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# MARY MARCY'S Rhymes of Early Jungle Folk

An Outline of Pre-History for the Youngsters  
With 71 exquisite wood-cuts by WHARTON H. ESHERICK

H. G. Wells popularized An Outline of History; Hendrik Van Loon carried on with the simplified picturized Story of Mankind; now comes Mary E. Marcy's versified Outline of Pre-History for Young Folks, which puts the findings of anthropologists on the plane of Mother Goose. The rhymes have a swing that makes them great fun to read aloud, and they succeed in sugar-coating numerous facts. Their appeal is much enhanced by the seventy-one wood-cuts by Wharton H. Esherick—an illustration or more for each rhyme. Some of them seem to have been designed with the tools of the Stone Age, but they all show a delightful insight into child psychology.—*The Survey*.

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All the ologies, Bi, Zo, Ge and the rest are reduced to the elementary and worked into rhymes for the understanding of children in this book. It is a sort of outline of pre-history for the young, and as such will prove very instructive. The early jungle folk are more than the first men who were groping on the earth's surface to sustain life; the beasts and birds and plants were so much a part of that folk's existence that they become a part of their history.—*Boston Transcript*.

Not only a wonderful book for children, but one that is bound to arouse interest in the parents.—*Cincinnati Times-Star*.

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Esherick has a perfect grasp of the rugged technique of his art, and his figures are thrown against an impressionistic background that will fire the imagination of old and young alike.—*San Francisco Journal*.

They are gripping little poems, illustrated with equally catching wood cuts. The collection of poems, each complete in itself, taken as a whole, give a very complete story of pre-historic times.—*Sacramento Bee*.

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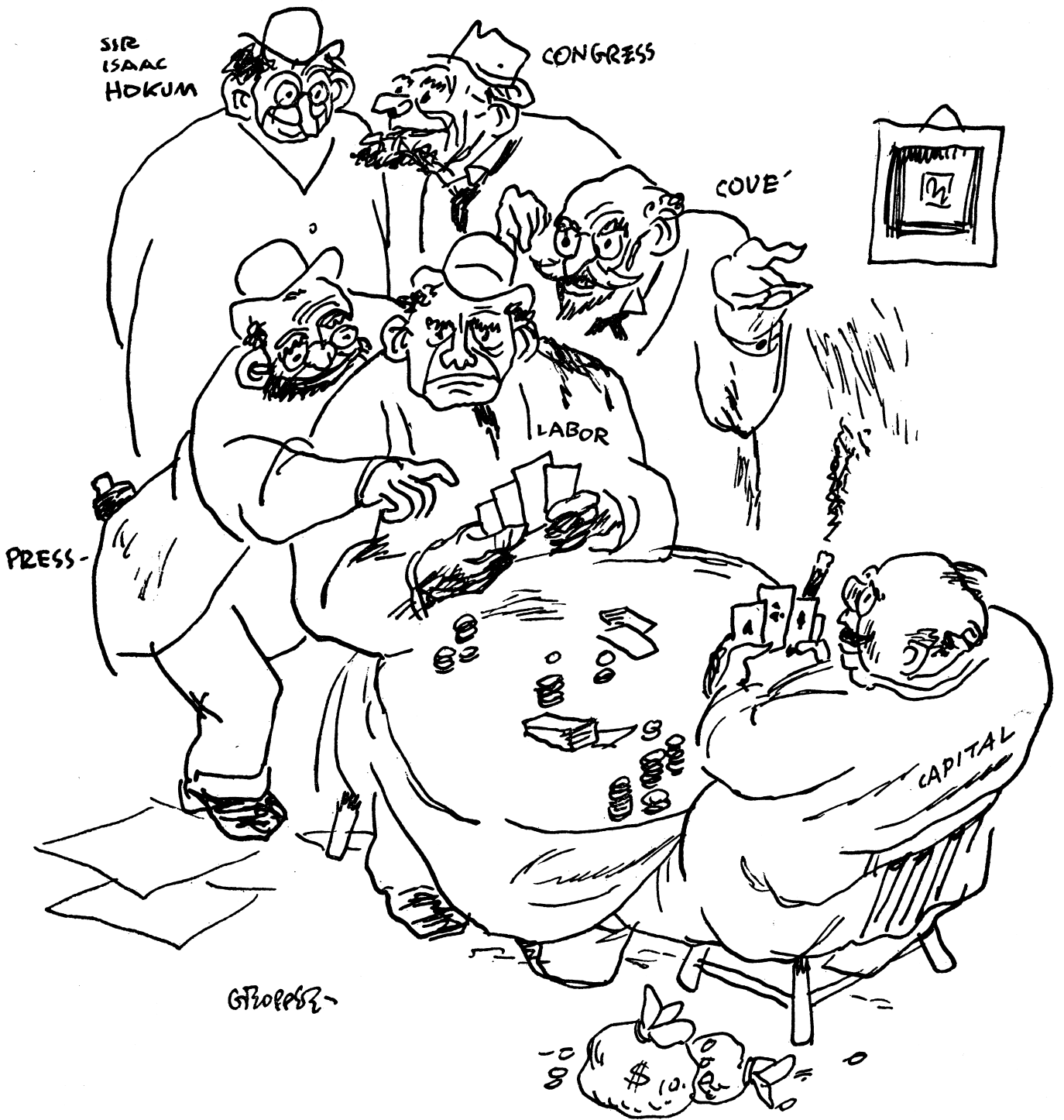
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William Gropper

# Kibitzers

# THE LIBERATOR

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## EDITORIALS

### The Bomb Business

**T**HAT famous "Sherlock Holmes," William J. Burns, denies that he and his agency engage in activities including framed-up raids, planting evidence, picking pockets, trading in Government secrets, faking reports, writing dynamite and death threats, forging signatures of radical organizations, seeking to provoke bomb-making, and generally making a living in the conventional way of a "detective."

Burns might as well deny that he is William J. Burns. Harding appointed Burns to head the national secret police after being informed that he was a jury-fixer and general framer-up of crooked cases. Apparently just such a man was needed for the forthcoming Government-supported Open Shop drive. It was Burns who supplied the "seventeen thousand affidavits of crime" in support of Daugherty's injunction against the Railroad Shopmen and simultaneously raided the peaceful assembly of Communists in Michigan.

The revelations of Albert Bailin, ex-confidential man of Burns, ex-Thiel detective, ex-member of the Military Intelligence Department and ex-agent of the Department of Justice, are simply an addition to the volume of already solidly established history. They show what the "detective business" is: lying, cheating, stealing, procuring perjury, inducing or committing crime which is then fastened upon labor unionists (as in the case of Jacob Dolla), forging death threats for "shaking down" the frightened, manufacturing bombs or other evidence to be planted on the premises of persons to be arrested, sending bombs—usually mere sizzlers—through the mail to rich men who will then hire detectives to catch themselves, detonating bombs in some cases in order to convict labor unionists; and generally playing the role of professional criminal in the "no-man's land" between the warring armies of Capital and Labor.

Nothing said by Bailin is out of line with what is known of a dozen famous labor cases in this country. Take, for instance, the Mooney case, where a mysterious bomb exploded, the evidence was destroyed by Open Shop detectives, the eye witnesses chased out of town while the strike-leaders Mooney and Billings were framed up, as now admitted. It was done in exactly the way that Bailin swears is the routine process of his former employers Burns and Thiel. It is interesting to note that the same Hiram Johnson who is responsible for the Mooney frame-up is now the chief Senatorial witness of Burns' "good character."

If Bailin did not possess damaging secrets of Burns' office, why has Bailin not been prosecuted since he was indicted two years ago for admitted writing of dynamite and death threats which he says he wrote for Burns?

### How Far Does It Go?

**I**T is time to remember that a few weeks ago one Wolfe Lindenfeld, known as "Windy Lindy," was brought by Burns from Poland to America as a man connected in some way with the Wall Street explosion. Burns said at that time, very strangely, that Lindenfeld had received money from him. Then "Lindy" was again suddenly and mysteriously deported.

What was the matter? Did "Lindy" also know something that he wanted to tell about Burns, whose employee he had been? How much money did Burns make out of the thirty-five corpses of the Wall Street explosion? Is it not time to find out what there is in the testimony of Burns' former confidential man that Burns' office sought to induce bomb-throwing and offered to teach bomb-making to provocateurs? Is it not time to find out how a man who Burns said had guilty connection with the bomb murders happened to be on the Burns payroll?

These questions are raised, be it remembered, in a case where Burns had initiated the prosecution of a group of workers for holding a political convention and expressing their political beliefs. Not a single overt act, or act of any kind, is charged against William Z. Foster and the twenty-one other defendants in the prosecution instigated by Burns in Michigan, except the act of meeting and expressing opinions.

It is because of Burnsism that we have the strange and disgraceful situation that a Communist Party is obliged to be an "underground" party and to hold its conventions secretly. It is time for the Labor movement as a whole to follow the lead of the Chicago Federation of Labor, the Michigan Federation, the Minneapolis Federation and others, and to demand that the Communist Party or any other working class political party shall have its right to exist and advocate its views in the open.

The only other choice is "Burnsism." If we must have political suppression, we must have political police and all of the commercialized, detective-made terrorism that goes with it. We must have, then, the professional provocateurs just as the Tzarist government of Russia had. We must not be surprised if ambitious detectives teach and instigate and even perpetrate bomb murders and other assassinations in furtherance of their trade. Did not Azeff of the Russian secret police go so far as to assassinate a cousin of the Tzar, in promotion of the detective trade? Nothing that the ex-provocateur Bailin reveals of the activities of "detective agencies" is in the least out of the picture of "Tzarist America" that the Palmers, Daughertys, Flynns and Burnses have been constructing since 1917. There is nothing incredible in Bailin's story.

## The League of Calamity

THE League of Nations' sole reason for existence is its function of settling exactly such matters as the Ruhr tangle. Yet the League has about as much chance of settling that matter as the Baptist Church at Tarrytown has of giving orders to John D. Rockefeller. The League can no more give orders to Imperial Britain to cease pillaging and murdering the Indian, Egyptian and Turkish peoples, or to France to quit stealing an industrial empire, than Rockefeller's preacher can regulate the price of gasoline. Even when diminutive Lithuania seizes the port of Memel by force, the League of Nations hastens to cover its impotence by solemnly deciding that Lithuania should have Memel.

Don't look to the League of Nations to solve the fast complicating war situation in Europe. A better question is: Is the Communist International yet prepared to take hold of the situation? That is the ultimate question, indicating the ultimate settlement. The Communist International is the only international organization of action in existence. It alone has a drastic program for a situation that can be bettered only by the most drastic change of social relations.

## Let the "Red League" Do It

THE Communist International has already shown its difference from the "Social-Democrats" of 1914 by sending the principal leaders of the French Communist Party at the first sign of war into Germany to rally the "enemy" proletariat to join the French workers in mutual action against the French and German imperialists. To the utmost of its strength the Communist International is building up a general strike action against the coming war. This, and not anything the League of Nations is doing or can do, points toward the solution of the Ruhr question. To the extent that the revolutionary International can be prevented from organizing such international proletarian resistance, the imperialists will succeed in destroying Europe.

The Second International, from its janitor's quarters in the League of Nations house, is working might and main to prevent the international general-strike action against the impending war. Whatever nationalist "strike" Herr Stinnes may order for the Ruhr, the Scheidemann International will try to carry out; but its main task is busily to destroy all efforts of the Communist International for international proletarian revolutionary action.

The brave call of the Communists for the French coal miners to strike is being answered to a surprisingly large extent. But every French coal miner that can be influenced by the now practically combined Second and Two-and-a-half Internationals is kept scabbing. The call of the Communist International and the Red Trade Union International upon the Second and the Two-and-a-half to keep their promise, made at the Hague, to prevent war by a general strike, is being jeered and chuckled at by these "Socialists." The British capitalist press quotes with glee the answer of the labor prostitute Hodges, "We take no orders from Moscow." This reminds us that the Socialist Party of America will soon be in the Second International. It is accomplished through an interesting process of indirection: first it affiliates with the Two-and-a-half, and then the Two-and-a-half enters the Second. Mr. Hilquitt may yet earn a place as labor-overseer for the League of Nations.

Robert Minor.

## The Ruhr Mystery

IT is neither possible nor useful for an English writer, contributing from London to an American magazine, to discuss the present political situation. This article is written soon after the French invasion of the Ruhr, and by the time it is read anything may have happened. It may be worth while, however, recording the manner in which the invasion has been received in the Labor movement here. The sentimental Labor Party members, the I. L. P. and other politicians have received it with a chorus of denunciation. They have dwelt upon the violence and injustice of the French action and argued, upon the lines of Norman Angell, that the fruits of it will be French ruin and no reparations. It is spoken of, with partial truth, as though it was no more than an outburst of senseless militarism, whose reasons were mainly psychological.

While nobody is found to approve the invasion, the attitude of the Communists and the more realist Left wing has been slightly different. Except in so far as it has injured the German workers, they are not profoundly moved by this last iniquity in the struggle between two capitalist groups. They are more interested to discover the reasons for this sudden action, which, in all appearance, might have been taken any time in the last three years.

In my opinion, it is quite safe to say that, once again, the influence of America can be traced. The power of America over France, through the French debt, is great in any case. It would be surprising if Poincaré had seized the Ruhr in defiance of a genuine American opposition. But, most important still, is the curious behavior of the exchanges. The German mark has vanished after the Austrian krone. But the collapse of the franc, on which pacifists everywhere built their hopes, has not followed. At the time of writing, though, the German mark (nominally equal to the franc) is about 200,000 or more to the pound; the franc is only 78. (Par is 25; since the war, however, it has wavered between 45 and 65.) But it is notorious that France does not intend to and cannot pay her debts—that the Ruhr occupation is eating money—that the budget only balances by printing money and now that "reparations" have ceased will not balance at all. Who is keeping the exchange "pegged" so that the franc doesn't fall? It is not London, that is known. Indeed, London is pushing the other way. There's only one other influence that could keep up the franc. It is New York. Wall Street is "pegging" the franc.

