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LIBERATOR

DEC 1919



FRANK WALTERS



Robert Smillie, the Miners' Leader

His Message to American Labor is Printed in this Issue



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A Middle Aged Professor in Moscow

MR W. T. Goode, a graduate of London University in 1882, an accomplished linguist, a distinguished educational authority, to whom it is said "several generations of teachers who have come under his influence as director of the first University Day Training College in England and later of the London City Council Training College, look as their father and truest friend," spent the month of August in Moscow, as correspondent for the Manchester Guardian. The different chapters of his story appeared in successive issues of the Guardian, October 14 to 28. They were reprinted by the Chicago Tribune and The San Francisco Chronicle. If there is any such thing as a true report of present conditions in Soviet Russia the findings of this whimsically honest professor, recorded with almost painful accuracy, are true. He was an ardent patriot during the war and has no connection with Bolshevism except that according to all who know him he is "an honest man with an open mind and a warm heart."

We publish here a few characteristic paragraphs of Professor Goode's articles. If any one can send us two hundred dollars for the purpose, the Liberator will gladly reprint the whole series in pamphlet form for the enlightenment of American teachers.

Moscow a Peaceful City

"Theatres and concert-halls are fuller than ever, the workers now having the best chance in the distribution of tickets. Concerts of excellent music are maintained, and the cost of entrance is small, and theatres for children are run gratuitously in seven different parts of the city every Sunday afternoon.

"It may be imagined that as I took in all this my astonishment grew. But one thing made that even greater. I mean the order and security which reigned in Moscow. I have crossed the town on foot at midnight without fear of molestation, accompanied only by a lady with whom I had been to a concert. And again and again I was told by those whose work took them out at all hours of day and night that the security is absolute. And there is no street lighting at night. There are police and armed military in the streets, but they are not greatly in evidence, and only twice in a month did I see them arresting anyone—once for an infringement of the laws relating to street selling and in the other case for creating a disturbance. . . .

The Commissars

"The stories of orgies and of self-seeking are quite false. A London clerk lives better than they do. Their lives are very simple, their habits and dress equally so. They bear marks of the strain under which they live. I do not know what is the average number of hours worked daily by the Commissaries, but one of them works regularly from lunch

time to 3 or 4 o'clock a. m., and has never been known to go out to breathe fresh air; another takes only five hours' sleep; still another takes less.

"I mention this only to show the character of the men who are in the forefront of Bolshevism, and to put down coldly my own experience of them. . . . Instead of being raging monsters whose only quality is ruthlessness, they are men of ability, clear in thought, subtle, direct and swift to act. Their power of work is immense, and they are fanatically devoted to the principles they profess. . . .

Family Life

"Women are freely employed in the commissariats and Government departments, and their position is improved, leisure time and pay are increased. In the great factories at Serpukhof, and at the immense waterworks of Moscow, the greatest possible care is taken for improving the conditions under which the workmen live, just in order that they may lead family life. I went into their homes and into the flats provided and saw for myself.

"The nationalization story, at any rate, can be nailed to the counter, and with it goes the free-love 'canard.' Marriage is a civil function, but no hindrance is placed in the way of a further religious ceremony, should the parties desire it. The Russian peasant or worker marries young. But the hardest blow is dealt against this 'free-love' belief by the following fact—there is, to all appearance, no open prostitution in Moscow. That remark is not singular to me; it had

previously been made by Hunt, an American journalist, who passed from Russia through Helsingfors more than two months before I entered.

"The improved conditions and pay of the workers, men and women, remove one of the chief causes of prostitution, the economic; while the presence of members of the Domestic Servants' Professional Union on the committees dealing with the problem has been of the first value in stopping the practice. It may have become secret, that I do not know; what I state about the cleanliness of Moscow streets is the experience of myself and others. In fact, the position of woman under Bolshevism has not deteriorated, it has improved. . . .

Children

"I do not know that this story is prevalent in the West, but in Esthonia I was informed by Russians, gravely and seriously, that if I succeeded in reaching Moscow I should find there no children under ten years of age. All the younger were dead. The actuality was ludicrously opposite. Nowhere have I seen such families, so many very young children, as in Moscow and the surrounding country. . . . What is more, to my thinking, there is no country in the world where more care, money, and thought are bestowed on the children by the Government than in Russia today. To the age of seventeen their wants in the way of food are supplied gratis on the level of the highest category of rations. Their schools, theatres, and amusements are a special care, and colonies had been formed in the country to which great numbers were drafted in the summer for reasons at once educational and physiological. The care begins before they are born."

NOTICE

Owing to the printers' strike in New York, the November issue of the LIBERATOR has been omitted, and all subscriptions will be extended one month. We have found a printer whose plant is large enough to get out the LIBERATOR, who has granted all the strikers' demands, and are able to resume publication. We hope no further inconveniences to our readers will occur.

THE EDITORS.



Christmas in Europe, 1919

THE LIBERATOR

Vol. 2, No. 11 (Serial No. 21)

December, 1919

Pittsburgh or Petrograd?

THE injunction against the coal-strike was intended as a knock-out blow to labor. It promises to be rather a knock-out blow to conservative leadership in what is now the life-and-death struggle of American labor.

American labor moves slowly. But it has commenced to help push toward its culmination the world-crisis of capitalism. Without as yet understanding Internationalism, the American working class is lining up with the workers of all countries in the gigantic battle which is to test the power of the present world-order to endure. Without as yet believing in Revolution, it is undertaking its part in the industrial war which is the beginning of Revolution. Without knowing that there is a class struggle, it is vastly and terrifically at war with its class enemies.

This does not mean that any immediate revolutionary results are to be expected in this country. But it means that aroused and enlightened European workers will not have to fight the battle of the working class alone. Their American brothers, even though they do not know how or why, are with them. American labor has entered the world-wide working-class coalition against capitalism.

Capitalist newspapers, sensing the tremendous significance of the present industrial situation in America, try to dramatize it by talk of Bolshevik plots and plotters. But we know that economic forces are the real conspirators. Events are writing Bolshevik propaganda of a sort that cannot be suppressed. The story of these days is a vivid, elementary Communist pamphlet which no American Lenine could hope to improve on. The injunction against the coal strike is a lesson in the A. B. C.'s of Marxian economics.

Capitalism has determined to give the workers a lesson. That is to say, the workers must be driven back to their holes. The whole power of military force and political chicanery have been concentrated to accomplish this, and in the first encounter may very well succeed. The workers will have learned their lesson. But it will not be the one that capitalism started out to teach them.

The workers are perhaps beaten—this time. They have

no organization prepared to engage in this kind of struggle. The A. F. of L. is a lumbering, inefficient, peacetime affair. Can it, under stress of circumstances, adapt itself to the necessities of modern industrial warfare? That is what these days will determine. If it cannot, the labor movement—even at the cost of a temporary and disastrous setback—will have to reorganize on new lines for the deadly earnest struggle in which it is engaged.

European labor is battling on behalf of a new economic order. American labor, so far, is battling only against a return to the first and cruelest stage of capitalism. It is fighting to prevent the destruction of its trade unions.

The leaders of the A. F. of L. cannot compromise any further. They must fight—or surrender. They would ask nothing better than to be permitted to keep their foothold, and carry on in the old way. But they are not to be allowed to do that. Their very existence, as a power in the industrial field, is threatened. They must protect themselves—if they can.

Where Gompers Will Stand

In the meantime, the slow and uncertain mobilization of energies in the A. F. of L. is hampered by the nature of its present leadership. Gompers and his lieutenants will fight, if they do, only for the preservation of trade unionism; if the threat against its existence is mitigated in the slightest degree, their belligerency will calm. Gompers has been, up to the present, and may at any day in the future be again, an ally of capitalism in its struggle with the more radical tendencies in the labor movement, and in the ranks of the A. F. of L. itself. It all depends on whether it seems better to capitalism to have Gompers as an ally or as an enemy.

There are two parties in the ranks of capitalism. Some of them are for making terms with Gompers and conservative trade unionism. Others are for crushing the whole trade union movement in one grand stroke. Events will determine which party gains control. The reactionaries are in the saddle at the moment. If all seems to go well with their plans—if the miners are demoralized and the steel workers discouraged by the rattling of the saber, then the program of the Iron Heel

will be carried out. If the men stand firm, overtures will be made to their leaders.

The injunction against the miners is the ringing up of the curtain on the first act of an industrial war-drama of which the Steel Strike was the prologue. In that struggle, particularly as it centers in the Pittsburgh district, the more intimate issues of the whole industrial war may be disentangled. Pittsburgh is, in a sense, the key to industrial America.

The Beginning of the Beginning

There are three main factors in the American industrial struggle—the untutored urge to revolt in the mass of the workers; the cautious compromise program of Gompers; and the bold and far-seeing if perhaps dubious plans of radical sub-leaders like John Fitzpatrick and William Z. Foster.

In the strike in the Pittsburgh district these factors revealed themselves so distinctly and so separately in the first weeks of the struggle that it might be said that there were three different steel strikes going on instead of one.

The strike which was actually being carried on by something short of a hundred thousand men in the Pittsburgh district was not quite the same strike as that which was being directed from the strike headquarters by William Z. Foster and his associates—and not at all the same strike as the one planned by the officialdom of the A. F. of L. and backed by Gompers. The pressure of circumstances seems to be welding these three forces in the steel strike and elsewhere into one; but the process is slow and difficult and perhaps ultimately impossible, just because of the utterly different nature of the three kinds of factors involved.

It was true at the beginning, though it is perhaps less and less true every day, that the steel workers' strike had very little connection with the A. F. of L. You might almost say it had never heard of the A. F. of L. That was not exactly the fault of the A. F. of L. It was rather its good fortune that it found in the Pittsburgh district some scores of thousands of workingmen who only needed to hear the report that there was to be a strike in order for them to make that report come true. The A. F. of L. was not able to reach the steel workers, except, as it were, by megaphone. But if the A. F. of L. had done nothing more than shout into their ears the magic date of Sept. 22, when the strike was to start, it had done enough to make it a certainty.

For this strike, as it began, was born simply of the hatred of the workers toward the Steel companies. It was the uprising of slaves who hate their masters. It was an instinctive strike. Men who have been working twelve and fourteen hours a day and ten and twelve hours a night for alternate fortnights, with a 22 to 26 hour day once every two weeks when the shifts were

changed, did not need to be told *why* to strike. They were striking for the right to be human beings.

And, at the beginning, it seemed questionable whether the strike planned by the A. F. of L. could ever possibly merge into any effective identity with this actual workers' revolt. For the strikers were obviously not of the stuff of which the A. F. of L. is traditionally composed. They are not members of skilled trades, and as such, eligible to participate in the benefits of an organization which is elaborately and powerfully designed to defend and extend the rights and privileges of skilled craftsmen. They are the raw stuff of labor—the masses of unorganized workers whom the A. F. of L. has generally chosen to leave unorganized.

The workers who would normally belong to the A. F. of L.—the men who are masters of their craft and who pull down from ten to fifty dollars a day—were not on strike; they were (and still are) riding to work in automobiles, with guns strapped to their waists. They have lace curtains in their homes, and pianos, and they are paying for music lessons for their daughters, and giving their sons an education, so that they may become foremen, and mayhap superintendents. These skilled workers do not consider themselves as belonging to the same class as the common "Hunkies." They, the skilled workers, are Americans; the Hunkies are foreigners, and lower animals.

The A. F. of L. Theory of the Steel Strike

Yet it was upon these skilled workers that the officialdom of the A. F. of L. had its eye when it planned the steel strike. Gompers knows what these over-proud ones do not know—that their sons will never be Charlie Schwabs; he knows that, in spite of their foolish dreams, they are workingmen as truly as the commonest Hunkey laborer; he knows that what Gary gave, Gary can take away—and that their only protection against ultimate degradation is a union of their craft, to bicker and dicker with Gary. He aspired to the position of official bickerer and dickerer on their behalf. He has learned to bicker gently and dicker shrewdly. He was ready to show Gary—if that gentleman had only been willing to listen to him—the advantages of such an arrangement. He is as much interested as Gary in preserving the capitalist system intact. His policy is: "Divide and rule." There are others in the offing who threaten to destroy capitalism. He would help Gary defend it against their attacks, if Gary would only recognize him as a kind of partner.

But the Steel Strike was more than that to the A. F. of L. It was a defiance to capitalism in its most reactionary mood. It was a challenge to its proudest and most stubborn citadel; it was a demand upon capitalism for the surrender of Pittsburgh.

Pittsburgh does not represent ordinary capitalism, the

capitalism that bickers and dickers with organized labor. Pittsburgh is capitalism militant—capitalism armed to the teeth and carrying a chip on its shoulder. Pittsburgh is lynch-law carefully codified by a trained legislature and carried out by uniformed desperadoes; it is the Wild West studiously transplanted into the densely populated heart of industrial America, for one special and notorious purpose—the killing of trade unionism.

Pittsburgh is presided over by the ghost of Henry C. Frick. Gary, the urbane Gary, with his model-working-men's-city-ideals, is the spiritual descendant of Frick. He knows what labor unions are like. They may seem to be tame and respectable enough, they may appear willing to eat out of your hand—but he remembers Homestead. . . . Capitalism learned its lesson there, when a whole American community rose up in arms, stood guard in the night, and repelled with rifle and cannon the invasion of Pinkerton gunmen—bombarding the boat on which they were loaded, shooting whenever a head appeared over the bulwarks, and trying to set fire to the vessel with oil poured into the stream. . . . That showed what men would do if they were permitted to think they owned their jobs. Frick devoted his life, not only to the extirpation of unionism, but to making impossible its re-emergence; and his successors have carried on the work to conclusions which are, from the capitalist point of view, magnificent.

The Steel companies are supreme in the Pittsburgh district. They rule directly, without disguise or pretense. They have created, by a cunning emphasis in the scale of wages, a caste-system which keeps the skilled workers on their side, and gives a color of dangerous foreignness to any murmurings of the enslaved mass. They forbid this foreign mass to carry arms, and they put over it a permanent guard of armed Cossacks whose brutalities are licensed and approved by law. Spies among their employees make certain the discharge and expulsion or imprisonment of anyone who talks about organization. In order to prevent undesired meetings, the Steel companies in certain parts of the district have had the happy thought to lease all the public halls and meeting places for years to come. Street meetings are proclaimed illegal by city officials who are also officials of the Steel companies; and Cossacks are on hand to see that these Steel company edicts are enforced.

The Cossacks do not even wait for trouble—they create it. Their policy is Terror. When a strike is on, it is their business to show the strikers who has the power in Pittsburgh. One morning they dash down the street of a mill-town clubbing everyone in sight, riding up on the porches among the women and children, and dragging frightened fugitives from the houses to which they have fled for refuge. A dozen broken heads, a trampled woman and child, a dead striker, and half a dozen men in jail; that is the result of their morning's work—but

not the whole result. Thereafter, in that particular town, they ride quietly up and down the streets, knowing that the workers have had their lesson. The campaign of terror moves on to the next little mill town; this one is quiet, with the quiet of terror.

An Uprising* of Slaves

Under these circumstances, it would appear to be impossible to organize a strike in the Pittsburgh district. And it is impossible. Strikes are not organized in Pittsburgh; they happen. And they are not ordinary strikes. An ordinary strike, as it occurs elsewhere, outside of Pittsburgh, is a crude violent and wasteful method of conducting what is called collective bargaining. There is no collective bargaining in Pittsburgh. And, in this sense, there are no strikes in Pittsburgh. There are only slave revolts. And this is the greatest of them.

When the A. F. of L. organizers came to Pittsburgh to turn this rumored and threatened slave-revolt into a strike in behalf of the A. F. of L., they found it impossible to get in direct touch with the mass of the workers. They asked for permits to hold meetings, and were laughed at. They tried to hire halls, only to find that the halls were under lease to the Steel companies. They tried to hold meetings on empty lots, only to be arrested and carted off to jail before they got any further than their first word. They put up the American flag as a defense, and it was trampled in the mud under the hoofs of the Cossack horses. They announced eminent respectables, such as Rabbi Wise of New York, as their speakers, only to be told by the burgess of the town in question, "Jesus Christ couldn't hold a meeting in Duquesne." And they found his statement incontrovertible. They held no meetings in Duquesne.

Yet when the day of the strike came, the men came out. Plant after plant closed down tight; in others which still kept a volume of smoke pouring from their chimneys, there was nothing being manufactured *but* smoke. And, though the A. F. of L. organizers were unable, except in the fewest instances, to hold meetings, though they were unable to distribute literature, or even to issue printed bulletins, though they could do but little to uphold the morale of the strikers, the men stayed out, hunted up the few overworked organizers, and joined the union. And when Gompers faced Gary in the industrial conference in Washington to demand recognition for himself as official dickerer and bickerer on behalf of the steel workers, he had an authentic and formidable strike to back up his pretensions.

Doubtless Gompers had hoped, at that conference, to come to a gentlemen's agreement with Gary. He hoped that public sentiment—that is to say, the common-sense of the less belligerent employers—would force Gary to come down off his high horse. Hopes for an amicable settlement were increased by the fact that that

distinguished member of the "public," young Rockefeller, was after his fashion in favor of recognition, however faint, of unions. But Gary stood pat.

Right then the Steel Strike ceased to be, even in theory, an ordinary old-fashioned A. F. of L. strike, with ordinary A. F. of L. methods. For it was clear that, as an isolated strike, the Steel strike must fail; it had not yet captured the heart of the Pittsburgh district, it had made no dent in the Pittsburgh caste-system, it had not successfully challenged the brutal rule of the Cossack gun-man. But it was a strike which the A. F. of L. could not afford to lose. If the kind of capitalism which exists in Pittsburgh is to be triumphant, it spells doom to organized labor everywhere.

Gompers merely wanted Pittsburgh to become like the rest of the United States. What he faced, upon the failure of the conference at Washington, was the likelihood of the rest of the United States becoming like Pittsburgh.

For Pittsburgh is not merely the citadel of capitalism. It is an experiment in what might be called super-capitalism. It is a sociological experiment, akin (despite the oddity of the comparison) to the Utopias founded here and there from time to time by enterprising if unrealistic socialists. But instead of a poor, precarious, struggling, starved, doomed Utopia, it is a flourishing and, so far, absolutely triumphant Utopia. It is a Billion Dollar Capitalist Utopia. Pittsburgh is as much a menace to anxious trade-union leaders as Soviet Russia is to anxious capitalists.

But if the Steel trust would not come to terms then the A. F. of L. must either surrender or prepare to go into the fight without stint or limit. It must be ready to go to the extreme of something in the nature of a general strike, if that were necessary, in order to win. But if it went to such an extreme, would it still be our respectable old friend, the A. F. of L.? Would it not have become transmogrified into something all too closely resembling the I. W. W.? And, on the other hand, there was the question—is the grand old A. F. of L. really capable of such a transformation? Is the creaking old ichthyosaurus any good for use as a battle-tank? Worse even than the thought of the dear old gentleman, fresh from his luncheons with royalty, calling a general strike, was the thought that perhaps a general strike wouldn't come if it were called!

William Z. Foster

All this while, in his office in Pittsburgh, William Z. Foster had been quietly though perhaps anxiously awaiting the inevitable. Foster is different from the usual type of labor leader. He is less the politician, and more the intellectual. It is his habit to see ahead. He got the habit as a member of the I. W. W. If he has a fault as a labor leader, it is the defect which customarily accompanies his kind of merit: he has somewhat too precise a mind. When he was a member of the I. W. W., this intellectual precision led him to dot the i's and cross the t's of the I. W. W. doctrine in a little pamphlet which he has since had much reason to regret. And when he visited Europe and saw the trend of the labor movement there and revised his calculations, he left the I. W. W. and came into the A. F. of L. for precise reasons with which every editor in the United States is now acquainted. The intellectual honesty which distinguishes his type prevented him, when on the stand at Washington, from even pretending to disavow his motives. And though his present tactics enjoin a discreet silence about those motives, they are an open secret. He is in the A. F. of L. to assist that organization in its transformation into a modern labor organization.

