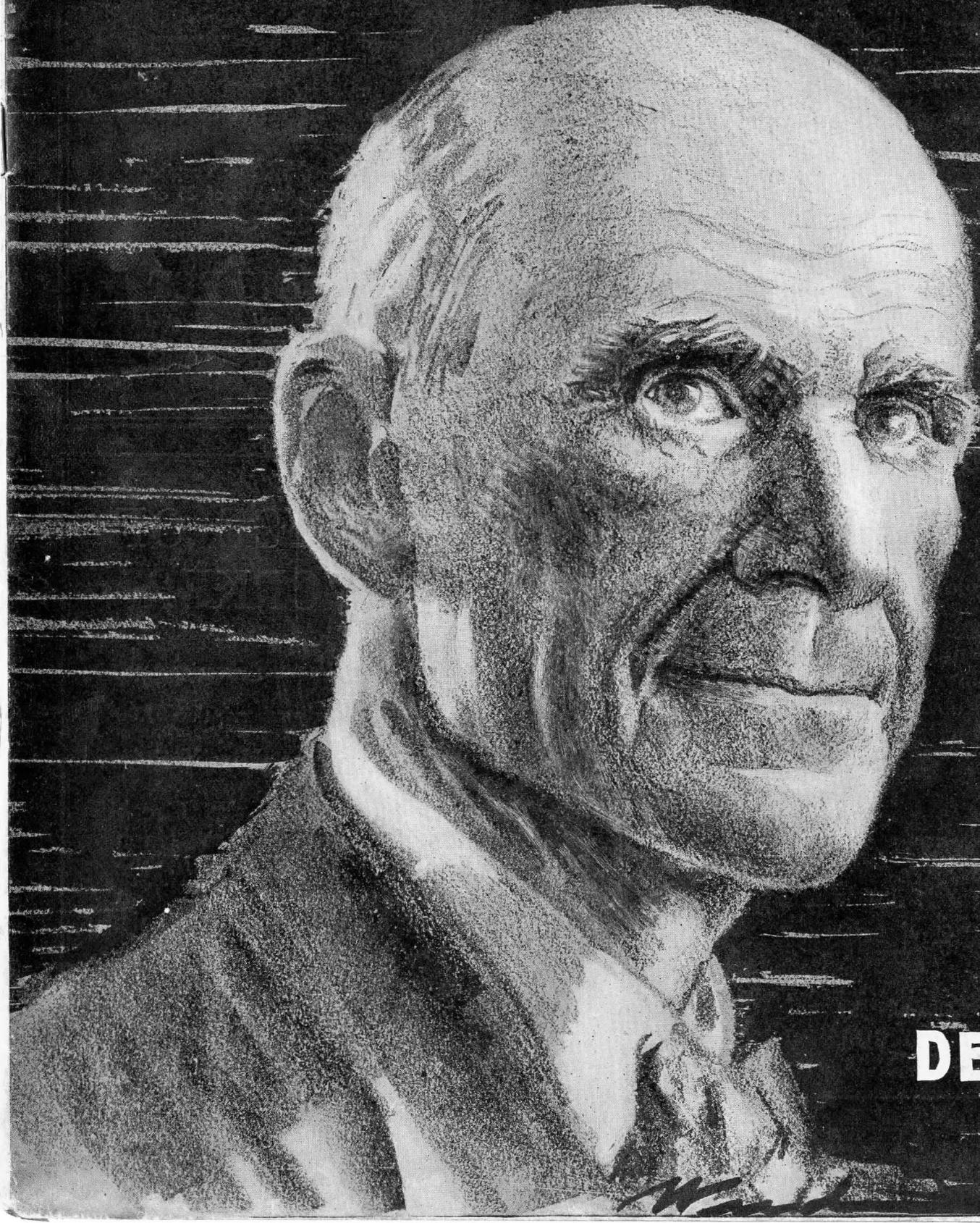


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General Organizer

**“FROM THE CROWN OF MY
HEAD TO THE SOLES OF MY
FEET I AM BOLSHEVIK, AND
PROUD OF IT. THE DAY OF
THE PEOPLE HAS COME!”**

—Eugene V. Debs



Drawn by Art Young.

