizations of production in other fields, which represent the private monopoly system against which Don Quixote LaFollette is tilting his lance.

All the LaFollettes and all the Sherman anti-trust laws which the economic group doomed by this process—the small manufacturers and business men—can produce, will not halt

the development of the private monopoly system. LaFollette in office would find himself as helpless against this private monopoly system as his predecessors. His platform pledge would prove as futile as the pledge in the Wilson platform of 1912, which he quotes in order to castigate the Democratic party for not carrying out its pledges.

LaFollette can't turn the hands of the clock of economic progress backward. We can go only forward.

The industrial development which is pictured in the figures from the census and which LaFollette seeks to halt and turn backward was forecast by Karl Marx three-quarters of a century ago. The figures cited are the present confirmation of Marx's analysis of capitalist society and its development. Capitalism is creating the basis for the socialization of industry. The further the development of the private monopoly system goes the riper is industry for socialization, and the stronger is the basis for the establishment of the Communist system of industry.

It is because LaFollette seeks to halt and destroy this basis for socialization of industry that his program is the most reactionary economic program of any party or candidate in this election campaign. The Coolidges and Davises are openly the enemies of the workers, while in their support of the developing private monopoly system they unconsciously help to create the economic basis for the socialization of industry. LaFollette, claiming to run on a labor platform, presents as his economic program a futile attempt at destroying that basis.

Not only is Don Quixote LaFollette fighting the inevitable process of industrial concentration; he is also fighting the only program which will secure relief from the exploitation and oppression of the private monopoly system for the workers—the socialization of industry.

It is upon a program of struggle for the socialization of industry, as against LaFolletteism, that the Workers Party is asking the support of the workers.

Shame on You, Lenin!

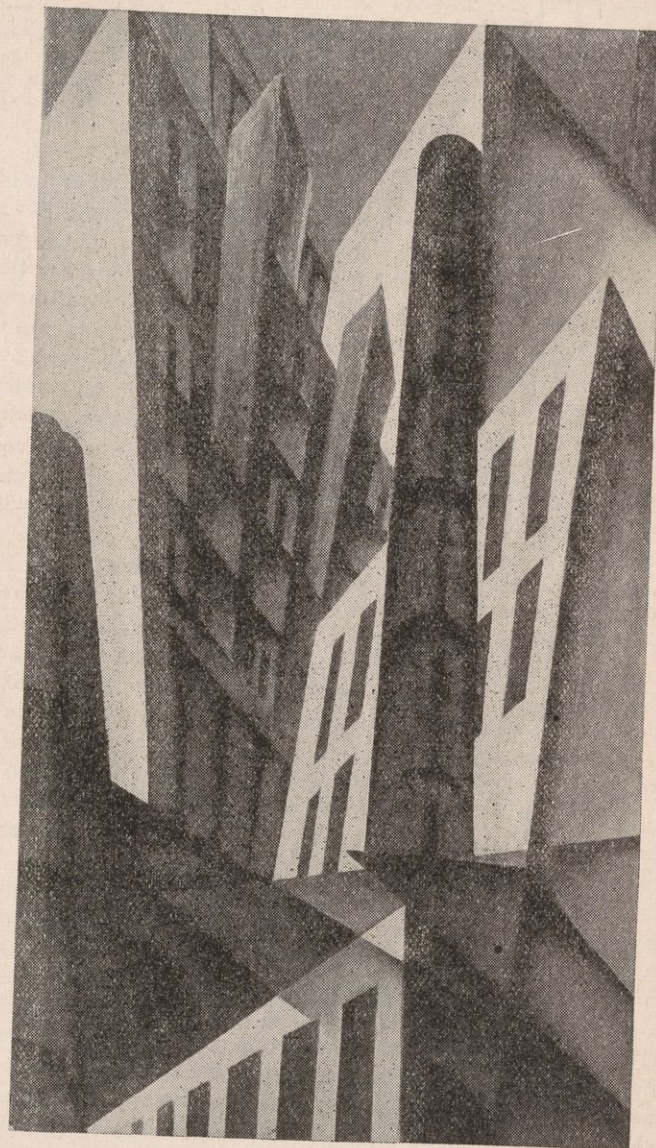
WHAT have you done to us poets, Lenin?
You have left us nothing to say
In the usual phrases we set men in
Who have had their day.

In this modern world, we know it is you
Who grow above the rest.
But what is a poet going to do?
How can it be expressed?

Gandhi the heroic, Wilson the tragic,
Coolidge the comic,—but which
Of a poet's terms can tell your magic,
O Vladimir Ilitch?

Romantic? Yes, beyond a doubt.
And yet you issued tracts,
And you turned humanity inside out
By a strict regard for facts.

Witter Bynner.



Pittsburgh

Louis Lozowick

Skyscraper

THE great cranes lurch. They reach a hundred feet
(O farmer pitching bundles in the mow,
Ten feet is high, you say!). Oh, this is how
The proletariat heaves dirt! The beat
Of riveters on steel, in the red heat,—
Clear godless drumming! One man mops his brow
And, spitting, scoops two tons of dirt up now
In one iron fist,—plain Mike or Tom or Pete.

A day's work, that! And when at night we play,
We lean our cranes' great arms against the sky.
So Babel's modern tower in this, our day,
Goes up, through Wops or Swedes upon the high
Steel beams confuse the Yankee tongue. Why, say!
No god can muddle anything we try!

Stirling Bowen.

The Face of the Earth After the War

By Karl Radek

THE imperialist war of 1914-1918 was merely a continuation of the imperialist policy of the preceding twenty years. But it brought with it an enormous acceleration of the tendencies of development which were already previously noticeable, it enormously sharpened the antagonisms prevailing in capitalism and in this way created a new relationship of forces. Six years of imperialist peace have but served to deepen still further the furrows which the war had traced upon the face of the Earth. The four changes which the war brought about require to be exactly estimated by every revolutionary, for they form the foundation of the further development of the world revolution which was begun by the world war.

I. Regroupings Among the Capitalist States.

The discovery of America transferred the centre of human development from the Mediterranean Sea to the Atlantic Ocean. Already in 1851 Marx wrote in the "Neue Rheinische Zeitung" that the discovery of gold mines in California transfers the centre of world-development to the shores of the Pacific Ocean. But notwithstanding the complete revolution which came about when Japan entered the ranks of the capitalist powers, when the English guns shattered the Chinese wall of isolation and when agrarian America became a country of belching factory chimneys and sky-scrapers, Europe remained the centre of economic development from whence issued the great driving forces of the whole world. English and German capitalism constituted the heart which drove the blood through the blood-vessels of the capitalist world. The war put an end to this. The economic weakness of Europe, the enormous acceleration in the industrial development of the United States, and their fabulous enrichment at the expense of the whole world, have now brought an end to the predominance of Europe. And only the socialist revolution, by uniting Europe, by welding together its huge productive forces and its experience, crystallized in the technical skill of the working masses, into one organism, can preserve it from decomposition or from being degraded to the role of an American colony.

In view of this fact all other regroupings in the capitalist world sink into insignificance. Whether capitalist Europe will be led by France, supporting herself on the iron and coal of the Briey and Ruhr basins, or whether England will succeed in establishing in Europe a new period of the so-called Balance of Power, that is, a period in which one capitalist is waiting for the opportunity to spring upon another—all this will only determine the forms of the decay of capitalist Europe, the forms of the struggle between the capitalist powers of the Old World. In either case the United States will carry out its American world policy, the policy of playing off one European capitalist state against the other. This is being perceived by the more far seeing representatives of the ruling classes in Europe. And hence they are endeavoring to unite capitalist Europe in this or the other form. But to realize this union is impossible upon the basis of capitalism, for capitalism implies competition, and even if it came to a league of nations comprising all the capitalist states, including even America, it would only

form a battlefield for the national capitalist groups fighting among themselves. Every one of them would endeavor to obtain for itself the support of the United States in its fight against the others.

But the United States of America constitutes a power which is not only geographically bounded by two oceans—the Atlantic and the Pacific—but for economic reasons is compelled to obtain a firm foothold on the Asiatic and European continents. It is driven to this by the industrial development of western America, as well as by the awakening of China. When General Gordon entered Peking in 1859, when in 1900 an expedition of the representatives of the entire capitalist world suppressed the Boxer rising, capitalism seized only the coast districts of China. In the last twenty years capitalist development has penetrated into the depths of China; 400 millions of people are in the process of awakening. The next thirty years will decide the question of whether they themselves will govern their land, which possesses the greatest riches in coal, iron and mineral oil, and produces such a quantity of rice as would feed the whole of Asia, or whether this process, which is taking place at a dizzy speed, shall proceed under the leadership of American capital. The United States of America is preparing to play the role, not only of dictator of Europe but also of dictator of Eastern Asia. The prediction made by Marx in 1851 regarding transference of the center of development from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific Ocean is only now being realized.

II. The Rise of the Capitalist Order in the East.

The development of capitalism in the East is not limited to the Yang-tsi-Kiang valley. That which the epoch of imperialism initiated, war has accelerated: the awakening to new life of the whole of the East. This process has continued since the end of the war. It does not suffice to measure it by the number of spindles and mechanical weaving looms imported from England, America and Japan into China and India. The number of new textile factories opened in India since the war is not so very great.

What is more important is that the peoples of the East, awakened by the imperialist development and by the war, have obtained a glimpse of the capitalist world as it really is. At one time the Chinese considered China to be the centre of the world, and thought that if all European nations were not vassals of the Chinese Emperor, it was only because the Chinese Emperor did not trouble about them. When the English General Gordon, after having bombarded Peking, compelled the Chinese Emperor to grant him an audience, and he was the first European Ambassador who was permitted to gaze upon the countenance of the sole ruler of the Celestial Empire—he and his suite, when setting out for the summer residence of the emperor, were preceded by Chinese heralds carrying flags on which was inscribed, in the Chinese language: The representative of the English Queen is bringing tribute and a petition to the Emperor of China.