The reason for its action is simple. The capture of the Ruhr coking coal, necessary for the working of the enormous Lorraine steel factories, gives France what is virtually a self-contained iron and coalfield stretching from Verdun to Bochum. The largest and richest single area in Europe, it contains enough coal, steel and iron productive capability firstly to half kill the great British constructional trades, and, secondly, to arm France to the teeth in the event of a quarrel. Calais is less than an hour from Dover. England is now in a very dangerous strategic position. That is why the U. S. A. does not mind the occupation of the Ruhr. That is why Mr. Hughes, with exquisite hypocrisy, after expressing regret at the invasion to M. Jusserand, added with a sigh: "But in any case, it is your right."

## Who's Tranquil Now?

JUST as we do not know what may happen in the Ruhr, so with the Near East. This morning the Turks refused the Lausanne Treaty. Without doubt they rely upon Moscow for aid, but they would be foolish indeed if, in struggling to regain the Mouslonfield, they had neglected to secure the aid of Standard Oil. After all, the British occupation of Mesopotamia was the first real heavy blow to American world domination. The American group—the United States and its direct dependents—controlled the major portion of the world's most important fuel resources. When Britain took Mesopotamia she passed from second to first in the ranks of oil-owning powers. It would be odd if Washington had not observed this fact.

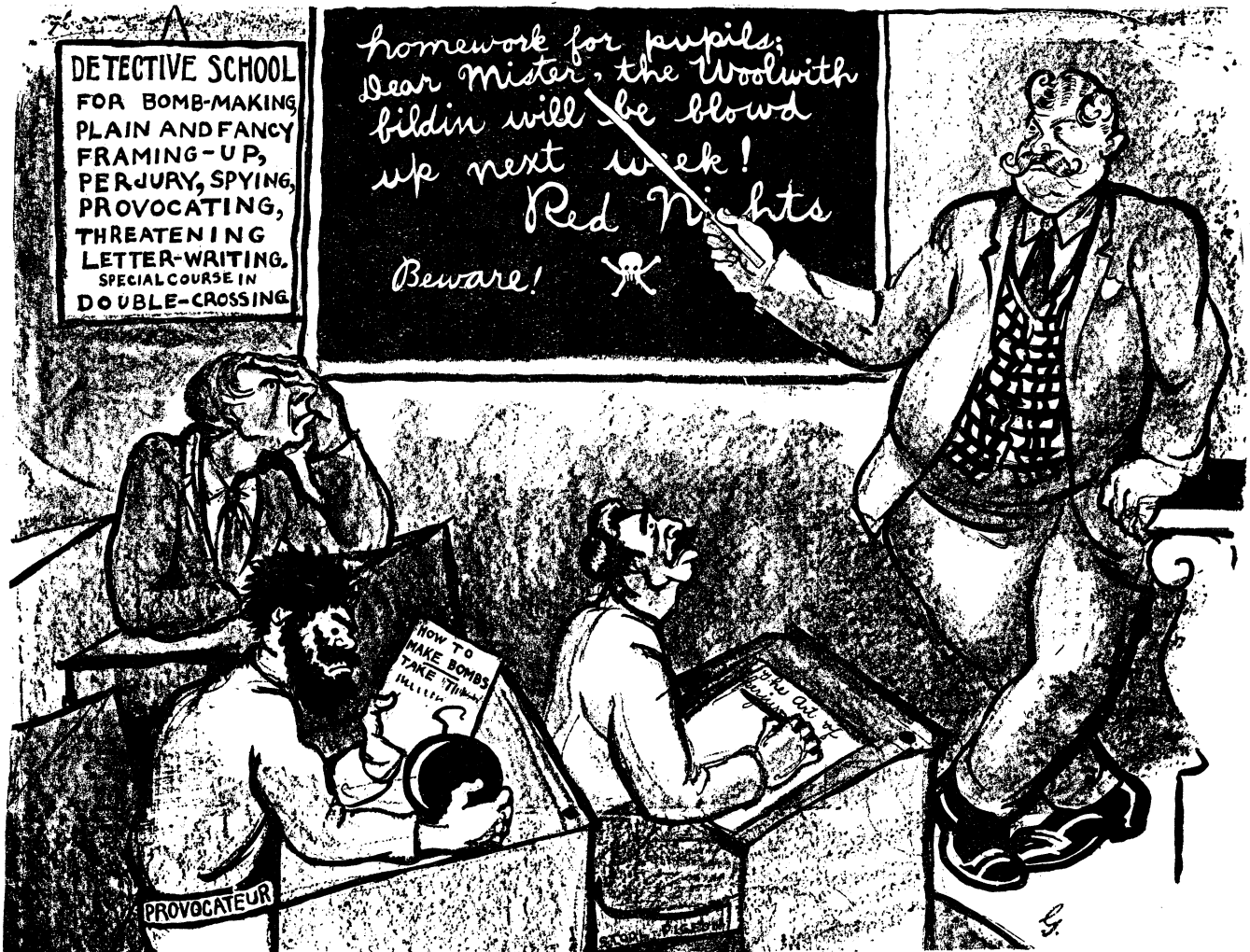
It is an interesting reflexion, for a European, that in a period when America is officially taking no interest in Europe and interfering not at all, nothing, however small, happens in the political world in which American influence

is not to be seen. No East European tangle, however sordid, lacks threads that lead straight back to New York.

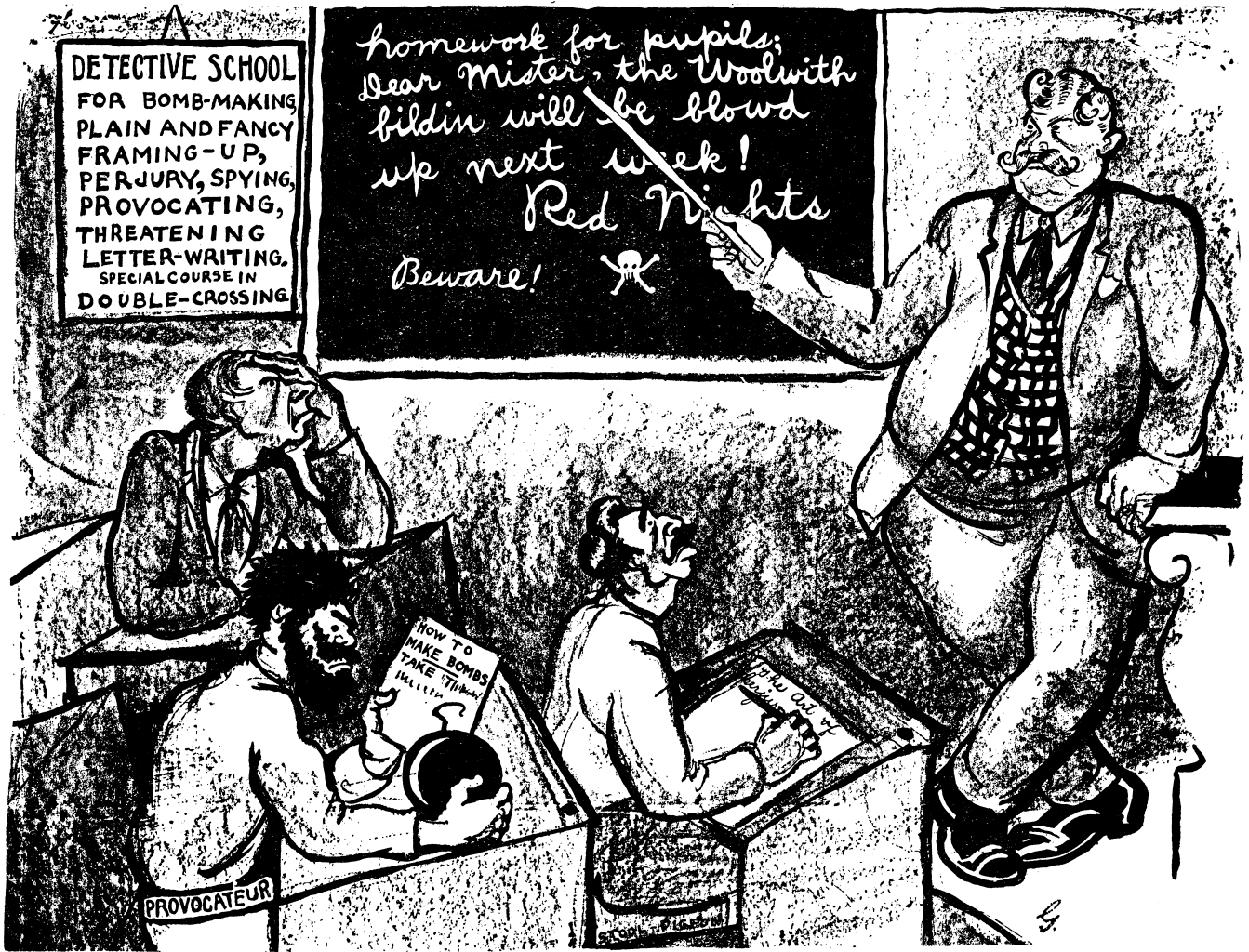
A further interesting reflection, for an Englishman, is upon the curious fate of the new government of Mr. Bonar Law, that ousted Mr. Lloyd George. It secured what popular support it had upon the cry of "tranquillity." Everybody, even the Labor Party, is exhausted with politics. Everybody clamors for rest. So Mr. Bonar Law's "My policy, in one word, is Tranquillity," got support. His face in every newspaper gave relief. A face of undeniable dullness; a slow methodical stupid man, smoking a common briar pipe; a bored man who would work hard at office work, who had never said anything but a platitude in all his life. That blank face, so tranquil, turned many votes.

And now, in one month's government, one European power has overrun the territory of another, and we are faced with an Eastern war. "Tranquillity"—under capitalism.

R. W. Postgate.



The Institute of Detecnology



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# Are the Communists Ready?

By Max Bedacht

**N**OVEMBER, 1917—March, 1923; five years of struggle; five years of suffering; five years of hope! And the revolution is still confined to Russia. There were moments of despair for the Russian people during these long five years. But the star of hope never ceased its promising glimmer, the hope never left them even for a moment that the workers of other lands would follow the example set by their Russian brothers; that they would dethrone their capitalists; that they would relieve the seemingly unbearable burden of the starvation blockade and the murderous foreign invasion. And the millions of hopeful proletarian rebels in other lands were no less confident, no less eager in the expectation of the great cataclysm.

A wave of patriotic paroxysm swept away the leadership of a proletarian revolution in the mad year of 1914. The Second International was broken to pieces. And when, after four years of mad murder, after the glorious example set by the workers and peasants of Russia, the masses of other European countries began to awake, there was revolutionary verve, there was the spirit of self-sacrifice—but there was no revolutionary leadership. The elements of such leadership had been minorities, mostly hopeless minorities at the beginning of the madness of 1914. Persecuted by the social patriotic majorities of their own parties, prosecuted by the civil and military authorities of "their" countries, they could not well organize during the four years of the bloody bedlam of war. Thus the revolutionary uprisings of the European masses during 1918 and 1919 were drowned in the blood of the victims of Noskeism for lack of leadership. That the task of the hour had become to give leadership to the rebellious masses became clear to the revolutionary Socialists the world over. Thus in March, 1919, the Third, the Communist International, was born.

All Europe was still in turmoil. The masses were in motion. The world revolution seemed to be so near! The first and the second congress of the Third International were held under a constellation of revolutionary strife and revolutionary hope. But although completely bankrupt and tottering, capitalism was not destined to fall at the first onrush of the forces of tomorrow. Capitalism, in its fall down the precipice, caught hold of a protruding rock, the lack of preparedness of the workers, and gained a breathing spell. The masses lost some of their revolutionary confidence and had become inactive.

In this atmosphere the Third World Congress met. Capitalism and its social-patriotic henchmen indulged in festive orgies of words about the defeat of the Communist International. But that body, in congress assembled, took stock of the political situation. It saw one-half of Europe bankrupt. It saw the other half frantically trying to avert bankruptcy by inflating vain expectations of payment from the bankrupt half. And before this mess it saw capitalism standing utterly helpless. The treaty of Sevres was scrapped; the treaty of Versailles was a monstrous abortion, destined to die an early death, if needs be under the convulsions of another ghastly war. And all the means that capitalism could muster to save itself from the agonies of death were endless

conferences of the same old men who had first prescribed medicines which were poisons.

Who dares to speak of the defeat of the Communist International in the face of the great truth into which a seeming paradox had been elevated by history? "*The greatest enemy of capitalism is capitalism itself!*" Profit—the motive power which had made capitalism so great a force in the development of the productive forces of mankind—now threatens the safety of the old order. The objective forces for the establishment of a new order are ripe. The great task now is to prepare the subjective forces, the proletariat. The task at the birth of the Communist International was to *give leadership to the revolting masses*; now the task is to *give revolting masses to the leadership*. Hence the slogan: *To the masses!* This slogan furnished the dominating principle of every decision of the Third World Congress. But the congress saw great dangers that beset the Communists on the road to the masses. The dangers were contained in the unreal radicalism within the Communists, a radicalism which is always willing to sacrifice opportunities for the sake of mistaken principles. "Combat this tendency," was the keynote of that congress.

Fifteen months passed between the Third and the Fourth World Congress. The latter convened for work on November 9th in the new palace of the Kremlin, in Moscow, and closed its sessions on December 5th. Wonderful Kremlin! It had seen the gorgeous splendor of the Boyars of old; it had sheltered Napoleon as conqueror within its walls; it had witnessed the birth of the Communist International; it is at present the pivot of the proletarian world revolution.