“Gentlemen, may I not suggest that we recognize it?”

THE LIBERATOR

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EDITORIALS

THE final act of revolution in Hungary, establishing a dictatorship of the proletariat, was accomplished without the killing or wounding of a single man or woman. It was a judicious surrender by the ruling class in the face of superior power. Some of us had hoped that when half the world was communist, such events might happen in the remaining half. That they should begin so soon is a higher tribute to the success of Russia's experiment than our imaginations had dared to pay.

Socialists, who understand the underlying forces which made the Hungarian revolution inevitable, may be excused for smiling at the reports from Paris that it was due to a misunderstanding of the Allied peace terms! It was due to a contradiction in the very nature of our economic system, a contradiction which will give rise to similar revolutions or attempts at revolution, in every capitalist country, at every grave economic crisis that shall arise, until the new system is established throughout the world.

The Holy Alliance

IT becomes apparent that the imperialistic alliance of the Five Victorious Allies, known to polite literature as the League of Nations, will be ratified by Congress without serious opposition. We had ventured to predict that even a real League of Nations would be ratified under pressure from the more far-sighted business interests of the country. It is so obviously the only way in which the oppressed classes and peoples of the world can be systematically and thoroughly and without undue interruption robbed and exploited by the international Bourgeoisie. We thought that the powers assembled at Versailles would realize this, and we were prepared to analyze the constitution of a League of Nations, and show that without the admission of the Bolshevik Government, without an express guarantee of the right of revolution, and without an express and dated promise of independence and equality to the peoples of Asia, such a league would prove but a conspiracy against the liberties of mankind, avoiding some wars while leading inexorably to others of greater dimension. The peace conference has spared us this task of analysis, by throwing over the plan of a League of Nations, (submitted perhaps by Woodrow Wilson) and adopting the plan of an Alliance of the Victors submitted by the British General, Smuts.

It is a little pathetic to me, always unnecessarily interested in the fate of the Liberals, to see how they cling to this perfectly garish and obvious imperial alliance of five nations to perpetuate their dominion in the world—refusing to call it by its true name for the simple reason that they have pinned their hopes of civilization on a League of Nations and they can not bear to face the world without it. They would not any of them consent to become members of a Sewing Society which actually designated its executive officers by name in the Constitution, and then made the constitution next to impossible to amend! No such constitution has ever before been proposed, I think, to any association of any kind except to antiquated nations subscribing to the principles of autocratic rulership. And yet these intellectual enthusiasts of humanity, in the midst of the most wide-resounding cry of "Democracy!" ever voiced in history, give their support to the deliberate establishment by this means of a self-perpetuating dynasty of nations.

How great is the folly of those who lack courage! Better a thousand times some free natural meeting together of emissaries, some general international assembling for business or pleasure, with no constitution, no policy, no plan—better no movement of the governments whatever, than this deliberate attempt to settle and establish empire amid the instinctive beginnings of international consciousness. But they have made the League of Nations their God in a world which is shuddering to ruins around them, and a God they must have, though he be the very devil they have been fighting with fire and sword. So leave them at this shrine—foolish, deluded and timid of mind. They have no place, no task, and no function until the new world is born.

Wilson's Failure

I REMEMBER once discussing with Professor John Dewey the candidacy of Bryan for President of the United States. I could not tolerate Bryan's going round the country lecturing against the theory of evolution.

"Well," Dewey said, "the Origin of Species is hardly a political issue."

Now I am inclined to think he was wrong.

The greatest thing to be said in favor of the executives of the Russian government, aside from their representative character, is that they are a body of men with the scientific point-of-view—no doubt the first that ever sat in the seats of power. That is why they conquer without ammunition, and ten words of theirs sneaked into a press despatch refutes

the rhetoric of all the editors and special writers combined. That is why the great men at the Peace Conference sit still and do not know what to do. They do not know how to meet the Bolsheviks, and they do not know how not to meet them. If they were great men they would know how to meet them—great moralists, great lawyers, diplomats, politicians, crooks, scholars, orators—anything. But they are none of these things. They are learned and painstaking scientists of human nature and human history; and they are specialists in the science of revolution—a science which, although it has been taught for some ten years in the more advanced universities, has never even crossed the path of the great men at Versailles. They didn't know there was such a science—and they won't, until some kindly "dictator" puts them to work.