But a century of imperialism taught humility to the peoples of the East and imparted to them a superstitious dread

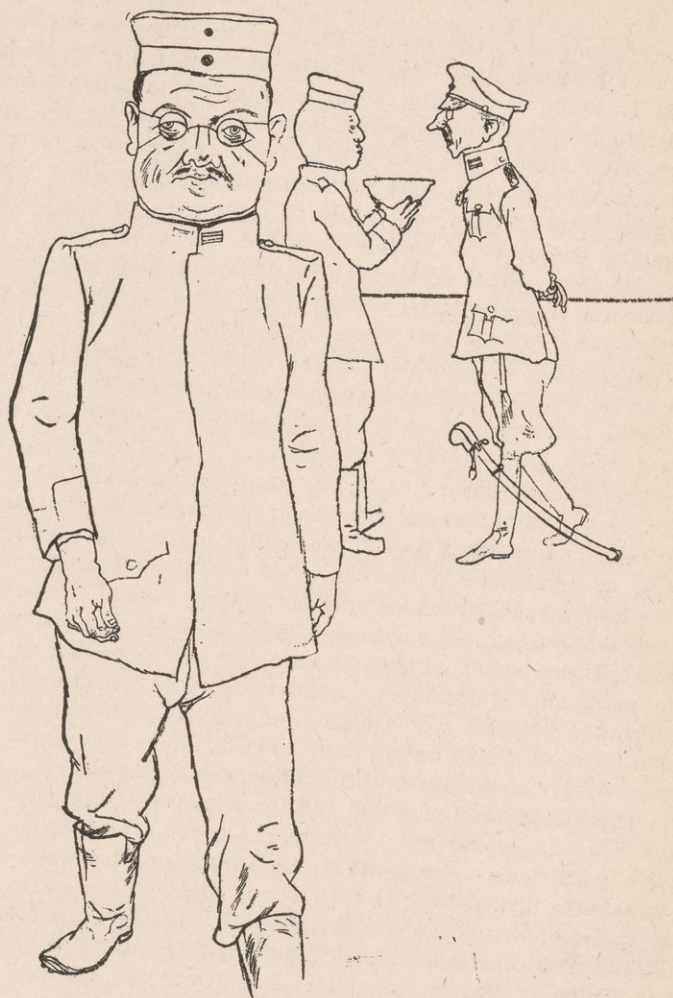
of European capitalism. The ocean monsters with their dazzling guns have demonstrated in Shanghai, Canton, Constantinople, Calcutta and Alexandria the strength of the capitalist world to the nations of the East. Hundreds of thousands of sons of the East, driven out of their villages by capitalism and seeking jobs on the tea plantations of Ceylon, the rubber plantations of the Dutch Indies, in the factories of the United States and in all European ports, came to know the power of modern capitalism. And the peoples of the East accepted their fate.

But there came the war, and the war revealed to them all the capitalist antagonisms and the mutual annihilation of the whole world. There came the peace of Versailles. It levelled two mighty empires to the dust, it expelled from the ranks of the powers enjoying special privileges in the backward countries, proud Germany, whose Emperor had sent his General Waldersee to participate in the expedition against the Boxers and commanded him so to deal with the Chinese that right up to the fifth generation no Chinaman would dare to cast an impudent glance upon a German. The people of the East saw the overthrow of the terrible White Tsar, before whom the whole East had trembled. They witnessed from afar the fiery pillar of the Russian revolution which went before the peoples, they saw how all the capitalist powers were endeavoring to stifle it and how the Russian working people arose and drove them back. They saw the barricades in the heart of Europe. And humility and submissiveness vanished, and among the broadest masses of the peoples of the East there arose and commenced to grow the thought that they also could defend themselves and be the equal of others. This thought is spreading over rivers and mountains and is penetrating into villages which have never seen a motor car or a locomotive, or even a plough. The Mohammedan and Buddhist East is awakening. The religious ideas are giving place to the modern national idea. A profound struggle has commenced within the womb of the old East. The woman of the Orient is arising. Such an event as the participation of women in the economic congress at Smyrna is an historical fact not less great than the overthrow of the Caliphate.

The old capitalist world, torn by internal contradictions, rent by the revolution, is coming face to face with the young capitalist world of the East, which, it is true, is still weak and only just beginning to feel its feet, but which has behind it the reserves of hundreds of millions of peasants escaping from the narrow outlook of the villages and entering upon the broad road of national and international life. This is the second great transformation called forth by the world war.

III. The Breach in the International System of the Capitalist States.

The third and most important result of the world war is the end of the monopoly of the international system of the capitalist states. The fact that the leadership of the capitalist development has passed from one capitalist world to the other, that the center of capitalism has been transferred, is not an entirely new phenomenon in the history of capitalism. At one time little Holland was such a centre, and when in the sixteenth century the Russian Tsars were concluding treaties with other countries, one of their constant cares was how to secure unhindered communication with Amsterdam. Holland was supplanted alternately by France and England, between which two countries there was being carried on for



Social-Democracy.

Geo. Grosz

centuries the struggle for world supremacy. The overthrow of capitalist Germany, which is regarded by the Germans as the most important and deplorable result of the war, is of course a great historical event. But Germany had actually existed as a united capitalist power for only forty years. The most profound result of the war is the fact that—while before the war there existed only capitalist powers and feudal countries, the feudal countries being the objects of the policy of the capitalist powers—volcanic social upheavals have created the granite island of Soviet Russia out of the bloody sea of the imperialist war.

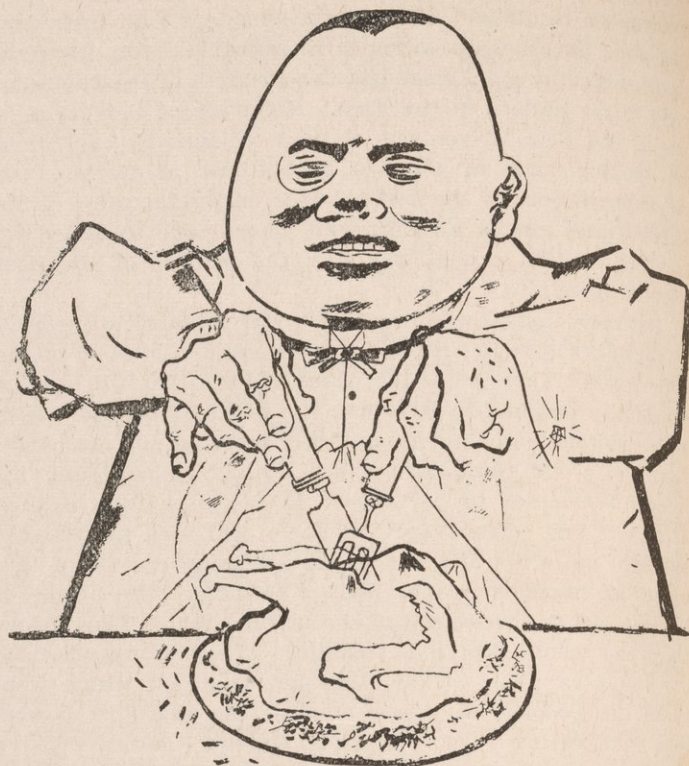
What does Soviet Russia signify? The English ambassador, Lindley, after having arrived in Russia in 1918 in order to study red Muscovy, telegraphed to his government: Alas! These are not simply robbers, they are robbers with ideas! What "idea" was implied by the October Revolution? The Union of Soviet Republics is the first state to be ruled by the working class. What is the meaning of this? This means the beginning of a new historical epoch. In his "Workers' Programme," Lasalle distinguishes three epochs. The first epoch is that in which all power, the whole structure of the state is based upon ownership of the land; this is the epoch of feudalism. In the second epoch it is capital which forms the basis of power; this is the epoch of the rule of the bourgeoisie. The third epoch will be the epoch of the rule of the working class basing itself on democracy, said Lasalle. In this scheme there awakened in Lasalle the Hegelian ideal-

ist. The period of the rule of the working class has no new form of property and has no material basis under its feet. This idealism of Lasalle, which shattered his line of historical conception, subsequently became the basis for the opportunist policy of the Social Democracy, which even before the war went so far as to say that the working class will conquer power within the frame of democracy by gradually changing the order of society with the means afforded to it by democracy. This reformist formulation, although combated by the representatives of the left wing of the Second International, did, in fact, correspond to its views. This formulation could be tolerated by the bourgeoisie also, for the prospects of a socialism to be realized in a hundred or two hundred years of time, of a socialism without revolution, did not contain anything very terrible.

The rise of Soviet Russia, the nationalization of industry, all this demonstrated to the world bourgeoisie in the most striking manner, that here it was not a question of changes to be accomplished in the course of centuries, but that the hour had struck which ushered in a new epoch. However much the bourgeoisie comforted itself with the thought that Soviet Russia would in time become just as reasonable as, in the past, all revolutionary governments had become when confronted with the whole burden of responsibility and when facts began to weigh upon them; however much they consoled themselves with the thought that after Robespierre there came the Thermidor, the Consulate and the Napoleonic Empire—all this nonsense could not reassure the most far-seeing bourgeois politicians. For neither the Directory of Barres nor Buonaparte turned back the wheels of history, nor destroyed the cause of revolution nor breathed new life into the feudal social order which had been liquidated by the revolution. The Union of Soviet Republics is and will be. It has not been destroyed by intervention, it will not be destroyed by the Nep. All questions of Soviet Russia are directed towards finding the means and forces in order to take advantage of the economic revival experienced by the first Workers' State, not only for the maintenance of power, for the maintenance of the key positions of the Russian economy right up to the moment of the victory of the proletariat in one of the leading industrial countries, but also already, at the present time, to proceed slowly but surely along the road of socialist construction.

Soviet Russia is and will be, not only because the skill of the working class in economic construction is growing, but also because international capitalism is unable to get rid of the contradictions which are rending it. Even if it should succeed in raising European economy to the pre-war level, this would imply only the simultaneous increase of the imperialist antagonisms; it would imply only their conflict upon a higher stage of development. The capitalist antagonisms which procured the breathing space of Brest Litovsk for the young and still feeble Soviet Russia, which helped it to overcome the interventions, which procured its recognition by a number of leading capitalist powers—these antagonisms guarantee the further strengthening of Soviet Russia.

The recognition of Soviet Russia by Great Britain, the leading power of European counter-revolution, in itself constitutes a tremendously important historical event. By having recognized Soviet Russia, the capitalist world has itself by its own signature confirmed the fact that the period of the monopoly of the system of capitalist states has ended. On the



Geo. Grosz

"I am very much afraid that society is standing on the brink of a precipice!"

one hand there stands the capitalist world, on the other hand a state which denies all the fundamental principles of the former. The importance of this fact will become clear to its fullest extent only at the moment of a new acute revolutionary or imperialist crisis in Europe. Already the international bourgeoisie is no longer safe from an attack from the rear. Behind it there stand the awakening peoples of the East, there stands a large state which embraces a sixth part of the globe and which is ruled by a proletariat nurtured amidst storms and tempests and filled with a revolutionary enthusiasm unexampled in history. The word, the grain and the sword of Soviet Russia will under these circumstances be of decisive importance, even if we should not succeed in the next few years in making great strides towards the socialist organization of production.

IV.—The Revolutionary Movement of the Proletariat of the Capitalist World.