The fifth anniversary of the Russian Revolution dominated the atmosphere of the congress. Five years of revolution and nearly four years of the Communist International. Did the revolution succeed? Has the International made good? Its enemies say no; the revolution has betrayed its principles, and the Communist International is a failure. The answer that the congress gives to these questions is the political achievement of that gathering.

The Fourth World Congress was in the main introspective and retrospective. No new analysis of the political situation was necessary. The history of the fifteen months since the Third World Congress was one continuous proof of the accuracy of the analysis of that congress. The offensive of capitalism has become more marked since. Warned by the fate of its Russian brother, world capitalism has organized the counter revolution before the revolution. But this display of strength is not sustained by healthy vigor, but is the fruit of fear and desperation. The world war and its aftermath mark the crisis of capitalism. The masses of the proletariat must be organized for the defense. All forces of history hasten the day when this defensive will be turned into the great offensive which will loose the grip of capitalism on the protruding rock and will start it again on its final plunge into oblivion.

The task of the communists is clear. "Go to the masses!" Unite the defensive skirmishes of groups of workers into

united mass struggles of the whole proletariat. Create "A United Front of Labor." Not tactical manoeuvres, but strenuous efforts must be made to unite the masses of the workers in common action. Irrespective of their political differences they must be united for the solution of their immediate problems. The apathy and inactivity of the masses must be overcome. But one danger must be overcome. It is the danger that the revolutionists may succumb to a tendency of adapting themselves to that spirit of the masses. *A Communist must never allow opportunities to pass unused for the sake of mistaken principles; but he must also never sacrifice even one iota of his principles for the sake of mistaken opportunities.* The Communists must be the germ of fermentation that permeates the subjective forces of the proletarian revolution, the working masses, and develops them to an understanding and prepares them for the execution of their great task.

Did the Russian Revolution succeed? Was the Communist International a failure? The Communist International has shown so many sincere efforts in self criticism that its answers to those questions deserve honest consideration.

The Second International has betrayed Socialism and the working class. It has torn apart the united front of the working class *against* capitalism and has created a united front of the workers *with* capitalism. And today it is apparent to all that it is not the inherent vigor of capitalism itself which it still sustains its order but the forces of the deserters from the camp of the working class. That the seemingly less compromised elements of the 2½ International now seek unity with the deserters merely proves that they, too, have been of the same calibre, although they have hesitated so long to show their acquiescence in the betrayal by an open alliance with Noske-Stinnes, Renaudel-Poincare and Henderson-Lloyd George.

The working class has only one rallying point in its struggle against capitalism—the Communist International. Either this is true, or Gompers is correct when he proceeds on the theory that the interests of capital and labor are identical. Their is no other alternative. The communists, being Marxians, know there is no such identity of interests. They know there are only irreconcilable antagonisms, continuous conflict, and, finally, the inevitable struggle for power, the revolution. Thus with the world revolution before them, the Communist International as its instrument with them, and five years of experience of the Russian revolution behind them they proceeded with their deliberations in congress.

**T**HE psychological climax of the congress was undoubtedly Lenin's speech on five years of revolution. The political climax of the gathering, however, was Trotzky's speech on the same subject. The quintessence of the experience of five years' of revolution in Russia is this: the theory and practice of Marxism must be harmonized. The theory must not be mutilated to suit the practice, nor must the practice be distorted to suit a theory. Both must be harmonized, otherwise there is something wrong with the Marxian quality of either one of them. *We must learn—learn—learn.*

A revolutionist must learn first of all to operate with known quantities and must cease to speculate in unknown ones. Operating with known quantities we will find that economic expediency and political necessity do not always coincide. But political necessities take the precedent. The



Don Brown

The Watch Off the Rhine  
 "Lots o' music an' speeches—but where's the job?"

whole problem of revolution is primarily a political problem. The political power in the hands of the proletariat is the absolutely necessary prerequisite of a transition of capitalist economy into a communist one.

To further this economic transition a certain step may be expedient—but the political necessity of retaining power may dictate quite another step. Political necessity may dictate to undo a step today that was made only yesterday in consideration of economic expediency. Though such a politically necessary step may not be a direct measure for the transition, nay, apparently even undo such a measure, still, without the politically necessary step there will be no transition at all. To see in such seeming zizag of policy any revolutionary inconsistency proves that one has not yet learned to confine ones reckoning to known quantities only. A new society, after all, cannot be built betwixt night and dawn.

The experience of five years of revolution in Russia has taught its lessons not only to the communists but also to their enemies. Capitalism always underestimated the dangers of the revolution by underestimating the powers of the working class. After the accession to power by the workers in Rus-

sia all their enemies, including the friends of the old order in Russia, expected the downfall of the Soviet regime hourly. The November revolution was regarded as an adventure in which it was only a matter of a short time for the adventurers to find out that they had bitten off a considerably larger bite than they could chew. It took days and weeks until the capitalist world in general and the Russian capitalists in particular realized that the Bolsheviks had not only no intentions of dropping the reins of power, but, on the contrary, were bent upon using it for the expropriation of the bourgeoisie. Then the bourgeoisie began to organize open resistance, counter revolution, civil war, on a large scale. The Soviets in order to weaken the bourgeoisie in its struggle against them, were then driven to further measures of expropriation as a matter of political necessity, measures which could not always be justified from the standpoint of economic expediency. At the victorious conclusion of the civil war the Soviets could institute the New Economic Policy—NEP (as it is called in Russia)—thus rearranging things nearer to the basis of economic expediency.

Russian experience has impressed capitalists the world over with the seriousness of the claims of the proletariat to political domination. So they marshal all the forces at their disposal to keep in power. They organize a complete counter revolution even before a complete revolution has occurred—as in Italy. They are determined to block the proletariat on its road to power.

The Communist Parties everywhere must rise to the occasion and meet it with revolutionary strategy, which neutralizes, paralyzes and fights the forces of the bourgeoisie, and at the same time recruits all the forces of the working class for the final battle. That battle once won the enemy will have exhausted all its reserves and will leave more elbow room to the revolutionary proletariat for its creative work than the Russian workers had. But, after all, the proletariat of Russia has succeeded in its revolution. It has won the most important battle of the revolution by retaining power in a struggle against a world of enemies.

**A**ND the Communist International? The allied capitalist countries of yesterday are enemies today; with their hands at the levers of the most perfect machinery of production the German workers are starving; the war against militarism has just ended, and yet the workers of France are oppressed by the burden of as powerful a military machine as the world has ever seen; German imperialist plans in the east were defeated; yet today we see English and French imperialism struggling for the oil fields of Mosul; Italian "democracy" dangles on the points of the Fascisti bayonets; discontent and unrest everywhere; in a word: Capitalism at the end of its rope,—utterly bankrupt.



Don Brown

"Our Father, Art Thou Still in Heaven?"

There is only one force that can save mankind out of this chaos—the working class. *A UNITED FRONT OF LABOR* in the defense against capitalist aggression; a *WORKERS' GOVERNMENT*, as against the economically and politically bankrupt capitalist governments; a Communist International at the head of the struggling masses. Surely, the Third, the Communist International is a success. Never were truer words spoken about the Communist International than Zinoviev's closing words at the congress:

"LET THE TYRANTS, THE BOURGEOISIE AND THEIR WHITE AND YELLOW INTERNATIONALS TREMBLE: *THE FUTURE BELONGS TO US!*"

Truly, the Communist International is ready for its great task. It will prove its readiness when the masses rise to deal tottering capitalism its fatal blow. It will prove its readiness no less in the preparation of the masses for that great rising.

# Courage

## By Mary Heaton Vorse

**R**ECENTLY I was in the coal fields of Southern Kansas, District 14, Alexander Howat's district. Here I found both men and women held an attitude in talking to strangers different from any I have ever met from the Mesaba Range in Northern Minnesota to the textile workers of New England. The women talked to me as if I were an old friend; their stories came pouring out without reserve.

They had no fear.

In District 14 I met more people in a short time that I will remember always than I ever did in so short a time anywhere. These people in that flat Kansas country had the precious gift of individuality. They were like trees which grow alone and are individual, while the closely-packed forest trees are indistinguishable one from another. As I jolted around from one mining camp to another, I met woman after woman who held their heads high, who told me stories of their lives which embodied fidelity to courage, unremitting gallantry in the face of intimidation, hunger, and the strain of prolonged strikes. They told these stories unconscious that they were giving me a history of undaunted souls. To them what they had to tell was an everyday matter.

Usually when a stranger tries to talk to the wives of workers an awful silence must be overcome. This is especially true if the women are foreigners, then they wrap around them their immemorial reticence. The distrust of the unknown peers from their eyes and betrays itself in their guarded answers. Often swift panic that a stool pigeon is with them closes the gate of confidence.

During the weeks that I spent in Kansas I met women and men of all nationalities. Magnificent old pioneers in unionism, American women from West Virginia, women with a pungent Scotch burr, English women, Belgians, Serbs, Italians. These women were separated by age, nationality, by distance. They did not know each other. They were bound together by this unusual trait of individuality. Differing so much, they were alike in that they had no fear. All of them had some part of the story of District 14 to tell.

The longer I stayed in Kansas, the more I wondered what made these people so different from women in mining camps in Ohio, in Pennsylvania and even on the Nesapa Range. What load had been lifted from them that they could be completed human beings? I wanted to know why they weren't afraid to talk. A young lawyer who had worked for the U. M. W. of A. in this district gave one answer.

"Nobody in District 14," he said, "has had to be afraid of their jobs for years. Alec Howat wouldn't let a man in any mine be fired for a caprice or spite. He'd stand up for the last-come Hunkey just as much as he'd stand up for a member of the executive board. No operator could put anything over on Alec."

Alec Howat had killed the fear of unemployment in his district. It had been dead for years. So in that flat Kansas country human beings were liberated from one of the fears that haunts almost all workers. For the lives of workers

everywhere are maimed by the fear of unemployment, old age and illness.

Imagine a society where the three fears didn't exist. Imagine a society liberated from fear. Fear is the foulest poison that the human soul knows. I have lived in New England towns where old and dignified houses faced great commons. Double rows of mighty elms stood tranquil sentinels of beauty along the wide streets, yet in these towns the voice of life was so muted that youth flowed from them. In these towns, unusually free from the burden of poverty, spiritual poverty crippled almost every human soul, because fear sneaked from house to house muttering, "Conform, conform—don't think or others will think you impious or immoral"—so when thought withered, life withered and died.

I have lived in steel towns where the nameless fear of espionage poisoned the very air. No one may grasp or measure the harm wrought by the system of "Under cover men."

No Devil invented by man's perverse ingenuity can equal Fear. Fear chokes all upward strivings of man's spirit. Fear skulks by night and day poisoning the wells of thought, strangling brave endeavor. It spreads dark nets to enmesh the bright spirit of youth in its stultic, filthy bondage. To every natural gesture, to every generous impulse, to any now-born thought, fear whispers its potent formula, "*What will people think?*"

Fear is the enemy of love and beauty. Fear limits all largeness of life and all extension of joy.

Down the ages fear has skulked through the world whispering, "Do not think—the penalty for thinking differently from your generation is death."

Fear is bigotry's spouse, persecution's father. Read civilizations record. Fear stands in the path of change with the noose and the knife, ready for slaughter. For centuries fear was the relentless enemy of science.

Fear slinks along, head down, tail clamped close, a licked cur ready to kill—in self defense. Fear walks with murder. Fear has shrieked to men and to nations, "Arm yourselves swiftly. Kill! kill! kill! Or you will be killed!"

Fear is armament's excuse. Fear is the mask behind which stand the cunning manufacturers of the tools for the human abattoir we call war. Fear is war's closest friend.

Lift the burden of fear ever so little and mankind grows in stature like the fabulous tree of life. All that is great in man's spirit responds to "Fear not" as soldiers to the bugle call. In the shifting, inconstant valuation of "good and bad" one virtue alone has been as fixed as the north star. It is old as time. It is venerated from the African Bush to the highest summits civilization has attained. To it youth through the ages has paid its passionate homage.

Courage is its name.

Down in Kansas there was a fearless man named Alexander Howat. His fearlessness was as a magnet to other fearless men. Unexpected things happened in this flat Kansas country, where folks made their livings from cornfields and

coal. A year ago in December something happened whose like I do not recall in all the history of labor. Howat was in jail and with him were August Dorchy and four members of the Executive Board—John Flemming, Willard Titus, Hearl Marshall and James McIlwraith. They were in jail for having fought the Industrial Court law.

The International of Mine Workers of America, had expelled these men from the union. "Provisional Government" had been put up in District 14. All the members of District 14 who did not return to work when ordered by the international had been suspended from the union. District 14, in its convention, had voted unanimously to support Howat and the officers of the district in their fight against the hated law. Lewis ordered the men back to work. Driven by hunger many had seeped back into the mines.

Three women got together and agreed, "We women must do something about this." Of the original committee one was an American woman, one an Italian, and one a French woman. These women put a little advertisement in the paper. It stated merely that a women's meeting would be held in a hall in the town of Franklin to discuss the situation. It was a women's meeting—no men allowed. Old women and young women, women of all nationalities streamed to that little hall. They came miles by the Inter-urban Railways. They drove from remote mining camps. Mary Stuvitch—a woman of Montenegrin blood—proposed the idea that every woman at the meeting should get two other women to march and that each of these two women must get two other women. In two days time a procession of women was organized that took the fivers and motors carrying the women three hours to pass any given point. At their head rode a young French girl on a great roan horse.

I do not know how many women marched. The figures given me differed from 4,000 to 6,000.

A remarkable thing had happened; something that had in it beauty and courage. It had meant so much that almost a year later everyone still talked of it. The first woman marcher that I talked with was Mrs. Pearson, in a remote mining camp. She was one of those Kansas people I will never forget. When I was in her house her husband was sick, bent over with rheumatism, and she had carried on the work of the farm by herself.