Just as that is the reason for the success of the Bolshevik diplomacy, the reason for Wilson's failure—although he held a power that no one man ever held before—is that he is not a scientist. He doesn't know anything about human nature and the dynamics of history. He is totally incapable of the scientific point-of-view. He has the point-of-view of the sentimental moralist, and with all his persuasive diction and stubborn suavity, he is extremely gullible. He has been "made a fool of," not perhaps by any particular statesmen, but by the forces which are inherent in human nature, and which science had already ascertained and defined.

He thought that he could turn a nationalistic war into a war for peace and democracy by means of a diplomatic evangelism. He did not even ask the Allies to revise their war-aims as a condition of America's participation. A written contract would have been weak enough—history knows—but he did not even ask a contract. A lot of noble emotion was generated in private conferences, and for the ingenuous idealist who thinks that such emotions are the moulders of history, that was enough!

Now he thinks that he can turn an Alliance of five imperial governments into a League to Preserve Peace, by adopting a constitution which consists of forty ways of saying that this is what it is going to be. A scientific historian would know that there are certain major motives which dominate in these governments, and if the governments are put into a relation which permits the operation of those motives, they will operate. It doesn't matter what purposes may be avowed in the constitution, or what "tide may be running in the hearts of men" at the time when it is adopted.

A constitution which brought all the nations into a truly democratic relation, and then *stated that its purpose was to promote imperialism and aggrandize the United States and the British Empire*, would be a more practical instrument for democracy and peace, than this constitution which forms an imperial alliance and then states the opposite purpose. Anyone acquainted with human dynamics would know that, and place his effort accordingly. But the president is innocent of such acquaintance. He evidently really thinks, as he said in his speech at Rome, that "the only thing that binds nations together is friendship." And no statement about the relations of nations could possibly be framed which

would more flatly contradict the facts of history and psychology than that.

"Our task at Paris is to organize the friendship of the world."

Upon that soft-headed, false, and in this day almost illiterate assumption he has acted, to the destruction of his power, his hope, and his prestige in history. There is only one thing left for him to do as a reminder to posterity that he ever had such power, and that is to extend, in a kind of quixotic liberality of which he is occasionally capable, the first hand of recognition to the scientific government of Russia.

Constructive Treason

IN 1534 under King Henry VIII it was treason not to believe Mary illegitimate and Elizabeth legitimate; in 1536 it was treason to believe either legitimate; in 1543 it was treason not to believe both legitimate. This kept people who were interested in Mary and Elizabeth pretty busy studying law. But they had this advantage over us that after they had looked up the law they knew just exactly what their chances were. With us it is not going to be so simple. Our masters have learned from Montesquieu that "Vagueness in the definition of treason is enough to make governments degenerate into despotism," and so vagueness in the definition of treason (known to our modern minds as "sedition," "sabotage," "criminal syndicalism," "incitement to riot," etc.) is the order of the day.

Mayor Hylan of New York City, in collaboration with Alderman William P. Kenneally, has achieved a masterpiece in this direction which ought to be enacted, simply to prevent its being lost to the history of feudal government. It is an amendment to the city ordinances as follows:

"Any person, meaning the owner, agent, occupant, or one in charge of place or building who shall permit on such premises any assemblage of persons advocating under any pretense, or in any language whatever, policies tending to incite the minds of people to a proposition likely to breed a disregard for law, or allow utterances likely to arouse people to sedition, or in any way tend to bring about disorder, revolt, or riot, shall be punished by a fine of \$200 or by imprisonment for not more than three months or by such fine and imprisonment."

The Free Speech Principle

BUT why bother to pass these cumbersome laws? Mayor Schreiber of Toledo, according to a despatch to the New York Times, simply issued an order that Debs should not speak in Toledo, and that "hereafter no meeting would be permitted anywhere in the city where it is suspected a man of radical tendencies will speak."