Signs of Change

Foster thinks that the A. F. of L. can adapt itself to changing circumstances. He thinks that it has already begun to adapt itself. He could point as proof to the arrangements preliminary to the Steel strike, which in themselves constitute a radical innovation in conventional trade-union organization. It should be realized that, before the Steel strike could be called, it was necessary to bring more than two score unions together in agreement upon a plan of operation. Each of these unions has a charter which limits its power of concerted action with any other union in a thousand ways. The mere matter of getting new members is made elaborately

THE LIBERATOR

A Journal of Revolutionary Progress

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Published monthly and copyright 1919, by the

LIBERATOR PUBLISHING CO., Inc.

34 Union Square East

New York

Yearly subscription \$2.00 (outside the U. S., \$2.50). Single copies, 20c. In Canada, 25c. Rates on bundle orders and to newsdealers on application.

Application for entry as second-class matter at the post-office at New York City pending.



Boardman Robinson

Boardman Robinson 3

Law and Order



Boardman Robinson

Boardman Robinson 3

Law and Order



Boardman Robinson

Boardman Robinson

Law and Order

difficult by an endless variety of restrictions; it costs a small fortune to join some of them. These charters were framed as they are for reasons that were, at the time, excellent. They were framed to meet past conditions; they were not framed with the idea of co-operation in the organization of a Steel strike. They were, above all, made with a jealous eye to perfect and utter independence, world without end. And the work of getting around or over or under the restrictions of the Charter of a proud American trade union is a task beside which the amendment of the U. S. Constitution is almost a holiday pastime. A whole shipload of palladiums of craft unionism had to be thrown overboard before the strike could be organized at all. And this was done. There was to be a general membership card issued at a uniform fee of three dollars. It was almost as simple as joining the I. W. W.! 'The classifying of the membership would be done later, and the craft unions would endeavor to retrieve their sacred independence. This, however, would be delicately, as with a silken thread, restrained by the projected formation of a Steel Council, which would make contracts expiring for all trades on the same date, and would constitute an industrial unit obliterating within its sphere of operation the boundaries of the independent unions. Or so it was predicted. The I. W. W. laughed at these things as "fake imitations" of their own bona fide war-tactics. They were certainly compromises that leaned heavily in the direction of craft separatism, and there was no attempt to infringe the sacredness of the contract. But for those who chose to see it, the beginning of industrial unionism was there.

Foster was one of those who chose to see it. Foster, by virtue of being an intellectual and not a politician, thinks twice to Gompers' once; and he probably knew beforehand what Gompers only realized when it happened—that when the A. F. of L. took up the Steel strike it had a bear-cat by the tail and wouldn't dare let go. The A. F. of L. would *have* to meet the situation in the only way in which it can be met—by throwing into the struggle all the force it can muster.

That—or suicide.

And now, suddenly, without waiting for the prologue to end, the curtain has risen on the first act. The "public" has forgotten Pittsburgh in its excitement about the coal strike. But labor has not forgotten Pittsburgh. The meeting in New York at which Foster raised \$176,000 in cash and \$500,000 in pledges to support the Steel strike, shows that labor knows the significance of Pittsburgh. It remains the *motif* of the drama, although new characters have come upon the stage. And in the Pittsburgh district the strike that is not Gompers' strike nor even Foster's strike, the strike that has little care for the fortunes of the A. F. of L., goes on. Foreigners that they are, the strikers are conscious that a new day has dawned in Europe. Deportation is no threat to them. They

would rather go back home than go back to the mills on the old terms.

They have had enough of slavery.

Some of them, too, are Russians, and do not need the newspapers to tell them that they are Bolsheviki. Before the Russian Revolution they were sodden with drink and subservient to their priests. Since the Revolution they have begun to read and think and discuss. They are international-minded and revolutionary. They are the backbone of the strike. They will stick it out to the last.

The Final Question

Meanwhile, the destiny of the A. F. of L. is being determined in a new situation, in the face of all the world. With the most brazen and cynical candor, the United States government has placed itself on the side of capitalism. Every law, every Constitutional guarantee, every traditional pretense of neutrality, has been tossed aside. The workers are to be crushed by naked force.

The workers can make only one reply: organization on a grander scale and with a program of really efficient and united action.

It only remains to be seen whether their present leaders will make this reply for them, or whether they shall have to make it for themselves. FLOYD DELL.

The Strike Has Failed

GO BACK TO WORK
 ВОЗВРАЩАЙТЕСЬ КЪ РАБОТѢ
 RITORNATE AL LAVORO
 WRACAJCIE DO PRACY
 GRIZ KITE PRIE DARBO
 IDITE NATRAG NA POSAO!
 CHODTE NAZAD DO ROBOTY
 MEJENEK VISSZA A MUNKABA

The end of the steel strike is at night. Failure was written across it before it was a day old. American workers who surrounded the central demand that is working to meet under the clouds of organized labor are now back. For all those who left their work, only a few hundred dollars monthly salary, was allowed them to be engaged by those American companies of capital and enterprise. Each day more and more of these are seeing the light and returning to work. Now heads to labor's own union have seen American labor, in this great struggle had been made thereby demonstrated that such sort of 1875 American can have to see out it.

The strike has failed. GO BACK TO WORK.

Uvažajte na upozornění Američi!
Uvažite also Američi!
Accurate il consiglio dell' America.
Uvažajte ant strikera Americe.
Go back this Assembly.
Hallgassanak Amerika gyarmatára.

Go Back To Work

Proof That the Strike Had Not Failed—Full Page Advertisement in the Pittsburgh Press, Oct. 3.

LEFTWARD HO!

By Walter G. Fuller

I.

JUDGING from what I saw and heard at the recent Trade Union Congress in Glasgow the British labor movement, like ancient Gaul, is divided into three parts:

- (1) Parliamentarians.
- (2) Direct Actionists.
- (3) Industrialists.

In the first two groups are all the leaders, in the last two are all the rank and file.

The Parliamentarians consist mainly of labor M. P.s, and those who expect very soon to be labor M.P.s. Not unnaturally they believe in Parliament regnant, supreme, one and indivisible, world without end. To them the road to heaven is paved with ballot boxes, and they cannot speak of a polling booth without making the sign of a cross. Their universal theme just now is that the days of Lloyd George's Coalition are numbered and that a labor government will soon come into power. All that the workers have to do is to vote right, and then, behold a new heaven and a new earth, and Arthur Henderson Prime Minister of Britain!

The second group looks to Parliament for the governance of the country, but not to Parliament alone. The Direct Actionists conceive a new form of the two chamber system—not, as now, a House of Commons and a House of Lords, but a House of Commons and a Trade Union Congress or some body analagous to it. British labor, as the Direct Actionists see it, is now organized in two powerful sections—the political wing in the Labor Party, and the industrial wing in the Trade Union Congress. The Direct Actionists call for continuous joint action between these two sections,—a unity of demand organized and directed by a unity of command. Parliament, as its custom is, will always procrastinate, evade, and deceive. The demands of labor's political representatives will be flouted,—it is then that labor's industrial representatives must come to the aid of their comrades. The Trade Union Congress must meet and debate the issue, and if it see fit, order a national ballot to be taken to decide whether there shall be a general strike to enforce its claims. So say the Direct Actionists and their leader Robert Smillie, the miner.

The last group—the Industrialists—are frankly revolutionary. They have an unqualified contempt for Parliament and all its works. The prospect of a labor government at an early date leaves them cold. They are syndicalists, and sovietists. They are strongly entrenched in the shop-steward movement. They glory in

the absence of prominent leaders, but they are not without active and able propagandists, both speakers and writers. It is a growing movement and is working like leaven in the rank and file.

This three-fold division in the ranks of British labor was manifest in Glasgow from September 8th to 14th. Direct Action was the touchstone at all times. It made its first appearance in the President's opening speech (in which he condemned it); and on the last day in the debate on the Irish resolution an immediate general strike was advocated in order to compel the government to withdraw the British garrison from Ireland.

Between those two dates Direct Action gained four distinct victories, thus:

Second day.—A motion in effect censuring the Parliamentary Committee (i.e., the Executive) for its refusal to call a special session last Spring at the request of the Triple Alliance (miners, transport workers and railwaymen) to decide what action, if any, should be taken to compel the Government to withdraw from Russia, abolish conscription, raise the blockade, and release the conscientious objectors; *carried by 2,586,000 votes to 1,876,000; majority 710,000.*

Third day.—A resolution demanding nationalisation of the mines and, in the event of the Government's refusal, the calling of a special session to decide what action shall be taken; *Carried by 4,478,000 votes to 77,000. Majority 4,401,000.*

Fourth day.—A resolution condemning Direct Action in "purely political matters"; *Shelved as being "too abstract" by 2,555,000 votes to 2,086,000, majority 169,000.*

Fifth day.—A resolution demanding the repeal of the Conscription Acts and the immediate withdrawal of British troops from Russia, and, in the event of the Government's refusal, the calling of a special session to decide what action shall be taken; *Carried unanimously.*

All of which looks very much like business.

II.

Straws showed from the outset which way the wind was blowing. On the first day, while the delegates were assembling, an orchestra of the Amalgamated Musicians' Union cheered things up with some pleasant musical selections, of which the last was an overture called "Robespierre", described in the program as "a tone poem of the French Revolution" and having as its climax a noisy triumph for Liberty, Equality and Fraternity. After this the Congress was welcomed to Glasgow in the name of the local Trades and Labor Council. A roar of applause

went up as Emanuel Shinwell, the Council's chairman, stepped forward. A few days before he had been released from prison, where he had suffered six months for his part—a leading part—in the great 40 Hours Strike in Glasgow last winter. The cheers of the Congress had an unmistakable quality of appreciation and challenge. Then came the President's address—a careful and cautious document, which deserved the general praise it received next day in the capitalist press. "Statesmanlike," the editorials called it. But the delegates listened to it in silence, save only once when Russia was mentioned: "Unhappily we are involved in a war with Russia which is thoroughly unpopular with the working classes in this country." This was endorsed with hearty cheers.

On the second day Robert Smillie entered the field and the leftward wind began to blow a gale. This was the scene and setting of the storm:

A big bare concert hall—the largest in the city, the floor crowded with long straight rows of narrow tables and benches, not chairs, arranged in two big sections facing each other, with a wide aisle running down the middle. Here for six hours a day, crowded and uncomfortable, sat the eight hundred delegates. The public were admitted to the gallery and kept it well filled every day. No flag rejoiced the patriotic eye, no, nor uniform either, not even a policeman's or a parson's. No decorations or color, save the turbanned heads of four Indian visitors on the platform and the score or more of bright red and black posters announcing each day's issue of George Lansbury's labor daily *The Herald* (which I hear has attained a national circulation of over a quarter of a million). On the platform at a long table running from side to side, sat the dozen or so members of the Parliamentary Committee, with Stuart-Bunning, the President, comfortably armchaired in the midst.

"What union does he belong to? What's his job?" I asked a press man at my table.

"He's a man of letters," he answered, smiling.

"What!"

"Yes—an ex-London postman."

Enter Bob Smillie

Robert Smillie spoke from his place among the miners' delegation in the body of the hall. A great burst of cheers greeted his rising. He stood the while, as his manner is on such occasions, with head bent down and his hands lightly touching a nearby table, or moving to and fro the papers on his desk. Never have I seen him stand, as others do, upright, self-pleased, boldly facing the so many and so friendly eyes and taking to himself all the praise and tribute. He is a tall lean man, but the stoop of his broad shoulders robs him of several inches. His blue eyes are small and deep set, but from the farthest gallery you can catch the keen bright gleam in them. His mouth is hidden by a ragged

moustache, but its frequent smile easily breaks through the heavy barrage of sandy hair. Smillie never wastes words in pompous openings or perorations. He isn't that kind of man. He is of the quality of another man who once spoke a few words at Gettysburg. Smillie's purpose now was to move the rejection of that paragraph in the Parliamentary Committee's report which sought to justify its refusal to call a national conference at the request of the Triple Alliance. The salient points of his argument were these:

The present Government holds power under false pretences. It misled the country at the general election. "It is the duty of the nation," said Smillie with emphasis, "to take any and every action to turn out any government, a labor government as much as any other, which is put into power on the strength of certain pledges and then repudiates those pledges or refuses to carry them out." (Loud cheers) "The word of this Congress, representing nearly six million organised workers, ought to be strong enough to make any government do anything which in justice it ought to be called upon to do for the workers." "Resolutions and deputations have little effect . . . A special trade union conference would be justified on any of a score of questions. Take for instance our Blockade of Germany," he continued. "Under it hundreds of thousands of old men, women and children were starved to death. Whoever was to blame for the terrible war, the young and the aged could not be blamed. I have always in my mind that the time will come again when we shall have to meet in the International movement the fathers and brothers of these innocents. If the voice of British labor is silent on this question we shall hardly be able to raise our eyes and look into the faces of those men, and shake them by the hand." . . . "Take the question of Russia. They say that this is a political question," said Smillie passionately, "but I say that there is no greater labor question in the world than that of intervention in Russia. The capitalist Governments—our own amongst them—are trying to crush out the Socialist movement in Russia led by Lenin,—which God forbid." (This was the first mention of Lenin's name and was the signal for such an outburst of cheers as to oblige President Stuart-Bunning to call for order). "Russia," Smillie went on, "is fighting the battle of Socialism for the whole world. . . . Then there is conscription—which is still in force whatever the Government may say. . . . The land still belongs to the few. But we in this Congress say that those men must possess the land who saved it. . . . Who will dare to say that these questions do not warrant a special conference of labor? . . . There is a new spirit in the rank and file of our movement. The Parliamentary Committee does not conceive it. We must let the rank and file

speak, and the Committee must know that it is the servant not the master of Congress."

Smillie's motion amounted to a vote of censure on the Committee, and was thus understood by every delegate in the hall. The Parliament men, led by one of their ablest—a keen, little Lancashire man—J. R. Clynes, M. P., rallied to the defence of the Committee, but in vain.

So it was again, on the following day—Wednesday—when Smillie, in a speech of unusual power and determination, carried all before him in the debate on the nationalization of the mines.

An American Delegate

On Thursday the leftward wing gathered strength from a new quarter. The afternoon session opened calmly enough with greetings from the fraternal delegates. First spoke the American Federation of Labor in the person of J. Hynes. I had noticed this gentleman drifting on and off the platform since the first

day's meeting, seemingly slightly bored by the proceedings, and looking as though he would like to be safely back at Headquarters in Washington, D. C., where no winds blow,—none at least to vex the souls of those who live around the Gomperian throne. He read a long and dreary speech which told us little more than that the world had passed through what he, not inaccurately, called "a trying war." So far as American labor was concerned his views seemed to be that generally speaking—

"Sam's in his heaven,
All's right with the world."

And yet that same evening the delegates read in their Glasgow papers that Boston was under martial law, that the United Mine Workers of America were going to strike for nationalization, and that serious trouble was imminent in Pittsburg.

After Hynes came the representative of the Canadian Trades and Labor Congress, J. C. Watters, a big gentle rebel whose near-revolutionary speech was warmly re-



Samuel Gompers in His Favorite Role

But There Are Too Many Lids to Sit On

ceived. The President of the Congress then called on B. P. Wadia, the President of the Madras Labor Union, a tall lithe young Indian, of striking appearance, dark-skinned, gracious in speech and manner. In a clear ringing voice, and in perfect English, he appealed on behalf of Indian labor—unorganised, exploited, forced by poverty, helplessness and ignorance to be the scab-labor of the world.

A Message from India

"But I bring you a new message, my comrades," he cried. "The workers of India are awakening. In Madras we have organised five trade unions with a combined membership of over twenty thousand. I come to this great Congress as the first fraternal delegate from organised Indian labor."

And then with the emphasis of under-statement he told us something of present-day labor conditions in India—facts that sent murmurs of indignation running like air-currents up and down the hall. He told of the Indian Government's Factory Act of 1911 under which men in the Indian textile factories work twelve hours a day for six days a week, women eleven hours, and little children six hours. "Shame, shame!" rang out angrily all over the hall. I saw that now every man was turning sideways on his bench so as to face the platform and see with both eyes this strange new phenomenon, industrial Asia, standing forth boldly in their midst, articulate—demanding.

"In the cotton mills of Bombay, the Indian Factory Labor Commission's Report for 1918 states, the highest paid worker gets £3/2/7 (\$15.50) a month." Only a sound of hissing here and there broke the silence of the audience. "The highest paid workers in the jute mills of India get £2 (\$10) a month" . . . and so the damning indictment continued. Then briefly Wadia went on to speak of the monstrous housing conditions in the big Indian cities, of the lack of education, of neglected health and sanitation.

"Do you think, friends," he asked, "that you will be able to stop exploitation over here in Britain while the same capitalists are exploiting us in India?"

"No, no," came at once from a hundred delegates. "Then you must join hands with the workers of India," he cried. "You must join hands with the workers of the world everywhere." The answering shout seemed to show that no insular Britishers remained in that Congress.

"When we in India," Wadia went on, "ask our masters for better wages and shorter hours they tell us they can do nothing for us because of the competition of English workers. When you in England ask for better conditions you are told of the menace of Indian competition."

"So we are!" "That's true!" they shouted back.

"Friends," said Wadia, leaning far forward, with his long arms stretched out before him, "they are the same men who tell us these things." In a towering height of passion he ended, "We shall never succeed in our fight, neither you here nor we in India, until the capitalists everywhere are overthrown."

Then a strange thing happened—unique I am told in Congress history. Every man and woman in the hall—delegates, the public in the gallery, the people on the platform—Parliamentary Committee, President and all—even the press men at the press table, rose to their feet spontaneously and cheered—cheered as I imagine a multitude of blind men would cheer if by some miracle sight came to their eyes.

That all this was not a useless outburst of emotion was shown the next day when two resolutions were brought forward, one calling upon the Congress to appoint a special Commission to investigate labor conditions in India,—this was referred for action to the Parliamentary Committee; and a second resolution welcoming the formation of trade unions in India and instructing the executive to appeal to all British trade unions to support the Indian movement financially—this was agreed to unanimously.

* * * *

During the week I freely canvassed opinion as to the leftward drift of the Glasgow Congress. Delegates, press men and labor politicians all agreed that a new kind of Trade Union Congress had come to Glasgow. A new spirit animated the discussions. A new sense of strength and power and speedy achievement kept the delegates in their places alert and confident. Speaker after speaker protested scornfully against passing any more pious resolutions.

A typical parliamentarian explained this new spirit to me as being the product of the vigorous educational work of the I. L. P.

A Direct Actionist leader assured me "the conception of industrial solidarity coupled with Direct Action has caught the imagination of the Trade Unions. At last they see a way by which they can make their resolutions effective. Since 1882 this Congress has passed forty-two resolutions in favor of nationalisation and nobody has paid the slightest attention. But now at last we are going to get what we have been asking for."

My Industrialist friend agreed that the Glasgow Congress was far to the left. "That," he said, "is an expression of the growing discontent and impatience with political action on the part of the rank and file. This is only a beginning. We're going to capture the trade unions for the revolution."



Stop!