She was the sort of woman that made you feel she had never known even the meaning of fear. She was sunburnt, powerful, full of the good temper that is bred from an unconscious knowledge of power. The mining camp she lived in was now partially deserted. Dismal shacks blinked empty windows at you. The people who had once lived in them had been driven away during the strike by who knows what desperation of hunger. It was a sort of place to give you a haunted feeling, but this one woman of magnificent courage kept its heart warm.

"Of course I marched," she said. "Boys and men were taking away the jobs of their brothers! They were taking away the jobs of the men that had built the Union and who'd fought with them shoulder to shoulder in strike after strike.

"We women must go to the men that are working," I said 'and make 'em understand what they're doing and they'll come out. It's up to us women.' That's how I felt, that's how all those thousands of women felt that marched. We wasn't goin' to have any violence. We was goin' to use *reason*.

Many a woman 'd come with a sawed-off broom handle or tuck a rolling pin under her shawl. We'd go up and down the cars and explain to 'em. We believed if we talked to the men honest and frank like we was their own sisters and mothers they 'ud know they was bertaying the union and was going back on Alec Howat, who'd spent the years of his life in making District 14 one of the best organized districts of the United Mine Workers. So out we went, thousands of us. We went from mine to mine and every mine we went to out come the boys!"

This was just one of the women in that march. There were thousands like her. There were little old women that



Don Brown

Laid Off

looked for all the world like New England school marms, magnificent women like Mary Stuvitch, splendid Italian women like Julia Cavellieri, who, though she reads English with difficulty, speaks four languages and has a lawyer's mind.

In my days I've heard a great deal about "spontaneous uprisings of the people." I have never known anything as spontaneous as this historic march of the women of Kansas.

After the second day the program of the march was so long that the young French girl, seated on her roan horse, could no longer lead. My mind returns to her, young and magnificent, riding at the head of the procession, instinct with the power of youth, aflame with the indignation that had sent these women to their self-appointed task. I like, too, to think of the old American women of seventy who walked three miles before daylight on that bitter December morning to the meeting place where the march started.

The "Provisional Government" was struck with terror. Wild stories were circulated. The women were going to march down on Pittsburg, Kansas, and burn the town! I was told that in the leading hotel the Provisional Government had machine guns and stacked rifles to fight the "Amazons." Perhaps this is not true. I hope it is not.

Anyway, after three days the State troops were brought in to stop the terrible women. They chose the youngest boys of the militia for the purpose. One of the women told me: "I wanted to form committees of the oldest women. We would go to these boys and talk to them like their own mothers and explain to them why we was marching. Some of us talked to the boys anyway and I tell you them boys was disgusted. One said to me, 'I'd never 'a' come, ma, if I'd known the truth!'"

"They had been told we was murdering folks and burning things, and when I talked to them I tell you them boys was mad!"

The story of these women's march should be told in epic form. It is an instance of what can happen when the crushing weight of fear is lifted, if only a little, from human beings.

The story of the women's march is only a detail in the history of District 14. It is significant that for the first time great numbers of working women rose up to support their men. They were intimidated, they were arrested, and the courageous spirits of most of them laughed at jail. No "outside agitator" influenced them. The courage they showed was no momentary thing. It had been in the air they had breathed. It was woven into the fabric of their lives.

The steady courage of the men and women in the Howat strike, who for weeks faced starvation until the miners of Illinois sent help, is another story which has never been told adequately. The old women and men will tell you of the four years strike when District 14 finally became organized.

Why these people, men and women both, shared in the rare gift of personality; why they were so liberated; why they had this signal courage in so great a degree was not to be explained entirely by the young lawyer. One of the last days I was in Kansas I went again to the jail at Girard to say goodby to Alexander Howat and the other men shut up there. I talked to Howat about this courage and asked him for the answer.

"Why," he said, "we've been talking courage to them for twenty years. There 's not been a mass meeting nor a union meeting where we haven't talked it."

The question leaps to one's mind if one man gifted with courage can draw about him a group of courageous men like him, and if they can change the spiritual outlook of thousands of people, what could be done if this were the watchword of the workers throughout the country. It flings open the door on a new life, on a different culture.

It shows the way to the killing forever of the Three Fears.

## The Commune

(March 18, 1871)

**B**LOOD of the Communards crying to me!  
 Thirty thousand massacred  
 In the streets of Paris,  
 And the blood flowed in the gutters,  
 And the blood flowed in the Seine.  
 Nor was there pity  
 For the children, the women, and the old men  
 Because these also fought on the barricades  
 To defend the Red Commune.  
 Oh there are wounds that would not heal!  
 You the bourgeoisie—  
 Your motto "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity"  
 Was seen to be a pretension and a mockery.  
 You the enraged ruling class—  
 You hunted the Communards  
 And you shot them where you found them.  
 I have seen the Wall of the Federates  
 Where you slaughtered the prisoners with mitrailleuse,  
 And you buried them where they fell.  
 Betrayal and fratricide—  
 This was your vengeance  
 Upon the defenders of the Red Commune,  
 Blood of the Communards crying to me!  
 Oh there are wounds that would not heal!  
 Awakening of the masses,  
 Stirring of the downtrodden,  
 Battlecry from the lower depths,  
 A sounding of the tocsin,  
 A building of barricades,  
 A lifting of the red standard,  
 Vanguard of the proletariat in revolt—  
 This was the Red Commune.  
 Federates,  
 Men of the Sections,  
 People of the faubourgs,  
 Embattled proletariat of Paris,  
 Your stand on the barricades  
 Was a challenge  
 Forever to be remembered,  
 The lifting of the red standard—  
 A heritage,  
 A shining memory!

Simon Felshin.

# An Imperial Year

By R. W. Postgate

THE past year in England, and, indeed, in Europe as a whole, has seen, in the first place, the definite and clear victory of capitalism. The British Empire has done particularly well. The opening of the year saw the ratification of the Irish treaty by Dail Eireann. At the time this was bitterly resented in Conservative circles here: the Carlton Club was buzzing with revolt. But Lloyd George was an abler man than many thought him. The treaty was magnificent business for British imperialism. British interests are far safer under the Free State than under the Black and Tans. The Irish Republicans are killing each other while the British reap the benefits. The weaker the Free State is (so long as the irregulars are kept under) the better for London. With the death of Collins, the last chance of the Free State becoming strong and independent—if there ever was one—disappeared. With the death of Childers, the last chance of the irregulars winning—if there ever was one—disappeared. Because Cosgrave's government is weak, it is cruel. Its executions—little distinguished from murders by now—rush on in an increasing flood. It has done things that Hamar Greenwood would not have done. Each execution makes reunion more difficult, and, after three hundred years of muddling, it looks as if the British governing classes had actually settled the "Irish question" for a while.

The same in India. The heterogeneous movement that centred round the person of Gandhi had really scared the British oligarchy, and had shaken its foundations. At the beginning of the year the movement came to such a height that it was necessary to consider bringing into action the "big gun" of the Gandhists—mass civil disobedience. Then Gandhi's nerve failed him. He took an obviously insufficient excuse to proclaim the indefinite adjournment of civil disobedience. The Government allowed just enough time for this decision to throw the movement into disorder; then they arrested Gandhi and sentenced him viciously. When last heard of the Indian Nationalist movement had fallen into three quarrelling sections, and the British Raj was settled comfortably back with his seat. In South Africa the peculiarly detestable and detested Rand capitalists who own General Smuts played the Paris Commune trick on the workers. They provoked peaceful, successful strikes into resisting police violence, declared it a revolt, brought in the military, and suppressed the strike with the greatest violence, and are still, at the beginning of 1923, murdering their prisoners.

INSIDE Britain, more victories. The year opened with the imprisonment, without serious protest, of the Communist Party secretary, Albert Inkpin. The unemployed had shown signs of revolutionary feeling in the winter. They had besieged Boards of Guardians and rioted. But now all local funds were exhausted and the guardians had no more to give. When the unemployed tried to bring pressure nationally, Whitehall was barricaded and the Government stood firm. The unemployed had not the power to make a revolution; their organization decayed and their spirit declined.

Employed workers suffered little less. The miners, defeated by treachery in 1921, have fallen in places into the deepest misery. There are villages where an employed miner can only earn eight dollars a week. There are parts of South Wales where conditions are almost those of a famine area. In one place they were so driven down that the unemployed raised a subscription for the employed, and in Reading, where the women biscuit workers are foully oppressed, they organized a strike for them to raise their wages up to the scale of unemployed relief. This year, also, the last big trade unions to hold their war gains lost them in the great engineering and shipyard lockout. There was no pretense here of industrial conciliation and arbitration; an enormous reduction was demanded in one cut and enforced by a lockout. Fifty-four unions, mostly craft, were involved; their policies ran counter to one another; their leaders and members were obviously frightened. The worst were the large general labor unions, whose membership wanted to go back and take the skilled jobs. The best fight was put up by the Amalgamated Engineering Union (400,000 members—used to be the Amalgamated Society of Engineers), which is a craft union of the old type. Its members were bound to it by the high subscriptions they had paid and the vast benefit funds. (The superannuation fund exceeded nine million dollars.) If they blacklegged, they lost what was equivalent to a good bank balance. Moreover, we know more trade union history over here than perhaps American workers do; to most members the union was still "the Society"—the A. S. E. of Newton and Allan in 1852, which had been for forty years the premier society of England and of the whole world. It was ridiculous for the employers to presume that they could fight it. So they hung on for many weeks in a hopeless struggle; they fought in the old respectable way—no mass picketing or big meetings, but each sitting alone in a small house in Plumstead or Greenwich and waiting for the employer to collapse. In the end they accepted defeat. This was the last fight put up by the British trade union movement.

YET though by midsummer British capitalism was victorious over its enemies, it enters the new year by no means comfortable. Its very victory has destroyed it. It has secured a free hand and the internal contradictions of the European capitalist system have landed it in hopeless difficulties. The whole year has seen a series of allied conferences, beginning with Cannes, about German reparations; that is to say, a hopeless attempt to straighten international finances without touching the causes of the collapse. The resignation of Briand and the accession of Poincaré—violently fought by the left wing, which suggested assassination—meant the break up, sooner or later, of the alliance between France and England, and, in fact, as this is written French troops are moving to the Ruhr in defiance of England.

Not only was the alliance which had ruled Europe without a rival broken up, but the great powers of Europe suffered a worse humiliation. They had to go to Canossa. They could not do without Russia, and this year they had formally to



Don Brown

invite the Soviet to the Genoa conference. Of course, this more than anything broke up "allied unity." The Bolsheviks are in the fortunate position of having something to sell which everybody wants. Once the bar was down, everybody rushed to trade with the "ruined country without resources"—the Soviet government that nobody would touch. Business men of all kinds now hang round the Russian offices in London. A French "radical mayor" has been sent to Russia with plenty of palm oil to do his best to get pickings for French capitalism. Even Mussolini's government of toughs hangs on to Krassin's coat tails and asks for contracts.

The collapse of the coalition and the fall of Lloyd George I have dealt with in a previous article. It is sufficient to notice that they were ultimately the result of the failure of Lloyd George to deal with the Turkish crisis, which was another and more severe check to British imperialism. Again, the "Geddes Axe"—a much advertised scheme of retrenchment under the direction of a *louche* business man, Sir Eric Geddes—is another sign of collapse. Capitalism does not really want half-starved, nearly class-conscious teachers, no technical education and all that these economies involve. The fact is, that the British budget will not balance and there is good reason to believe that the new government will find a way out by re-inflating the currency—a system which used to be known as debasing the currency, but we are more polite now.

**W**ITH these difficulties there has come at last a sign of labor revival. The doubling of the number of Labor M. P.'s is one thing; another, the quality of the M. P.'s, who contain two Communists and a further knot of genuine revolutionaries from Glasgow. These have distinguished themselves in Parliament by breaking through procedure

and making an uproar just because the unemployed were starving. One of them called attention to the fact that a prominent politician of the Asquith family was connected with what looked like a shameless piece of graft. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, their safe leader, has apologized for them in public. They will soon know better, he says in this morning's paper, and be perfect gentlemen and observe the traditions of seven hundred years. This leaves a nasty taste in the mouth, still it cannot obliterate the good behaviour of some M. P.'s this last session.

A further hopeful sign may be seen in connection with the unemployed. Like the old Blanketeers a hundred years ago, they have marched this winter from all over England and Scotland down to London. Why? They don't know—no one knows. "To see the Premier." In fact it was little more than a last despairing gesture. They came to die in Park Lane and Mayfair, like the Oriental who starves on his oppressor's threshold. Anyway, the spectacle has at last moved the General Council of the Trades Union Congress, the doddering representative of the employed workers, to some action. Previously, it had steadily refused to acknowledge the existence of the unemployed; now it has at last decided to sit on a joint committee with them. More, it positively arranged a joint demonstration, and on Sunday last Trafalgar Square was packed by a huge audience. Ancient bearded members of the General Council "took the chair" at the foot of Nelson's Column and blinked foolishly while unemployed leaders "under their auspices" talked the most violent revolution.

It is not the dawn yet; not the dawn even of the most cheerless day. But there is some light in the darkness, if it is only a movement of the clouds.



# An Open Challenge

By C. E. Ruthenberg

**T**HE first of the trials in connection with the prosecution of the twenty-two Communists arrested in the raid on the convention at Bridgeman, Michigan, began on February 26th at St. Joseph. The prosecution chose to put William Z. Foster on trial first.

In this trial, as well as those to follow, the Communists, although defendants, will not be on the defensive. The trials at St. Joseph will be turned into an offensive against the prosecutors, a challenge before the eyes of the working masses of this country of the prosecutions which the Communists have had to meet since 1919.

When the Communist movement in the United States was first organized it was not an underground movement. The Communist Party and the Communist Labor Party were organized at public conventions held in Chicago in September, 1919. The Communists acted upon the assumption that principles which were and are being publicly advocated in Germany, France and England and in many other countries could be publicly advocated in the United States.