Those who recognize that a class struggle exists and must be fought to a finish for liberty, are not greatly surprised at these developments in the "home of the free." Aside from what anyone may think "ought to" be the fact, it is the fact that a dominant class will always suppress the propaganda that seriously threatens its dominance. We see this in America, and we see it also—although, I believe, in a more moderate form—in Russia. *Where there is class-rule there*

can be no fundamental freedom of speech. That is the truth.

In what way, then, is the condition in Russia better than that in the United States?

In two ways: First, there is in Russia no *pretense* at freedom of speech, no pretense that equality of rights between the two classes exists. The dominant proletariat is openly and boastfully stamping out the rights of the bourgeoisie.

Second, in Russia the purpose and almost inevitable outcome of this process if successful, is the reduction of the very small bourgeois class into the ranks of the proletariat, therewith the abolition of class-rule altogether, and the establishment of the conditions for a *genuine and fundamental freedom*, not only of speech, but of life itself for everybody.

Victor Berger

I AM sorry that the *LIBERATOR* published an attack on the motives of Victor Berger. It was done during the temporary absence of the board of editorial judiciousness. The fact that Berger is sentenced to prison for twenty years for being a Socialist, should rally all Socialists to his personal support. Many of the opinions he is reported to have expressed on the witness stand are not in my opinion true, and they are not Socialism, but they are the opinions he has always expressed.

It is a good deal to ask a man to be a martyr for his own beliefs. To ask him to be a martyr for the beliefs of those who have roasted him all their lives for disagreeing with them, is too much!

The Left is Right

A GREAT deal of healthy life and logic has been injected into the Socialist party by the organization of a left wing. For the first time since the war, the correspondence columns of the party press are read and studied by the members. To me it seems absurd to cry out against this movement as an attempt to destroy the party. It is not an attempt to destroy the party and it will not do that, unless the right and center, who control the party machinery, try to use it to destroy or expel the left. The thing for them to do is to call a convention of the members to take action on the crucial principle of the dictatorship of the proletariat, and the immediate practical choice between the Berne Congress and the proposed Communist International.

With groups of people, both calling themselves "Socialist," engaged in slaughtering each other with machine guns in Europe, and every worker in the world stirred to the depths over the points at issue, to say as one executive committeeman does, that "there is no occasion for a convention . . . it would be incredibly stupid to pause—and split hairs and squabble over internal differences"—shows a vagueness of mind that might indeed destroy the party. Did Karl Liebknecht die at the hands of Scheidemann for a dif-

ference that can be compared to splitting hairs? He died for socialism.

Personally I think that the American Party as a whole will adopt the principles of revolutionary or communist socialism, and no vital division will occur. A division occurred in 1917 and a considerable body of Scheidemanns resigned or were expelled. There is no place for our party in America except in close co-operation with the revolutionary unions, the I. W. W. and the Workmen's Councils, building up the power of the future. The new Labor Party is the right. The Socialist Party must be the left, or it will be nothing at all.

A Demobilized Editor

WALTER LIPPMANN, the color sergeant of the peace offensive, has returned to the *New Republic*, and we may expect to see that journal of cerebral opinion forsake its flirtations with economic understanding, and return to the safer, if also more "brilliant" task of clarifying the ideologies of progressive capitalism.

Lippmann celebrates his demobilization with a whole supplement, which he devotes to proving that President Wilson's fourteen points were the basis for a "Peace as of January, 1918," and do not apply to the problem of Peace as of October of the same year—notwithstanding that it was upon the basis of those fourteen points, and of trust in the honor of President Wilson, that the surrender was made by the German nation. Lippmann's argument consists mainly in the peculiar weight and legalistic portliness of the words "as of" in the above quotation. Aside from that literary accomplishment his essay amounts in effect to a statement of the fact that between January and October the Allies licked Germany, and acquired the power to put their peace terms across. As a reason why they *do not* abide by those peace terms, this would be an interesting, if not very abstruse, point to make. As a reason why they *should not*, it is remarkably akin to the philosophizing of Prussian Junkerdom in regard to another famous scrap of paper.