The fourth feature of the post-war epoch is the fact that capitalism has killed reformism. The reformist parties still exist; they are still very strong. They constitute the chief reserve of the capitalist social order, they saved it during the war period and they saved it in the revolutionary crisis following the war. But reformism has succumbed because the possibility of improving the situation of the broad working masses in capitalist Europe has been annihilated. The enormous burdens which the war has left behind it have confronted the capitalist class with the problem of either abandoning the attempts to restore capitalist economy or of carrying out these attempts at the expense of the working masses. Whether we have to deal with a fascist regime, or with a regime of petty bourgeois democracy, all the burdens

of the restoration of capitalism are being placed upon the shoulders of the working class. The enormous concentration of industry during the war has afforded the bourgeoisie the means for the struggle against the working class along the whole front. The working class which had been driven back, is in all countries being drawn into the revolutionary struggle. It is overcoming its reformist illusions and in view of the impossibility of improving the position of the working class by parliamentary methods, by means of reforms, every victory of the reformists appears as a further step towards the annihilation of reformist illusions.

If in 1918 and 1919 the working class in a whole series of countries, where it was already within an ace of victory, was unable to attain victory, this was due only to the fact that the reformist epoch had not bequeathed to it revolutionary parties capable of leading it. This lack had to be paid for by the working class by an unexampled number of victims. But for the enslaved class there is no way of acquiring a knowledge of the conditions requisite for victory except the way of sacrifice. It learns from its defeats, it learns to know its opponents' strong and weak points, it overcomes its own cowardice, it sharpens its wits, it learns how to manoeuvre upon the battlefield and how to beat the enemy. Before the war the really revolutionary elements of the international working class comprised quite insignificant groups. Today I would say the Comintern already constitutes a world force, although it is still an organization of the minority of the working class, although it must for a long time fight for the confidence of the majority of the workers, although it must still learn for a long time how to lead the struggles of the working class. The workers' movement is becoming radicalized and is no longer a movement of the working class alone, striving merely for its immediate aims. The change in the social relationships which is radicalizing the working class, is not only awakening the peasants and petty bourgeoisie of the East; but by proletarianizing the middle strata in Europe it is eliminating the isolation of the working class, is creating the pre-conditions for the rise of oppositional and even revolutionary movements of the petty bourgeoisie and confronts the working class with the task of becoming the leader and the guide of the whole of suffering humanity.

The bones of millions of workers are mouldering on the battlefields of the imperialist war. Millions of workers, in the post-war period, are slowly perishing from need. Thousands of workers have fallen in civil war. None of them will return to life again. But from their bones there arise the avengers, there is arising the new generation which will make an end of capitalism. There is no longer any going back to the old. The world war has brought the beginning of the epoch of socialist revolution. This epoch will perhaps witness new imperialist wars, but at the same time it will witness revolutionary fights, revolutionary struggles which will put an end to the epoch of imperialism and lay the foundation of a new epoch, the epoch of the proletariat which will construct the socialist order.

Three Friends

YOU on the bed beside me hold
 One arm straight up till it is cold,
 Then let it fall, the softest part
 Lying for warmth against my heart.
 My fingers with your fingers' ends
 Play in and out; a foot defends
 Deep regions from another foot.
 You turn and find my eyes. I put
 A curious palm where it is seized
 By a quick hand—but you are pleased . . .
 There is a third one in the room.
 See—in the sun, where the figures bloom
 Blood-red on the rug—somebody kneels?
 Time smiles at us, and rests his heels.
 Outside a hundred horses graze.
 He will drive on; but now he stays.
 Soon I must follow hence, and slip
 Into my place beneath the whip . . .
 He smiles upon us. Come, forget!
 He has not thought of rising yet.

Mark Van Doren

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Fred Ellis

The War of the Oil Giants

By Harris Wescott

IN a New York industrial news bureau the ticker was droning out unimportant business items near the end of a lazy day on June 7, 1924. Suddenly it accelerated its speed. There was subdued excitement instantly, as editors and petroleum writers pressed forward eagerly to read the tape, and then rushed away to telephones and telegraph rooms. In less than two minutes the news had been relayed the length and breadth of America:

"Magnolia cuts price of crude."

Possibly not five out of a hundred newspaper readers saw anything unusual in the item as published, if, indeed, they even saw the item, so small it was on the financial pages. But to those directly interested in oil production, refining and marketing, and to far-seeing economists and students of international politics, it was an item of sinister significance. They recognized it as a skirmish shot, fired by the Standard Oil group in accordance with cleverly planned strategy, the objective of which is to consolidate the forces of oil in this country under the Standard banner for the struggle against British and Dutch controlled petroleum wealth. The Magnolia Petroleum company, a subsidiary of the Standard Oil company of New York, had opened price cutting hostilities as a manoeuvre for supremacy in America in the tremendous international warfare for control of the world's petroleum supply!

Trivial to the lay reader as it may seem at first glance, this matter of a single crude cut stands out, when its significance is understood, as an alarming portent of a war far more terrible than that through which we have just passed. There is nothing in all the world so bound up with the schemes of gigantic combinations of capital and the devastating politics of nations as oil. Hardly is there a subject in all the gamut of human or domestic or international relations that can be discussed without some reference to oil.

Oil was in the background of the disturbances that led to the world war. Some of the fiercest battles of that terrible slaughter-fest were fought over petroleum deposits in Galicia and elsewhere. It was present at the armistice. In the peace conference at Versailles it helped to destroy Woodrow Wilson's fourteen points. A special conclave of world-power diplomats was necessary—and futile—at San Remo in 1920, because of the persistence of petroleum as an international issue.

We can hardly talk about the current presidential campaign without discussing oil. From the breaking of the Teapot Dome scandal down to the present moment, oil has dripped from many a political business deal, and on election day in November there will be the odor of oil in many a ballot cast.

In our foreign relations oil is a lubricant that sometimes gets full of grit. This was so four years ago, as witness the narrow escape from an open breach with England over the matter of petroleum concessions in the Mosul and Bagdad fields of Mesopotamia. Had not the Anglo-Persian and Royal Dutch Shell offered the Standard, the Sinclair, the Doheny

and other American companies an interest in that project, there is no telling what might have happened. And the fact that for some mysterious reason that deal has not yet been approved, is another chapter which is highly significant just now.

Oil has smeared our diplomatic relations with our neighbors in Central and South America. It has been the chief cause of disturbances between this country and Mexico. It brought about the landing of American marines in Vera Cruz in 1914, and led to General Pershing's spectacular dash into the interior of that country a little later. If we look a little more closely into the recent action of Congress in excluding Japanese workers from the United States, it is possible that we may find oil in the transaction. There is a growing suspicion that it is the enormous immigration of the Japs into Mexico that is the fly in the ointment which brought about the exclusion act. In Mexico they may say Mexico for the Mexicans, and perhaps for the Japs. In Wall Street they say Mexico for the American oil companies. Not so long ago one of the leading oil trade publications discussed the community of interest said to exist between the well-known Mitsui banking house of Japan and Sir Henri Deterding, master mind of the Royal Dutch Shell group; and William H. Gray, president of the National Association of Independent Petroleum Producers, in a public speech commented upon the growing influence of Japanese bankers in Mexico.

Everywhere that petroleum may be found, or suspected to exist, we find the contest for control raging—in Venezuela, Colombia, the Argentine and Peru; in the far-off Mesopotamia, Palestine, Abyssinia and Siam; in the far-off Indies, in the frigid North, and in the wilds of South Africa. Above all other natural gifts of this earth it is the most potent factor for strife. And by the same token it is the greatest source of material power!

No wonder the Standard Oil group is girding its loins for the fray. An investigation into government statistics reveals a number of very important reasons, but foremost among them is that the American petroleum industry has made a very poor showing in the ownership and control of the world's recoverable oil areas outside of the United States. While within the confines of the United States it produces and refines more petroleum than all the rest of the world put together—approximately sixty-five percent of the total production—it has in the same territory only about twelve percent of the known sources of supply. That is a very serious situation, particularly in view of the belief of many experts that in the course of a few decades America's supply will have been exhausted.

All of which brings up the question: why a price war, which presupposes a present overproduction? In part, the answer, as indicated by the recent course of events, must be that the present overproduction is only a temporary condition. But the more important part of the answer will be better understood if we go back nearly thirty years to 1896, when the old Standard Oil trust had its first clash with Deter-



The Fatherland Prepares for "The Day."
Maurice Becker

ding, of the Royal Dutch Shell company, which, with the Anglo-Persian company, is its powerful antagonist in the world struggle for petroleum control. At that time Deterding, at Singapore, messed up the Standard distribution of kerosene in China, and Standard has never forgiven. Neither has it forgotten its later experiences with the Deterding combine, as, for instance, at Baku in Russia in 1910, in Germany in 1914, and in Mexico in 1919. They were not pleasant experiences, because the Royal Dutch Shell, through combinations and alignments that included the backing of the British Admiralty, was able to deprive the American combination of valuable production fields and marketing facilities.

But there was one lesson that Standard learned from Deterding—or, perhaps, re-learned. This Dutch wizard, probably taking the ideas of merger and absorption as applied on a merely national scale by the old Standard Trust under the Rockefeller regime, was constantly consolidating and augmenting his strength through mergers and absorptions of weaker concerns on an international scale! In America today there are entirely too many individuals and companies in oil for effective fighting of the foreign enemy. If they were all under the Standard flag there would be a tremendously greater chance of success!

The Standard group has been building for this supreme battle for years. That is the reason for its present domination of the American industry, through the more than fifty percent territorial control of some of its companies, and its colossal increments, made possible through a gesture of dissolution on the part of a subservient Supreme Court back in 1911. The farcical nature of that proceeding will stand out more clearly when it is understood that, whereas the old Standard Oil trust of New Jersey, with its thirty-three subsidiaries, had a capitalization of about \$150,000,000, the present so-called "independent" Standard Oil companies have a grand capitalization of nearly two and a half billion dollars, or nearly twenty times as much as before the high court handed down its decision!

In the old days there were only thirty-three subsidiaries in the Standard Trust, and all of them were in the United States. Now each Standard Oil company in this country—and there are still thirty-three in the group—has its special line of subsidiaries strategically organized in foreign lands ready for the supreme contest for control. The parent New Jersey corporation has exactly forty-six such adjunct organizations, while the Vacuum Oil company has twenty-one.

Before dissolution, John D. Rockefeller's stock had a book value of \$159,250,000; today the identical stock in the hands of his friends is worth a billion dollars. A recent government report is authority for the statement that a single company of the Standard group—the Standard of New Jersey—at the present moment represents, in production, refining, marketing and transportation, a wealth and prestige that exceed the total capitalization and all other combined resources of the entire Standard trust when it was dissolved in 1911!

So it is that the carefully laid plan, evolved in the master brains at 26 Broadway (New York) and 910 South Michigan boulevard (Chicago), and in which the Magnolia crude cut of June 7 was an initial step, is going forward. It has for its immediate object the squeezing out of the little fellows in the industry, and, where desirable, the "benevolent assimilation" of their resources, to the end that the Standard group's grip on American petroleum may be tightened for the larger fray!