The Warning of The Brotherhoods

A MESSAGE FROM SMILLIE

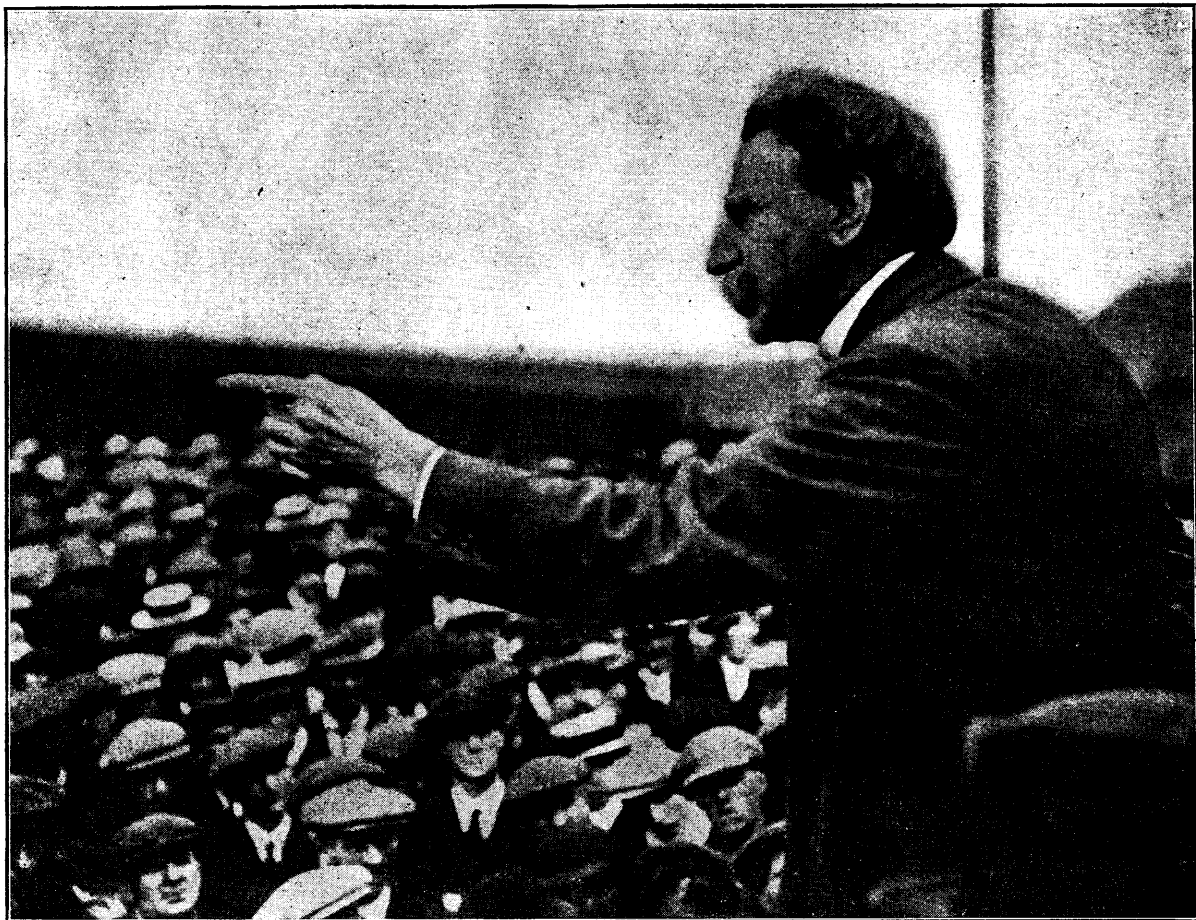
(By Cable to *The Liberator*)

GREETINGS to you, my American comrades of all ranks of labor.

In view of the close of the greatest of all wars, in which so much blood and wealth have been so recklessly wasted, it behoves the democracies of all the countries of the world to draw themselves into closer communion; first, to ensure the prevention of international war in the future; second, *to advance the industrial and political freedom of the producing classes in all nations.* In the past the workers of one nation have been set off against the workers of another nation to prevent this communion, but in the future it will be necessary to link up the workers of the various nations so that we may advance side by side.

We may talk about a League of Nations for a generation, yet if it is only a league of capitalistic Governments it will mean nothing to the common people of the nations of the earth. What is really required is a League of the Democracies, strongly organized in each country, to rid the workers of the curse of capitalism as we know it to-day, and make the whole world a fit place for free men and women to live in.

In Great Britain I believe that the present agitation for the nationalisation of mines and minerals will be continued until we realize our ambition. I do not think its fulfilment will be long postponed. The possessing class realize that national ownership cannot stop and will not stop with the nationalisation of the mines and the mines alone. They realise that the land, railways, transport and other industries essential to the social well-being of the people will follow. The fight will be a stiff one, as capital is now fully aroused and will spare no pains to thwart the aspirations of the common people. It ought to be admitted that many thousands of wealthy, educated people are on our side, though the vast bulk of the possessing class have no vision of the soul of the nation or its people and cannot see beyond the continuation of the present cursed system which keeps the vast majority of



Bob Smillie addressing a meeting of British miners.

the people of every nation of the earth continually on the verge of poverty in order that a few may be in luxury.

I understand that the mine workers of America are moving forward on similar lines and I wish them God speed. *I would appeal to the workers of America to realise that until the whole wealth produced by labour—taking the word “labour” in its broadest and truest sense to mean all those who labour by hand or brain in the production of anything that is essential or beautiful—is secured for the common enjoyment of those who produce it, there cannot be and there ought not be any rest from agitation towards this end.*

(Signed) ROBERT SMILLIE.

President, Miners' Federation of Great Britain.
Chairman, Triple Alliance of Miners, Railwaymen and Transport Workers.



Bob Smillie addressing a meeting of British miners.

BACK FROM SIBERIA

By Frances Fenwick Williams

“I NEVER met a Russian who wasn't a Bolshevik.”
“I never met a man of any nation who didn't hate Kolchak.”

“I don't know of any British, French, American, or Italian soldier who didn't sympathize with the Bolsheviks and want to see them win.”

“I hope to God they wipe out Kolchak hands down.”

So said a Canadian soldier lately returned from the Siberian Expeditionary Force in Russia. His name—and he is brave enough to give it for publication—is Stewart Byrom McCulloch. He was born in Glasgow, Scotland; he has lived in Montana, Southern California, Mexico, Vancouver; he enlisted in the 72nd Seaforth Highlanders in 1917; he made repeated attempts to go overseas to France but was always refused on account of physical disabilities; he was finally accepted for the Siberian Expeditionary Force on Sept. 4th, 1918, after a nominal examination.

So far, so good. But Russia had a curious effect on Mr. McCulloch. Figure him as he was, a typical thoughtless, adventurous, young man, ignorant of social problems, “bored to tears” by Labor struggles, Socialism, radical propaganda; then behold this same young man after three days in Siberia—a Bolshevik! Rather an astonishing outcome of military service in Bolshevik-Land; but, as we shall see presently, by no means an unusual one.

“Send those Canadians back where they came from!” Kolchak is reported to have roared in fury to General Knox of the British Mission. “The only difference between them and the Bolsheviks is that they speak a different language.”

And when the transport that conveyed Canadians from Siberia touched at Vancouver a defiant shout arose from the throats of the soldiers who had gone overseas to wipe out the Bolsheviks:

“Hurrah for the Bolsheviks!”

Now to arrest a whole ship-load of Canadian soldiers on their return to Canada would have caused the echoes of that strange war-shout to reach the furthest hamlet of the Yukon. The authorities were sensible enough to perceive this and no notice was taken of the outbreak.

We can gain some idea of the effect which contact with real Russians had upon the Canadian soldiers by glancing casually at the two ditties sung by these soldiers en route to Siberia, and sung by them on the journey home.

Going they sang:—

“Hurrah, hurrah, we're British to the core,
Hurrah, hurrah, we're home on any shore,
We'll lick those Bolsheviks, boys, and then we'll ask for more—
As we go marching through Siberia.”

Returning they sang:

“Take me over the sea,
Far away from the Bolsheviks,
The Czechs may squeal, old Kolchak may roar,
We don't want to fight for those guys no more,
Oh my! I don't want to die!
I want to go home.”

“That's all the time it takes—just about three days!” stated Mr. McCulloch cheerfully. “Just long enough to see the condition of things and to hear a few Russians tell you the truth—and there you are! Every Canadian boiling mad to think that he's been fooled that way, and hot with sympathy for the Bolsheviks—and there's your Expeditionary Force for you!”

“What about the other Allied soldiers?”

“All exactly the same as far as I can gather. The Americans mutinied in one instance and simply refused to come to the aid of the Japanese.”

“Are you wise to make these statements publicly?”

“I don't care whether I'm wise or not. All the boys will back me up who've been over.”

“Did any of the British regiments mutiny?”

“Not in Russia and for a good reason; they were never, so far as I could find out, asked to fight. But some of the English regiments mutinied at home and refused to go to Siberia. I fancy they knew more of the truth than the rest of us. As for what we did there it was just guard duty. We simply could not and would not have fought against those people. The American officer whose men mutinied refused to compel his men to fight on the ground that he did not recognize the people they were asked to fight as Bolsheviks, that they were simply peasants. He knew of course what we all knew, that the peasants were Bolsheviks, every man-jack of them; but they never dared to breathe it because they were shot on suspicion.”

“You say ‘all the boys will back me up.’ Can you speak for all the Allied soldiers, as well as for the British and American?”

“I can and I'll tell you why. My friend Y—, who comes of a famous military family, and who speaks French and Italian like a native, was always slipping off to chum with the Latins and said they felt just as we did. By the way, the French are the sorest of the whole bunch. Did you know that they were conscripted? I don't believe that's generally known. Yes, sir, they were sent straight from the Great War to fight in Siberia without so much as an ‘if you please.’ They are mad as blazes. Oh there will be some hot times when the boys of the different countries get back to their home-towns and begin to spread the truth about things.”

"How about the officers?"

"The officers can't talk freely the way we do. But as they're mostly decent men we know how they feel inside. You bet they agree with us. But you can see that it wouldn't do for them to come out and say so. On the way home we had several addresses in which they said practically this: "Well now, we've pulled out of Russia and we needn't talk of what's done with; our business is to get home and get a job and forget the rest." They couldn't say straight out, 'Don't tell anyone what cursed folly this Siberian business was, boys!' but they might just as well have said it. We got their meaning all right. The boys just listened in silence and made no comments or promises."

"Tell me just how things in general impressed you when you first went over?"

"Well, the voyage took twenty-one days and the food was poor. The men protested and once they even made a raid on the food. Vladivostock harbour was frozen when we arrived—when deep sea water freezes you can imagine what the cold is! We had only the clothes we had left Canada with; and we were put in box cars without even straw, thirty or forty men in a car with one little oil stove to heat it. There was snow even on the inside of the cars. Most of the men, like myself, were physically unfit anyhow because the S.E.F. was so unpopular that they had to take anyone they could get; and by the time we had reached our destination we were pretty well played out. But then we had to march a mile and a half—to Second River.

"Oh the misery we found there—the desolation! Thousands of refugees fleeing from the interior which Kolchak had devastated—among them veterans of great distinction who had won the highest honors in the Great War. You could buy decorations like the Cross of St. George (the Russian equivalent for our Victorian Cross) for five roubles—fifty or sixty cents at most. Veterans who had won these coveted decorations, who had performed prodigies of valor for them, now offered them for a few cents to us in order to ward off starvation from their starving wives and babies."

"They were not tempted to fight for Kolchak?"

"Not the War Veterans. Not one. I never saw such heroism or such determination as they showed. But other Russians were not so proud. Let me tell you that a good large part of Kolchak's army is composed of Bolsheviks who desert all the time and who carry supplies and news of the old brute's plans to their friends up the line. Its really very funny. They freeze and starve till their pride gives out, then they go to Kolchak for food and shelter for a while; then as soon as they've fattened a bit, back to the Bolshevik ranks they go. I found a man who was guarding a magazine—a storage place in the earth for ammunition—in Kolchak's army. He told me that he was simply doing that in order to

live and was only living for the moment when he and the rest of the Bolsheviks could turn and drive K. out."

"Now why did that Russian trust you with his life like that?"

"Because the Russians knew and know that every single Allied soldier in Siberia is for them. As soon as they've had five minutes' conversation with the Russians—they know. It didn't take a week to turn me from being indifferent or even hostile toward Labor problems into being a warm partisan of the Bolsheviks. Considering that every Russian in sight is a Bolshevik, and that they all hate Kolchak and want their own government, one can't help seeing the wickedness of helping a few reactionaries to murder them. At every turn one sees thousands of miserable, starving, unhappy people, some of them veterans of distinction, one's sympathies are aroused, one asks about their situation, and one finds invariably that they are Bolsheviks and haters of Kolchak. Of course they do not dare to come out and say so because that would, of course, be certain death. Anyhow lots are shot on suspicion. No trials for Kolchak. A Russian officer who had served for three years in the Great War and served with distinction, had contracted tuberculosis and was in the hospital which the Canadians afterwards took over—Russian Island, we called it. While ill and unoccupied he subscribed to a Bolshevik paper and began to favour Bolshevism. Samroff, a Russian general, Dictator for the district between Harbin and Vladivostock, had him dressed, taken forth, and shot. He was too weak to dress himself or to walk."

"Had he been talking Bolshevism in the hospital?"

"Oh probably. They all do. You can't stop them. The only people in Russia who are really hostile toward the Russians are the Czecho-Slovaks—and it's proverbial that a Czech who gets sent to hospital always emerges Bolshevik."

"How did you like the Czechs as a whole?"

"Least of any. Of course they probably send the worst ones to Russia. The ones at home may be better. The Czechs and the Japs are the only ones who do any fighting against the Bolsheviks worth mentioning. The Czechs are mercenaries paid by France—I don't think there are any volunteers among them."

"What about the Japs?"

"The Japs interested me. They're a fine race in their way—but they're much what the Prussians were before the war—unbending, militaristic. Same virtues—same vices. They have tremendous respect for authority, love of country, determination, obedient stoicism; but with these a terrible inflexibility and cruelty. The boys who went to the Great War have often talked to me of the difference between the Prussians and the Saxons; and I should think there would be somewhat the same difference between the Japs and the Russians—the real Russians, the Bolsheviks"—

"In what proportion should you think the Bolsheviki were to the rest of the Russians?"

"Roughly speaking, ninety per cent. But that's simply my opinion. Remember I never met a Russian who wasn't a Bolshevik. But from what I *hear* I think there must be about ten per cent for Kolchak."

"Czarists, should you say?"

"A handful of the old aristocracy and some business men. Three of his regiments are entirely composed of officers. It's odd though how many of the aristocracy are Bolshevik. There are, they say, many more noble men than business men fighting for the Bolsheviki. At present there must be a goodly sprinkling of soldiers of all nations too who've deserted for conscience's sake."

"Now tell me, which of all the Allied soldiers did you like the best? One gets such different accounts."

"It's queer what a lot of good there is in everyone—but such different good! Now we're all right in our way and the Americans are all right in theirs. And the Japs have fine points though they're the most dangerous race in the world to the coming democracy—Prussia's ghost walking, so to speak! But candidly there are two nations which I think are really finer than the Anglo-Saxons though in a way I hate to say so—and those two are the

Italians and the Russians. The Russians are simpler, kinder, more trustful, more idealistic, more—well, more noble than we; the Italians are sweeter-tempered, more affectionate, more generous, more sympathetic more magnetic. On the whole the Italians were the most popular of the Allied soldiers.

"By the way, there's one thing I do want to say about the Americans. People say they're given to bragging. Well they've got one thing to brag about and to brag hard about—and that's the American Red Cross in Russia! Its the best thing ever. It's fine. I wish you'd make a note of that. Tell people that if the boys of all the Allied forces could drop their arms and enlist under the American Red Cross they'd do it like a shot—every man-jack of them."

"Mr. McCulloch, you say you are a Bolshevik. Just what do you mean by that?"

"I mean that I'm a Socialist. Its the same thing when you get down to facts. We had plenty of Socialist meetings in Siberia. There were two or three Socialists in our company who had been conscripted and they used to talk. It seems queer that I'd never heard ten words about Socialism till I went to put it down in Russia! but I suppose I wasn't interested. Looking at those poor persecuted devils of Russians made us all feel very Socialistic, I can tell you."

I picked up a copy of the *Liberator*—the May copy with Debs' photograph on the cover. "Did you ever hear of that man?" I asked.

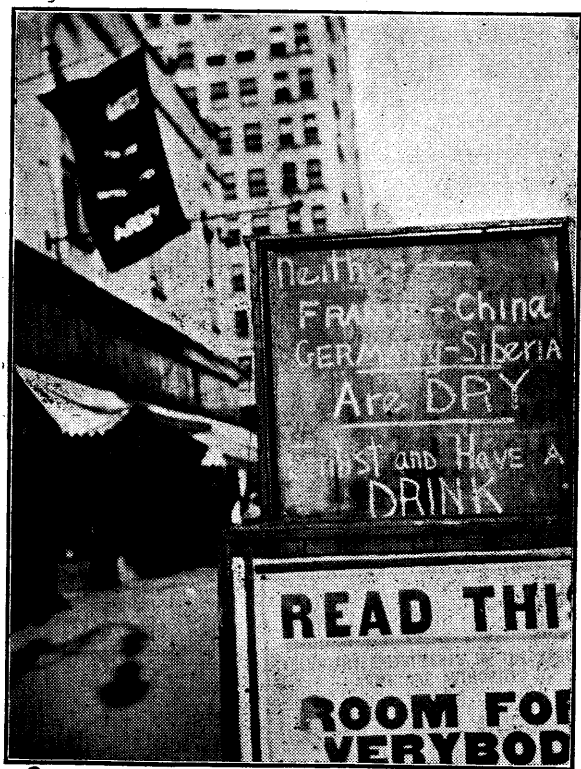
"Debs!" exclaimed Mr. McCulloch. "So that is Debs." He laughed outright. "I should say I had heard of him. We pretty near had a mutiny in our company because Debs had been sent to jail. So that's Debs. I never heard of him till I went to Russia."

"You seem to have heard of a lot of things in Russia. But what do you think is going to happen in the end? It makes me sick every time I pick up a newspaper and see that our country has sent boots and rifles and even tanks to Kolchak's army."

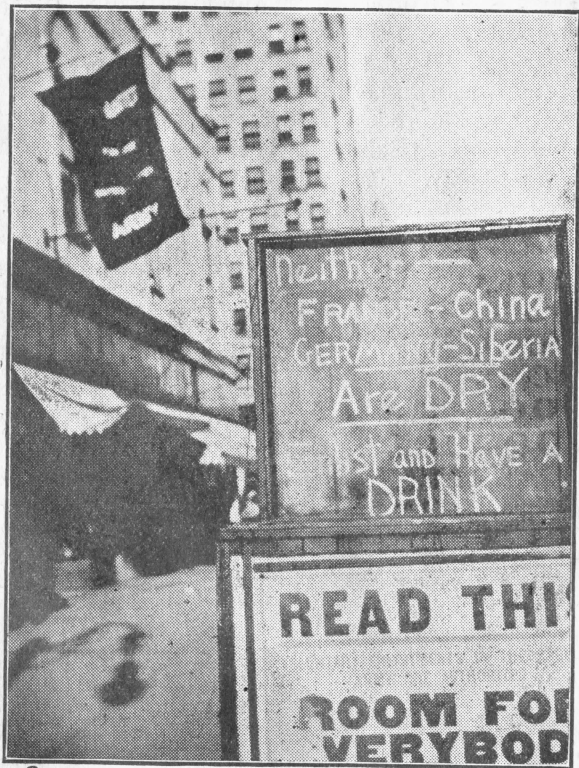
"Don't worry. The Bolos will get the benefit of everything that's sent. Kolchak with a handful of the rottenest men in the Czar's army can't last forever. They'll all get killed in time. If the Allies were really helping Kolchak he could do a lot—but what can he do when the Allied men refuse to fight, and turn Bolshevik? And remember! those men are going home; and in every country in the Old and the New World they're going to spread the truth."

"Then you think Bolshevism is bound to win?"