The Palmer raids at the end of 1919 compelled the Communists to retreat temporarily from this assumption. The truth about these raids has only recently been told. The facts are hidden away in the Congressional Record in the report made this year by the Senate Committee which investigated Palmer's record.

This report will be the justification of the Communist Party for being an underground organization and for meeting in a secret convention at Bridgeman. The Communists have no particular love for underground life or for working in secret. They have nothing to hide. They desire nothing more than to proclaim their principles openly and publicly. They had to exist underground in order to exist at all. Under similar conditions they would have no choice but to do the same.

The report on the Palmer raids tells why it was necessary for the Communists to go "underground." Communists have estimated the number of arrests in those raids at 5,000. The Senate Committee says that 10,000 were arrested, mostly without warrants and without any justification even under the existing class laws. The report tells of brutalities and tortures, of a whole series of cruelties and illegalities perpetrated by the Department of Justice.

Out of the 10,000 Communists arrested and brutally mistreated, Palmer succeeded in deporting a few hundred foreign-born workers. Out of scores of citizens held under state laws as a result of the 1919 raids, only twenty members of the Communist Labor Party were convicted, and they were released by the Governor of Illinois after serving a week of their sentences.

The whole history of the Palmer raids, which drove the Communists underground, shows that these raids did not have as their object prosecution for crime, but persecution to destroy a movement which was feared by the capitalists who control the government of the United States.

The bugaboo of violence which the prosecutors and the press have tried to make of the Communist movement will be met equally frankly at St. Joseph. In part it has already

been destroyed by the exposure of the disreputable Burns' Detective Agency and similar organizations, showing that it is these private detective agencies that supply the violence.

No Communist advocates the use of violence in the class struggle in the United States today. Communists have better sense. No Communist has been convicted of an overt act of violence in the United States.

What Communists are charged with is the crime of telling historical truth. They have been bold enough to say that the slave owners of the South did not give up the special economic privileges which they enjoyed as a result of chattel slavery without a resort to violence. They have told the historical truth that no privileged class has ever yielded up its right to exploit and oppress without a trial of strength outside of the formal rules of the struggle laid down by law, without a resort to force and violence to protect its interests. It is a logical inference from this that the capitalist class which enjoys powers of oppression and exploitation yielding its greater wealth than any class in history has ever enjoyed will not yield up its position without a struggle which will go beyond the formal rules governing the struggle for political power in the United States.

To say this openly, the Communists contend, is not a violation even of the existing class laws. They will say it openly and in the court room of St. Joseph, from the public rostrum and in their press.

Palmer succeeded in driving the Communists underground through his "red raids" of 1919. Daugherty and Burns expected to destroy that underground Communist movement through their "red raid" of 1922. The Communist answer to the Daugherty raid was to challenge the persecution of Communists before the labor movement of this country. This challenge has added to the support which the Communists had already won in the labor movement and has aided it in gaining what it desires most—the right openly to advocate its principles in the United States.

This right the Communists will defend in the trials in Michigan.

## THE LIBERATOR

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# The Outline of Marriage

By Floyd Dell

## I.

"WHAT is marriage?"

It is customary, I realize, to begin a treatise with a definition. But if it were possible to define marriage in one single sentence, it would be unnecessary to add any further sentences. An outline of marriage could stop right there.

Marriage is, and always has been to thinking people, a puzzle, a mystery, a problem.

Have I discovered the answer?

If I have, be warned that it is no simple answer. An answer, if it exists, is necessarily almost as elaborate as marriage itself. Quite obviously, I, all by myself, could never have thought out such an answer. It must have been reached by the aid of scientists and philosophers and poets. Biologists and chemists, anthropologists and ethnologists, sociologists and historians must have collaborated with me. And if so, why should I ask you to take my word for their facts and opinions? Why not bring them all here, and ask them to testify? They are all good friends of mine, and quite willing. That is one nice thing about these people—they are always glad to tell what they know, and what they think. And you shall be the judge.

But these people, after all, are only expert witnesses, so to speak. The puzzle, the mystery, the problem itself, can be brought directly before you in visible shape. We have with us today a young man and a young woman who have recently been married—only a few weeks ago, in fact. They have very kindly consented to come here to help us in our inquiry. They will answer any questions we ask. In fact, in order to know something about marriage, one has only to *look* at them. This, my friends, is what marriage is!

### A Cloud of Witnesses

Of course, I might have brought a couple of South Sea Islanders to put on the witness stand. Or a loving couple from the head-hunting region of Borneo. But I thought it best to start with the familiar. The others are waiting, and will come if we need them.

You'd be surprised at the witnesses I have waiting there in the back room, eager to testify—Ancient Greeks and Babylonians, a Thibetan woman with her three husbands, King Solomon with all his wives and concubines, and many others; including some that you will think queer, and a few that you may feel are scarcely respectable. But truth is truth, and we must let no prudish qualms interfere with our search for it.

However, we have nothing to fear in that way from George and Myrtle. A more respectable young couple, according to our notions, never drew breath. There is nothing, surely, about them to shock us—George, please come up here. That's right, sit down. We wish to ask you a few questions. First of all, we will ask what we all want to know: What is marriage?

GEORGE. Ask me something easier!

Q. George, surely you ought to know what marriage is. You're married, aren't you?

A. Oh, yes. I'm married, all right. You can look up the

records if you like. I wouldn't want you to think—

Q. We think nothing of the sort. And we're perfectly willing to take your word for it. But just tell us—how did it happen?

A. It happened in church, with all the trimmings. We would rather have done it more quietly, but to please our folks—

Q. Just exactly *what* was it happened in church, George?

A. The ceremony, of course!

Q. Oh, the ceremony—yes, to be sure. But we were asking you about your marriage. I think perhaps, out of consideration for your masculine modesty, we had better excuse you for the time being, and put Myrtle on the stand. Marriage is said to be women's business; and they are certainly less tender-minded about it. Step down, George; when we want to know more about the ceremony, we will call on you again. Myrtle! Please be seated. Thank you. We are trying, as you know, to find out something about marriage, and so we want you to tell us about yours. Will you?

### Myrtle on the Stand

A. I haven't been married very long. I'm not sure that I know very much about it!

Q. So you think that length of time has something to do with marriage. You seem to differ from George—he thought he was married when the wedding ceremony was concluded.

A. Of course length of time has something to do with marriage. It has everything to do with it, I think. Marriage is living with someone all the time—or most of the time. And that's what you wonder about, if you're a girl—'Can I stand having breakfast and dinner with this man every day for the rest of my life?'

Q. But why—if that question bothers you—why don't you have your breakfasts and dinners with other people? You could change around so as not to get tired of them.

A. But that's just what I have been doing—and I *have* got tired of it. I've been going to college and working in an office for the last six years. And at the places where I breakfasted and dined there were plenty of different people to sit and talk to. But it wasn't change I wanted. It was some *one* person.

Q. Why one?

A. Because!

Q. I see. You mean that it's obvious. But because why?

1 + 1 = 2. Q. E. D.

A. Because *one* is half of *two*. And that's how people go—by two's. Don't ask me why that is; all I know is that it's so. I wanted somebody at breakfast who would make life more interesting for me all day, just seeing and talking with him; and somebody who would make me forget that I was tired when I met him again at night, somebody I would want to talk with about everything that had happened to us both during the day. Life is like a couple of theatre seats; you want to share with somebody you particularly like; and the play is more interesting, if you do. I was half of a pair—a rather lonely half. I kept trying out other possible halves—candidates for a permanent seat opposite me at the break-



In the Ruhr: "Can't We Do Better than 1914?"

fast table; but they wouldn't do—they didn't make me feel happy all day. So I kept looking for my half, until I found him.

Q. Him?

A. Of course. That's the point. I'm a girl.

Q. And you assert that life is more interesting for a girl when she shares it with a man?

A. I certainly do!

Q. You've been married long enough to find that out?

A. I always knew that—or, at any rate, ever since I stopped wearing my hair in pigtails.

Q. And you would define marriage, from a girl's point of view, as sharing her life with a man?

A. Yes, and sharing his, too. That's true, even in friendship. In marriage you share more. You share everything.

Q. Everything?

A. Oh, well—one always keeps something to oneself. And there are things you can't share, sometimes. George happens to like chess. I can't share that. And I'm fond of opera, which George hates. So George plays chess with other people, and I go with somebody else to the opera. Of course, if music or chess were terribly important to us, George might elope with some female chess-prodigy, or I might run off with one of my musical friends. But they aren't that important. They're only a small part of our lives, after all. And we're able to compromise on those things, because we agree on the large and important things.

Q. Yes, what are these large and important things that you agree on?

A. Oh, we have in general the same view of life, and we like the same people, and in the main we want to get the same things. And even where we don't, we sympathize with each other. I suppose, after all, that may be because—

Q. Yes. Go on.

A. Because we are in love with each other! Because we *do share each other*, in love! That's the important thing that we agree on. Of course, the other things count, too. For you've got to keep on being in love.

Q. So marriage is being in love?

A. I should hope so.

Q. How long have you and George been married?

A. I see what you mean. I suppose we can't keep on being as silly about each other, always. But unless people want to *be together*, I don't see why they should keep on being married.

### Mate-Love

Q. Would the phrase "mate love" strike you as descriptive of marriage?

A. It's not at all a bad phrase.

Q. Myrtle, excuse the pointedness of the question—but are you going to have any children?

A. George and I have discussed that, and we rather think we will. But not right away. There are some other things we want to do first, for several years. And we shan't have more than one or two.

Q. You do not, then, regard children, and their number, as matters that can be trusted to a beneficent Providence?

A. Most certainly not. I believe that Heaven helps those who help themselves.

Q. The marital state, Myrtle, has sometimes been referred to as a sharing of 'bed and board.' May I ask you a question about your attitude toward marital board?

### The Marital Board

A. The marital board? Yes.

Q. Do you regard the meals you eat together as a matter of physical nourishment? Or do you regard them as a pleasure?

A. Why, as both!

Q. You do not feel that the fact of eating being an animal habit should make you ashamed of eating?

A. Why should it?

Q. We just wanted to know. And, on the other hand, do you feel that the only moral justification for eating is to add, let us say, more pounds to your weight?

A. Are you kidding me?

Q. Not at all, my dear. I am kidding Mr. Sumner, the Censor, who is, I perceive, in this audience, and not its least interested member. To resume: if your figure should satisfy you for the time being just as it is, and if you feared that by eating as usual without forethought you might add another pound, would you stop eating?

### "Eat and Grow Thin!"

A. I know a better way: Eat and Grow Thin!

Q. Then you would not hesitate to make use of the scientific knowledge at your command, in order to go on enjoying the pleasures of the marital board, while preventing the ordinary results of that act? You do not feel, in other words, that adding another pound is the divinely ordained consequence of eating? You do not feel that it would be either criminal or sacrilegious thus to control your own destiny?

A. In other words, do I believe in birth-control? I do!

Q. Thank you. You do not feel that there are not enough children in the world?

A. I am quite sure that there are too many! But in spite of that, I expect to add to their number, eventually. Don't ask me why! We are made like that—to want children. So I, too, shall have a child, some day.

Q. By your husband, I suppose?

A. Good heavens! Why, of course I will want George to be the father of my child.

Q. Why George particularly?

A. Because I love him. That will be something else for us to share together—the experience of being parents.

Thank you, Myrtle. You may step down now. What you have told us has been very interesting, as well as informative. If I may generalize upon it, it seems to me a distinctly modern though withal a perfectly respectable kind of marriage—modern particularly in certain of its aspects. We shall investigate the further aspects of this and other modern marriages, some of which are not, as yet, quite so respectable, together with others which are unquestionably more so. The modernity of this marriage consists in the degree to which the familiarly associated ideas of sex and reproduction are separated, in theory as well as in practice. In this marriage, the reproductive function is brought under conscious control, and parental love is made ancillary to mate-love. In mate love, the sexuality is characteristically of the monogamous kind, and in its ideals at least of the long-term variety; and so we find it here. What I now propose to do is to call to the witness stand a biologist, who will describe to us the primitive mating customs, not of the human species, nor yet of any of the higher forms of life, but of the original protoplasmic entities from which we have sprung. Please take the stand, sir. You are a biologist, I believe?

## The Biologist Takes the Stand

THE BIOLOGIST. Yes.

Q. Will you please tell us what were the mating-habits of the earliest living beings?

A. I'm very sorry. But I can't. —You see, I wasn't there.

Q. You weren't where?

A. On the earth, a thousand million years ago, before there was any dry land, and the sea was warm, and the first life, in the form of microscopic bits of protoplasmic jelly, began to infest these warm seas.

Q. Strange—you say you weren't there?

A. I did so remark.

Q. Then how do you come to know so much about it? How do you know the sea was warm?

A. A logical inference from geologic data.

Q. Then please make some logical inferences for us, on this subject—the mating customs of the moneron.

A. The moneron, sir, is a hypothesis invented by Haeckel—a one-celled creature composed of undifferentiated protoplasm which reproduced by division, and which Haeckel supposed to have been the original form of life. As to that, I know nothing. There are, of course, one-celled creatures now existing, which have an almost primeval simplicity, but which nevertheless, even in their simplicity of structure and habit bear the marks of untold ages of evolutionary change. These microscopic single-celled protozoa—or perhaps we might follow Haeckel in calling them protista, since they have not yet become either definitely animal or definitely vegetable—may serve, of course, to give us hints of the character of original life. If not primeval, they are the nearest we have to the primeval. But if you wish to draw any analogies from them, you do so at your own risk. I will furnish you the information, and you may make your own conclusions.