But Deterding has carried the vigorous offensive of the Royal Dutch Shell into the United States. It is impossible to set down in detail here the history of the Royal Dutch and Anglo-Persian combinations, or their activities in other parts of the world. For present purposes it is sufficient to state that the Royal Dutch Shell got into this country a few years ago despite the efforts of the government at the behest of the American companies to keep it out. Deterding is at present operating in the United States through the Shell-Union Oil corporation, the Asiatic Petroleum company of Delaware, and their subsidiaries, the Shell company of California, the Roxana Petroleum corporation, the Ozark Pipe Line company, and a half dozen other oil and transportation concerns. He is building up an elaborate plant, which comprises everything from producing wells in the choicest fields and transportation systems, to great refineries and bulk and filling stations as the machinery for domestic distribution. The colors of the Royal Dutch Shell on curb pumps are already a familiar sight to motor tourists. They dot the landscape everywhere, East and West, North and South.

Thus the Standard must wage the fighting, for the present, on the home field. And in order to make this battle successful, it must gain an even greater hold upon the immense resources of American petroleum. It has set itself the task of consolidating the industry more effectively in the interest of the gigantic world struggle, which means cleaning up the little fellow whose capital is limited. Here is how the scheme is working out:

For those who have not followed the ramifications of the petroleum industry, it should be stated that last year the unprecedented flush production of the three bonanza California fields in the Los Angeles basin literally turned the business of petroleum upside down. So much of the liquid gold was dumped from California into the mid-continent and

eastern fields that the price of crude went down and down until, last November, it was only a dollar a barrel. Hundreds of refineries failed, and thousands of jobbing and filling station wrecks were strewn all over the scenery. But those who could filled storage, and among these the Standard group, because it had the greatest resources, was the most successful. Finally, the flow of the California fields slowed down, so that by the beginning of the present year, production was more nearly normal.

Last year was a record breaker in many respects. In the first place, automobile registration for the nation had reached to more than 15,000,000 vehicles. More than 725,000,000 barrels of petroleum had been produced in the country, and something more than six and three-quarters billion gallons of gasoline had been refined and consumed, to say nothing of the record-breaking output of other petroleum products.

Yet on the thirty-first day of last December there were in round figures about 333,000,000 barrels of crude oil in storage throughout the United States, according to the report of the Bureau of Mines. The estimated consumption for the year 1924, based on the actual consumption of last year, was 852,887,000 barrels. The average percentage of stocks to demand for the last fifteen years had been 43.7; in January of this year it was less than 35 per cent—quite a bit below the average. All of which was very nice for the “Stabilizing Influence” in the industry, as oil men call the Standard group. Having by the grace of God and the Supreme Court unlimited capital and credit at their command, these dominant companies quite naturally had been able to lay in the greater share of storage oil. But the percentage of stocks to demand was far below the average!

Of course, it may have been purely coincidence that just about the time flush production began to ease off to normal, the storage tanks owned or controlled by the Standard group began to slop over. That’s what happened, and Nature was blamed for shutting down on the supply before other companies could lay in storage. Maybe Nature didn’t want to be “grand” any more. Only the oil well workers can testify truthfully on that point. But along with the sudden decision of Nature, or whatever it was, to cut down on the supply of motor fuel and the basic ingredients of face powder and corn salve, certain rumors began to float through oil trade circles. Sometimes they were mentioned with knowing grins.

There is an operation quite familiar to the oil field worker. It consists of applying the well-known monkey-wrench to a valve in the pipe near the top of the oil well, and turning it down so that the flow of oil becomes less and less. It is called “pinching production.” Unless one has been told, or is an oil well expert, he cannot, by simply looking at a given well that has suddenly lost its pep, determine whether it is the pinching by Nature that is shutting off the supply, or the pinching of a valve turned by the hand of a man who draws his pay from the oil company.

Whatever may have been the real reason here, the first of the year found the Standard companies well stocked with cheaply bought crude for their refineries. Then the tom-toms of the petroleum-trade press began to sound the terrors of the approaching “crisis” in the industry. “Oil sup-



L. Griffel
“Before us—the Communist order!”

plies are rapidly dwindling,” gasped the magnates of petroleum. The United States Geological Survey added its voice to the general clamor. Crude production was going down and down, month by month, in the fields of the nation. E. W. Marland, president of the Marland Refining company, which is frequently reported in oil-trade circles as eventually to become a Standard property, came out with a statement that at least four new fields with an average daily production of 100,000 barrels must be found at once if the industry was to succor a suffering public and keep abreast with the gasoline demand for the current year. “Where are those fields!” he exclaimed. “God only knows!”

But Marland was wrong about that. The Standard companies knew. Bedford and Teagle and Stewart, heads of the New Jersey and Indiana companies, knew, but they were not telling.

Anyway, the prices of crude and gasoline began to advance, and there was almost instantly feverish activity among producers and refiners. Over in the Burbank field, in Oklahoma, where the producers had by agreement closed down last fall because of the California flood of oil, prompt steps were taken to resume drilling. Powell and Burkburnett in Texas, Smackover in Arkansas, and all the rest of the big petroleum fields got busy. Producers and refiners

and marketers everywhere were giving their notes at the banks for cash with which to open up business. Frenzied operations, reminiscent of the orgies of Spindletop back in 1901, were in evidence throughout the entire oil-producing areas of the country.

Then two things happened. Nature was once more kind to Standard Oil. It let bad weather drip all over the place, so motorists couldn't get out doors and burn up gasoline. That was hard on the little producers and refiners and marketers who had stocks to sell and who were yarning to the grim-visaged gentlemen back of the grills in the banks every day. But Standard went on piling up reserves and floating along on the wave of oil to that increased prosperity which Standard knew would reach its peak after the flood had receded.

The other thing that happened was the Teapot Dome scandal. The attacks in Congress upon the industry had the indirect effect of causing old quarrels within the industry to break out anew. In other words, Teapot Dome ripped the scabs off of old sores. Now each operator is out for himself. It is a fight merely for existence, with the odds heavily in favor of the Standard—and, of course, the Dutch Shell. Oil men are watching oil men, each suspicious of every move of the others. No one except the favored few in the inner councils of the big combines knows where he stands or what is going to happen next. And it must be remembered that all told, there are approximately 18,000 producers, refiners, jobbers and marketers in the industry. Pick out any twenty oil men anywhere, and each will have an entirely original line of abuse to launch against the other nineteen.

Meanwhile, the loudly heralded crude shortage has disappeared. In its place have come daily reports of the increasing surplusage of stocks. The storage, which on January 1, last, had gone to a peak of 333,000,000 barrels of crude, as previously indicated, had, on June 1, gone up to more than 350,000,000 barrels. The storage for the same period in 1923, even with the enormous flush production in California and Texas getting into full swing, was about 275,000,000 barrels.

And the end is not yet. The price war has begun. As this is written, four separate cuts in crude prices have already taken place. In the first week of July the refiners, notably the Sinclair and Cosden concerns, began what is technically known as "pro-rating"—the surest sign of approaching disaster. This means that they are accepting only fifty per cent of the production they have contracted for. All over the country the consumer of gasoline is witnessing evidence of the disturbance in the cutting of gasoline prices at curb pumps. These facts, while perhaps making motorists happy, spell disaster for hundreds of producers, refiners and marketers, the great majority of whom have been carried along in recent months by the banks which held their paper. But the loans are about to be called; they must be called, if the banks are to be protected. That's what the banks are here for—to be protected.

In this situation the Standard group has the distinct advantage. Here is the grand opportunity for the benevolent exercise of the merger plan and the assimilation of desirable properties and resources which will be hit in the

crash. All along the path of its speckled history the Standard has mounted to greater and greater power on just such crises as these. It is marshalling all its resources in money, credit and executive brains to win this American victory in order to strengthen itself for the final world struggle for petroleum supremacy—a supremacy that is to determine the fate of nations! It will win this present battle; let there be no doubt about that!

A Song of Courage

BRAVE as a lion I must be,
To face this jeering world,
With my black face and rugged hair,
When every lip is curled
In bald derision as I pass,
A shadow on the looking-glass.

Braver than lions must I be
To give to child of mine
This heritage of certain scorn
A place amid the swine,
And bind him over to the sod
A tethered exile sorrow-shod.

Braver than all the brave must be
The race of men I bear,
Forged in the furnaces of hell
And wrought to iron there.
The future years have need of them—
I sense it, though my sight is dim!

Georgia Douglas Johnson.

Message to Siberia

DEEP in the Siberian mine,
Keep your patience proud;
The bitter toil shall not be lost,
The rebel thought unbowed.

The sister of Misfortune, Hope,
In the under-darkness dumb,
Speaks joyful courage to your heart:
The day desired will come.

And love and friendship pour to you
Across the darkened doors,
Even as round your galley-beds
My free music pours.

The heavy-hanging chains will fall,
The walls will crumble with a word;
And Freedom greet you in the light,
And brothers give you back the sword.

Pushkin.—Translated by Max Eastman.

The Bishop and the Bolsheviks

By P. Krasikoff

This article has served as a "foreword" to a Russian edition of "Christianism and Communism," by Bishop William Montgomery Brown. Yes, the Russian Communists have thought it worth while to translate and republish the book for the writing of which Bishop Brown was recently convicted of heresy by the American Episcopal Church. But in doing so the tough-minded Russian Bolsheviks, as is shown by this foreword, have guarded against the promotion of muddle-headedness which might otherwise result from the Bishop's book. Because such an antidote is needed in this country where the book is widely read, and because the Russian commentary is independently an excellent discussion of the subject of religion from the revolutionary communist viewpoint, *The Liberator* reprints it.

—Editor.

"CHRISTIANISM AND COMMUNISM" was written by a recanting bishop, a representative of the ruling class of American capitalist society. We are publishing this book now when the predatory and violent policies of capitalist society appear most successful, when the position of the United States in relation to the dissensions that are tearing Europe asunder seems to be most favorable, for the very reason that its appearance is symptomatic of the danger which is threatening the ruling clique in America.

The recantation of an American bishop is of especial interest to us in Russia, inasmuch as in our country, following the decisive victory of the proletariat, we have not two or three but even hundreds of recanting bishops, monks, and priests.

The obvious inference to be drawn from this fact is that the number of recanting churchmen in a given country is in direct proportion to the success of the proletarian revolution in that country.

On the other hand, the reader will see from the book itself to what extent the American clergy are prepared to throw overboard the ballast that drags them into the abyss of hypocrisy and servitude to the ruling class, in order to convince their flocks of their reformation and repentance. He will see to what extent the working class may count on real and active support from these recanting churchmen in the work of building up the proletarian revolution. This leads to the question as to whether the proletariat may under any conditions regard religion and its servitors as capable either ideologically or organizationally of promoting the victory of the social revolution.