"As far as Bolshevism goes it can't lose. But the Bolsheviki are another thing. They're suffering and dying—being butchered with our help and by our connivance—and its terrible—terrible—terrible—to think that all the decent people in ours and every other country don't rise up and STOP the massacre."



A U. S. Army Recruiting Sign
in Salt Lake City, Utah



A U. S. Army Recruiting Sign
in Salt Lake City, Utah

Rest in Peace

“GENTLEMEN may cry, peace, peace, but there is no peace.” Patrick Henry was only half right: there is peace for business but not for coal miners.

THE Department of Justice is to be congratulated upon the release of Emma Goldman. While she was in jail it was hard to think of anybody to arrest when anything happened.

PETROGRAD has fallen; part of it, at least; or anyhow it will soon; that is, so it is hoped. Thus the Associated Press marched triumphantly toward the rear on four successive October days and took up its second linotype of defense.

NEW York eats too little. Seventy-two per cent. of the people risk their health by neglecting to nourish themselves. Thus an investigator for the National Labor Board. If we need a slogan to combat this carelessness, we can borrow part of one from the apple growers: Eating Families are Healthy Families.

THE Carnegie Foundation has issued a report proving that the poor cannot get justice in American courts. Bad news like this should be broken more gently.

ACCORDING to Governor Goodrich of Indiana, “The day of the big corporation is dawning.” Or he may have overslept like Mark Twain who got up to see a Swiss sunrise and found it was a sunset.

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE is quoted as saying: “With five or six more votes we would throw the whole peace treaty out of the window and declare the war at an end.” On Armistice Day nothing stood between us and peace but a peace treaty.

THE *Literary Digest* prints itself on a typewriter while the “typographicals” are on a vacation. Judging from the sample, the readers will take a vacation, too.

KOLCHAK’S flogging of an American soldier will not result in strained relations. It was an absent-minded action resulting from force of habit.

THE *Times* proves that there are no classes in America because people sometimes go from one to another. Quite so—and there are no floors in an office building. Because of the elevator.

IF, as the *New York Times* says, the officers of the A. F. of L. speak for labor but the syndicalists act for it, we must be having an epidemic of actors’ strikes.



“My God, how can you people have the heart to make a revolution in such a rich country?”

THE Socialist movement is respectfully reminded that while two wings are important for purposes of locomotion, a third one would seem to be superfluous. Three wings are not being worn this year.

ANYWAY we have a candidate. For President, Convict 9653.

AT a performance of German opera in New York a man hunting for his handkerchief put the audience in a mild panic. If he had blown his nose, no doubt casualties would have resulted.

AT a late hour it appears that Ohio has declared in favor of collective bartending.

WILLIAM MARION REEDY wonders in the *Mirror*, how a good member of the Big Six can set up anti-union editorials in the *N. Y. Sun* or *Times*. Perhaps he is like that waitress in the bum restaurant who said: “I have to work here but I don’t have to eat here.”

THE Episcopal convention overwhelmingly defeated representation by women in legislative bodies and a resolution urging clemency for political prisoners. This much is certain, but we cannot confirm the report that it closed by singing, “Backward Christian Soldiers.”

“YOU villians, shut up,” Lady Astor remarked to some socialists at a political meeting. It is believed that this skill at repartee will sweep her into Parliament.

“HOPE of Nation Now Rests in National Industrial Conference.” . . . Four days elapse.

REST in Peace.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.

G. B. S. AT HOME

By Robert L. Wolf

A DELPHI TERRACE is a quiet little back water just off the rush of the Strand. You stop the bus at the Maple Leaf Hut of the Y.M.C.A., push by a crowd of Canadian soldiers who lounge and talk and smoke and block the traffic of that busy pavement, pass down a short side street and around a corner, and there you are. A row of old residences turned into publishers' offices on one side, a view out over the tops of trees on the other, and near the end, the Mecca, number 10.

Half way up the second flight of stairs, at a little gate like those that prevent children from tumbling to destruction, the maid who answered my ring asked whether I had an appointment with Mr. Shaw. I said I had, and she ushered me up into the large front room.

A most interesting room! If you expected the sketchiness of Greenwich Village, with an etching stuck like a postage stamp on a bare wall, and a scarlet vase with a branch of berries on the mantle, you received a shock of surprise. This room in its style of furnishing seemed rather like your great aunts' parlor, or the "sitting room" of a prosperous middle-class boarding house. But your impression changed when you saw the character of the furniture that crowded every corner, the quality of the bric-a-brac that littered the tops of bookcases, tables, and shelves, and the kind of pictures that crammed every inch of wall space.

I had the place to myself, and prowled about at leisure, inspecting a pair of fighting silver elephants on the mantel; a smiling white china cat on the oak piano; two tall oak candlesticks nearby; a portrait "à Mme. Charlotte Shaw" with the compliments of Rodin; a big ugly chocolate-colored bust of Shaw himself, and a large and almost equally unrecognizable water color; strange gargoyles-looking silhouettes of cats and storks; books and a Sinn Fein weekly on the table; and the bright fire behind its gleaming brass screen.

When suddenly,—

"I'm sorry I kept you waiting," and in he strode.

He was dressed all in brown, with brown sneakers, and as he came almost bounding across the room, his hand outstretched, and the brightest blue eyes twinkling above the heartiest smile, the first thing I thought was, "Well here's Peter Pan, masquerading behind a huge snowy beard! And if being a vegetarian keeps one in *that* sort of condition, I never eat meat again as long as I live!"

He flung himself into a chair, crossed his legs and began to talk vigorously, in his strong Irish accent.

"I shouldn't stay and study at Cambridge too long,"

he said. "There is no gain from it beyond a certain point. It's quite like your big American universities—aloof from the world, and isolated from realities. And in any case, I should think you had had enough of economics. Economics today really contains nothing but Ricardo's law of rent, and Jevons' principle of final utility. Start out with Jevons' method,—apply Ricardo's law to wages and capital as well as to land, and you have absolutely everything there is in modern theories of political economy."

And he launched into a rapid summary of some score or so of economists and their writings.

At the inclusion of Mill among the orthodox theorists he protested vigorously.

"Have you ever read Mill clear through? Most people read about half the book and decide that Mill was a conservative. Toward the end of his work Mill becomes pretty socialistic—and decidedly radical for his day."

To a question concerning Veblen, he replied, rather surprisingly, that he had never heard of this author, but promised to look through the *Theory of the Leisure Class*.

"What do you intend to do when you return to America?" he asked.

I confessed modestly that I didn't know, but had rather enjoyed in the Army the experience of earning my own living, and hoped to continue.

"Oh, but hang on to the old man, by all means," he said, laughingly. "If you once let him go, he may get into the habit of thinking you are really independent." And then, "Things seem to be in a very bad way in America just now, from what I hear. America's present attack of war-hysteria is going a long, long way to discredit republican institutions."

He spoke of a visit he had just received from "an American agitator, Miss Freeman," who had told him of our outrages to conscientious objectors, and our intolerance and "unparalleled violence" toward all dissenters; and of another recent interview with the "richest man in the United States, if there can be any such person," whose name he could not remember (I have some unaccountable and half forgotten reason for thinking it was Senator McCormick), and who had spoken to him of the influenza scourge.

Shaw connected the two epidemics as manifestations of the same fundamental disease,—war fever. He remarked that of all the countries in the world, America and India, the two most distant from the war itself, seemed to succumb most completely to this plague.

At the end the talk turned to socialism, and Russia. Russia,—at that time, in the very height of the British anti-Bolshevik campaign,—was a subject utterly taboo in England; not radical, merely, but unspeakable and obscene, like cannibalism or perversion. Even Lansbury, in the Herald, attacked Kolchak and Deniken, rather than defended Lenin, and only brave little Sylvia Pankhurst raised her voice to support the Communists.

"There is a great deal of utter nonsense talked about Russia," said Shaw, as he rose to take me to the door, glancing over to see how I would receive his remark,—for after all I was wearing the uniform of an officer of His Majesty Woodrow's Army. "A Bolshevik, as far as I can tell, is nothing but a socialist who intends to do

something about it. To the best of my knowledge, I am a Bolshevik myself."

He pronounced it bol-shavé-ik, with the accent on the second syllable, and for a ludicrous instant I wondered if he thought the Communists had flattered him by adopting the Russian term for Shavian.

"And I can tell you," he concluded, "that if England really fights Russia on a large scale, it will be a dreadful thing. Far worse than this war just past. For even though there were people who opposed the war, no one in all England was really pro-German. But if we fight Russia, there will be thousands and thousands of Englishmen who will be pro-Russian. And they will hope and work and fight for England's defeat!"

A Declaration of Intellectual Independence

By Romain Rolland

WORKERS of the mind, comrades dispersed throughout the world, separated for five long years by armies, censorship, and the hatred of nations at war, we address you at this hour when barriers are falling and frontiers are re-opening, an appeal to revive our brotherly union, which shall be a new union, more robust, more stable than that which existed before.

War has sown disunion in our ranks. The majority of intellectuals have placed their science, their art, their reasoning powers, at the disposal of governments. We accuse no one; we convey no reproach. We know the weakness of the individual soul, and the elemental force of great collective impulses; the latter swept the former aside in an instant, for no measures of resistance had been thought out in advance. Let this experience, at least, help us for the future.

And let us first of all take note of the disasters which have been brought about by the almost total abdication of the intelligence of the world, and its voluntary subjection to unbridled forces. Thinkers and artists have added an incalculable measure of poisonous hate to the scourge which is gnawing into the body and soul of Europe.

They have hunted in the arsenal of their knowledge, of their memory, of their imagination, for causes old and new, for reasons historical, scientific, logical, even poetical—to hate. They have laboured to destroy understanding and love among men. And, in so-doing, they have disfigured, degraded, lowered, and debased Thought, which they represented. They have made Thought the instrument of passion and (perhaps unconsciously) of the selfish interests of some political or social caste, of a State, a nationalism, a class. And now from this savage conflict, whence all the nations involved, emerge mangled, impoverished, and, in their souls (although

they do not admit it), shamed and humiliated by their excess of madness, Thought, compromised with them in their struggles, also emerges with them—fallen from its high estate.

Let us arise! Let us set free the Mind from these compromises, from these humiliating alliances, from this hidden bondage! The Mind knows no master. It is we who are the servants of the Mind. We have no other master. We are created to carry, to defend its light, to rally round it all misguided men. Our rôle, our duty, is to uphold a positive ideal, to show the polar star shining amid the whirlwind of passions, in the night. We take no sides in these passions of arrogance and of mutual destruction; we reject them all. We honour Truth alone; free, without frontiers, without limit, without bias of race or caste. Assuredly we do not disinterest ourselves from Humanity. It is for Humanity that we work, but for the *whole of Humanity*. We do not know peoples. We know *the People*—one, universal—the People which suffers, struggles, falls to rise again, and which ever marches onward on the rough road drenched with its sweat and blood—the People of all men, all equally our brothers. And it is that they shall become conscious with us of this brotherhood, that we raise above their blind battles the Ark of the Covenant—the unshackled Mind, one and manifold, eternal.

* * *

The numerous signatories to the Declaration include:

Jane Addams (U.S.A.); Benedetto Croce, Roberto Bracco (Italy); Frederick van Eden, J. C. Kaptevn (Holland); Ellen Key, Selma Lagerlöf (Sweden); Andreas Latzko (Hungary); Sophus Michaelis (Denmark); Edmond Picard, Henry van de Velde (Belgium); Stefan Zweig, Alfred H. Fried (Austria); Paul Birukoff, Nicolas Roubakin (Russia); Henri Barbusse, Rene Arcos, Albert Doyen (France); Max Lehmann, George Fr. Nicolai, Hermann Hesse (Germany); Bertrand Russell, Israel Zangwill (England); L. Ragaz, Ernest Bloch (Switzerland), etc., etc.

A Letter to Romain Rolland

By Max Eastman

MY DEAR ROMAIN ROLLAND:

I owe you an answer to your very kind note of last April, and the declaration which you so generously copied for me. If I could have allied myself with you in that declaration I should have answered immediately, but as I could not do so I have awaited the leisure to explain why.

The explanation is difficult, only because my dissent from your declaration is so complete as hardly to be able to take aim upon any definite point. I feel as though I must explain to you why I reside in another planet.

In the first place *philosophically* it is impossible for me to speak of "intellectuals," and to speak of "the Mind," as you do. It seems to me quite unscientific to say: "The Mind knows no master. It is we who are the servants of the mind. We have no other master. We are created to carry, to defend, its light, to rally round it all misguided men." Perhaps this is because my training has been in American universities under the "instrumental theory of knowledge"; but I think it is rather because I want to insist that words shall mean exactly what they say. The mind, in abstraction from all service to the purposes of our wills, if indeed it exists at all, is of little or no moral or social consequence. Mathematical logic and the various systems of hyper-geometry are its characteristic preoccupations in the sphere of general truth; and in the sciences of particular fact a man who was purely mental would be little better than a crazy man. Moreover when the mind does recognize values and come into the service of human purposes, there is nothing essentially democratic, or revolutionary, or even social or benevolent about it. It can be wholly capitalistic and conservative without ceasing to be mind. So it seems to me that in your reaction against the wanton perversions of intellectual judgment which the patriotic war-frenzy accomplished, you have made out of intellectuality in the abstract a far more sovereign and inclusive ideal than truth itself warrants your doing. I would almost venture to say that you do not really mean the mind, when you write it in that way with a capital letter, but you mean the use of the mind in the service of certain ideal purposes which you have chosen. And I think it is upon the *choice* that you really wish to lay stress, although you are willing to deceive yourself with this Platonic language.

In the second place, morally it is distasteful to me to treat of myself, and to see you and those associated with you treat of yourselves, as "intellectuals," and conceive yourselves as thus forming a separate class. In the very sentences in which you reject "caste," your use of the

word "we" contains for me the suggestion of a superior cult. And in your article in "Foreign Affairs," introducing your declaration to the English people, you speak of the calamity of "a divorce between the higher thought and the workers." I cannot take that expression "higher thought" into my lips. It is not higher to think about abstract ideas than about concrete things, although it may be more interesting to some people. And the moment it is tinged with a flavor of self-conscious superiority or importance, it is lower, from the standpoint of social morality. Plato, who was the father of the cult of intellectuality, and who gave it a genuine sanction by asserting that ideas are actually more real than things, was nevertheless always aware of its rather absurd pretensions. "Those friends of ideas," he said, pointing to himself and his followers, "are themselves subject to a kind of madness." And I think all people who are afflicted with a consciousness of their intellectuality need to cherish that humorous pragmatic scepticism which saved Plato from becoming a little priggish and detached from the natural instincts of mankind.

In the third place, after we have acknowledged that the great question before us is a question of values to be chosen, and that "Mind" may come to the service of those who choose tyranny and nationalistic reaction, as well as of those who choose liberty and international democracy, and after we, for our part, have chosen liberty and democracy—then, indeed, mind does make a demand upon us. For there exists a science, consisting of a series of hypotheses as to the method by which this choice of ours may be carried out in the actual world, and that science is one of the clearest and most ardent achievements of the human mind. It is the science that was founded in the Communist Manifesto of 1848—the science of revolution based upon the Economic Interpretation of History. And almost the first postulate of that science so far as it applies to the present times, is that if we wish to achieve liberty and democracy for the world we must place ourselves and all our powers unre-servedly upon the side of the working-class in its conflict with the owners of capital. We must adopt—at least so far as we are engaged upon this social quest—a fighting mentality and we must engage in a conscious class-struggle. That is, I believe, the supreme edict which mind at its best—that is, its most scientific—now delivers to those who choose freedom and democracy as their goal for the world. And so when I see you decrying without reservation the fact that men have made thought the instrument of the self-interest of a class, and when I hear you say, "We know *the* People—one, universal,"

etc., I am convinced that you have not accepted the best that the mind offers to you on the very road you are travelling. You seem to me not to have submitted *enough*, in your social idealism, to the discipline of the intellect, at the same time that you seem to conceive the intellect as playing a far greater part in that idealism than it really does.

You yourself have so somberly and terribly denounced "the intellectuals" of the world for "abdicating," as you say, their independence, that I should think it would be a relief to your heart to realize that they did not have any independence. There is no independent intellectual class, any more than there is an independent class of dry-goods merchants. There are exceptional individuals of course in all trades—individuals who are capable of personal sacrifice in the cause of humanity. But the most eminent wholesalers and retailers of intellectual goods are upon the whole capitalist-nationalistic in their position, and they not only *did* react accordingly in the crisis of 1914, but they always will react in the same way in every crisis until capitalism is destroyed by the workers.

Even in some of the men and women whose names are now signed upon your declaration—noble and generous as I know them to be—I would put no trust when the great issues between the capitalists and the proletariat come up for settlement in their countries. I would put more trust in the ignorant. For aside from the hold which the source of their incomes has upon them, their very culture and wealth of knowledge is of itself a conservative influence. It is a storehouse of successful hypotheses out of the past; it will dispose them to cling to the past more than to adventure into a future so profoundly changed that these same hypotheses would prove unsuccessful. Knowledge is turned into ignorance by a real revolution, just as wealth is turned into poverty, and that accounts for the counter-revolutionary tendency of many people of intellectual distinction who thought they were on the side of the proletariat.

Even Maxim Gorky—a proletarian intellectual if there

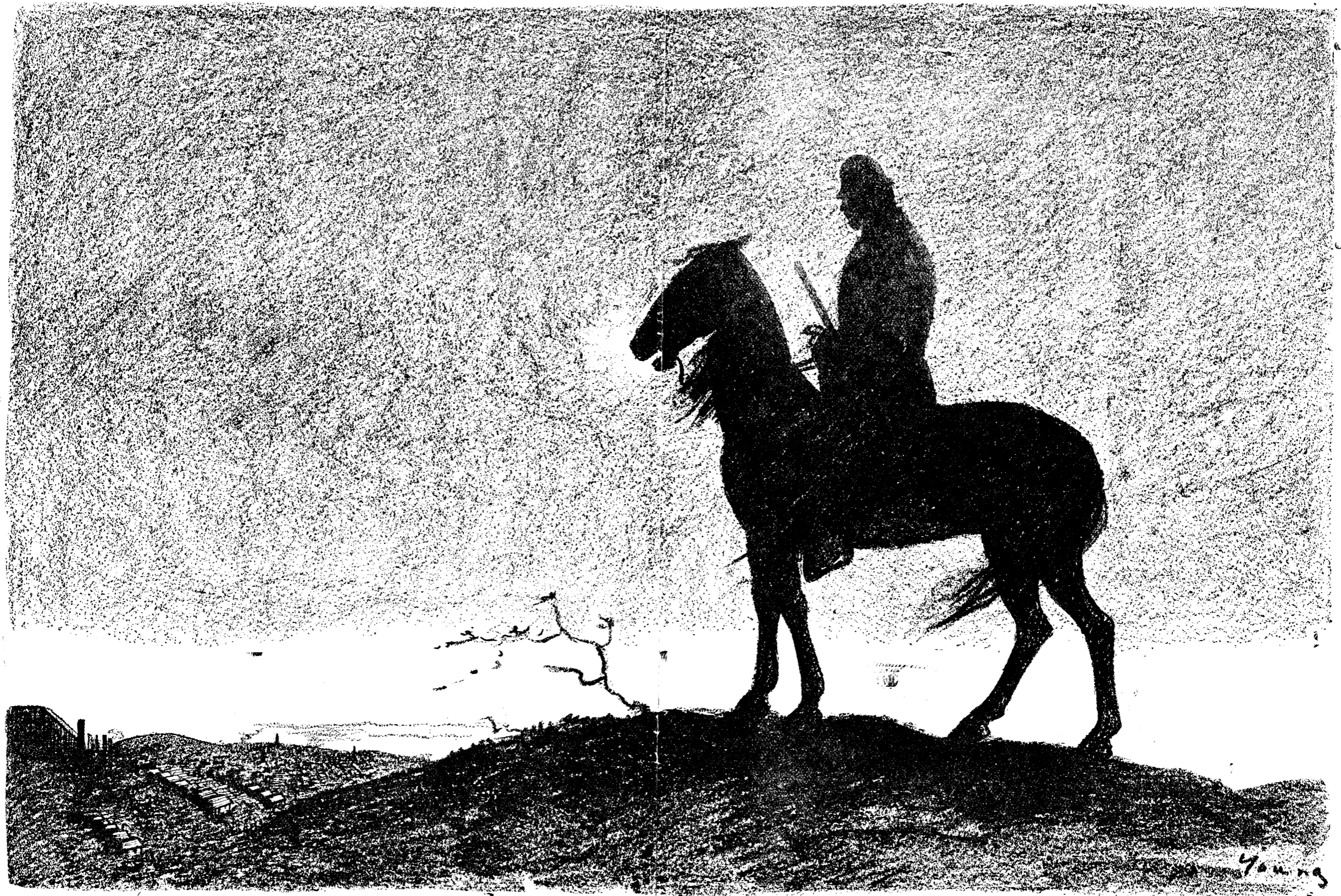
ever was one—could accept the hard reality of that proletarian government, through which alone a free society can be born, only after long and dangerous doubt, and after permitting his name to be flaunted by the capitalists all over the whole world in their campaign to discredit and then slaughter that government. What can we expect of the softer intellectuals, the less bitter, the less capable of beholding and enduring the surgical shock that a perfectly intelligent love must inflict upon mankind?