Q. What, then, are the mating customs of the protozoa—if you will be so kind?

### Mating Under the Microscope

A. Sir, the term 'mating' is one which I myself should never have chosen to describe the unions of the protozoa. As to their character, they are of two distinct kinds. There is the kind of union in which two separate individuals unite to form one new individual—a veritable union for life! You may, if you wish, find there the true original marriage which our human lovers seek vainly to emulate. Again, there is another kind of union, temporary but profound, in which the two individuals mix and share each other's nuclear content, so that when they separate each has lost part of itself and gained part of the other. That is sharing each other, if you like! And perhaps the profound extent of that sharing may, in the eyes of you anthropomorphic moralists, excuse its superficially temporary aspect. Each of these infusorian lovers (if you wish to call them that—mind you, I don't!) carries away with itself (I cannot say 'himself' or 'herself,' because this union though sexual takes place without any sexual differentiation of the two individuals as male and female)—each carries away from the kiss a living part of the other, now indistinguishably united with itself. And by the way, I am not speaking entirely metaphorically when I say "the kiss," for in some of these species it is by joining of

mouth to mouth that the syngamy, as we call this union, is effected. As, for instance, with the slipper animalcule, which is a single cell, divided into an outer coat or estoplasm (which, by the way, in biology has nothing whatever to do with ghosts), and an inner fluid or nucleus. It has, among its few organs, a mouth. Well, then, the two slipper animalcules join, mouth to mouth, and their nuclei melt, fuse with each other, and re-divide, so that a fair exchange of part of the nuclear content of each with the other has been effected. Then these animalcules separate and go each its own way. This tender scene has been observed under the microscope. But I am afraid that these animalcules have no notion of faithfulness—if I may speak of the 'notions' of an infusorian. The truly intimate union which they have just accomplished does not seem to endear them one to the other. They have united, in fact, for a wholly selfish purpose; and this purpose once accomplished, they go their way, as I have said, totally indifferent to each other. The need for such a union arises again, after a time, and again it is fulfilled; but now a new mate is desired. I do not suggest any awareness of specific identity; but the presence of other animalcules not too closely related (and yet, so choice is the animalcule, not too distantly related, either!) is required as a stimulant to conjugation. And it is logical enough that the animalcule should prefer a new partner, since otherwise it might simply get its own old protoplasm back again—whereas its object in the process of syngamy has been to change and renew and revitalize its own protoplasm by admixture with alien protoplasm.—I hope you follow me. I am trying hard not to be too technical!

Q. We understand you perfectly. The only thing you have not made clear is the connection of this sexual union with reproduction.

A. But there is no connection whatever.

Q. What!

### The Lost Paradise

A. Certainly not. The slipper animalcule reproduces by fission—an asexual, not a sexual process; as the case with all the protozoa. Reproduction, among the protozoa, has nothing to do with sex; and sex has nothing to do with reproduction. You are the victim of a false inference from the life-habits of the metazoa, or many-celled animals, in which the two distinct processes have become more or less united. But among the protozoa, I assure you, they are quite different processes, having no relation to each other whatever—any more than eating and reproduction among human beings. As for reproduction, it is accomplished among the protozoa without the intervention of any sexual process—by the simple means of "splitting off" a baby-protozoon from the parental body, no co-operation with any second parent being required. Reproduction without any sexual instrumentalities is the primeval rule—and the sexual act occurs without any reproductive consequences whatever. It is only among forms of life evolved some millions of years later that we find these two alien processes of sex and reproduction united—sex becoming at first an adventitious aid to reproduction, as it is generally in the vegetable kingdom, and finally, among the higher animals, a necessary means.

Q. But—if the protozoa do not unite sexually for reproductive purposes, what do they unite for?

### Try Syngamy—and Grow Young

A. I thought I had told you. I said that they united in order to renew and revitalize their protoplasmic or nuclear content by the admixture of alien protoplasm. And they do that to keep from dying. At least, it has that effect. The individual dies if there is no food, or if it does not unite at intervals with another individual. It dies, of course, eventually, anyway; but it dies much sooner if it is starved for lack of food or sexual union. It eats, grows, is vigorous, reproduces itself; and then grows old, tired, senile—its nucleus degenerates visibly under the microscope; and it dies—unless conjugation occurs. If conjugation does occur, it grows young again, lively, able to find food, eat, and reproduce itself, until it grows old and there is need of a new rejuvenescence through conjugation. The earliest use of the sexual process is thus for the purpose of vital refreshment to the tired organism.

Q. This is very interesting. But—would you mind giving us your authority for these facts?

### Well, Here's What the Britannica Says!

A. There is no need to refer to the original investigations. These facts are now universally accepted. I see you have there in your bookcase a set of the Encyclopedia Britannica. Please look up the article "Protozoa." Here—let me read you a few passages. Volume 22, page 484: "It is probable that in all Protozoa, as in the Metazoa, the life-history takes its course in a series of recurrent cycles of greater or less extent, a fixed point, as it were, in the cycle being marked by the act of syngamy or conjugation, which represents, apparently, a process of recuperation for the waning vital powers of the organism." Mmm. Yes—page 485: ". . . syngamy must not be regarded as in any way specially connected with reproduction, but must be considered in its relation to the life-cycle as a whole, and in those instances in which syngamy is followed by increased reproductive activity the explanation must be sought in the general physiological effects of the sexual process upon the vital powers of the organism." Again: ". . . so far as the Protozoa are concerned, the phrase 'sexual reproduction' is an incongruous combination of words; reproduction and sex are two distinct things, not necessarily related or in any direct causal connection . . ." Again: "Many observations indicate that the vital powers of the Protozoa become gradually weakened, and the individual tends to become senile and effete, unless the process of syngamy intervenes. The immediate result of the sexual union is a renewal of the vitality, a rejuvenescence, which manifests itself in enhanced powers of metabolism, growth and reproduction. These facts have been most studied in the Ciliata." My slipper animalcule, or paramecium, is one of the Ciliata, by the way. "It is observed that if these organisms be prevented from conjugating with others of their kind, they become senile and finally die off. It has been found by G. N. Calkins, however, that if the senile individuals be given a change of medium and nourishment, their vigor may be renewed and their life prolonged for a time, though not indefinitely; there comes a time when arti-

ficial methods fail and only the natural process of syngamy can enable them to prolong their existence. . . . As a general rule, in order that syngamy may be attended by beneficial results to the organism, it is necessary that the two conjugating individuals should be from different strains, that is to say, they should not be nearly related by descent and parentage." That is enough, I believe. Though if you are particularly interested in the subject I can refer you to various—

Q. Thank you, that will suffice for the present.

### We Pause to Consider

And there we are! Instead of being, as so many of us had fondly supposed, a rebel against the universal order of nature, our young friend Myrtle—whom I hope you have not forgotten in your excitement over the mating-customs of the protozoa—represents a partial return to what may well have been the original scheme of things. Myrtle, it is true, has not found any method of having babies by any other than the familiar sexual process; and so far as we know, she does not want to find any such new method; though there are others of her sex who have complained of it, and would like to have it ordered differently—and Bernard Shaw has encouraged them to believe that by wishing they can help bring about that change! Myrtle is no such extreme radical—or should be say conservative?—She does not wish to go back to the ways of her most primitive ancestors, and simply "split off" a baby-Myrtle every now and then from her own body without the sexual co-operation of a parental George! But though she has not wished to dissociate reproduction from sexual instrumentalities, she *has* wished to dissociate the sexual act from reproductive consequences. And she has succeeded—she has used sex as what may without undue poetic exaggeration be called a means of rejuvenescence, psychic and spiritual as well as physical. And this, I repeat, instead of being a defiance of the natural order of the world of life, is, as we may begin to suspect, a return to its original order—with possibly some great improvements gained en route.

At all events, it has now become possible for us to think, in pursuing our inquiry, of sex and reproduction as separate things, with separate values of their own in life and in marriage.

### But What About Reproduction?

We shall have more to discover of the influence of the sexual impulse upon the history of marriage. But let us, for a while, turn to the other great instinct of which the human institution of marriage is an outgrowth—the reproductive instinct. For marriage is only to an extent determined by that mating-impulse of which our friend Myrtle gave so admirable and convincing an account. It is perhaps still more largely determined by the reproductive impulse—of whose tremendous and magnificent and terrible and insane rage in a variety of species, and its conscious regulation by mankind, with the aid of the institution of marriage, we shall now proceed to take account.

(To be continued next month).



Adolph Dehn

The Temptation of St. Anthony

# Hot Water

By Howard Brubaker

**W**ITH the British grabbing oil and the French grabbing coal, it looks as though Europe would be in hot water for some time to come.

**P**OINCAIRE'S mad adventure into the Ruhr looks more and more like the act of an inSeine man.

**T**HE French are taking stern measures against those Ruhr-alists who are disrespectful to the conquerors. The new French motto is, "They shall not sass."

**B**ANG goes another Wilsonian doctrine! The doughboys home from the Rhine with their German brides violated the rule of "no annexations."

**G**OVERNMENT expenditures at Washington are now conducted on the can't-budge-it system.

**H**ENRY A. WISE WOOD opposes the repeal of the Lusk laws on the ground that New York is full of Jews who are about to upset the government. Some enterprising radio stations should sign Wood up for a nice series of red time stories.

**S**CHWAB has left for Europe in a great burst of optimism over the business outlook—especially his own. Incidental music, "Contenting on the old camp ground."

**B**ISHOP MANNING points with pride to "that curious outbreak of sanity and good sense in Italy which bears the name of the Fascista movement." Here's to Mussolini—dictator but not Red.

**T**HOSE who regard this as a thoroughly dishonest world will not better themselves any by leaving it. Einstein tells us that even Space is crooked.

**P**RESIDENT LOWELL has a perfect right to discriminate against Jews and Negroes at Harvard, but he ought to exchange his cap and gown for one of those funny-looking bed sheets.

**F**ORD says that pretty soon everybody will have a car and the world will be so sappy and efficient that war will be impossible. This will be known in history as "the age of fivvery."

**T**HE National Security League was right after all—the Moscow Art Theatre should not have been allowed to come to America. They have given us the best acting ever seen here and lessened respect for our own sacred institutions—George M. Cohan, Al Woods and Flo Ziegfeld.

# Martin Anderson Nexo

By Ella Reeve Bloor

ONE day Nuorteva had stopped in to see me at my room in the Hotel Lux. We were talking of the many interesting people who were flocking to Moscow.

"You have the best one of all as your neighbor" he said, "Don't you know Martin Andersen Nexo lives right on your floor?" Of course this was good news, for *Pelle the Conqueror and Ditti, Daughter of Man* had brought me very close, in imagination, to this comrade from Denmark.

That very night, just after a beautiful opera, I met Nexo and Nuorteva in the hall in front of my room, with their hands full of bundles of cheese, bread and butter. They called out, "Oh, Mother, if we come in with our bread will you make us some coffee?" This was the first of many beautiful midnight suppers, memorable because of the long talks we had over the coffee. My room-mate, Anna Louise Strong, and other young folks, who always dropped in every evening, all listening eagerly to Nexo, who seemed to be the very spirit of Youth. The word that always comes to my mind when I think of him is "natural"; he was always so original and spontaneous, so pleased with others who could be natural. He often said, "I don't like writers, do you? They seem so stilted, pose so much, are self-conscious. I like children, and simple country people—*real folks*." I asked him one night about a big opera and ballet which every one was talking about.

"Well," he answered, "I don't like to sit in a big hall and watch people performing, all dressed up on a stage, singing loudly for the public about love, *imitating* love and life. That is what most art is—imitation. Real music, singing and laughter and all dancing must be spontaneous, springing up naturally from the people. Expression of real feeling. Do you understand what I mean?"

I asked him much about the boy Pelle, he always contended that *Ditti, Girl Alive* was much better than Pelle. I stood up for Pelle. Of course his own struggles as a shoemaker's apprentice are woven almost unconsciously into Pelle's story. I asked him if the Ark described so vividly, in the chapter *The Great Struggle* really existed in the Danish City.

"No," he answered, "it's just a picture of hundreds of arks in every city of the world." And I knew it was all too true.

"When the doors of the long passage opened and shut one heard the rumor of the innumerable creatures that lived in the depths of the 'Ark.' The crying of little children, the peculiar fidgetting sound of marred, eccentric individuals. For many a whole life's history unfolded itself, within there, undisturbed, never daring the light of day. Across the floor of the courtyard went an endless procession of people, light shy creatures who emerged from the womb of the 'Ark' or disappeared into it. Most of them were women, weirdly clad, unwholesomely pale, but with a layer of grime as though the darkness had worked into their skins, with drowsy steps, and fanatical, glittering eyes."

The passion of Nexo's soul can be readily understood by reading of the childhood of Pelle and Ditti. He knows the shadows as well as the sunshine of childhood. Many times he showed me pictures of his own healthy children, five of

them, all in a row. Their mother came to us in Moscow during the great convention of the Third International as a delegate. And we all shared in his love of her. She was so sweet, and yet so intellectual, and a fine musician.

When the famine was so terrible in Samara, Nexo sent every scrap of his savings to found a Children's home there for children whose parents had died of the Great Hunger. This home was named for him, "The Martin Andersen Nexo Home."

When we were all in Petrograd he discovered that some of his books had been translated into Russian, and the publisher gave him some unexpected royalties. Delighted as a child he said to me, "I will give this money to my little children in Samara, don't you think they will be pleased?"

Just before he left us to go to his home in Espergarde, Denmark, he made a visit to his little children of Samara. They received him with great joy. The men and women of the village, then holding their elections, elected him as a member of the local Soviet. When he returned, he told me with pride all about the doings of the children. He said, "They looked fat and seemed happy, but their cheeks were white, not rosy like those of our little children of Denmark." He told some of the boys about it, and they said, "The trouble is we don't get out of doors enough, because we have no heavy boots." Of course the first thing Nexo did in Moscow, the day of his return, was to send a pair of boots for every child down in Samara.