Ideologically the bishop is prepared with typical American decisiveness to discard all church traditions and orthodox dogmas, and in complete agreement with science to declare all "scriptures" and all deities, including even Jesus, to be legends, myths and symbols. But Bishop Brown grants this only on the condition that he and everyone else, including Communists, be permitted to honor the personages and heroes, the miracles and doctrines, the myths, legends, rites and sacraments elaborated, preserved and celebrated by the church, as the embodiment of the aspirations of humanity through numberless generations for the Communism now victorious.

This affords us interesting material from which to draw certain conclusions. In Russia, where the proletariat is vic-

torious, where it is already carrying out its program of creating happiness for people here on earth—the Russian hierarchy, bishops, priests and clergy, are most niggardly and cautiously discarding the most compromising of the activities of their profession, but they leave unimpaired the belief of the people in magic and witchcraft, and in the power of the priesthood to bring wind and rain to the earth through intervention with the supreme master and arbiter of all earthly affairs. Not so in America. There the representative of the professional church, while still clinging to the church, categorically declares the heavens to be untenanted, and universally endorses the conclusions of contemporary natural science and of Marxism.

Why are the churchmen making these great concessions to the victorious or developing proletarian revolution? Undoubtedly the answer to this question is to be found in the level of intellectual development of the classes participating in the revolution, and their gradual recognition of the most striking of the contradictions developing in a greater or less degree in this or that social order—in other words, in the gradual economic development of the given country.

There is no use conjuring the magic of preaching about the intervention of God and the saints before the working masses of America, a large percentage of whom are employed in highly developed mass machine production; nor of fighting for "Elijah, the prophet" and "Prasjev Pyatneta" in the country of tractors and electricity. But even the spinning of yarns to American workers, even to those least interested in politics and informed of the victories of the working class in Russia, who have themselves experienced the charms of war and who are suffering from the presence of millions of unemployed, about the all-merciful God and His saints directing the world carnage, the blockade of starving Russia, the intervention, and the shooting of Communists all over the capitalist world—this has become a hopeless task not only for the educated American bishops, but even for the village parson.

In a developed capitalist country magic and witchcraft have long since been driven from the processes of production; for this is the best fraud to American workers who are working with the help of steam and electricity. The prop of religion in America was concealed in the obscurity in which, to the workers, the whole process of the circulation of social capital was enwrapped. Until the European war and the Russian revolution this process was surrounded by a mystic fog (Providence, the Supreme Being, etc.). The appearance of Bishop Brown's book after the world war, in which America played a large part, and after the Russian revolution which the Americans wanted to crush, signifies that the gods are now in danger of being finally forced out from the last refuge; before the every eyes of the broad masses they are being driven from the sphere of controlling the circulation of world capital, and American capital in particular, and from the sphere of the administration of international world politics as the expression of the inter-



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Adolph Dehn

"Give us this day our daily hokum."

ests of different groups of capitalists. Bishop Brown, a man who by profession is obliged to talk so that the masses will take his word for at least partial truth, as well as others from the camp of the "idle prattlers" whose hands are steeped in blood, has had his eyes opened by the world war in which American capital sided in the slaughter of the workers of the world. And now, towards the end of his life, he has had the manhood and wisdom openly to confess before the whole world that during his thirty years' activity as a churchman he has preached a lie to the people from whom he received money and the comforts of life, that he has protected capitalist plunder, violence, hypocrisy and charlatanism with his ecclesiastical church authority and dignity.

In the development of a capitalist country every member of the clergy who finds it no longer necessary to continue to share the position of the ruling class of his country which has been laid bare by recent events, and who feels the necessity of supporting the developing world revolution, is forced to break openly with the fundamental idea of every religion, that is, with the recognition of the power of any kind of supreme being to interfere with the course of any events on earth.

Our semi-peasant Russia, with its technically and politically backward peasantry, has experienced only a partial reformation in the form of a politically undeveloped sectarian movement. The low level of development of the toiling masses in general up to this time explains the existence of the large numbers of church parishioners and adherents

who, in spite of the victory of the proletariat and in spite of their disillusionment with the leadership of the former ruling class of this country, are still unable to see beyond the limits of their small individual households and beyond the relations within their small community and market; they still cannot get along without their idols, and much less can they understand the hopelessness of belief in the capitalist "Divine Providence" or comprehend the bankruptcy of the capitalist form of world economy as a whole. The difference between the position of Brown and the position of these priests and believers who have long been talking of church reform, gives us the key to the explanation of the religious tendencies and adjustments that are taking place among the people living by religion in our country.

Marx said that the churches would be willing to discard thirty percent of their dogmas and canons in order to retain their income.

This is strikingly confirmed by both the Russian and the American pre-revolutionary church reform movements, which attempted to bring about a certain moral equilibrium in the church in view of the hideous contradictions revealed in the development of the capitalist order, and becoming ever clearer to the broad masses.

Marx was mistaken in one thing only; in extreme cases every church is willing to discard not only thirty per cent, but one hundred per cent of its dogma, in order to protect its income.

But how is this to be done? That is the difficult question brilliantly solved by the American bishop, with the ease of the Dukhobors, the Molokans, and other rationalist sects. Thus he writes on Page 13:

"Cannibalism is at the basis of the partaking of bread and wine in the communion sacrament. The intermediate link between these two extremes is to be found in the form of communion which consisted in the eating of animals destined for sacrifice.

"Such is the origin of the sacrament which you and I perform as the highest mark of our reverence, although your act still refers to the supernatural deity, and mine—to humanity—

"My new God dwells in the midst of humanity, and your God (formerly mine) is his symbol."

"You will be amazed," writes the bishop, "but I hope you will understand me when I tell you that in translating the ceremonies and hymns of the service from my former literal understanding into the language of my new symbolism, I receive even greater satisfaction than formerly. I am very fond of the divine liturgy, and of certain hymns . . . Whatever significance there may have been in prayer after meals lies in the fact that the God to whom it is addressed is the symbol of the working class who have produced everything that is on the table, and without whom we should have had nothing to eat."

So, workers, shell out, give your money for the prayers and candles offered by the priests and bishops in honor of your Holiness, the proletariat. Hand over your money for the support of the rectory and the Bishop's palace and be consoled by the fact that the Lord's Prayer will be addressed to the First Person in the Holy Trinity, who is interpreted by Bishop Brown to be nothing else than matter. The prayer, "Only-begotten Son" must be addressed to the Second Per-



Adolph Dehn

The Russian White Guard in Vienna.

son in the Trinity—energy, and finally, the Holy Ghost must be understood as the laws of natural history and sociology.

How remarkably devised! What fruitful and beneficent work (in the sense of honors and comforts) awaits us in reviewing all the religious codices, scriptures, prayers, Te Deums, consecrations, masses, recitatives, and sermons, and in transforming and interpreting them according to Darwin and Marx! Here is a great work for the learned "spiritual" Marxists and natural scientists!

As a result humanity will continue to hold its services, driving out Satan at the christening of infants, symbolically spitting on the enemies of the human race, carrying on the whole paraphernalia of the church rites; and in all this they will experience, according to the bishop, even greater rapture than now when they blow and spit on the physiognomy of the orthodox devil, without any symbolism.

Thus all the Marxian phraseology, the doctrine, and at times rather vulgarly, leads the Bishop to a comforting and—for him—satisfactory conclusion, that is, to the conservation of the church with its hierarchy and all its ecclesiastical properties, with certain "mental reservations" on the part of the main actors—the bishops or priests. The churches remain with all their mysteries and with all their authority, with all their phraseology and all their ideology, as something eternal, supreme, towering over humanity; teaching something, calling to something, with this reservation alone; that those who are dissatisfied with the role of the churches

in life, are permitted to transfer all her dogmas, services, rites and ceremonies to some other symbolic object.

The bishop is so enamoured of this possibility of immortalizing the church and its servants, that he does not observe the monstrosity of such a solution of the problem of the church, which he himself recognizes as an instrument for oppressing the working class. The only argument for such a form of church is to be found in the presence in contemporary society of a huge number of priests and bishops who enjoy, and wish to continue to enjoy, a certain amount of prosperity provided for them by their ignorant flock. The bishop thinks that by transferring all the ceremonies, sacrifices and rites of the church from the old-fashioned God to humanity, progressive ecclesiastics can reconcile their consciences with the ugly role that has previously been played by the church of which they are members, and in the same way he thinks that they can make their peace with the proletariat. In answer to the direct question of his friend as to the right of a bishop who has become an atheist to remain in the church, the bishop recites the right of revolution formulated in the famous American Declaration of Independence, simply transferring that right to the realm of the church. In this the "Marxist" bishop is incredibly confused. Starting from the false, non-Marxian assumption that Marxism contains within itself the religion of humanity, and thus immortalizing religion and swamping Marxism and Communism in morals, religion and Christianity, the bishop tacitly surmises the immortality of religion on the basis that human society and its various institutions with their inher-

ent transformations (revolutions) are internal. From the standpoint that religion is eternal and that it is a necessary sphere clothing human relations, it is enough simply for the bishop to apply his rights to revolt within that sphere, by analogy with the sphere of politics and economics, and to hold on to his position within that sphere, in the capacity of an ecclesiastical revolutionist. The bishop does not see that in wishing to be called a Marxist and a Communist, and consequently to adopt the atheistic doctrines of Marxism and Communism, he is transforming himself into an actor, and the whole religious and ecclesiastical phantasmagoria into a huge theatrical show or circus, where the Marxists are recommended to sign their "Hallelujahs" according to Marx and Engels, in honor of the Paris Commune and the Soviet Republic, or to deliver sermons on texts from the scriptures according to Debs or Kautsky.

One of two things is possible: either the scientific explanation of the sun myth and all so-called saviors, as well as general scientific explanations of the origin of religious creeds and the exposure of the role of the church, make the functions of the church utterly useless, and cause the proletariat to refuse any support for the church, in any form; or, a church revolution, consisting of the transfer from religious foundation to atheistic foundation,—all ecclesiastical forms being preserved—means a form of the revolutionary struggle of the proletariat.

The question must be stated thus in order to lay bare all the contradictions and false foundations of atheistic religion.

If the priest in the course of the service inwardly thinks of the life-giving sun and of humanity, while publicly performing the traditional church ceremonies as, for instance, the Catholic mass, then it is clear that objectively he remains in the ranks of the exploiters, deceivers and hypnotizers of the working people. If before the performance of the ceremony of the Eucharist he would deliver a lecture explaining the origin of this rite from the epoch of human sacrifice, the cult of fire, etc., then the congregation would either drive him from the church or declare him mad and invite another priest to serve them. But then there will be no symbolic mysteries. The affair would be terminated by his excommunication from the church by the other bishops. He would have to find a new church of his own, like the Saint-Simonists, Enfantin and others, and find a flock which likes propaganda and the glorification of atheism in the church. Even if he succeeds, the old ecclesiastical symbols, ceremonies and rites would not in the least satisfy these atheists, inasmuch as they would continue to embody the religion of their class enemies, and would arouse in them no feelings other than hatred, contempt, and, at best, indifference.