You will know that I write this with the utmost respect for your idealism, and admiration for your moral courage which has been one of the few undimmed lights in the black period that is past. I simply have no faith for the future in the declaration of any intellectuals who continue to see themselves as a class apart and aloof from the wage-laborers of the earth, or think there is any function or any place for a man of social ideals above the present battle.



Cornelia Barns

"I hate to ask, old man, but how much further is it?"
 "None of your business—I'm inviting you to dinner, aren't I?"



The Cossack

Art Young

I GOT ARRESTED A LITTLE

By Robert Minor

THE war is over. All Paris sighs happily. The war pose is dropped. Democratic camouflage is joyfully discarded and Monsieur the French banker is out in the open clamoring to cut the throat of anything with a profit in its hide.

"Fourteen points? *M. . . alors!* God Almighty only had ten," is the favorite joke.

Clemenceau, "the *Premier Flic*,"* rules France with the arrogance of a Hindenburg or a Mannerheim. Those who protest are shot or jailed, those who strike are whipped on the streets like dogs. There is no free speech, though the war is over—there is nothing free.

The fetich in Bourgeois Paris is "crushing Bolshevism." Murder expeditions for bloody extermination of labor movements everywhere are hailed as holy crusades.

Kerensky is in Paris—poor little fellow—and he protested tragically to me that during his regime he acted always in the interest of the Allied Governments at the sacrifice of the Russian revolution! I talked with Tchakovsky, the governor of Archangel, who behind saccharine Socialist-Christian words pleads for Allied guns with which to drown Russian peasants with blood and regain privileges for landlords and financiers.

Such is the spirit of Peace-Treaty Paris.

I went to the *Bourse du Travail* (Labor Temple). The streets before the building were crowded with men and women railroad employees who had walked from their homes as far away as fifteen miles, planning a railroad strike to tie France up until certain direct needs were granted and until the *Premier Flic* took hands off of Russia. There I found old-time friends. They made me talk about the Russian Revolution. I told them—what they already knew—that stories of Bolshevik cruelty to the bourgeoisie were lies; that the only purpose for the attack upon Russia was to punish labor for confiscating the holdings of capital; and that hundreds of thousands of Russian men, women and children were starving because of the Allied blockade. The railroad workers earnestly questioned me as to reports of suppression and execution of Anarchists by the Bolsheviks, which had been discussed in the French Chamber, and I replied that there was nothing that could justify the withholding their support of Soviet Russia. I was invited to return to the *Bourse du Travail* on the following Wednesday to tell the story of Russia to a greater gathering.

I think it was Michel that trailed me from the *Bourse*

du Travail, judging from after events. Apparently, at least, a detective followed me and made the discovery that an American journalist who had been in Russia was visiting the Labor Temple.

* * *

The next Sunday morning while I was eating breakfast in the hotel buffet, monsieur the proprietor announced that three gentlemen wanted to see me. One of them was Michel. With him were another detective and the police inspector. I was escorted to the police station back of the Madeleine.

Monsieur the Inspector stewed over me with the *proces verbal* all day Sunday. He was irritated; detective Michel plaintively whispered that Monsieur was being kept working all Sunday when he had planned to drive in the *Bois*. A crude American would not concede the proper points in the recognized forms of official speech, to enable Monsieur to complete the *proces verbal* in regular order and go for his day's outing. Monsieur the Inspector assured me that he knew the best forms in which answers are always made and was grieved that I should suggest that he write down the answers that I gave instead of his own wording.

"Has Monsieur Minor written in the Paris journals? Has Monsieur Minor associated with any Bolsheviks in Paris? How did Monsieur Minor get into France? Has he a trunkful of Bolshevik literature? And how much money did Monsieur bring out of Russia? Monsieur saw Lenin, did he not? Oh, ha! And what did Lenin commission Monsieur to do in Paris? Monsieur is not a Bolshevik agent? But is Monsieur Minor quite sure that that is all the money he has? Five hundred rubles, yes, but *where is the rest of the Russian money? Hein?*"

Monsieur the Inspector collapsed under the arduous labor of the third degree which he tried to administer to a thick-headed American, and deploring his wasted day, he left me to the "*vaches*." ("Vache" in the dictionary means cow, but in the circles where I learned my French a policeman is designated by that name.)

Michel and his fellow policemen expressed their mortification over my discourtesy to Monsieur the Inspector.

"Do you know what the French police do to Bolsheviks? We hang them," said one of the roomful.

"No," said another, "we guillotine them."

"We strangle them," said Michel, holding up his hands and working his fingers as though clutching a throat.

A little, dark faced man like an undertaker entered carrying an ink roll, a marble slab, measuring parapher-

* Detective.

nalía and record blanks upon which to take my pedigree and establish me in that future Hall of Fame, temporarily called the record of political criminals. I suppose I should have resisted, as I know I had a legal right to do, but the thing was too interesting. *Monsieur le Chef du Service Bertillon* took prints of the flat of each of my hands, each finger print, thumb-prints, the length of the long finger and the butt of the hand; also measured the forearm, the thickness of the head and the length of ears.

Then the solemn little "undertaker" took a few slow steps away, turned, threw his shoulders back and stared at the profile of my nose. The faces of Michel and the others were strained with awe. I suddenly realized the significance of the situation. Monsieur was judging my nose! A subordinate stole timidly to his side with a chart shaped like Moses' tablets of stone, but bearing long columns of photographs of noses, at the top being the inscription "*Types Criminels*." With unerring precision the finger of the master of the science Bertillon descended upon the photograph which branded my type. "Merveilleux!" whispered Michel. The concourse of policemen turned pitying eyes upon me. My nose is known! Through the door the frock-coated back of the master of the science Bertillon disappeared under the reverent stares of his gathered disciples.

* * *

"Will Monsieur Minor please pay for his ticket to Coblenz?"

"Like Hell! I don't want to go to Coblenz: I have already paid for a ticket to New York. That's where I want to go." But no, they said, the American military authorities wanted me.

"Funny they didn't think of it until the day after you discovered me at the Labor Temple," I said, "are you passing the buck?" But Michel, who among them was the official interpreter of English, did not understand "passing the buck." I was informed that the French government would humiliate me by paying my fare to Coblenz.

No, they were not my *domestiques*, they would not deliver a message for me, I could not let any friend know that I was arrested. "Communicate with the American Embassy? Ridiculous!" Michel and another detective went out saying they would get my baggage at the hotel. Ah! a thrill of surprised pleasure. The joy of every journey I have ever taken heretofore had been chilled with the horror of having to pack up. Now that damned cop would have to do it for me!—the one that says he garrottes Bolsheviks!

Michel and the man with the boil on his nose as well as another policeman boarded the train with me. Monsieur the Inspector himself appeared at the station to personally instruct the men that I was not to be allowed to communicate with anyone on the train, no other passen-

gers were to be admitted to the compartment with me, and my confiscated documents in a heavily sealed package were to be delivered to the Commander of the American military forces at Coblenz.

The man with the boil on his nose hastened to fetch sardines, sausage, bread and wine, and then the train pulled out for the German border.

Michel must sit between me and the window lest I jump out. I could not learn the names of my other captors, so, for my own convenience I named one "the Man with the Boil on his Nose," and the third, who seemed to have not a characteristic upon which to hang a title, I was content to call "*La Vache Anonyme*."

The motion of the train fanned away the stifling heat and lulled me toward sleep. Why was it so peaceful?

Throughout Europe and America I had been hailed by a raucous bourgeois press as a turn-coat from the cause of human liberty. Now the same press would have to announce that I was in prison for that same cause. Was that not enough to bring peace?

In the early morning I opened my eyes from the deepest sleep that had been mine since I read for the first time in Paris files of the New York papers my alleged writings on the subject of Russia. I feel better, now.

* * *

We reached Nancy and changed trains and then we changed again at Metz. My guards sternly forbade any one to enter the compartment with us at Metz and were in the act of ejecting two small girls, when a roly-poly blonde lady, quite young, rushed up to the closing door. Michel hesitated and sized her up in the *style de l'Avenue de l'Opera*, which is a shade more brazen than Broadway style.

"*Entrez, Madame!*"

"*Oh, dankeshoen.*"

The Man with the Boil on his Nose revived himself and assisted the fat German girl to stow her bags and quite unnecessarily helped her to sit down with a clutch on her fat arm. *La Vache Anonyme* was quickly at her other side, and Michel clambered in hastily, with his small eyes glued upon her.

"*Ou allez vous, Madame?*"

"*Was?*"

"*Ou vas tu?*"

"*Ich verstehe nicht.*"

They asked me to interpret.

"*Wo gehen Sie?*" I asked.

"*Nach Giessen, zu mein Vater und Mutter geh' ich—*" and she fell into a homely jabber of petty family troubles. Her name was Elsa and she was so, so sad, returning home after a long absence with everything gone to pieces, she whimpered—

Michel leaned forward, put his hand sympathetically on her knee, and the Man with the Boil on his Nose



"I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles—"

—Popular Song

slipped his arm around her. *La Vache Anonyme* got up and stepped around, trying to get nearer. I no longer interpreted for them, but it made no difference now.

Probably it was the heat that made them all stand up, two of the policemen's arms still tightly clamped around the girl.

"Oh, you are so kind to me!" she said, through tears of gratitude. Michel patted her with his big hand, till the fat quivered under the muslin dress. She stretched, half closed her eyes and made a happy little gurgle.

"Oh, you gentlemen are so kind," she murmured.

"What did the lady say?" asked the Man with the Boil on his Nose, sliding over to me.

"I don't know, I don't understand much German," I answered.

Everybody settled into a seat and began to doze, the girl still encircled in two men's arms. Michel went out of the compartment; the Man with the Boil on his Nose disengaged himself from the German girl and followed. *La Vache Anonyme* fell asleep. . . . In the baggage rack at the other end was the forgotten package of my papers that were being sent up to the authorities as evidence against me, entrusted to Michel with caution not to let me get my criminal hands upon it. The window was open and we were passing over the Moselle River; why not chuck it out? I laughed. No, I did not want to get rid of the evidence. Queer; here I am arrested for practically the first time, and I don't want to get rid of the evidence. Not being ashamed of anything takes much of the adventure out of a rough life.

But the Fraulein is crying. "What is the matter?" I asked.

"I am g-g-going h-h-home and — —."

"Yes, but what is the matter?"

"L-l-lard is twenty-six marks a pound," she sobbed.

La Vache Anonyme awakened and stretched, his eyes fixed on Michel who had returned to his corner seat.

"Do you know," he said in low confidential tones, "Michel is an extraordinary man."

"How is that?"

"He has such great knowledge."

"What kind?"

"Well, one might say—legal knowledge."

"You mean he is a doctor of laws?"

"Why, no." He struggled with the intricacies of the question. "I mean he—he knows about the rules of what to do about criminal things.

* * *

At Treves we had to change trains again. Letting the three policemen alternate their sweaty arms between my heavy packages and the passive waist of Fraulein Elsa; I surveyed the scenery of the station. When I looked around again the three men, Fraulein and baggage were gone.

But again sighting Michel tightly clamped to the Fraulein, the Man with the Boil on his Nose clamped on her other side, I rejoined the party, which seemed oblivious of the fact that its male prisoner had been momentarily lost.

We were nearing Coblenz when Michel sidled up to me, his expression trying to convey something from his cloudy brain. "Are the American laws severe for political offences?" he asked

"The severest in the world," I said. There were fleeting sympathy and remorse in his face.

It was late in the afternoon when we reached Coblenz.

* * *

"*Sitzen Sie dort*," said the American sergeant to me, in the outer office, and I sat beside two German boys who held their hats on their knees and stared miserably about the room. It was a long wait, while Michel gave his report to the commanding officer behind a mysterious door. Various officers came in, the soldier clerks standing up each time in respect. A wide-eyed officer, almost gasping with excitement, emerged from the inner room and ordered me to remove myself to another seat, far from the German boy prisoners. He told the soldiers to watch me. Hm . . . This looks serious.

A colonel came out. "Am I to have an opportunity to wash and eat?" I asked. "That will come in due course," he said funereally.

"*Kommen Sie mit uns*," said the sergeant, and a squad of soldiers took me to the patrol wagon. Kaleidoscopic glimpses of a tempting little German Spotless-town I got, as the Black Maria wound through narrow streets and into a courtyard. "*Aus*," said the sergeant. We entered a stone building with barred windows and doors, up several flights of stairs.

"Will this one do?" asked a soldier, opening a heavy wooden door.

"No, that's not solitary," said the guard. Another cell was opened, I was motioned to go in and the door was locked with a racket. . . .

The size of a twenty-five cent piece was the peep-hole in the door. A little window at the other end of the cell was so high up as to rob the eyes of the sight of all but sky. Rusty bars in the window. A broken iron bed with a filthy blue ticking stuffed with excelsior was the only furnishing. I seated myself upon the bed with my back against one wall, my feet cocked high on the opposite one. . . .

I had been more uncomfortable than this, many times of late—and here I thought again of the articles in New York papers and the internal experiences I had had when I met anyone who thought I wrote them as they were published.

My residence was five feet and a half wide and eleven feet long. The philosophies of countless German pris-

oners and numerous doughboys of more recent times were scribbled on the walls. Over the door was scrawled in large letters "LIEBE FREIHEIT,"¹ which motto repeated itself many times in nooks and corners as though in echo. "Liebe Freiheit," "Liebe Freiheit," in hand-writings large and small, timid or crabbed, bold and honest, like the different ways that people have of conceiving "Liebe Freiheit." "Yes, 'Liebe Freiheit!'" echoed I.

"Deutschland hat nicht den Krieg gewollt,"² was scrawled on the wall near the door by a simple soul, and other writings crowded one another, fading with time, here and there, till almost undecipherable.

Then there were the doughboys' writings, usually consisting of laconic names and addresses with "Drunk and disorderly, thirty days," or "Met a mademoiselle, A. W. O. L.³ 30 days in sol."⁴

The day was fading out of the cell, leaving the picture gallery in kinder light. Yes, a picture gallery, for every man seems to be an artist when jailed, and my walls were decorated with drawings depicting what was in the heart of each man who had been there, and in the heart of nearly every man had been a woman. The prison wall is cruel to some artists. Give me a man in a cell with a blank wall and a stub of pencil, and in time I can tell you what he thinks or feels a woman to be. It seems to draw him out, to cause a sort of self-psycho-analysis, not in the least depending on the prisoner's skill in drawing. Just give him the pencil and jail solitude, and on the wall he will record his health or his morbidity. The crudest of the drawing may be clean and healthy, or the most sophisticated "technique" may portray a sick mind.

There are all sorts of drawings—

Someone is looking at me through the peep-hole in the door. Just a shining eye looking through. The first shock,—is this invasion of my privacy. That eye disappeared; another peered through and then dodged away. Every time I looked, an eye glued to the hole would disappear. It was humiliating. An eye could brazenly peer at me whenever it pleased, when I slept or waked.

* * *

In the late afternoon the cell was opened. Two armed soldiers stood in the doorway and another advanced half way with a tin plate of food and cup of coffee which he extended towards me at arms' full length as though afraid I would bite him. I grinned at what I thought was a doughboy burlesque, but a second look at the dead-serious face killed my smile. What the devil?

I lay fully dressed on the filthy ticking and thought, away into the night.

It's lots of fun thinking, when events vital enough have fanned the memory to blazing clarity. . . .

Sweet comfortable sleep; nothing to worry about because nothing could be done.

In the morning I had a feeling that this was my cell, and I explored every inch of it, as I suppose every prisoner does, looking sharply now and then to see if that insulting eye of the day before was at the peep-hole. I found a nail and a needle; I stuck the nail in an old nail-hole in the wall and the needle in my coat lapel, with a ridiculous sensation that I had something that nobody else knew about. And then I remembered that Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer, when they stole Miss Watson's Nigger Jim, had been impressed with the need of inhabitants of dungeons for pets and playthings. I laughed at myself. Well, I am a disciple of Huck Finn, all right. I wished that I had in my cell the German translation of "Huckleberry Finn" that I had picked up in Weimar. But I haven't got Huck Finn or anything else to read.

Well, I will walk some. The infernal cell is only five steps long—stingy steps they have to be, to get in five—back and forth, back and forth, my first promenade on that walk-way which is trod a thousand years each year by many men. The bed took up most of the space and I had to twist a little as I passed the corner of it, to get by. So this is the "walk up and down" that prisoners talk about. I wonder how much I will have to do of it,—and then I hate myself for thinking of that, knowing as I do a hundred men who walk that way for life.

Slowly it grows upon me that there is horrible discord in the cell with me. Something is wrong, something is irritating me. Gradually I draw it out into consciousness. It is the pictures on the wall. There is one drawing of a woman's head and bust, dressed up with a picture hat, on the wall toward which I have to look each time I walk that way. It is a nasty, challenging, insulting drawing. Back in the recesses of the head of the man who drew that picture, I know there is a rotten understanding of what a woman is. He tried to draw a "pretty girl" but he has given himself away.

Take for contrast that nude on the wall; a fellow tried to draw a lewd picture, but he could not do it. He thought he was a bad man, but he was mistaken. I would trust the man who drew that picture to be fair to a woman. There is another nude which proves the man who drew it to have had a diseased conception of the female half of what man is. Mind you, I do not judge these things by ability to draw, but by the feeling that is shown, either good, or else a meaty, bird-of-prey spirit that's in it. Each man has his own conception of woman; put him in a cell with a pencil and he will tell about himself.

That dressed up "pretty girl" on the wall gives me the jim-jams. That's what irritates me.

¹ Dear freedom.

² Germany did not want the war.

³ Absent without leave.

⁴ Solitary confinement.

I wish I had "Huckleberry Finn." It gets irksome without anything to read. I explore my cell some more; it's so bare that it can be searched almost in one glance, except for the bed. I look in the bed; that's where I found the needle; maybe there will be something else. From the dirty ticking was stirred up a cloud of evil-smelling dust. I found a book! A thin, paper-backed book. It bore the title of "The Stationmaster's Secret." It was one of the products of that inexhaustible factory that seems to be somewhere in England perpetually grinding out drivel.