Always remembering the responsibility we all owe to children, I was constantly reminded in his presence of a little conversation in his book between Morton and Pelle. "The shadows of childhood stretch over the whole of life." "Yes, and so does the sunshine of childhood," exclaimed Pelle. "That's why we mustn't fail the little ones. We shall need a race with warm hearts."

With his warm heart Nexo has a great brain. An earnest scientific Communist, he believes that the workers of every country should strive to fit themselves for future responsibilities. He believes the great co-operative movements by the organized workers in many European cities will make them more efficient, and more practical, and he himself feels hurt when he sees manifestations of inefficiency in the political or every day life of the workers. He is a fearless man speaking out always against any wrong policy, even when expressed by his own comrades; but with high courage he believes in the coming leadership of the common people, *his own* people, the Workers.

When Pelle came out of prison and began to reason out the future, Nexo said of him, and I must say it about Martin Andersen Nexo:

"It was his firm belief that he and his followers should renew the world, the common people should turn it into a paradise for the multitude, just as it had already made it a paradise for this, but his army had been well tested. Those who, from time immemorial, had patiently borne the pressure of existence for others, must be well fitted to take upon themselves the leadership into the new age."





Woodcut by J. J. Lankes

## Antonio Ploughs

**A**NTONIO ploughs and fat the furrows fall,  
 For cabbages and cauliflower and beans.  
 Antonio ploughs, and chants a challenge call  
 To his black stallion—Ercolé.  
 Ho, Ercolé.  
 Ho, Ercolé. Do you perhaps remember  
 The day you cleaned the stable of a king?  
 Augeus was his name, you cleaned his stable,  
 Ho, Ercolé. That was a good day's labor,  
 Plough deep. Plough deep, my Ercolé, and I will sing,  
 Plough deep, my Ercolé.  
 For cabbages and cauliflower and beans.  
 Ho, Ercolé. Perhaps you do remember,  
 When for another king you reaped the grain,  
 In Sicily and heard the song of reapers,  
 Ho, Ercolé, do you recall the strain?  
 Plough deep. Plough deep and shame the lazy sleepers.  
 Plough deep. Plough deep, my Ercolé.  
 Those were old days and these are other scenes.  
 Plough deep, my Ercolé. Plough deep and deeper,  
 For cabbages and cauliflower and beans.

C. E. S. Wood.

## Dried Out

**T**HIS place was the first home we ever had,  
 And I was sick of farming for other folks—  
 First in Wisconsin and then in Dakota.  
 It looked so pretty when he broke sod that day.  
 There wa'n't only three sides to the house,  
 But what did I care!  
 There was sunlight and wet rain and a coulee full of  
 springtime where the children could play.

Seven full years says the Book, and seven lean—  
 And we come in at the end of the full ones, I guess.  
 There ain't no crops where there's no rain.  
 And the stock died in the big blizzard.  
 So now we're goin'  
 Back to Dakota to farm for other folks.

Oh God, the nice white ranch house with a floor  
 We was to have! The roses by the door!

Gwendolen Haste.

## The Black Hound Bays

**I**F the young folk build an altar to the beautiful and true,  
 Be sure the great dog Lorrिमor shall lift a leg thereto.

The lords of the nation go hunting with their dogs;  
 Some have the heart of tigers and some the heart of hogs.  
 On the path of the quarry the yapping mongrels pour,  
 And the keenest of the pack is the great dog Lorrिमor.

“Woo-hoo-hoo-hoo! O lords, spare not the spur!  
 Give me the white doe, Freedom, that I flesh my fangs in her!  
 I ha' hate for all wild hearts!” bays the dog Lorrिमor.

The men of the jaw make up the sniffing pack;  
 The writers of tales go forth upon the track;  
 The vendors of the news are zealous in the fore,  
 And loudest of the chase is the great dog Lorrिमor.

“Give me the young, lest the lips of youth blaspheme!  
 Give me the rebel and the dreamer of the dream!  
 Give me your foe, that you see his entrails steam!”

Oh! lavish is his tongue for the feet of all his lords!  
 And hoarse is his throat if a foot go near their hoards.  
 Sharp are his teeth and savage is his heart,  
 When he lifts up his voice to drown the song of Art.

“Master, be kind, for I, I too am rich!  
 I ha' buried many bones, tho my aging hide do itch.  
 I ha' buried many bones where the snowy lilies were.  
 I ha' made that garden mine”, bays the dog Lorrिमor.

He crouches at their feet and is glad of his collar  
 And the brand on his rump of the consecrated dollar.  
 For the humble at the gate he is loud in his wrath;  
 But no sound shall be heard when the strong are on the path.

“Give me the minstrel, the faun and wanderer;  
 Give me high Beauty—she shall know me for your cur!  
 Woo-hoo-hoo-hoo!” bays the dog Lorrिमor.

If the young folk build an altar to their vision of the New,  
 Be sure the great dog Lorrिमor shall lift a leg thereto.

George Sterling.



L1923

*Woodcut by J. J. Lankes*

# BOOKS

## Now It Can Be Told

*Employers' Associations in the U. S., by Prof. Clarence E. Bonnett, of Tulane University, Louisiana, 1922.*

**S**AMUEL GOMPERS and his coteries are boasting that the open shop drive has stopped. In Bonnett's *Employers' Associations in the U. S.*, we have an impressive exposition of the power and solidity of the open shop drive.

The beauty of it is, that this book is authoritative. When the author speaks of industrial spies, of flying squadrons of trained scabs, of private armed guards, of secret and illegal methods by the bosses, of interlocking control of employers' associations, he is forever recording things that cannot be denied—not even by the Steel Trust, which has got out a book “disproving” the charges made against it in the steel strike of 1919 by the Interchurch World Movement. The various chapters of Bonnett's volume have been submitted to the employers' associations described, and have been corrected and approved by them. It is the enemy himself that is speaking.

And the enemy speaks a hard, plain language. The book ostensibly deals with thirteen typical employers' associations, divided into seven belligerent (open shop) organizations, one mediatory (the National Civic Federation, fostered and controlled by financiers), and five negotiatory or semi-negotiatory (collective bargaining). Besides being “typical”, these thirteen associations are in fact all the vital open shop agencies in the country, together with the more important organizations that have come within their sphere of activity. The reader learns that the open shop employers' associations have formed into a solid bloc, composed mainly of the steel, metal and general manufacturing trades, “boring from within” all important business associations to form a “united front” of industrial, commercial and financial capital in support of the “American Plan” of labor relations. The present open shop campaign appears not as a stray event, but as the logical activity of organizations that have gathered strength and influence over a period of 20 years.

These reactionary organizations, the extremists of the right wing, now employ 10 million workers in avowedly open shops and produce 85% of the manufactures in the U. S. The National Metal Trades Association, employing 600,000 workers, which claims never to have lost a strike, is a member of this group. The League for Industrial Rights, which prosecuted the Danbury Hatters case for twelve years, is said to be the prime factor behind every major attack on labor in the courts; and it is a member of this group. The National Founders Association belongs to this group of employers; its slogan in strikes is *Unconditional Surrender!* The National Association of Manufacturers, employing 6 million men, is a member of this group; it believes in a big army and navy “to squelch the rebellion that springs into existence with every strike.” The National Industrial Conference Board, composed of units of this group, dominated the employers delegation at Wilson's First Industrial Conference in 1919, got them to reject Gompers' plea for collective bargaining and thus broke up the conference. In 1921 this open shop

group of employers got the U. S. Chamber of Commerce to approve of the “American Plan.” And the Gompersites are saying “our opponents have never been so weak!”

This array of power and purpose threatens the very existence of organized labor. Under these circumstances it behooves the craft unions to take immediate defensive measures. The solidification of their forces through amalgamation and the election of a vigorous, militant leadership are undoubtedly the first steps towards an adequate defense.

Employers' Associations generally began as adherents of collective bargaining. But from 1902 they have steadily grown more belligerent. Up to the outbreak of the World War, the open shop associations claim to have kept the A. F. L. in check: “It took the A. F. L. seven years to regain its membership the numbers it had in 1904, and its gain from 1904-1916 was less than the percentage growth in population.” The unions grew greatly during the war. The open shoppers reopened activities and launched their drive after the armistice. Prof. Bonnett prophesies that employers' associations will grow more and more belligerent. American industry must now enter the world market and face international competition. This “produces belligerency among associations.” The employers become more aggressive in order to lower the standard of living of American labor to that of the poorest paid workers of its national competitors. In other words it is labor that is the object of cut throat competition on the world labor market. Organized labor in the U. S. can overcome this disastrous competition only by joining an effective and militant trade union international.

All employers' organizations are belligerent in the field of anti-labor legislation. The most virulent, however, is the National Association of Manufacturers. It has raised the slogan: *Employers, Go to Politics.* Mr. James A. Emery, secretary of the N. A. M., is a very proficient lobbyist. “If he gets a chance at labor bills before a legislature committee, the bills are dead from that moment.” The basis of this extraordinary “proficiency” is the secret placement of their tools in strategic political positions through the agency of both major political parties. For instance, their people were placed on the Judiciary Committee of the House. One of their henchmen openly stated: “There never was a time during my term of office (1899-1908) when legislation demanded by the A. F. L., if that legislation had been reported from the Judiciary Committee, would not have passed the House by a large majority.” When the Democratic Party got control of the House in 1911 on a program favoring labor reforms, the N. A. M. was not unsuccessful in keeping men honestly pledged to these issues from places on important House Committees. Mr. Emery, “by getting in touch with the Southern organization,” twisted John S. Williams, Democratic minority leader, around his little finger. In 1920 the N. A. M. got both the Democratic and Republican National Conventions to accept its ideas in their labor platforms, the latter embodying some of the planks “almost verbatim.” The Clayton Act, Labor's Magna Charta was “seriously amended” in a *Democratically controlled Congress* through the activity of the N. A. M. Though the original purposes of the law was thus practically nullified, it was signed by Wilson. When, on the other hand, the Republican Harding advocated registration of aliens and compulsory arbitration, he is the official spokesman of the same group.

Both major parties then appeared as a dunghheap, worm-eaten with the liverymen of Business. For labor to bore

within this putrid mass is the counsel of despair. "Practical" labor leaders, including the "progressives" of recent Cleveland fame, are fast becoming generals without an army. In answer to the cry of the open shoppers labor is raising the slogan: *Workers, Go to Politics—On to an Independent Party of Labor.*

This book is valuable for the details of leadership, organization and activities of the most important group of employers' associations in the country. It is written in clear, unbiased language for the education of the "rank and file" of business. The author recognizes the industrial (class) struggle on a national and international scale. He declares that what is now at stake is nothing less than the control of production and the present social order.

M. C.

## A Medal for Mencken

*Prejudices: Third Series. By H. L. Mencken. Alfred Knopf.*

THE Chamber of Commerce of the United States and I cannot be said to be on the best of terms. Nor am I precisely *persona grata* at the offices of the National Association of Manufacturers. And, in view of my affinities and affiliations, the relations between the American Bankers' Association and myself are not as cordial as they would be, under different circumstances. And yet I can hardly refrain from suggesting to the directors of these organizations a little scheme which ought to prove of inestimable advantage to them. I make this suggestion only because of my love for the appropriate; I am sure they will appreciate it and that, in their appreciation, there will be forgiveness of my heresies, if not of my misdeeds.

Now, I believe that by this time, the aforementioned gentlemen must have heard of a literary person by the name of H. L. Mencken,— a *very* clever chap. It was he who floored Thorstein Veblen with a well-aimed shot of dung. Remember? Now Mr. Mencken has achieved another chef d'oeuvre for the bankers and manufacturers of the United States. In his latest book he has written a chapter entitled *Das Kapital* a clever stroke such as will serve with a few judicious deletions, as an excellent propaganda leaflet for the lords of America.

Now, fellow Rotarians, you know as well as I that, although the Socialists put up apparently impregnable dialectic defenses and offenses, capitalism in America has little to say for itself. Of course, it doesn't have to; yet, when all is said and done, capitalism ought to say something, since Henry DuBb, not to mention the Poor Fish, must have something with which to combat the wiles of the wicked agitator. Gentlemen, it is your duty to use the services of so loyal a volunteer as Henry Louis Mencken.

Permit me to dilate somewhat on the special virtues of this person. What makes him of particular advantage to you is not his matter, but his manner. As the critics say when they have nothing to say, Mr. Mencken is quite inimitable. And it is all so spontaneous! It is as evident as can be that he is one of you, although as a literary gentleman, he must be expected to entertain a few aristocratic reservations. He would be happier if you knew more about literature and the drama and Nietzsche, and so on. It's his trade, you understand; yet if it should ever come to a show-down, rest assured that he'll choose you against any aggregation of literary Socialists. For this, in substance, is his doctrine:

I, Henry Louis Mencken, belong to a superior caste in America, that of the liberated intelligences, those capable of living with gusto and without any labor that trespasses upon the expression of their personalities. Duties and obligations are for the lesser breeds *within* the law. As for the classes beneath us, they are clowning politicians, foreign cattle, Presbyterian elders, damned radicals, emasculated professors and cowardly witch-hunters. Most of these serve to amuse me and I like to watch the show. As for the police, the lawyers, and the politicians, they also are useful in that they hold back the have-nots from the haves, and thus help make my position so much more secure, since I ally myself with the haves against the have-nots.

And so, in conformance with this this general doctrine, he writes:

"I simply defy any critic \* \* \* to find a single issue of genuine appeal to the populace, at any time during the past century, that did not involve a more or less obvious scheme for *looting* a minority—the slave owners, Wall Street, the railroads, the dukes, or some other group representing capital."

I will confess, gentlemen, that to me this sounded somewhat like satire, but I assure you that he means what he says, and to you such a doctrine must sound much more plausible. As a Nietzschean, he has great respect for minorities, especially powerful minorities. When he uses the word "looting" in the above connotation, he is merely indicating thereby his profound sympathy for your precarious position in the American democracy. He says furthermore that you are all honorable men and that what excesses have been charged against you are due exclusively, to the excesses of those demagogues who have sought to subvert your conquest of the American republic. Therefore, he argues, your bribery of the politicians is altogether defensible. As for the Socialists, they desire to distribute your hard-earned incomes (only you know how hard-earned they are; amongst themselves. The amassing of wealth by you he understands to be a form of public service, while Socialistic propaganda can be dismissed as the rationalization of envy.