Walter Lippmann speaks of "going Bolshevik" as *repudiating all authority and obligation*. He says that Bolshevism is "a complete dissolution of centralized organization into local atoms of self-government." It is to be hoped that the other editors of the *New Republic*, whose brains have not suffered the softening influence of close association with the Presbyterian Sunday School diplomacy, will remind Walter Lippmann that the *New Republic* is at least under an obligation to intellectualize the counter-revolution. Its patrons will not tolerate a perfectly crass ignorance even of Socialism.

MAX EASTMAN.

THERE are to be no punitive indemnities—no. The question is how much Germany will be able to pay in the next half century and keep alive.

The Liars

By Carl Sandburg

A LIAR goes in fine clothes.
 A liar goes in rags.
 A liar is a liar, clothes or no clothes.
 A liar is a liar and lives on the lies he tells
 and dies in a life of lies.
 And the stonecutters earn a living—with lies—
 on the tombs of liars.

A liar looks 'em in the eye
 And lies to a woman,
 Lies to a man, a pal, a child, a fool.
 And he is an old liar; we know him many years back.

A liar lies to nations.
 A liar lies to the people.
 A liar takes the blood of the people
 And drinks this blood with a laugh and a lie,
 A laugh in his neck,
 A lie in his mouth.
 And this liar is an old one; we know him many years back.
 He is straight as a dog's hind leg.
 He is straight as a corkscrew.
 He is white as a black cat's foot at midnight.

The tongue of a man is tied on this,
 On the liar who lies to nations,
 The liar who lies to the people.
 The tongue of a man is tied on this
 And ends: To hell with 'em all.
 To hell with 'em all.

It's a song hard as a riveter's hammer,
 Hard as the sleep of a crummy hobo,
 Hard as the sleep of a lousy doughboy,
 Twisted as a shell-shock idiot's gibber.

The liars met where the doors were locked.
 They said to each other: Now for war.
 The liars fixed it and told 'em: Go.

Across their tables they fixed it up,
 Behind their doors away from the mob.
 And the guns did a job that nicked off millions.
 The guns blew seven million off the map,
 The guns sent seven million west.
 Seven million shoving up the daisies.
 Across their tables they fixed it up,
 The liars who lie to nations.

And now
 Out of the butcher's job
 And the boneyard junk the maggots have cleaned,
 Where the jaws of skulls tell the jokes of war ghosts,

Out of this they are calling now: Let's go back where we
 were.

Let us run the world again, us, us.
 Where the doors are locked the liars say: Wait and we'll
 cash in again.

So I hear The People talk.
 I hear them tell each other:
 Let the strong men be ready.
 Let the strong men watch.
 Let your wrists be cool and your head clear.
 Let the liars get their finish,
 The liars and their waiting game, waiting a day again
 To open the doors and tell us: War! get out to your war
 again.

So I hear The People tell each other:
 Look at to-day and to-morrow.
 Fix this clock that nicks off millions
 When The Liars say it's time.
 Take things in your own hands.
 To hell with 'em all,
 The liars who lie to nations,
 The liars who lie to The People.

THE LIBERATOR

A Journal of Revolutionary Progress

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The Invincible I. W. W.

SOMETIMES the look of a man or a place is more significant than a lot of statistical information. And the statistics about the number of I. W. W. members who have been arrested, and the months of their imprisonment, seem to me to be rather beside the point, since I went into the I. W. W. headquarters the other day and talked to some of the men just released from Ellis Island. I had gone in there looking for the victims of our latest form of governmental tyranny. The statistics of their suffering seemed to me important. But I didn't find any victims. Nothing like it! I never hope to see anything less like victims than that crowd there. They had suffered, it is true—suffered all that flesh and blood can suffer from the brutality of an infuriated employing class. But they were not beaten men. They were men who could never be beaten. They were not a sorry crowd of persecuted unfortunates, just released by a lucky chance from prison and the doom of exile, and left stranded without money or decent clothes a thousand miles from home. They were something else and something very distinctly not to be pitied. They were, somehow, the winners—not the losers, of the late unpleasantness; not because they had got released from Ellis Island and were not going to be deported—that didn't matter at all. No, they were part of an organization that whether here in New York, or there on Ellis Island, or back in the filthy jails of the Northwest, or in the lumber camps and cities from which they came, was pushing the enemy back further and further every day. They were part of a great army which didn't retreat—which could fight in a prison as well as in a forest or a town, and in England or Sweden or Russia or Scotland as well as here, and which never stopped fighting. These men carried with them, wore visibly, the sense of that invincible internationalism. These that I saw were simply a company of skirmishers—victorious skirmishers—resting, talking quietly of the next day's work, and thinking of the Big Push to come. . . .