"So be it," said Necessity, and I settled down to read "The Stationmaster's Secret." It's hard, but here goes the story: The old stationmaster, whose noble features and careful dress attested his superiority to the humble class in which unkind fate had placed him—Oh! Hell! have I got to read this? Yes, because there is nothing else. Here goes again: The athletic figure of young Harry Sylvester, assistant to the great detective—Oh, God! I *am* in jail!

I squinted through the peep-hole and rapped on the wall. "Wod d' you want?" asked the sentry. "I want something to read—a book or something." "Dutch or English?" "English." "Aw righ; hey sergeant! Man in 63 wants something to read."

The hours are lame. The "art gallery" becomes more oppressive, the sick lady leers from the wall like a nightmare. I have no pencil, but I use my thumbs and the coffee dregs in the bottom of my cup trying to correct the most hideous parts of the diseased drawing. Then I drop back onto the bed, and gradually I coax myself into "The Stationmaster's Secret." You will have to share the plot with me; here it is:

Of course, "the jewels" are stolen. The faithful old employee, the Stationmaster, is wrongfully accused and suffers silently to guard the name of his wayward brother. The loser of the "jools" is conveniently a director of the railroad and beloves his pasteboard wife psychopathically. The wronged stationmaster is about to be chewed up by justice when the manly, handsome, fearless, nonchalant, honest, war-medalled and wealthy young detective, changes his morning dress to the rough attire of a common laborer and gets clues. The reader must now submit to the usual hair-breadth escapes in tar barrels, aeroplanes, burning boats, dynamite blasts, gypsy camps and cabs with disguised drivers who turn out to be faithful-friend detectives. And finally your sense of decency is violated by the railroad director's hussy getting her jewels back, and any character who may have aroused your sympathy gets something else in the neck: the gentleman detective steps back into his morning coat and the everlasting homage of the slave class of Britain.

Ah, gee! Can't I get anything to read?

Again I pound on the door, and this time I tell the sentry I want to see an officer. Major S— comes. "What did you want, Mr. Minor?" "I don't like the kind of literature I find in this cell. It's bad stuff, and I want something better." "What do you want?" "Anything good that you can get me. I leave it to you (I said slyly) to use your judgment of good literature." (Ha! it works; the Major straightens up, obviously upon his cultured honor—me for the prison honor system every time!) "I'll see what I can do," said the Major, "I don't know yet."

It was five steps, five steps; I couldn't make it more. The steps were stingy. I was almost frightened to realize that the distance *could* be made in four steps. I wonder how the fellows feel who have to do this twenty years. I wonder how many aches were bravely stifled in the heart of my friend who did fifteen years and who always smiled and was never afraid to go back.

In the morning the door unlocked with crashing iron Wagnerian discords that made harmony, as well-placed discords do. I was led out. One is always glad to be led out—no matter whither—just to be led out.

The Major wants me to make a statement, that is, he wished to know whether I wanted to make a statement. "It is my duty to inform you," etc. "—and whatever you may say can be used against you."

"And what is the charge, Major?"

"I don't know."

But it developed that somewhere in the background of it all lurked the dreaded word "treason." We looked at each other a while, and then I asked, "What's the penalty?"

"It might be anything up to death," said the Major in tones of tragedy and real regret.

We had a conversation, but no statement. "What's it all about, Major?" "I don't know." "But how did it happen; where did it all begin?"

The Major was silent a while and then slowly, impressively said, "I don't know, but I think your German friends had been talking too much."

The officer sitting over in the corner of the room with his back turned, who had been paying no attention except to take it all down in short-hand, leaned more intensely over his pad, and his cocked ears told me this was the point of climax.

"My German friends?" said I, slowly, "I wonder whom that could mean. You know, I was more friendly with the Spartakists than with any of the others."

Something smashed inside of the Major; the other officer almost fell over, turning around to me his startled eyes. It was as though they had heard murder confessed.

Gee whiz! I wonder if they really thought I was going to try to hide anything about myself. . . . Hm—I

know; they have been reading "The Stationmaster's Secret"! Not literally that same piece of writing, of course, but these men and the whole world are soaked in the point-of-view for which that little booklet is a semi-conscious bit of propaganda. That point-of-view we get from all sources; we breathe it in the very air. Every printing press in the world outside of Russia is busy feeding us that stuff in one form or another. The "jewels" are the symbol of the God of the day: Property. Harry Sylvester, the gentleman detective, is the model to which ambitious youth is invited to shape itself in policing, jailing, hanging, shooting and scabbing upon that poor, abused jewel-thief, Human Liberty.

And so the Major and the silent shorthand writer sat there pale and tragic when I said the only friends I had in Germany were Spartakists—Spartakists who confiscated, who "stole the jewels" of railroad directors and

their sort, and their wives. There was silence as though in tribute to propriety.

Then I laughed.

The Major stood up, puzzled and deplorably sympathetic. It's only fair to say that the Major wasn't bad at all, was nobody's fool. His carburetor was working. Nevertheless, in the psychologies of the two military men could be read the whole plot of "The Stationmaster's Secret," the psychology of "stolen jools," bad consciences to be trapped in prisoners, and the dicta of God translated through the soggy brains of detectives. It was intensely interesting.

"Well, Major, how about my having a book; can't you manage?"

"I don't know," he said hesitantly, "I'll have to see about it." It sounded bad and I could foresee reading "The Stationmaster's Secret" for the third time. Something had to be done; I paused on the door-sill: wait a minute—I've got it.

"Major," said I gravely, "I ask you for a copy of the New Testament." The Major started and took on that automatic expression of reverence that one wears to a funeral. "Very well," he said, truly from the heart.

The Black Maria is not at the door! We are going to walk back to jail, and the joy of it is keen. To actually walk on the street. I had been inside such a very few days and yet what an exciting joy it was to walk on a street again. I could take just as long steps as I pleased, didn't have to get in five to the length of a cell. The town is so pretty that the sight of it almost hurts. What are these people staring at? At me? Oh! I see; it's because I am so dirty and need a shave. No, it's because they see I am a prisoner: I am walking between two armed soldiers. But they look at me kindly; maybe that is because all Germans feel that they themselves are prisoners now.

Past the parked motor lorries we walked up the main street. A car full of Y. M. C. A. girls and men in uniform came by. "Kee-kee-kee"—"Giggle-giggle."



Tourists Seeing the Sights in Germany

—Fliegende Blaetter

The girls were having a good time; they were looking at me. "Tee-hee!" "There goes the Bolshevik." "Giggle-giggle." "They are going to hang him—Tee-hee!"—"Giggle-giggle!"

There are two German women waiting in the prison entrance, the blonde one having a tear-stained face and several children. They had come to see their men. I was sorry for them a minute, and then I thought, no, they ought to be sorry for me, and went up the stairs with the sense of leisure that I needn't feel that anyone was worse off than I.

For the Major says I am going to be shot, or suggests it anyway, I think, as I stretch out on the bed. The bed is so comfortable after a walk; all muscles tingle from the sweet exercise. Let's see, the Major says I may be shot. . . . It always hurt like hell when I saw anyone killed in Berlin. . . . I had thought about being killed myself lots of times. How had I pictured the thing? Well, it always struck me as sort of foolish anti-climax, that my legs would be changed into long dry bones and I into a skeleton. A hollowed-out, dry pelvis, from which stretch out these thigh bones and shin bones, ridiculously like those of the skeleton I used to study in the old Doctor's anatomy class. I wonder where the old Doctor is now, the only decent teacher in the *Beaux Arts*. I would want him to go on teaching forever, throwing those Botticellis on the magic lantern screen, as he loved to do on every excuse, comparing them with living models on the stand or the "*petits trois mois*" styles of the day. Is the old Doctor himself now a skeleton? That's not funny. Then why is the idea of being dead oneself funny? I think it is because of the quality of the anti-climax: here you are an organism contemplating death, the coming of which blots out the apparatus which has been doing the contemplating. It is great to think these things out under such favorable circumstances for accurate consideration. That's a joke, and the skeleton symbolises it all. Think of the ribs, the queer basket-shaped structure that nature made in vain. Reminds me of the skeletons of the dried fish we used to eat in Russia; we left the fish skeletons lying around everywhere during the famine. It is amusing how much the human rib-basket looks like a fish's. . . . This bed is comfortable. I wonder if the bullets break the ribs when they go in; then the rib-basket would not be complete. How many bullets do they shoot? I have heard that only one or two of the squad are given ball cartridges, and the others have blanks so no one will know who really killed the victim. I suppose that's so, though one hears many mistaken notions on military subjects. It is said they pin a white paper over the heart for the soldiers to shoot at; the ribs would break, sure enough.

Good God! I jumped off the bed. Good God! that Y. M. C. A. girl said, "*They are going to hang him!*" Is

it possible? Red anger burned my face. Would they dare do it with a rope? The insult! Handling me! Tar on the rope! Oh, hell! Damned, greasy hands fooling around me—ugh! The violation of one's person.

But I stop and coolly think it out. That fool Y. M. C. A. girl could not know. It is absurd, of course; they could not use hanging in the army.

No, they shoot; sure they do; there is no need to get het up over a fool girl's ignorance of military matters.

Now it's all right, but remembering that girl's crazy remark destroyed my complacency. It killed all the humor of the thing. But I shake it off and begin to think about shooting. . . .

I shot a cat once. The thing comes into my head uncomfortably. Now I am off again! Thinking about that damned cat. I remember how Mrs. Wallace's face looked when she peered over the fence at me after I had shot her cat. . . . Well, I swear I was right, I could not help killing that cat. Every night for four nights it had stolen my breakfast, so that I had to go to work in the morning without any. It is hard, working at the carpenter trade all day without any breakfast; you try it yourself if you think I wasn't provoked into killing that cat. I walked up and down five steps back and forth turning over in my mind heated, flowing arguments that I might make about the cat. It lay so flattened-out and soft, with a bullet through its breast.

What's that? "R-r-r-rip!" Oh, the devil, I have snagged my pants on the broken corner of the iron bed. Now I am ripped open, naked. Well, what of it?

I walked up and down, up and down, fast as I can, to get exercise so I will sleep better. I lean over to try to touch my toes with my finger tips. You can't do it at first, but if you keep trying you can and it makes you feel more alive in the back muscles. I go to bed and suddenly it dawns on me what an absurd gamut of thought I have been running this day. What do people usually think about under such circumstances? I have heard that they do such things as brooding over cats they killed, but that's the only place where stories seemed to fit reality. Suddenly it occurred to me that some people think they are going to Heaven when they die, and I laughed and laughed and laughed. It put me in a good humor again. And then I slipped into sleep, smilingly thinking, "Well, I am glad I don't believe in God, anyway, and don't have to bother with that. . . ."

* * *

In the bright morning came a sergeant and respectfully handed me a tiny Y. M. C. A. edition of the New Testament; it reposed as upon a silver salver on a volume of—

"Vanity Fair"!

And for two whole days and a half, little Becky Sharp danced and pranced in my cell, and lied and cheated and

wrecked the prison rules; delightful days. The "chow" tasted better, and I wanted to introduce little Becky Sharp to the doughboys. She rubbed out the morbid lady on the wall. How lucky I had never read "Vanity Fair" before!

When "Vanity Fair" is done, there is the New Testament. I always liked it, or thought I liked it, but there is something wrong with it now. It seems to reek with pioucity and quack faith-doctoring. I like the Jesus story in outline, but I can't stand this book, now at any rate; I chuck it. Wish I had Zarathustra with his stand-on-your-hind-legs philosophy. But the day wears away with nothing to read, and I try to fetch stories out of my memory. Fragments of Thomas Hardy come back; "Jude the Obscure" and "Tess of the D' Urbervilles" steal into my cell. A delightful hour regathering the threads of these stories. . . . But memory cannot keep it up long.

* * *

Toward the end of the week, a change has come over the situation. I am without newspapers but I can guess what it is. Something has happened in Paris. It is publicity. I know the signs of publicity when I see them, even its dim reflection in the face of a sentry at the door of a solitary cell. I guess the news is out. I know what will happen in London and what the French Labor papers will do. I smile.

Major S— comes to see me, gives me a lieutenant for an escort and I go out for a walk on the bank of the wonderful Rhine. After an hour of that indescribable pleasure I return and I am surprised to find myself ushered not back into my stone kennel, but into a light and airy room with two large windows opening on to the courtyard. I must give my parole to the captain that I will not escape by the windows, and I settle down to a new and cheerful home. I can take eleven steps, from corner to corner! Quickly I count on those eleven steps. Such luxury!

But the captain comes in with an armful of copies of the Saturday Evening Post. My heart sinks. I feel like going back to my stone cell. Does residence in the physically comfortable place necessitate this?

Typical cost of bourgeois comfort! Locked into a room with the Saturday Evening Post! A bourgeois edition, it is, of "The Stationmaster's Secret".

* * *

Two sentries guarded my windows from the courtyard and one stood day and night at the door. The door watch was shared by a lank, happy-natured boy who always wanted to make me feel that I wasn't no bad prisoner nohow, and by another who liked to be obliging, as well as by a chubby self-centered boy, conscious of the fact that the prisoner didn't mind letting the sentry take his ration of tobacco, strangely suspicious and yet in the

habit of leaving his rifle practically in my possession while he wandered away. Then there was "The Bohunk." Not knowing the names of anyone I had to make up names for those who were interesting, and this boy's broad cheek bones, marking the Czech type, and his slow helplessness to understand English, irresistibly brought him the title of "The Bohunk" and a great deal of my affection. He followed me, as was his duty, to the washing sink one morning at the opposite end of the long building. I finished washing and brushing my teeth, picked up my towel and returned to the room absent-mindedly, ignorant of the fact that the "Bohunk" had forgotten me, left his rifle in the corner and was staring out of a far-away window at some German girls across the yard. The German prisoner-janitor was the only man I could find, and he refused to go to save "the Bohunk" from the vengeance of military discipline. I had visions of a terrible fate for my friend "the Bohunk" for neglecting his watch over a "death-penalty" prisoner, but finally succeeded in hailing him across the building, and the sergeant was decent enough, though he caught me at it, to pretend that he didn't see.

Every day now came the luxury of the promenade on the bank of the Rhine. What a beautiful thing it is! In the distance could be seen an old castle looking down upon the strange new military men that occupy the Rhine Valley, as the builders of that castle occupied it long ago. The builders of that castle, I suppose, made their fort on the bank of this river to prey upon the commerce that used the Rhine as a road toward India, when the way across the Atlantic had not yet been explored by Columbus and the German merchants tried to evade the Turks by caravanning north of the Black Sea. The robbers who ensconced themselves on the bank of the Rhine thus logically inherited the government of Germany; and their regime in spirit is carried on to this day. They are truly correct ancestors for any governors. They had a monopoly on criminality of their day, and what is government now? Nobody can murder now but governments, nobody steals my documents and baggage but governments. Hardly a man lives who would not be ashamed to loot my letters, to be a sneak, to spy upon his fellow-men—except governors.

The officer assigned to walk with me was—an officer. A good-hearted boy nevertheless, the best he knew how to be. I had to talk to somebody, so I carefully explored to find his utility. I tried telling him stories from de Maupassant. It fetched him and made possible some human companionship. We'd walk down the parkway under the big trees; I'd tell him the story "le Pere," and he would experience that delightful sensation of having a new side of him awakened. I told the stories of "Mademoiselle Fifif," "Boule de Suif," "A Piece of String," and then I led him cautiously into what I con-

sider a tremendously deep sociological work—"The Necklace." That was too much for the young man, however, and I let the story die unfinished.

Full access to the soldiers' library was given me now. Every day, almost, I went for books. Mark Twain was there, and I got his "Life on the Mississippi," his literary essays and his "Experiences of Joan of Arc."

It was a luxurious existence, in a way. Nothing to worry about, everything convenient. I didn't have to remember anything, not even meal time, and when it was the hour for a walk they would call me. You know, really, I found a lot of charm in the life. I got from the library the complete works of Shakespeare; and how fine it was to go through "Hamlet" again without any clock on the wall! "The Merchant of Venice," "Othello" (for the first time), "Comedy of Errors," "Henry VIII," "Macbeth," and last, with a peculiar pleasure, "Pericles," which contains in four of its pages all that Brieux ever tried to tell.

But this recess was broken in upon by Griffin Barry, who came up from Paris. A person can't forget the first friend who comes to see him when he is locked up, and besides Griffin brought news. The British military wanted me for secret courtmartial in Cologne. But Labor circles of London and Paris had the news now and the United States authorities would hardly see fit to turn an American over to be strangled in a star-chamber job of the British, now that it couldn't be done quietly.

It was even possible that I would be released without the sensational "bolshevik trial" here amongst the doughboys in the occupied zone, which had been planned.

In a way it was disturbing. There were the eleven paces marked on the floor by constant walking, walking, walking with the sort of finality in the mind that comes from being told that you are going to be shot. Now that you are not going to be shot, or, at least, there is considerable doubt about it, those foot marks on the floor look so silly.

One night late, seven officers from General Pershing's staff came to see me and then I knew beyond a doubt that there would be no secrecy involved in this matter, and secrecy was all I ever dreaded in it. I had a pretty good speech made up already.

The signing of peace was close at hand. The "Ameroc News," a shallow newspaper for half-slaking the doughboys' thirst for current information in the occupied district, every day had something about the impending signing of peace. On June 27th it was said that next day at three o'clock peace would be signed. To any one who took the peace treaty no more seriously than I did, it didn't make much difference when it was signed. But the doughboys and the officers were wild with joy.

June 28th dawned, the day of peace.

At twelve o'clock my door opened and in came Colonel

R—. He asked how I was. "Very well, thank you." His stenographer followed him. Why is it stenographers for prosecutors seem to be able to put on a sourer look than even their bosses? Colonel R— said he brought me the military law books that I had asked for, and he put them down on the table. The stenographer took out his note book and the Colonel began a long harangue to the effect that anything said "might be used against you," then handed me a typewritten bit of paper called "specifications of charges against Robert Minor." I smiled. Just three hours before the signing of peace! I wonder why? But the charges were too foggily stated for me to make heads or tails of them, and I went back to "Macbeth."

* * *

Just as I was planning to get "Leaves of Grass" out of the library, Colonel R— suddenly unlocked my door, stepped in and said,

"Would you like to go to Paris?"

At first I looked for a joker. "Go to Paris to be turned over to the French police?" I asked.

"No," he said. "You will be set at liberty."

"Then I want to go to Paris."

That's all. A secret service man came for me that night in an automobile with a squad of soldiers and took me to the station.

* * *

I reached Paris, had my passport returned, and paid the cheap corruption that the assistant to the Prefect of Police of Paris insists upon, to get it visaed. Everyone must do this; it is merely being practical. Those who do not grease the hands of petty thieves in the French government officers cannot receive attention, but are discreetly left to wait five days herded in a stuffy hall, abused with a virtual "go-to-hell" when they ask questions without tendering five francs. Inside the passport office the functionaries talk and visit and wait for you to discern that a little money will expedite matters.

That is everyone's last taste of Bourgeois France as he quits her—Bourgeois France for whom the millions died—Bourgeois France that got rich while Common France died—Bourgeois France that robbed every American soldier of half his pay—Bourgeois France who would not let the American Army sell within her borders the worn-out autos it had brought into France to save her—"Frog" France whom each American learned to despise.

Common France died. Bourgeois France won. French Labor, harrassed, robbed, bludgeoned—hesitated and listened to the bugle in 1914, threw herself upon the invader, fought, starved, endured black reaction—and saved her tyrants and her petty thieves.

And now all of France that is lovable possesses less than it would have if it had let the invader conquer

BOOKS

and the German Bourgeoisie rule its soil. The old Syndicalist battle cry, "Let the invader come, we have no *Patrie* to defend," is vindicated with a vengeance in the non-observance. Monarchy is rampant. Freedom of press is crushed out. Nothing has right of way in France but some hyena seeking blood to suck. Wages are starvation. Hope is a prison sentence. Bourgeois France has won.