To be sure, there is no reason to doubt that even a classless humanity will have its holidays, its symbols or industrial solemnities, its festival days, etc. It is quite possible that many seasonal holidays which have come down through the centuries in various religious forms will be celebrated even by a godless humanity, but this by no means implies that the forms of the cult of Tammoon, Adonis, and Christ, or any of the ancient gods are necessary to a free humanity for the personification of facts of nature and society already understood and scientifically interpreted. On the con-

trary, the ancient symbols, the symbols of the age of slavery, exploitation and ignorance, have not the slightest chance of being retained among more appropriate joyous, triumphant and artistic symbols, even if any symbols at all will serve as a conscious diversion to future humanity. Moreover, these symbols of ancient gods are unsuitable for a serious and sincere embodiment of the ideals and aspirations of the suppressed classes, at the present day when the class struggle continues in its most acute form throughout the whole world. While class society exists and the class war continues, it is stupid and reactionary to think of reconciling the most progressive sections of humanity with the ancient gods, under the pretext that they are only symbols of one stage or another of the mutual relations of peoples. If the classes struggling for their freedom actually make use of the symbols and the religious forms of the old order, they do so only in order to mock at their old delusions or in joyful carnival or in happy, ridiculous, clownish actions.

Thus the proletariat can in no way regard the message of Bishop Brown as a production of scientific thought from which any positive knowledge could be derived. Such processes of thought are remarkable, and deserve attention and study if only because they are striking proof of the internal decay in the camp of our enemies. They prove that the ship of capitalism is floundering, and that the most sensible and perhaps even the most sobered of those who have recovered from their religious insanity, who have up till now united their fate with it, make haste to prepare or justify their abandonment of the ship. It goes without saying that in this respect they wish to unite what cannot be united and in the complete bankruptcy of their position to preserve whatever debris they can of the old ideology.

The task of the proletarian theory and practice is ruthlessly to denounce all such attempts, and not to permit the possibility of deceiving the masses with sweet words about evolution and religion; and on the other hand, with the aid of precisely such people as Bishop Brown, finally to dispense with the old relics of ecclesiasticism and all religion.

All Stories

THE story of a Buddha is a little tambourine tinkling through the cracks of my heart,

And the yarn about Christ is a black bird with sharp wings beating against the moon.

All stories and all yarns about Gods are held in my tower,

Ivory and porphyry and three windows to the sun

I shall let the stories out, one by one.

Lourene Aber.

Literature and the Machine Age

By Floyd Dell

XIV.

GOETHE was one of our heroes. Not because we actually admired anything he ever wrote, but because of his celebrated "Olympian calm" in the face of tragic national misadventures. Not because of his alleged universality of interests, but on the contrary, because of his supposed lack of any interest whatever in the things that everybody else was interested in. It was with intense scorn that we read the ridiculous fulminations of the social-patriot Borne against him.—"What! Goethe, a highly gifted man, a poet, in the best years of his manhood . . . to be in the council of war, in the camp of the Titans, on the very spot where, forty years before, the audacious yet sublime wars of kings against their peoples began, and to find no inspiration in these surroundings, to be moved to neither love nor hatred, neither prayer nor curse, to nothing but a few epigrams! . . . And I am to honor that man! to love that man!"

We honored and loved him for precisely that. In the same manner we came to honor and love Henry James, irrespective of our ability to make head or tail of his sentences, simply because those sentences notoriously and haughtily ignored the demands of the ordinary reader for an ordinary meaning.*

The Calm Olympians.

This admiration of ours for purely negative qualities in our literary divinities has a history of its own. In the eighteenth century, literature had had a tendency to usurp the pontifical powers which for some centuries had been held by the head of the church. Voltaire had established himself as a kind of anti-Pope, and as such, handed down pronouncements, approval and disapproval of a final and shattering nature, which were accepted by his followers as devoutly as their fathers had accepted those of his traditional antagonist. It was believed that the church was about to be destroyed for ever; and it was natural enough for the intelligentsia to assume that their own chief representatives, the great litterateurs, would succeed to the spiritual primacy of mankind. These hopes the French Revolution destroyed—everywhere except in France, where for many years words were regarded as having the same authenticity as deeds: Voltaire and Rousseau were supposed to have actually brought about the Revolution; and other writers aspired to become, similarly, makers of history. This tradition accounts for the challenge sent by Victor Hugo to the King

*Compare Borne's denunciation of Goethe's indifference to history with this passage in which Rebecca West discusses the indifference of Henry James, apropos of his French travel book. "He did not know whether the Franco Prussian war was horrible or not, because he had been out of Europe when it raged; and because he had not been born at the time, he could no more speak well of the French Revolution than he could propose for his club a man whom he had never met. And for the same reason he failed to envisage the Roman Empire save as a source of agreeable ruins which, since he did not understand the spirit that built them, he imagined might have been made still more agreeable."

of Prussia, offering to decide the issue of the war by personal combat. Victor Hugo could, without causing his fellow-citizens to die of laughter, assume that he was as truly the representative of the French people as the King was of the Prussians. The tradition has lingered amusingly to the present day in the naming of French battleships after great French writers. Voltaire is felt to be an appropriate name for a French warship.

But outside France the eighteenth century utopian respect for writers with ideas was turned into fear; and literary men who had any claim to being artists felt constrained to renounce actual intellectual leadership of the populace. They did not on that account renounce their pontifical airs; they only transferred the emphasis of greatness from participation to non-participation in the immediate interests of their fellow-men.

Goethe was the first outstanding literary figure to fall heir to this transvaluation of values. He was praised as much for not being interested in what happened to Germany as Voltaire had been for attempting to instruct a Prussian king in the art of government. It was felt to be a melodramatic action, really out of keeping with a poetic career, when Byron died in the struggle for Greek freedom. Goethe, serenely composing epigrams in oblivious indifference to the fortunes of aspiring nationality, was a much more agreeable figure to the nineteenth century artistic imagination. It was considered fitting for the poet not to be too much excited about ordinary human concerns; that was to be great, to be wise, to be magnificently heathen and Greek. Goethe himself had made up for his lack of certain ordinary interests by other quite extraordinary interests—such as his interest in comparative anatomy, which particularly enraged his critic Borne. But even comparative anatomy was too human for the later period; it smacked somehow of bourgeois usefulness. We preferred something much more defiantly and flagrantly useless, such as the polishing of a rhyme. Goethe may not have agreed with us that the perfecting of a couplet was more important than the destinies of one's native land; but that was only because in the lapse of years we had become more Olympian than Goethe.

The Goethe legend was accordingly revised to fit the later nineteenth century mood by Gautier, and the sacredness of mere artistic preoccupation as such proclaimed to the world in "Emaux et Camees." All passes; art alone endures. But, to endure, it must be thoroughly "done."

"Carve! paint! chisel!
That thy fluctuant dream
Be sealed
In the resisting block."

Here is the new morality. The man who would disdain to preach in verse upon any other subject does not hesitate to sermonize upon the sinfulness of careless execution, and the virtue of precise execution, in the realm of artistic endeavor. . . . It is a morality which has only to be carried out logically to abrogate all other codes. It is then of no

consequence whether the old commandments are kept or broken; this new commandment is all that matters.

Martyrs of Art.

The bourgeoisie, it is true, in shocked envy impute more devilishness to the artist than he could ever achieve. Nevertheless, though the facts are sufficiently different from the popular legends, it was not the bourgeoisie who invented the legends—they lack the imagination. It was the artist who invented the legend, and it represents at least a pathetic ideal. Often enough he has been good and kind, temperate in his habits, and regular to his meals; and all the more he has wished that he, like the hero of "The Moon and Sixpence," could throw a woman downstairs without the quiver of an eyelash. His artist's morality may have remained a mere pious aspiration; he may never have been able to be truly hellish—but then the less artist, he!

Consider: it is a stringent code which one must, under this dispensation, live up to. It is hard not to take thought for the morrow, it is sometimes very hard to evade all responsibilities, it is especially hard for some, weaker brethren that they are, to remember that women have no honorable place in an artist's life. It is hard to keep from being human. Generally it was found to be possible to maintain this high level of artistic virtues only through a short period of one's youth; after a while one gave up the struggle, accepted a destiny of bourgeois usefulness and comfort, and lost one's artist's soul. . . .

And even in that brief period, it was necessary to fortify oneself, in many cases, with drink and drugs, against the temptations of the world. The life of dreams was barricaded most securely, it seemed, with alcohol or morphia, and then one's garret was indeed paradise. Thus cut off from the world of reality by a magic circle, one looked outside into the chaos of meaningless accident with a kind of divine scorn. Even women, viewed from within this magic circle, were perceived to have for the artist no more than a transitory and ephemeral significance. . . .

England and France have their myths of artist-martyrdom. America has none of first rate quality. And yet what might we not have made of the story of Park Barnitz! I give the bare facts of his life, as I find them recorded in pencil upon the fly-leaf of his sole, and anonymous volume, "The Book of Jade" (Doxey's, 1901):

"Born 1877; died 1902. Son of Dutch Reform clergyman, of Kansas. Went to various schools in the state, and, after several expulsions, went to Boulder, Colo., and at the university there found for the first time great stimulation. Later he attended Harvard Graduate School. Had a remarkable knowledge of the art history of the world, and of musical history, and of all literatures. Snapped up all the languages, and knew much of the philosophies. Was a favorite pupil of Barrett Wendell and of William James. Was at Harvard in 1898-99. Returned then to Kansas.

"Was addicted to all drugs, and had a background of extraordinary experiences. Held the curious pose of an aristocratic man of the world, combined with all his bizarre and decadent predilections and desires.

"Was six feet, six inches tall, and extremely thin—weighed only one hundred and fifteen pounds. Delighted to wear evening clothes and high hat without an overcoat. Died at his Kansas home, a victim to drugs and resulting ill-health. Except for the Manuscript of 'Chave,' as yet unpublished, 'The Book of Jade' is his only work."