You have done nothing, he goes on to say, which you should not have done. It is true that you have "divided the proletariat into two bitterly hostile halves" and "battered and crippled unionism almost beyond recognition"; that you have "a firm grip upon all three arms of the government" and control "practically every agency for the influencing of public opinion, from the press to the church." But if you hadn't done what may appear as vicious to the biased, the I. W. W. would have rushed you at the end of the war!

He discovers, moreover, that you are inspired with the best ideals of craftsmanship and that it was only a sorry necessity which obliged the bankers among you to sell Liberty bonds to stenographers at \$100 dollars and purchase them later at 83. He is certain you would prefer earning your incomes in finer ways, even though you could never approach his own finesse.

Messrs. Manufacturers and Bankers: You have retainers for your attorneys; fees for your physicians and surgeons, and you give engineers that remuneration to which their special exertions on your behalf entitles them. Is it too much to hope that you will remember Mr. Mencken? Not that he has asked me to make this plea on his behalf. I suggest it merely because it conforms to the practice you have established in relation to members of other professions who serve you.

PAUL SIMON.

## Ballades of Knowledge

"Rhymes of Early Jungle Folk" by Mary E. Marcy,  
Chas. H. Kerr Company, Chicago, Ill.

**B**OOKS for children are taking a decided departure from the old fairy tales and aimless sentimental stories which were considered a necessary introduction to literature for children. These new books, while furnishing entertainment, assist the child to an appreciation of the evolutionary processes of life.

Henrik Van Loon paved the way to such entertainment for our youth in prose. He was greeted with enthusiasm by parents and educators as well as by the children. Now Mary E. Marcy gives us a book of poems for children chock full of scientific facts. They cover all the stages of evolution. A child cannot help being fascinated with the rhythm and lilt of the verses. And he learns historic facts that will come to him in later life in more difficult form, the better equipping him to appreciate them because of his acquaintance with these poems.

The language is vivid and sparkling. It registers very easily on the keenly impressionable mind of the young child. It does this by linking up modern life with the period covered by each poem. The child thus connects historic facts with his own immediate surroundings, as for instance in this one:

"Oh! Years and years and years ago,  
Before the day of books,  
Before the age of towns and mills,  
Of grocery stores and cooks.

"The world was filled with forests deep,  
And seas and rivers wide,  
And here lived many savage tribes,  
And fearsome beasts beside.

"The people sleep in caves they found,  
Or brush huts daubed with clay  
Which were always rather leaky  
On a very rainy day.

"And almost every savage beast  
Had longer fangs to tear,  
And swifter feet than puny man,  
And menaced everywhere.

"And so men learned to wait and watch,  
When beasts would eat and drink;  
Learned to outwit the stronger foe,  
To see, and plan and THINK.

"And here are rhymes of how they lived,  
When man was just begun,  
Of how the weak became the strong,  
And fought, and learned, and WON!"

Mary E. Marcy's book, "Rhymes of Early Jungle Folk" is bound to fire the imagination of every child and pave the way to the deeper and wider studies of science and history as the child advances in understanding.

Nancy Markoff.



Gropper

## From Chinese White

*Chinese White, Poems by Gladys Oaks; Drawings by William Gropper. Melomime Publications, New York.*

**G**ROPPER'S extraordinary drawings in black and white have placed him in the front rank of American caricaturists. His drawings in white and black, which are published for the first time in the attractive book issued by the Melomime Press, indicate that his skill in decorative drawing is as great as his skill in cartoons. He brings to this new work a fine sense of design, in addition to the grotesque irony which has made him famous.

Here and there crop up unsuspected qualities, such as the grace of *A Dance* or *Dance, Little Demon*. Gladys Oaks' verses match the quality of the pictures. She combines a light touch with sharp perception. Here is the poem that goes with the picture reproduced above:

"Dance, little demon, dance and sing,  
Be merry!  
Fly on a cloud to the woods, and swing  
On a berry.  
Exult, exult in your purple wing,  
There's no time to rue.  
What matters it you're the devils thing?  
He is God's too."

Its length makes it impossible to quote *A Dance*, which is full of the finest imagery and music. *Harp Song* is an even better example of Miss Oaks' keen sense for picture and music. Here she manages to work up a real jazz rhythm without once falling from the fine lyric pitch with which she begins.



Golden

## The Brainstorm Theory

*The Things That Are Caesar's* by Guy Morrison Walker, Published by A. L. Fowle, 61 Broadway, New York, and —

**D**ISTRIBUTED by the Steel Trust! Eighty-two pages of truths penned by a capitalist apologist who vouches for the scientific atmosphere of this book on the grounds that it has been written in the face of death when men dare not lie. Mr. Walker must have been counting on a Fifth Avenue funeral as the take-off for a purely capitalist heaven. The book is published in the Mosul section of Broadway.

From this unbiased point of view Guy Walker leads his readers through a maze of economic absurdities. The keynote of his message is that "every man is born to be rich, and that those of us who are not, are not because of some weakness of our own which we are unable or unwilling to curb or to overcome."

The author maintains that the capitalist feeds the workers and that, therefore, the capitalist is entitled to fabulous profits. In establishing this inalienable right of the capitalist class to exploit the working class Guy Walker rides roughshod over the accepted theories of even the vulgar, bourgeois economists. He does not forget to manhandle the science of economics equally well. To him wealth and capital are one and the same, and his merciless maltreatment of the two is confusion worse confounded. To the bourgeois cave-man theory of the origin and development of capital Walker adds a startlingly brilliant discovery. His theory of production may well be called the brainstorm theory. He says: "It has not been 'labor' that has produced the wealth of the past 150 years, but BRAINS."

It is not necessary to present a refutation of all these "truths" handed out in this deathbed confessional to establish the character of this book. The mere presentation of a few of the outstanding findings will suffice to bring to light the purpose of Mr. Walker and the class of which he is a frankly confused spokesman. We are told here that only those who have brains are capitalists, and that the capitalists are the only ones who have brains. We are further told that the object of the labor movement is to destroy all wealth, all that is produced above what is and can be consumed. From these cardinal truths Mr. Walker draws many enlightening conclusions, among which are the following:

1. The Russian Revolution, being a revolution against capitalism, is a "reversion to savagry, with ruthless assassination and massacre, in an effort to secure possession of the women of other men and of the remaining scraps of food that they possess." Our friend goes on to say: "The essence of Socialism and the Labor dogma is to deny the unequal gift of brains or ability to individuals and to demand the assassination of the individual with unusual gifts. . . . This has been and is the feature of the Soviet Government in Russia, which has frankly declared war on all so-called 'intellectuals' and has hunted out and exterminated all the educated men and women that it could find." Mr. Walker is failing in originality. This discovery of his has been invented many times before by men with similar brains.

2. As an apologist of the owning class he goes on to confess that: "Wherever you go you will find two classes of people—those who are serving and those who are being served." But here the brainstorm theory is again at work.

The reason for this condition is, according to the author, that "Those who are being served have themselves been thrifty and saved something, while those who serve have never saved anything nor had anyone do it for them." Correct. Under capitalism those who serve don't get enough to live on decently, let alone save or hire "anyone to do it for them." We would wonder what would happen if the servers of today would stop serving. How long and how much would the savers of today be saving? The answer to this question can be given without the slightest difficulty by any member of the serving (working) class. "Nottin'." No less, and no more! Yet, pointing out this simple truth of elementary arithmetic called forth from Mr. Walker the unusual compliment of being "ignorant and unappreciative."

3. Another example of this propaganda of oil and steel is that "the movement for shorter hours is primarily a movement directed against surplus production . . . and is an effort on the part of unthinking labor to reduce the whole world to a condition of living from hand to mouth." In view of the circumstances under which the author came to this conclusion we will not be harsh, but merely remind the reader of the happiness the twelve hour day has brought to the steel workers. Mr. Walker would, we suppose, have us believe that these workers do not live from hand to mouth because they work twelve hours a day.

4. The limit of absurdity is reached when the author berays his utter lack of any knowledge of what he is talking about in his final exposition of radicalism. Says Mr. Walker: "When I think of all these things, I wonder that a Socialist or a Bolshevik will ride on a railroad or use any of the multitude of modern devices invented by the intellectuals whom they denounce and built or constructed by the wealth which it is their declared purpose to destroy! Conscientious practice of the principles that he professes would require the Socialist, the Bolshevik, and the I. W. W. to go down to the river to get his drinks and to walk wherever he goes, unless he is able to get some fellow to carry him."

This is the type of propaganda the powerful employing interests are now resorting to. It is with this propaganda that they hope to save the American workers from the menace of Communism and incidentally save their own fabulous profits. The analysis and the arguments of the author are throughout as hackneyed and as ridiculous as those cited above. Such literature will awaken the "serving" (working) class rather than blind them.

C. E. Ware.

## A Literary Swashbuckler

*Four and Twenty Minds.* By Giovanni Papini. Selected and translated by Ernest Hatch Wilkins. Thomas Y. Crowell Co..

**T**HOSE who envy the erudite may well envy Giovanni Papini, for his erudition is simply devastating. After having immersed himself in library dust since the tender years of precocity, no doubt, this creature of a doubly-dyed shallowness, "the ugliest man in Italy," emerges to lay claim to the province of all knowledge, in direct line of philosophic succession to Roger Bacon. I suspect, however, that the pretender is a despot, for few creators and creations exist

except to be shamelessly appropriated and tagged "Mine" by Signor Papini. Thus, it is "my Leonardo" da Vinci, the Hamlet that "was a brother to me," Walt Whitman "a brother beloved", and Don Quixote who "was born to be my brother." "My Leonardo," he writes, "is within me; he is a part of myself, a precious fragment of my spirit."

There are few personages, apart from those contained in his category of *Slashings* from whom he can stand apart and whom he can view objectively. I am quite willing to wager (a modest sum) that in his forthcoming book on Christ, now in the process of translation, he will stake an exclusive claim upon the Son of God. But he will be an original Christ, no creed-worn Christ, depend upon it. Not your Christ or my Christ, not Renan's or Farrar's, not Charles Reade's or George Moore's, certainly not Tolstoy's.

So does the ironically self-confessed "ugliest man in Italy" achieve identification with what is equivalent in his mind to "the true, the good, the beautiful." It is his way of at once losing himself and finding himself. And although I would not think of otherwise linking Papini with the saints, it is the way of saints with Christ. Except that the saints are incapable of splitting cobweb threads. For them it is enough to worship. Signor Papini must do more than that, which is right. Perhaps he is a cerebralized saint. The psychoanalysts would aver, I dare say, that this identification with Whitman, da Vinci, Hamlet and Don Quixote is nothing but a wish-fulfillment. In which they would appear altogether correct.

And yet, Papini is too complex to be thus summarized. I find him clear-headedly heterodox on many points on which a mere devotee of the lamp might be expected to echo received opinion. His style is athletic, his phrasing unique, without evidences of too many attempts to surprise by exhibitions of virtuosity. His defense of Nietzsche is stimulating and his attack on Croce brilliant and, for an Italian, courageous.

His claim of fraternity notwithstanding, he surrenders himself to Whitman, as to Nietzsche. In the case of the Manhattan bard, however, Papini strings together portions of his verse on a thread of marginal notes and is for once content that we lose sight of the thread that we may properly view the beads. Shamefacedly I confess that I had to wait for the Italian Papini to make me realize more deeply the virtues of the American Whitman.

PAUL SIMON.

## Song

**T**HIS tree I planted to bear fruit;  
This tree grew and the fruit of it ripened,  
Golden, silken, and dripping honey,  
Gather the fruit in woven baskets!

O, bitter, bitter is this fruit!  
Dry in my mouth, puckering my lips—  
I will hew down this tree I planted,  
I will burn it in my hearth in winter.

Lydia Gibson.

## Madame de Staël

*Madame de Staël; Her Trials and Triumphs.* By Lieut.-Col. Andrew C. P. Haggard, D.S.O. George H. Doran.

**I** HAVE read this book despite its author. Innate modesty prevents me from dwelling on the character of that achievement. Perhaps it proves the triumph of Mme. De Staël over Lieut.-Col Haggard, D.S.O. To put the matter briefly, a person like this author should be given an absolute decree of divorce from a subject like Mme. De Staël on the ground of incompatibility. Authors should be merged in their subjects, not so pitifully baffled by them as is this writer. He sees his subject objectively, it is true, but, too often, with the puzzled objectivity with which a yokel regards a giraffe.

If Lieut.-Col. Haggard is capable of writing history, this book is a damning refutation. One may question whether he can write at all. He is too naive, his temper is unsuited to the age he is describing, he is inadequate as a literary critic; the portions of his work are horribly disjointed, his characterizations are feeble, he communicates no sense of his subject's reality; he seeks to create a case, which is weakened, if not shattered, by the evidence he himself cannot afford to overlook; he employs probabilities in the way of special interpretations, and manifests the curse of the military mind—the assumption that those in authority must be obeyed.

I commend the lieutenant-colonel to Macquay's essay on history, and humbly ask why those who were not even called regard themselves as chosen.

PAUL SIMON.

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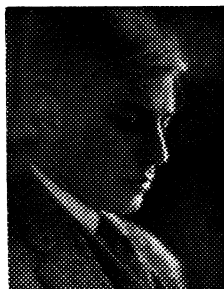
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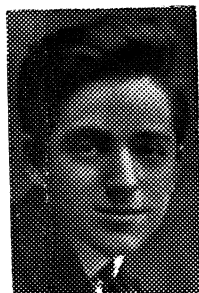
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