The American soldiers are disappearing fast and leaving the Avenue de l' Opera like the corridor of a club on the morning after New Year's. It is almost deserted this evening, of men, which brings into greater note the unusual number of unengaged daughters of Paris who, like hungry wolves from the forest, swoop down upon each passing male figure.

Yes, Paris' daughters are hungry now. From nests in the dark dash forth many women upon each passing man; the passing man continues on his way and a little knot of women eddies about the spot of disappointment, complaining to one another. "*Ah! Comme la vie est dure pour les femmes!*"

It is one of the embarrassments of Bourgeois Paris. Bourgeois Paris' prudent arithmetic had set six francs a day as working girls' day wage, with the night wage left to "freedom of contract" on the boulevards where *les Americains* wander with such unheard-of wealth. A second class dinner costs seven francs.

Bourgeois Paris saw each day a larger proportion of its female relatives take up the socially necessary work of keeping the marvelous American military pay from leaving France. But now the American soldiers are leaving and Bourgeois Paris is in distress.

But I must get out of France, and I'll never see you again, Paris, even these ruins of you, unless you rise again and—your "Flics" go down as did your Bourbonns. I must tell you good-bye now: one long last walk through your half-dark streets tonight.

The Champs Elysees is bordered by boundlessly lovely trees and, in recent times, by captured German cannon and by rows of doughboys sitting with French girls on their laps. Sweet little, frail French girls, kissing the short-lived fire of their will to live, upon stranger doughboys. There are some who would call them—but, if they are, then Business Paris is their *souteneur*.

Down the Avenue de l' Opera "to the Louvre." "To the Louvre?" "To the Louvre" means to a department store, now, in France.

At the corner of "the Louvre," then, I look back up the nearly vacant avenue. Even the lights are faded half way out. A frail woman stands on guard in the far distance. . . . In the back of my head perhaps I have been thinking of arrival in New York Harbor, for the girl's still figure silhouetted in the grey seems like the Statue of Liberty of Bourgeois France. . . .

Lenin: The Man and His Work, by Albert Rhys Williams, and *the Impressions of Colonel Raymond Robins and Arthur Ransome*. (Scott & Selzer.)

THE whole world is curious about Lenin. He is the most hated and feared of all living men; and again, he is the tower of strength toward which millions of men and women look, across waste lands, with confidence, and pride, and love. He is described to us by his enemies as a monster; and he appears to us in a hundred enthusiastic anecdotes, as a man of almost supernatural wisdom. This vaguely-glimpsed, half-legendary colossus of the North, whose armies keep the leagued imperialism of the earth at bay, and who looks at the hysterical offers of peace and gestures of war of our bewildered statesmen with a faint satirical smile—what is he really like?

Lenin appears in the accounts of all three observers as a warmly human personage, a kindly and courteous man, without affectations, singularly devoid of any sense of self-importance, a man Lincolnian in his simplicity. He is not in the least a politician, he is rather a scientific scholar whose science happens to be the science of human behavior under certain economic conditions—that is to say, the science of social revolution. His extraordinary wisdom is simply common sense applied to complicated facts which he has taken unusual trouble to disentangle. He never poses as a prophet, and he is always at pains to explain in a simple and detailed way just why he thinks what he does about things. His statecraft consists in always showing his hand to everyone, friend and enemy alike. His absolute sincerity makes his utterances doubly impressive. Those who listen to him can be sure that he is not talking for effect, not concealing anything, not playing a game. It is a quality which makes those of his enemies who come into contact with him give him their entire respect.

As the trusted pilot of the chief destinies of the Russian people in these terrific times, he is necessarily a very busy man. But he is not an anxious man, not a worried man, not sunk under the burden of his terrible responsibilities. He could pause in the midst of an important meeting to advise Williams amiably as to the best way of learning the Russian language. When the Third International was being launched, he could chat gaily with Ransome about affairs in general, and remark of Bernard Shaw that he is "a good man fallen among Fabians." He could stretch himself out and go peacefully to sleep at a meeting where his policies were being bitterly assailed by his opponents—much to their discomfiture. He takes his task with the most complete seriousness; but he does not take himself too seriously. He thinks the Revolution could go on without him—and that is perhaps one reason why he is so indispensable to the Revolution!

At a time when the Soviet Republic was being most desperately pressed by its enemies, he suggested the decoration of the chief Russian cities with statues of the heroes of working-class revolt. The impulse which flowered in the magnificent popular edition of the great books of the world

under the editorship of Maxim Gorky, came from Lenin. But this does not mean, apparently, any special interest in sculpture or literature as things in themselves, but rather an understanding of their place in the people's education. He was concerned with building deep and firm the spiritual foundations of the Soviet Republic in the minds of the growing generation.

He is a man singularly unmoved by the storm of opposition, not merely from his capitalist enemies, but from his own associates at such times as his policies come into conflict with theirs. He speaks plainly, scornfully, cuttingly about them in public debate but his attacks are impersonal, and when they have discovered their mistake, they are found at his side working along with him. But, though he is unmoved by the outcries of rage from his class enemies, he is not unconscious of them. In a recent biography of Lenin, written by his colleague Zinoviev, and published by the Soviet, it is told of him that his favorite line of poetry is one from a famous Russian poem in which it says that the true joy is not in hearing applause and handclapping but rather in hearing the howls and hisses of one's enemies. There are certainly enough of such howls and hisses, from Washington, D. C., to Omsk, Siberia, to account for that mildly sardonic smile which illuminates his pictured countenance!

Albert Rhys Williams' book is one which will satisfy the curiosity of those who wish to see the human Lenin behind the man of poster and caricature. It is a splendid portrait, and ranged along with the word-picture of Raymond Robins and the commentary of Arthur Ransome, it gives us the feeling of knowing the man as he really is.

The old world is going; and the old world-figures are going with it. The personality of Lenin looms larger and longer with each day that passes. He is the great man of today and of tomorrow. F. D.

American Poetry

The New Era in American Poetry, by Louis Untermeyer.
(Henry Holt & Co.)

THERE are many sects in American poetry, but there are two significant and opposite tendencies. It is hard to define these tendencies, and impossible to get anybody else to accept your definition when you do. So I shall make no attempt for the present, save to say that there is a kind of poetry that Mr. Untermeyer cannot help liking, and another kind that he cannot bring himself to like. His book undertakes to show, among other things, that the kind of poetry he likes is entitled to be considered the Poetry of the New Era in America. As such, he devotes about nine-tenths of his volume to its praise and the other kind he lets off with a brief warning not to show itself around the place again.

That is because Mr. Untermeyer is a generous soul. He prefers to praise; and when he cannot, it hurts him just as much as the other fellow and he cuts the matter short. If he were a mean, cantankerous person, he would have adopted the opposite method. I, for instance, would have devoted nine-tenths of the book to telling my many contemporaries just what was wrong with them and of the few elect I would

have said shortly, "These fellows are not so bad." No doubt the elect prefer Mr. Untermeyer's method. But I think there is a profound philosophic truth implicit in the one which I have recommended. For we do not, as a matter of aesthetic fact, admire one kind of thing because it is good, and reject the other because it is different. No; we become sick to death of something and call it bad, and go seeking for something as different as possible, and when we have found something different enough to satisfy us, we call it good. It follows, then, that it is what we *don't like* that we really know; we can tell it a mile away; detect it by a phrase or an accent. And it is with that, the known bad, that we ought to start, finishing much more hesitantly and uncertainly among the things which we think we like.

Mr. Untermeyer and I agree for the most part in our violent dislikes and I regret that he has not seen fit to expand upon these. He dislikes, for instance, the kind of poem which goes this way—I have not a copy of *Others* at hand and must resort to parody to show what I mean:

If as always. . . .
Ripe wheat, buttered toast to follow: yes, but why—
Tomorrow she said she said she said
Asking, looking, masking: nothing, everything. . . .
(Two plus two is 22 in the Moon.)

When Mr. Untermeyer comes to this kind of poetry, he notes its existence, smiles, and passes on. He does not do justice to its badness. Not that I want him to swear, or cry. I want him to explain it. For it is because he hates this that he likes Carl Sandburg and Robert Frost. A long straight line connects this kind of poetry, which I have feebly parodied, with the poetry of Edwin Arlington Robinson and Vachel Lindsay, and it is in backing away from it as fast and as far as he could that he has reached them.

Why doesn't he like that poem? It isn't because it is silly. Lewis Carroll and Edgar Lear are silly, and he quite likes them. Well, what is the answer? Since he does *not* tell you I will. It is because this poem represents an extreme manifestation of an impulse which exists in his own mind, as in the mind of every poet, and of which he is unconsciously afraid. He is afraid of it as a man standing on a bridge is secretly afraid of hurling himself off into the void; he is afraid because there is a part of his mind that would like to do it. One doesn't ordinarily jump off the bridge; and one doesn't ordinarily succumb to the desire to write this kind of verse. But both impulses exist; they are in fact different manifestations of the same impulse: the impulse away from life toward death. Or, if this seems too harsh or melodramatic, let me say the weary wish for rest which in every soul contends with the fever of action; or better still, let us call it the will to dream.

That will to dream exists in us all, in conflict with the will to live. All our thought is ruled by these two impulses; and under their persuasion we turn, now to the fascinating and troubling world of reality, and again to the fascinating and untroubled world of dreams. We turn to the world of dreams particularly when real life is too painful to face. There are times when life for whole populations is too painful to face; and other times when under the influence of an emotion or an idea that makes the struggle seem meaningful and worth while, they look at it fearlessly and squarely. These latter times are the brief periods of great social hope

and effort—popularly called Revolutions. The former times are the long periods of discouragement or disillusion or despair that lie between one Revolution and the next. And poets, who are the sismographs of social disturbance, reflect these popular moods. We can tell by the poetry of Milton that people believed for a brief period that life had a sublime purpose; and by the poetry of Pope that they had concluded that life was a pretty prosy affair after all. And we have there the history of English Republicanism. We can tell from the poetry of Blake that wild purposes were forming under the suave exterior of Eighteenth Century civilization; and from the poetry of Byron that these purposes had come to some tragicomic and ironically unexpected success. And there we have the history of the French Revolution—and Napoleon.

Nineteenth century English poetry confronted the result of the French Revolution—a triumphant bourgeoisie. The poets reflected in their songs the attitude of society at large toward this new regime. They turned their minds away from it—toward the middle ages. They could not bear to face contemporary reality, because they saw no meaning in its welter of sordid capitalistic cruelties. So they talked about the days of old King Cole—I mean King Arthur . . . Mr. Untermeyer objects to Tennysonian prettiness when he finds it in the verse of our own time. Why does he not say plainly that he objects to it because it reflects the Tennysonian cowardice, which could not see any good in the world as he found it, and dared not even see how bad it was, preferring to turn away from contemporary reality altogether to the more suave milieu of the dream-world! And why does not Mr. Untermeyer say that this desire for evasion of reality proceeded along a facile downward path via Omerian pessimism to the cold Paterian decadence, shutting out more and more of crude actuality, until it reached an aesthetic Nirvana in which it was not necessary to deal with any recognizable reality whatever. And finally, why does he not say that these pseudo-modernist poems, echoes as they are of this death-bed delirium of Victorian Fear, are anachronistic in the worst sense—chatterings of terror that still persist after good news has come which should enable the timidest soul to leave the coal cellar and venture out on the doorstep! Mr. Untermeyer knows quite well what those tidings were: the news of the Next Revolution on its way.

This news had been brought by Walt Whitman, hurrying down, as it were, stumbling and sweating and out of breath but eloquent with prophecy from the mountain-top of thought whence he had seen the Future like an army with banners, advancing to free the oppressed and hopeless city of Man. He knew that freedom was coming and that it behooved us to be ready for it. He foresaw a shattering of ancient bondages, and he preached a linking together of brother with brother in manly and heroic love, as a kind of Law and Order to be sufficiently relied upon when the old forms of law and order went to smash. . . . He had gained, in fact, the vision which the seers of the Eighteenth Century had before him—only with the difference that he trusted in the emotional rather than the intellectual enterprise of mankind to create the glorious New Society. . . . He had, indeed, rediscovered the splendid utopian vision of the Eighteenth Century.

But he had the disadvantage, which the seers of that century did not labor under, of having to see in a very ugly

Present the materials out of which that Future must be created. They could look around them and say, "All this will be changed." But Walt had to accept the universe "as is" before he could begin to hope for change. It is his great spiritual achievement that he succeeded. . . . He was like the three Wise Men of the East in the quaint medieval ballad, who went along confidently enough following the Star, until they came to the manger. For with characteristic medieval humor the old ballad presents a very realistic picture of a lusty new-born infant, before which the Wise Men fall back in dismay. What! this red, squalling little lump of indignation the Son of God! It must have been quite as difficult for Walt to recognize in our noisy and slobbering young Capitalism the lineaments of the society that was to stand erect upon the earth and stretch out its hands among the stars. Rousseau himself might well have failed to do so. But Whitman did, and he taught those who came after him to do the same, and is thereby one of the Great Beginners of the poetry which is not afraid to look life in the face.

His value as a poetic influence may be stated negatively; he passed over the long period of despair, of timid compromise, of utter weariness, of spiritual disintegration, which were the psychic results of the success of the French Revolution in establishing the rule of the bourgeoisie; he passed over all this, and went back to the pre-revolutionary undisillusioned hope of the Eighteenth Century, and with eyes instructed by that beautiful dream, looked with courage and confidence upon the welter of contemporary life.

It is, accordingly, from Eighteenth Century and not from Nineteenth Century roots that the Yea-saying, toward-Life poetry of our own day takes its origin. Mr. Untermeyer shows this by his choice of Charles Erskine Scott Wood, James Oppenheim and Carl Sandburg as three of the chief protagonists of the poetry of the new age. All three are as Eighteenth Century in spirit as Rousseau, or as Blake. To this Eighteenth Century Utopianism are united, in all three, the influences of still earlier Hebraic utopianism. They speak in the language of the Prophets—and they get their cadences not so much from Whitman as from the place where Whitman got his—the Old Testament. They, and Mr. Untermeyer, too, are Nature Worshipers and worshippers of Human Nature—lovers of not only the "good" in it but of its wilder, more primeval elements, the tiger-impulses burning bright in the forests of our psychic night.

In none of these is there a touch of Nineteenth Century despair, compromise or hysteria; they are enabled to face life courageously by virtue of their utter belief in life. But some of Mr. Untermeyer's other favorites are not so philosophically fortified, and are in consequence less robust. They remind one a little of Coleridge, who loved beauty so much that he could not help being terribly hurt by ugliness, and was compelled to build for himself, out of snatches of the fragmentary beauty of reality, a dream world in which to take refuge, a Kingdom of Kubla Khan. Vachel Lindsay, devotee of the Republic and the Home Town that he is, is compelled to enrich its meager realities with more lush and riotous loveliness from all over the world, but in particular from the Orient. He is enamored of reality, but his reality is decorated, bizarrely and barbarously enough, with treasures from the Cave of Dreams. With Chinese tapestries, Darkest African tom-toms, kickshaws from the Country of the Moon toys from Mother Goose and delicate Aubrey

Beardsleyish bric-a-brac, all mixed up with Fourth of July fireworks, statues of Lincoln and Wild West Show posters from the billboards, he turns Springfield, Ill., into a savage spot as holy and enchanted as e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted by woman wailing for her demon-lover. Edwin Arlington Robinson is less riotous in his fancy, but he, too, prefers to see Broadway against a background of historic dream; thinking of Roman and Athenian streets, he can the more interestedly look upon this contemporary avenue, "here where the white lights have begun to seethe a way to something fair." Yet, though these poets are less robust in their faith in nature, and though both of them in different ways are deeply impressed with the wrong, the shame, the evil in the natural world and in human nature, and though, together with Sandburg for that matter, they are the more obliged to seek a compensatory solace in the healing and beautiful magic of verbal music—yet they, too, are, first of all, followers of Walt Whitman and believers in his Republic of heroic comradeship. But they have accepted one gift from the Nineteenth Century—that profound psychological curiosity of which Browning stands as the great Victorian exemplar. In them it is divorced from any medieval preferences, any harking back to the scheme of life which the French Revolution destroyed. The funeral oration upon that sentimental looking backward is, in fact, pronounced by Mr. Robinson, in his poem on "Miniver Cheery":

"Miniver missed the Medici,
Albeit he had never seen one—
He would have sinned incessantly
Could he have been one."

Mr. Robinson thinks that in the matter even of sin the Middle Ages were overrated; that there is sufficient opportunity to sin right here and now—and he proceeds to prove his case in speculative analyses, Browningsquely subtle, about people by the name of Jones and Smith. . . .

But Mr. Robinson is merely per-eminent in subtlety. He is scarcely more curious than others whom Mr. Untermeyer has chosen to praise—or has not chosen to praise, as the case may be. Among those whom Mr. Untermeyer might well have—but no, I will confine myself to generalities. Suffice it to say that the other source of the toward-Life tendency in our American poetry is the psychological enterprise which we associate with the name of Browning. He, with Whitman, are the two men of our immediate past to whom such poetry seems to owe anything. . . . And if psychologizing, in Mr. Untermeyer's view, is better than sentimentalizing, it is because psychology not only leads us into the very heart of reality, but furnishes us the courage to stay there. In short, the psychologist does not come out by the same door wherein he went. He went in with Browning, and he is coming out with Freud. Psychology, in its modern sense, is not one of the "dismal sciences." It has been, ever since its first hesitant conversion under the influence of William James, a testifier to the infinite possibilities of human nature, transcending the control of Fate. And it is now flagrantly the handmaid of Revolution.

Therefore, if one asks why the psychologizing of Edgar Lee Masters is not pleasing to Mr. Untermeyer, the reply is that it is a quasi-Darwinian—or if you will, Sophoclean—but in any event an old-fashioned kind of psychologizing. Mr. Masters has not read—or divined—the secrets of the

unconscious mind. He lingers back there in the late Victorian era with the puzzled and discouraged Mr. Hardy. . . . Nor does the (among other things) Browningsque Ezra Pound more than momentarily intrigue Mr. Untermeyer; for Ezra has gone off with the post-Preraphaelites and built himself a Kingdom of Kubla Khan out of fragments from the Ming Dynasty and the Yellow Book. Imagism fails to seduce Mr. Untermeyer because it is seeking to create a dream-world too sufficient in itself, though admirable enough in the pagan stuff of which it is composed. On the other hand, the gossipy Muse of Amy Lowell, which runs, on in endless repetition of all the news that that has ever come up the Boston Post Road, in a dramatically faithful imitation of the voice and manner of whoever originally uttered it, impresses Mr. Untermeyer because he cannot help regarding its unselectiveness as akin to the courage of old Walt. . . .

But here, in the domain of our specific enthusiasms, we come upon many cases where Mr. Untermeyer and I differ. The mere listing of these differences would not particularly illuminate this discussion, and I prefer to venture only the suggestion that having backed safely away from the perilous Abyss of Dreams, and having faced about toward reality, he is now necessarily more uncertain of his path. Distaste, rather than taste, we have agreed, is the primary emotion in the formation of our aesthetic habits; and the fear of death has forced us backward into the trammels of life, which we poignantly endure with the assistance of metaphysical beliefs which interpret its pains to our satisfaction. But shall we account it forever a sufficient virtue to enjoy the ugliness of life, to say laughingly "Non dolet"? Here I think there comes a new distinction, which Mr. Untermeyer has not made, among these lovers of Life. Why do they love it? Because, though it is a meaningless chaos, the artist is able to arrange its discords into rhythmically beautiful patterns? Or because he knows that it is not a chaos at all?