The volume itself is dedicated "To the Memory of Charles Baudelaire." The titles of the poems are: "Ash-toreth," "Parfair Amour," "Opium," "Sombre Sonnet," "Langueur," "Ennui," "Litany," "Harvard," "Pride," "Song of Golden Youth," "Mais Moi Je Vis La Vie En Rouge," "Louanges D'Elle," "Helas," "Changelessness," "Poppy Song," "Requiem," "Sonnet of Burial," "Nocturne," "Mad Sonnet," "The House of Youth," "De Profundis," "Sonnet of the Instruments of Death," "Truth," "Monotony," "Sepulture," "Miserimus," "Scorn," "The Grave," "Mummy," "Sepulchral Life," "Corpse," "The Grotesques," "Dead Dialogue," and so on. The last-named poem is a lengthy discussion between a number of corpses upon the meaning of life, the corpses agreeing that life's meaning is simply and solely death:

"Just for this end
Hideously propagated evermore."

The verses are such a mixture of Baudelaire, Swinburne, Wilde and Gautier as the titles would lead one to expect, with a further dash of bookish Orientalism:

"I am a little tired of all things mortal;
I see through half-shut eyelids languorous
The old monotonous
Gold sun set slowly through the western portal,
Where I recline upon my deep divan,
In Ispahan.

"I am a little weary of the Persian
Girl that I lov'd; I am quite tir'd of love;
And I am weary of
The smoking censers, and the sweet diversion
Of stroking Leila's jasmine-scented hair,
I thought so fair.

"At last I think I am quite tired of beauty;
Why do the stars shine always in the sky?
I think if I might die,
Something more sweet, less tiring than the duty
Of kissing her, might be; I am tired of myrrh,
And kissing her."

Do not laugh. We of the younger generation all felt very much that way. We were quite weary of the exotic fantasies in which we dutifully indulged. And it ill-becomes us to sneer at the tawdry and banal and second-hand prettiness and pessimism of these lines. For who can doubt the sincerity of this performance? Who can question the contempt for the bourgeoisie implicit and occasionally explicit in these pages? And, above all, who can doubt the passion for perfection, the labors of the emery-wheel that were expended upon these imitation gems, which he, poor soul, naturally enough took to be genuine? Flaubert, perhaps, strove no harder for the "right word" than Park Barnitz for the phrase to describe Leila's hair. "Jasmine-scented" seemed to him, no doubt, a triumph of poetic-felicity! And with what single-minded devotion did he concentrate the learning which, as a favorite pupil of William James and Barrett Wendell, he gained at America's foremost educational institution, upon the development of his art, letting nothing stand in the way. He might have gone into the real-estate

business in Kansas, and have married and brought up a family; but he saved himself from these temptations. He preferred—as no doubt he did prefer—to die of drugs, unsullied of the world.

And that was the ideal which art offered to us in the late nineteenth century—to perfect our art, of which perfection we were to be the sole judge; and to be, outside our art, as non-existent as possible, with whatever extraneous assistance our tormented nervous systems might require. And accordingly, each after our fashion, and sticking it out as long as we could, we were the Park Barnitzes of These States—secure in the knowledge that the world was chaos, that life was not worth living, that art alone endures, and that even the weariest river winds somewhere safe to sea.

The Last Words of Dudebat.

Bernard Shaw, somewhat later, wrote our dying speech for us. We all know it by heart:

"I'm not afraid, and not ashamed. [Reflectively, puzzling it out for himself weakly] I know that in an accidental sort of way, struggling through the unreal part of life, I haven't always been able to live up to my ideal. But in my own real world I have never done anything wrong, never denied my faith, never been untrue to myself. I've been threatened and blackmailed and insulted and starved. But I've played the game. I've fought the good fight. And now it's over, there's an indescribable peace. [He feebly folds his hands and utters his creed.] I believe in Michael Angelo, Velasquez, and Rembrandt; in the might of design, the mystery of color, the redemption of all things by Beauty everlasting, and the message of art that has made these hands blessed. Amen. Amen." [He closes his eyes and lies still.]

That was putting the case for us much better than we could have put it for ourselves. It would have been quite worth while dying, just to have flung that last defiance in the face of a smug and hypocritic world. But before we actually got to the point—for, after all, we were young, our constitutions were strong, and some of us, who really preferred ice-cream soda to absinthe, were content to be secretly tame and conventional so long as we had a public reputation for hieratic wickednesses—before we actually were in a position to make any sort of dying speech, something happened to make us lose our interest in death and renew our interest in life.

What happened to us was H. G. Wells. With his coming the nineteenth century was at an end and the twentieth century, a century of hope and change and adventure, had begun.

(Concluded in October Liberator.)

Landscape

A LINE of trees against the sky,
Wind enough to move the wheat;
The sound of heavy boots upon the road;
A coal-digger walking like this:
I am the roar of furnaces!
I am the flame of smokestacks!
I am the blood of factories!
I have it in me to blow up things!

Stanley Kimmel.

REVIEWS

Putting the Hood on the Class War

"Culture and Democracy in the United States." By Horace M. Kallen. Boni and Liveright, New York.

BONI and Liveright start Professor Kallen's book off on the wrong foot by telling us on the fly-leaf that the author does not accept either one of the two prevalent views on culture in the United States—namely, the radical view that there is no such thing, and the conservative view that the country's culture has reached a high level.

But one cannot with any degree of fairness judge a book by its flyleaf. Let us take a look inside. The first thing that strikes the eye after the dedication is the postscript, which the author suggests be read before the rest of the book. The chapter deals with "Culture and the Ku Klux Klan," and sets itself the task of proving that democracy is an essential prerequisite to culture. Tories and intellectuals, native and foreign-born, battle fiercely over "values," "fundamentals," and other cant terms in the jargon of liberalism. Once in a great while, you get a glimpse of the class struggle, but the fusillade of meaningless words buries it from sight.

Without wishing to be unkind, I fear that many will decide that reading the postscript is punishment sufficient for one day and will leave the rest of the book to their imaginations.

The whole book is a collection of articles published at various times in magazines. The first one, published in the American Review for January, 1916, is entitled, "A Meaning of Americanism." The man or woman of ordinary intelligence, who is not a professor, would properly dispose of this subject with three inarticulate grunts, and much more satisfactorily than Professor Kallen does in several thousand words. That the professor can be a bit of an iconoclast and at the same time retain his political and intellectual respectability is evidenced from the following excerpt from the article on Americanism. Dealing with the hyphenated American—who, by the way, seems to be out of print—and the effects of the civil war in Europe on the hyphenated, Mr. Kallen says: "Clearly, any citizen of the United States who in his country or out of it uses his citizenship to the disadvantage of his own country for the sake of an enemy is properly called traitor and deserves to be treated as such."

This means that those who opposed the entrance of this country into the European war against the wishes of Morgan were traitors and that those who carried on a propaganda to get this country into war were patriots. The dominant faction of the American capitalist class, headed by Morgan, found it to be to its interests to take the side of the Allies in the war. It was successful in its machinations. On the other hand, the small class-conscious element among the workers, and even the discontented petty-bourgeois elements whose interests did not jibe with those of big capital, opposed the war; and some of them continued their protests after war had been declared. They were dubbed traitors, and, according to Professor Kallen's measuring rod, justly so; for were

they not using their citizenship to the disadvantage of their own country—the country in which they were allowed to live, provided they accepted the domination of their ruling classes with submission? Stripped of its verbosity, that is all that that statement means.

The book has a chapter on "Democracy versus the Melting Pot," one on "Americanization," and another on "America and the Life of Reason." The final six lines of this last-named chapter read like a dissertation on the spiritual aspect of Mah Jongg, by Calvin Coolidge: "What the America of the new time will be depends altogether on how soon and how completely the unstable equilibrium of forces is converted into the co-operation of spirits, and the negations and compensations become affirmations and expressions." Try to get at the bottom of this.

Perhaps—this is what Professor Kallen means: "What the America of the new time will be depends on how soon the working class take the reins of power away from the capitalists, and begin the reconstruction of society on a Communist basis. It depends on how soon they abolish the contradictions of capitalist society, chief of which is the social production of wealth which is privately owned. It depends on how soon they begin to produce wealth for use and not for profit, and eliminate that small social class which, through its ownership of the means of production and distribution, holds the economic life of the great majority of the people in the hollow of its hand. Such a change in the basis of our social life would eliminate class war with the elimination of all social classes; the energies that are now consumed in industrial warfare would be released for investment in making this world a better place for the race to live in."

T. J. O'Flaherty.

A Noble Gesture

"Waste." By Robert Herrick. Harcourt, Brace and Co., New York. **J**UDGING from the title of this book, one is inclined to come to it with the feeling that here is another dreary dissection of modern America, another long-winded criticism of our gold-worshipping civilization. But it is a pleasant surprise to find that Mr. Herrick, though he does not fail to picture the dross and ugliness of this age, weaves into his story a pattern of bright, untarnishable gold in the personality of Jarvis Thornton, the "hero" of the story.

Jarvis Thornton's boyhood was as drab and bleak as boyhood in a small town can be, with a henpecked father and a domineering, petty-bourgeois-minded mother, a houseful of children, and not enough income to keep them comfortable, much less to surround them with the fine and lovely things of life. Jarvis escapes this morass of squalor only when his father dies.

Then come the years at the university, an unfortunate marriage, the struggle between the necessity of making a "living" as an engineer and the desire to be an architect, some moderate achievements as an architect that bring practically nothing but personal gratification, a flamingly beautiful love affair, disappointment, and finally, when he is well past middle age, a return to his alma mater as an instructor.

Jarvis decides to take up teaching because "The school has grown very fast, into a huge machine. It must be my

effort to humanize it. Not much can be done, but if in any way I can save any of them from waste, the waste I went through, the waste of spirit I see everywhere about me in our life today, I shall be content."

With a keen mind and a bold pen, Mr. Herrick sets down what he knows about America—shallow-brained, money-grabbing, graft-sharing America. Even the war, our sacred "war for democracy," is pitilessly exposed in all its corruption of commercialism and oppression. Veil after veil is torn aside to expose the illusion that America is a democracy and that Americans are the most high-minded and most ethical of people. The men and women who move through the story are shown to be the products of this terrible civilization of ours, that finds its highest expression in getting the most it can and giving the least it must.

But—no solution. And herein lies Mr. Herrick's weakness.

Jarvis Thornton makes some very admirable and very noble gestures of protest as an individual.

Alas, Mr. Herrick, it will take more than the noble gestures of an individual, or the noble gestures of many individuals, to bring about the basic change that is necessary to right the many wrongs you so sincerely bemoan.

Ida Dailes.

The Amalgamated Almanac

"The Amalgamated Illustrated Almanac, 1924." Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, New York.

THE Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, in the second issue of their Amalgamated Almanac, strut their stuff with a very conscious and justified pride.

In this annual, in which the union tries to acquaint its members with its various activities and their relation to the "life of the workers, there is as much revolutionary kick as there is in a barrel of white mule.

A fine sense of what drives the world along has been used in making up the volume. Einstein and Steinmetz, as well as Marx and Lenin, have their pictures in it.

One of the most encouraging signs in the book is the pictures of the revolution of '48. They show that there is no danger of the Amalgamated forgetting its revolutionary traditions.