It appears to me that the mood of accepting the universe can too easily degenerate into mere uncritical insensitiveness on the one hand, and mere artistic stoicism on the other. Am I asking too much of poetry if I conceive it as taking the leadership in not merely the acceptance but the evaluation of life, and with the purpose of making it possible for us not only to face the present but to create the future? If the utopian courage and the psychological curiosity of our poets are sufficiently robust, I think they will be content with nothing less. It is from such a point of view that I would like to see Mr. Untermeyer criticise these poets, rather than from an undefined and undefinable aesthetic point of view. I suspect that, within the larger boundaries created by our need or fear of the perilous solace of dreaming, our tastes are an uncertain compound of physical sensations of rhythm and emotional recognitions of unconscious symbolic meanings, which may be fairly universal or peculiarly individual. Until these mysteries of taste are scientifically analyzed, it is not going to help much to say, "This is very beautiful." But we are already able to begin to analyze the philosophic and social, or if you will, the political tendency and significance of art. Mr. Untermeyer, I observe, has been reproached by certain fellow poets and critics for indulging in political criticism. I wish he had more consciously and thoroughly done so. I wish he had told us just why Vachel

Lindsay can never be expected to salute with verbal cannonades the Dictatorship of the Proletariat in Springfield, Ill. I wish he would tell us whether under the Soviet, Arturo Giovannitti will stop—and whether Max Eastman will begin—writing Bolshevik poetry; and if not, why not? I would like to know whether Carl Sandburg would feel like leading an agrarian uprising against Communism? And what Mr. Untermeyer himself would do if he were elected head of a Special Commission to Suppress Counter-Revolutionary Tendencies in the All-American Poetry Soviet? I mean, to be quite serious, do these poets as *poets* understand the Present, and can they help us shape the Future? Do they not only follow old Walt, but surpass him, as he demanded:

"Arouse! Arouse—for you must justify me—you must answer what I am for.

I myself write but one or two indicative words for the future, I but advance a moment, only to wheel and hurry back in the darkness. . . .

Leaving it to you to prove and define it—
Expecting the main things from you."

FLOYD DELL.

Popularity

Prejudices: First Series, by H. L. Mencken. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

MR. MENCKEN should ask himself, like the Greek philosopher, "What foolish thing have I said now, that the populace applaud me?" For Mr. Mencken has for once struck a popular note in his new book. Fat bourgeoisie who regard Mr. Mencken's pet protege, Dreiser, as a wicked fellow that should be suppressed, and Mr. Mencken's god and master, Nietzsche, as a baby-killing Hun, and all of Mr. Mencken's favorite theories as (to use his own classic phrase) so much pish-posh, are chuckling over Mr. Mencken's latest book. Or rather, over one particular part of it. You may be sure it is not any of the chapters in which, as always, he attacks their superstition, their vanity, their hypocrisy, and their folly. No, but they can afford to take all that not too seriously, for in one particular chapter he reveals himself as their friend, as a regular guy, as a man whose heart is in the right place, as after all a true American. They are praising him for his chapter on Prof. Veblen.

At last Mr. Mencken has touched a responsive chord in Yankee doodle. He has said about Prof. Veblen just what it would have said if it had been master of Mr. Mencken's delicate strain of satire. "Flapdoodle," says Mr. Mencken, and the bourgeoisie applauds. "Intellectual hogwash," says Mr. Mencken, and the bourgeoisie puts its hands over its stomach and laughs long and heartily. "Gobs of bunk," says Mr. Mencken, and the bourgeoisie, wiping the tears from its eyes, rises to nudge Mr. Mencken in the ribs with its elbow and invite him to have a drink. Mr. Mencken, there is no doubt about it, has made a hit with the American bourgeoisie as a keen satirist of the intelligentsia.

Well, now there are no heights to which Mr. Mencken may not aspire. He has done the one thing that is more popular even than lynching Socialists and Negroes; he has plastered a Professor with—you have no doubt read the passage in question—cow-manure. All hands and hearts are lies. Over, if Mr. Mencken so chooses, are the days when he had to scintillate in the pages of the Smart Set for

country school-teachers, adolescents and other appreciators of almost-naughtiness. Now he may write for the American Magazine and the Ladies' Home Journal. He may put on the mantle of Elbert Hubbard, seize the fountain-pen of Dr. Frank Crane, and taking a chaw of terbacker from old Ed Howe, march straight into the American Academy of Immortals, the greatest living American.

There are many wise and true things in this volume; but I fear they will all be forgiven for the sake of the Veblen chapter. I myself am of not quite so forgiving a disposition. If he survives this storm of popularity, I will confess the satisfaction which his spiritual robustness and, in no small measure, his literary insight, have given me but not until I am assured that I will not find him next year featured on the Pollyanna circuit.

F. D.

Banners

Banners, by Babette Deutsch. (Doran.)

THE warp, so to speak, of these poems, is the emotional and intellectual life of the American intelligentsia; the woof is something more poignant and personal and far-brought—something which gives to essentially familiar themes a deep and rich strangeness. The first group of poems is called "The Dancers." They are, in one sense, impressions of an evening with the Isadora Duncan dancers; but Greek met Greek that evening, and what we have are like fragments of some lost Dionysiac choruses—re-creations, as authentic as the dancers' own, of pagan beauty and joy and madness—filling the night "with torches and triumph, with laughter and lifted knees." Again the strangeness is Oriental, and touches the day's news of the conquest of Palestine and the dawning of a Zionist utopia with the sound of shawm and psaltery. The poem which gives title to the book is about the red flags which now float over the palace of the Czar; but she sees the red of these flags against a vaster background—as the newest flash of the old Promethean fire which man has followed up out of the primal night. Even a boys' game of marbles has a kind of startling geologic beauty in her poem. Again, there is one of the most inevitable of our war-moods here—if we have not forgotten and care to recognize it—when, in a dead world, we wished to be dead, too, and yet suddenly found ourselves responding to life's simplest lure:

"We crave the long blind void of being dead,
But in a curving limb, a choric cry,
Beauty throbs stronger than the will to die."

The strangeness here is in the unashamedness of the confession of a mordant mood which most of us have wished to forget. This strangeness, here and in all the book, is in the intensity with which our familiar emotions are felt, an intensity which breaks into the flame of an unfamiliar beauty. In one sonnet, first published in this magazine, there is caught that not rare and yet I think never before expressed emotion, when lovers "taste estrangement" in their kiss; in another sonnet it is again captured in the lines:

"But I have known no loneliness like this,
Locked in your arms and bent beneath your kiss."

And the sonnet on Randolph Bourne says something which

CENTRALIA

WHAT really happened at Centralia?

The first stories described the incident as a sudden, unprovoked attack upon an Armistice day parade, in which three ex-privates and a Lieutenant were shot and killed by members of the I. W. W., shooting from the roof of their headquarters. This news shocked the country as it hasn't been shocked since the declaration of war. We, too, were shocked. Granted the most extreme provocation, it doesn't seem like the I. W. W. boys to shoot up a bunch of private soldiers when they're not looking.

Then the truth began to filter through.

It seemed there was a question who began the fighting. Press dispatches soon included such admissions as these:

"Some of the witnesses said just before the first man fell two former soldiers stepped from the line and started toward the sidewalk near the I. W. W. hall."

"One witness who was with the marching service men said that immediately before the first shots were heard several marchers had started to visit the I. W. W. hall."

Finally Edward Bassett, Commander of the Butte Post of the American Legion, said: *"The reports of the evidence at the coroner's jury show that the attack was made before the firing started. If that is true I commend the boys inside for the action that they took. If the officers of the law can not stop these raids, perhaps the resistance of the raided may have that effect."*

But these hints of the real truth were pretty well hidden on inside pages. Few "red-blooded" Americans took the trouble to read them. They were too busy vowing vengeance on the "murderers" and wreaking it on any handy group of defenceless people they could find in any part of the country, suspected of entertaining "radical" ideas. Already one man has been lynched, hundreds have been hideously assaulted, thousands have been jailed without warrant, half a million dollars' worth of property has been lawlessly destroyed, in revenge for that affair. *Yet no jury has yet heard evidence on which to base even an indictment against one member of the I. W. W.*

Who will tell the truth about Centralia and the hurricane of outrages which followed?

Three or four liberal weeklies, perhaps. *And the socialist press.* If ever there was a moment in the history of America when we cannot afford to let our own press die for lack of funds, it is now. Mob violence and governmental tyranny will do what they can to silence us. Let us swear by all we hold dear that not one fighting revolutionary socialist journal shall go under for lack of funds.

* * * *

It is in this mood that we put our case before you. In spite of constantly rising costs, and the continuous denial of our mailing privilege, we could have gone through the year without calling on our readers for help, if it had not been for the printers' strike. As you know, we were unable to print the November number. This meant, for one thing, *the clear loss of a whole month's income, about \$3,500.*

Every three months we have to buy a carload of paper, costing \$2,900. Two weeks ago one of these carloads arrived. The bill was presented, and as we had had no sales for a month we had literally nothing with which to meet it. As an extreme concession to the extraordinary circumstances, the paper company has agreed to wait until December 15. But we shall not be able to meet the bill then unless our readers come to the rescue. If it is not paid, we lose our paper—and what is more, our credit with all the paper companies.

This emergency is a special and rather accidental one, due to the strike and to the fact that *although twenty issues of THE LIBERATOR have been approved by the U. S. Post Office, nevertheless our second-class mailing privilege is still withheld.* It will be pretty plain sailing when we get that second-class permit. But until then THE LIBERATOR is in the hands of its friends.

Can you help us over this immediate difficulty? If so, please sign this blank and mail it with cash or check *before December 15th.*

THE EDITORS.

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many of us would have liked to express—not least of all in the line: "You were so fragile and so pitiless."

I feel the impact of this volume more strongly than I have felt that of the author's separate poems—which, as often as not, tantalized me by what seemed a whimsical oddity: I suspect from this volume that her strangeness comes from giving herself the privilege of feeling things, not merely until they hurt, but beyond that. F. D.

New Fiction

The Fortune, by Douglas Goldring. (Scott & Seltzer).

The Burning Secret, by Stephen Branch. (Scott & Seltzer).

A NEW publisher makes his debut with two remarkable books of fiction by new writers. "The Fortune," by Douglas Goldring, is the story of a young intellectual swayed between two influences, which might in peace times have been termed sanity and sentimentalism, but which at the beginning of the recent war took the specific forms of pacifism and patriotism. We have read more than once the story of the young man who renounces his career and enlists; it is generally told from the sentimental and patriotic point of view. Mr. Goldring tells it from the sane and pacifist point of view. It becomes in effect the story of the tragedy of the intellectuals of our generation who were se-

duced into and destroyed by war. The foreword to the book contains a letter of praise by Romain Rolland. The book is worthy of the praise.

The other book, "The Burning Secret," by Stephen Branch, is the story of a child's romance and disillusionment. That romance goes on unknown to his mother and her quasi-lover who conceive the romance as their own, and regard the child as a nuisance to be got out of the way, lied to and ignored. But the child who had taken seriously the man's pretensions of friendship, is bitterly hurt by this treatment; his feelings, more real and profound than those of anybody else concerned, are outraged by what is one realizes, the treatment meted out to children under not only such circumstances but also in more ordinary and more conventionally impeccable situations. When adults play at love or even at friendship, the children who happen to be in the way are extremely likely to get hurt. Mr. Branch's perception that the story of the hurt love of the child is more significant than the more familiar tragi-comedy of the adults in the plot, makes his book one of acute interest. He is one of the new writers whose discovery, not of new themes (for there are no new themes) but of a new point of view from which to look at themes as old as the world, is rejuvenating fiction. F. D.

Pictures

AESTHETIC adventures—the discovery of a new book of poetry, a new dancer or singer, of a sort that stirs one deeply and unforgettably—have been particularly rare in the last few war-weary years. But at Knoedler's galleries the other day I was reminded again that I am a creature of the senses, and that the rewards of the life of the senses are beyond measure rich. I was standing in the little room where Boardman Robinson's pictures were on exhibition—not his cartoons, but the other things which he does perhaps as an unconscious protest against political and intellectual trammels—strange and beautiful pictures of Biblical folk, for the most part—Adam and Eve Outside the Garden, Lot's Wife, Delilah, and so on. Looking at these pictures I realized that I had been starving for the last several years—I had had nothing but thoughts to live on. But it is not by thoughts alone that man lives—and when I had looked a long time at the Robinson pictures, I prowled about looking for more nourishment. In the next room was an exhibit including Degas and all that lot, and a very fine Gauguin, not to speak of a couple of windows and doors from his Tahiti house decorated in what is now so familiar a style that it scarcely attracts notice. I was surprised to find that they all, even Gauguin, looked simply unimpeachably classic; those pictures had died and gone to heaven, and would live forever and ever, and I didn't care. I went back to Robinson. Strange, the happiness one gets out of shapes and hues—that something in one's self gets out of such things while one is looking at something else, at the story which the picture tells! (For I have ceased to try to enjoy art with my conscious mind. The unconscious does it so much better!) Robinson's pictures make me want to stop thinking for at least a year, and live on sounds and colors and contours. F. D.

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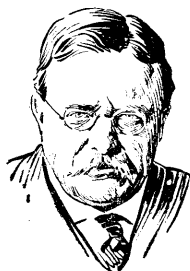
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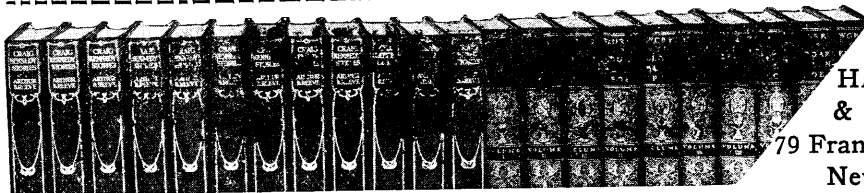
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"Petrograd Falls"

Daily papers, October 18, 1919.

WHY do you sob, my dear, my dear?
Why do you sob and weep?
The bravest thought—in the world is dead,
The bravest soul in the world was killed,
While I sat here asleep.

Why do you moan, my dear, my dear?
Why do you moan and sigh?
The noblest folk of the earth were crushed,
The youthful hope of the earth was crushed,
While I was standing by.

Why do you laugh, my dear, my dear?
Why do you laugh and smile?
For the splendid, glorious fight they fought!
The mad, magnificent fight they fought,
As I looked on the while.

Why do you rage, my dear, my dear?
Why do you rage and hate?
For the retribution that's soon to come,
The hell for their enemies soon to come,
For that I arm—and wait.

Why do you pray, my dear, my dear?
Why do you look so grave?
For the courage and hope and faith they had,
The firmness and vision and wisdom they had,
And the wonderful love they gave!

Robert L. Wolf.

Children

FINGER-PRINTS on the window,
The smear of a dog's wet nose,
Thousands of marks on the stairway
Of clattering heels and toes—
A headlong path through the garden
To a low place in the wall
Beyond to a ring of ashes
By the boulders. That is all,
All they have left behind them—
You can search the whole place through,
Never know what the children looked like
Or the tricks their dog could do.

Bernard Raymund.

Across the Car

I DO not like this civilization!
It takes children
Like butterflies with yellow wings,
Harnesses them to carts
And drives them in the dust
Till they are drab and twisted,
Content to sit in rows of monotonous ugliness
Reading the sporting page of the evening paper.

I do not like this civilization!
Eleanor Hammond.

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To Ben Linn, Dancing

"A SINGLE singing turn in one"—that, I believe, is what your act is called in back-stage parlance.

To me you were a hearkening back to the Dionysian nights of olden Greece, the Greece of torch-lit groves (resinous, smoky, red-flaming torches that make the owls scream), and crushed grapes, sparkling purple in the torch-glow and glistening silver in the moonlight, poured out by snow-footed girls.

Surely, without a falter, you made the auditors your own; you took the vulgar trash—a cheap war song, coon-shouting melodies, a syncopated snatch of ribald drolery—and wove them into mixo-lydian strains: they were translated into art through the sheer strength of you. "The women must not die for want of love"—what a true bit of Pan's philosophy! And your characterization of an old, gray satyr—in caustic song, yet kind—was like the fabled art of famed Hellenic mimes.

A man of weight a-dancing—and you surely know it—is mirth-provoking, in despite of grave: and yet—I saw a springald faun, garlanded with vine-leaves, dancing at a Bacchanalian revel; dancing in the moonlight to reedy trills of Pan's pipes shrilly sweet.

To me you were Silenus—Silenus in, his youth.

Bernard Guilbert Guernsey.

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WE sit in trim rows, considering "case work."

The lecturer writes on the board the names and ages

Of a hypothetical family.

He talks of "relief," "the family norm" and much else.

His voice is tired.

I study the faces, earnest, perplexed, Some eager with the passion for interference.

One woman thinks the family's troubles Came from extravagance—at twelve dollars a week.

At the end of my row a girl with a beautiful neck,

A wonderful neck, slender and curved, Hangs, spell-bound, on the lecturer's words. She is the most real thing in the room Because she is beautiful. We have forgotten beauty.

But the rest of us might at least be real. And we all know in our hearts that poverty is a bigger and tougher problem Than will ever be solved by case work—Or friendly visiting, though an angel did it. It is a pity someone does not tell the beauty That we are not real at all. Her belief is so touching.

Elizabeth Carter.

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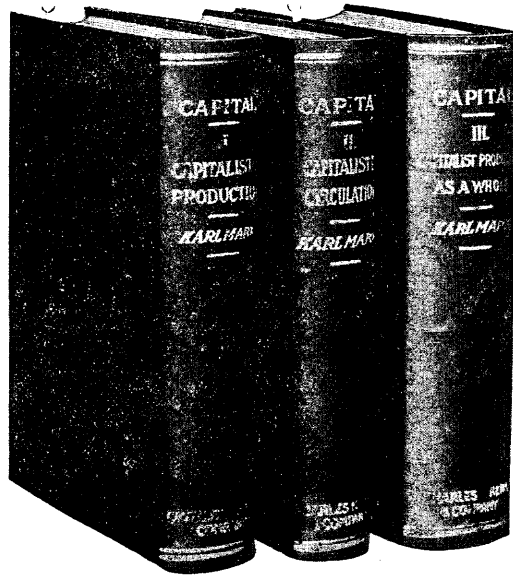
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Sunday Morning

PATTERING rain, pattering rain,
Sunday morning has come again.
Not the stupid old Sunday of yore
When God seemed such a dreadful old bore,
And the hills were green to the errant heart
Of a little boy dressed for a Sunday part,
Who sat in a pew and itched to be free
Of his collar and clothes and the Trinity . . .

Pattering rain, pattering rain,
Let's turn over and sleep again!
Drowsy eyes that smile and keep
Love like a candle lit in sleep.

I thought I heard you patter about,
Crossing my day-dreams in and out.
Coffee and slippers and wrapper and rolls
For these two hungry and lazy souls.
It's fun to sit here and stretch our ease
While upright churchgoers bend their knees . . .
Pattering rain, pattering rain,
Next Sunday let's do it all over again.

Francis Biddle.

Hagar

SHE hates me, the disdainful one,
She is his wife, she has the right;
Yet a new joy makes glad the night,
Since I have borne my lord a son.

She has no child, the scornful one,
She curses me, that I am blest
With this warm mouth against my breast,
That I have borne my lord a son.

She is the dear, beloved one;
There is no tender care for me,
My grace is, that I chanced to meet
The maid who bore my lord a son.

She is his wife, the childless one,
She soothes him, lets his tired head rest
Upon her flat and empty breast,
While I—I bore my lord a son!

Sarah Hammond Kelly.

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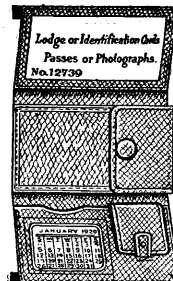
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