The space given to the labor movement outside the men's clothing industry is not as well utilized as is the section concerning the Amalgamated. Robert Buck of the Chicago Federation of Labor is permitted to spread the idea that that organization is still numbered among the rebel organizations of labor. The International Association of Machinists, whose militant days are long past, is labeled, "The Militant of the Metal Trades."

Putting Upton Sinclair's article on "What Life Means to Me" under the chapter heading, "In Lighter Vein," shows that the editor has a sense of humor. "The Amalgamated States," "The Highway of Human Living," "The Labor Movement in America," are some of the other chapter headings.

The illustrations are well selected and arranged. They are gathered from everywhere; the New York Times as well as The Liberator has been levied on for contributions.

Karl Pretshold.

The Philosopher Faces the Facts

By Max Bedacht

"Can the Soviet Idea Take Hold of America, England and France?"
A debate between Scott Nearing and Bertrand Russell. The
League for Public Discussion, New York.

IS the Soviet form of government applicable to western civilization? This was the subject of a debate held on May 25 in New York City between Scott Nearing and Bertrand Russell. The debate has been made available in printed form by the League for Public Discussion.

If we accept the picture drawn by Mr. Jarvits, temporary chairman of the meeting, presenting the debate as a battle, we cannot close our eyes to the fact that the fighters were equipped with unequal weapons. Against the cannon of irrefutable economic realities used by Nearing, his opponent could bring to the battle only his rapier of idealistic philosophy. One may show valiancy, mastery of the art of fencing, and what not, but one cannot with a rapier win a battle against a cannon.

Scott Nearing marshalled historic facts. The irresistible trend of social development in western Europe today provided him with strategic arguments. And his conclusions were built upon the solid foundation of economic realities.

Bertrand Russell, on the other hand, is a philosopher. He fears that the world may soon come to grief unless it learns to conform to his philosophy. His idealism blinds him to the facts of life—and the only alternative he leaves the world to his illusionary paradise of righteousness is utter destruction. He should go to school to the great idealist, Schiller, who attained enough material wisdom as far back as a hundred and thirty years ago, to say:

"Bis den Bau der Welt die Philosophie zusammenhält
Erhält sich das Getriebe durch Hunger und durch Liebe."

(Until such time as the world is cemented together by
philosophy—

It will be held together by hunger and by love.)

When a philosopher of the school to which Mr. Russell adheres invades the realms of history, something is bound to happen. Unfortunately for the philosopher, historic facts are harder to break than chinaware. Therefore, the historic facts are not shattered, but the historian-philosopher is.

Russell wants to dispose of the question of the applicability of the Soviet system to western civilization by showing that its spirit is that of Oliver Cromwell. In short, he says, Sovietism is only a twentieth century Russian edition of the great rebellion in England in the seventeenth century. In saying this, he completely disregards facts.

But what are facts to an idealistic philosopher? What is it to him that the Russian revolution of the twentieth century was fought for the toiling and propertyless masses, while Cromwell's Ironsides were marshalled for the defense of England's substantial citizens? Any similarity which may exist between the two events lies in the ideological similarity between the Bolshevik revolution and the movement of the Levellers at the time of the great Rebellion. But the Level-

lers were persecuted by the Lord Protector, just as they had been by the King. And the foremost leader of the Levellers, "Freeborn John" Lilleburn, rotted in jail by the order of Oliver Cromwell, not less than by the order of Charles Stewart.

Yes, as a historian, our philosopher is an admirable alchemist.

Mr. Russell is not a Marxian because he does not agree with Marx—so he says. Close inspection, however, supplies a better reason: he cannot agree with Marx because he does not know Marxism. What he calls Marxism is a distorted caricature, made to order to justify disagreement. Man is pictured as an automaton with exclusively economic reactions. Marxism laughs this evidence against itself out of court. It calls as a witness in its behalf real Man, who not only reacts to but also creates the economic factors of the life of his kind. This Man is a living, loving and thinking creature who builds the world he lives in and who takes his ideas of further building from the experience and the service of the past and the necessities of the present.

This world of ours is a substantial structure that conforms to our creative activities; never to philosophic axioms. The world we live in is a capitalist world, with its capitalist miseries and its capitalist wars. What good is it to man to say that misery is deplorable and that wars are inhuman? Such moaning does not awake the dead victims of the past; nor will it protect the victims-elect of future wars. Only action, struggle, fighting will bring about a change. Only a proletarian world will end the miseries and inhumanities of the capitalist world. And what our philosophers try to pass off as a special Western Civilization will have to succumb to the creative efforts of the working class in its endeavors to build a new world. If this Western civilization is not another philosophic abstraction, then all the things our idealists abhor—oppression, wars—are integral parts of it. All the desirable achievements of this civilization can be freed from the encumbrance of its dark features only in a new, higher, better civilization built upon the ruins of this capitalist world.

The mighty blows which the proletarian giant is striking are our only assurance that we need not go back to the jungles and re-enact the first chapter of the history of mankind—which is the only future that the philosopher Bertrand Russell holds out to us. The Soviets will be the workshops in which a revolutionary working class will hammer out the destinies of a new order and a higher civilization.

One regrets that Mr. Nearing did not take full advantage of his superior arms in this war. He had a cannon. But he loaded it with more or less harmless explosives. He did not follow the path of the revolutionary Marxian, for whom the necessary becomes the desirable. "I do not like a dictatorship," says he, "but . . ." In this attitude there is a great danger. The hour for action may find him hesitating just long enough between what he considers desirable, and what is inevitable, to make him miss striking the decisive blow at the decisive hour. Whatever leads to victory, must be desirable.

Once Over

"The Negro in Our History." By Carter Goodwin Woodson, Associated Publishers, New York.

THIS extraordinarily informative book, in the form of a school text-book, is the work of a man who has done much for his race. I wish that many of my race would read this history of the struggles and the so seldom credited accomplishments of the Negroes in this country. The complacent white person thinks that "education" must be all on one side. But nine times out of ten, when it comes to this important phase of life, he is the ignorant one. He does not realize that in the very nature of things, the Negro has a bitter and very realistic education hammered into him every day of his life. The Negro must think consciously about many things the white man accepts thoughtlessly, or else ignores. A thousand "why's" are buzzing in his ears while he is still in childhood, a thousand as yet unanswered questions that buzz louder every year! The Negro must know the white world well to survive, and better than the white man himself knows it, if he is to wring from it any opportunity or recognition at all. But the converse is not true. We whites stand in great need of education about the Negro world that exists, unnoticed by most of us, within our world. And if both races are to escape bitter tragedy and misunderstanding, pitted against each other as pawns in the senseless game of exploitation, we must seek that knowledge, as the Negro has already, with enormous effort and patience, sought knowledge of us. "The Negro in Our History" is an excellent book with which to begin this education, and a vividly interesting book as well. The new third edition brings the history of this group of Americans down to 1924.

L. G.

"The Driver," "The Cinder Buggy," and "Satan's Bushel." By Garett Garrett. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

NOVELISTS are learning that there is an untouched mine of dramatic wealth in industrial life. Garett Garrett exploits this mine—rather badly.

"The Driver" is a tale of railroad administration and finance. "Cinder Buggy"—the best of the stories—is a vivid picture of the birth of steel. Fifty years ago iron, puddled by hand, was expensive. Steel, made by melting and carbonizing wrought iron, was more expensive. The Bessemer process made steel direct from ore—but it was rarely good and never twice the same. This story describes the chaos caused by the perfected process and by the flood of good, cheap steel.

"Satan's Bushel" tells of the Board of Trade gambling den—the wheat pit. The wheat gamblers are the only farmers' enemy the author can see—he knows not of railroads, milling trust, machinery trust, and bankers—all interlocked at that.

The author's resolution to have a love story and a happy ending is nothing less than grim. In spite of spooks ("Satan's Bushel") and intervening husbands. (Once it was necessary to murder Her husband.) He must end up in Her bed. Typical American mush.

Garrett's ignorance is dazzling. He believes the Steel Age came because Democracy was groping decades ago for a weapon with which to fight Germany; that the over-production crisis of the nineties was the first in history; that government and industry are independent of each other; that economic crises are caused by an "idea of fear." Compared

to such tales of work as Dreiser's "The Titan" and "The Financier," Norris' "The Octopus" and "The Pit," these stories are tosh, but they are infinitely above the average output of the bourgeois publishers.

Geo. McLaughlin.

"Country People." By Ruth Suckow. A. A. Knopf, New York.

THE Kaetterhenry family was presided over with an iron hand by August, who had "that thrifty bull-headed Kaetterhenry streak." Emma, his wife, "lost her giggles" too soon, under pressure of babies, chores, and August's silent closeness. This is the story, simply told, of an average farm family, from the early struggles of the young farmer and his wife in the too-short bloom of their young love, to their retirement to town in the contentment of their old age. So quietly, so unemotionally, is the history of this family recounted, that one is at a loss to say wherein lies the strong individuality which makes the book as fragrant as an orchard in late summer.

L. G.

"From Superman to Man." By J. A. Rogers. Lenox Publishing Co., New York.

A DISCUSSION of the pros and cons of the race question, between a Pullman porter and a Southern superman on a Limited train. This device permits a dramatic and sometimes entertainingly satirical opposition of the two points of view. The author quotes from many authorities in support of the porter's arguments. A little book well worth reading.

L. G.

"The Great Betrayal. A survey of the Near Eastern Problem." By Edward Hale Bierstadt. Robert McBride, New York.

BIERSTADT is surprised to find that the United States is more interested in oil wells than it is in the welfare of the Christians in the Near East. War vessels are placed at the disposal of the representatives of the Standard Oil company to take them on their business trips around the Mediterranean; but when there were enough sailors and marines on four war vessels in Syrmana, at the time of the burning of that city, to prevent its destruction and the murder of thousands of Greeks and Armenians, the sailors stayed on board. Our government didn't want to hurt the feelings of the Turk who had oil concessions to hand out. Still, enough sailors were landed in Syrmana to protect the property of the Standard Oil.

K. P.

"Negro Slavery." By Pasquale Russo. Modern School of Pedagogy, Chicago.

THIS valuable pamphlet traces the growth and extent of the slave trade. Some of the data are horrible. Jamaica imported, between 1690 and 1820, 800,000 Negroes. In 1820 only 300,000 were left. The author traces the abolition movement and pays special attention to the church record. He shows how loyally and staunchly the clergy, and practically all devout Christians, North and South, supported the slave owner (just as today they support the capitalist). This is the aim of his book—he treats but briefly the Race history since 1865, but he drives home the lesson that the church has always been the enemy and the Judas bell-wether of the black people. The pamphlet contains vital statistics and excellent poetry, and suggests a remedy for the race problem.

G. McL.

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