The headquarters of the I. W. W. at 27 East Fourth street is a big bare room, severe as an early New England church. A blackboard on the wall set forth in neat white lettering like a text the declaration of the I. W. W. preamble: "*The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people, and the few who make up the employing class have all the good things of life. Between these two classes a struggle must go on, until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system . . .*"—and the announcement of a Sunday morning meeting. Seated over by a window was an old but rugged man, reading. He read, not as the tired clerk reads his newspaper in the subway, or as a tramp reads in the public library on cold days, but as a student reads: the book he was reading was a volume on economics by Professor Ely. He was a lumberjack, and one of the re-

leased deportees. Another came in, young and ruddy, a miner; he had been picked up in Colorado and had joined the "Red Special" at Chicago. The others—who came in one by one—were mostly from the lumber industry. And they all had about them a pioneer quality—the hard-handed, kindly, confident, quiet strength of those who are accustomed daily to put muscle and guts and everlasting patience into the job of conquering the wilderness. They were what one thinks of as "American" at its best—what that word meant while it still meant something, and when America took her fame from the free strength of her westward-cutting frontier edge. These were men of that stamp—not the sort of men who would sink without a protest into the slavery of capitalism, believing what they were taught and trying to be respectable. They were the other sort—workingmen and fighters, proud of their class, loyal to its interests, ready to look the boss in the eye and tell him to go to hell. But they had been ignorant of two things—just what was wrong, and just how to go about it to set it right. They learned these two things from the I. W. W. And then, in the lumber camps of the Northwest, as in every place where these teachings have reached, there was a new kind of strike.

They were talking about it, about the big lumber strike of two years ago. "Before the strike," one of them said quietly, "a lumberjack wasn't a man. He was a lousy animal. Everywhere he went he carried his lousy blanket on his back; and everywhere he went he wore his 'tin pants' and his 'corks'—shoes with spikes in the soles to give him a footing on a slippery log. And when he went in town he saw signs in the store windows, 'No corks allowed in here.' The only thing he could do in town was get drunk and be robbed of six months' wages, and go back with his filthy blanket on his back to slave ten hours a day for six months more. We struck for an eight-hour day, and decent human conditions. *And we won the strike.* Now a lumberjack is a man. He has burned his lousy blankets, and made the company furnish him a decent place to sleep. Why, in some camps the men even have sheets to their beds, as if they were regular human beings! And when he goes to town he puts on ordinary human clothes and leaves his corks behind. And he feels like a man, for he has time after an eight-hour day to do some thinking."

A strike for human decency. How was it won? "By solidarity. When we learned that lesson we never forgot it. We went out together and we came back together. That's what the lumber bosses couldn't fight.

"And then, of course, we learned some new tricks about striking. Ever hear of the 'intermittent strike'? Well, we tried that. Our funds were getting low, so we decided to strike on the job. A bunch of us would go back to work. The bosses were glad to see us—thought we'd given up. And then—well, the rules and regulations aren't usually observed very well when you're at work. We observed 'em. It

certainly did slow things up! Everything went wrong. And then, to finish, somebody would institute the eight-hour day by pulling the whistle two hours before quitting time. Naturally, everybody stopped work. The bosses had a fit and fired us. So we moved on to the next camp, and wired headquarters to send another bunch to the last place. It certainly worked. I never saw a more peaceful strike in my life than that one, and I've seen some strikes."—This is, of course, the hellish theory of sabotage. Some people might call it studied efficiency. Certainly if a thing is worth doing it is worth doing well.

The point to be observed is that the I. W. W. taught the lumberjacks—as it has taught others—to want to be free human beings. And it taught them that the way to achieve freedom is by solidarity. This was bad enough, from the point of view of the mill owner whose profits are being curtailed by an eight-hour day and the wholly unnecessary expense of beds, blankets, baths and reading rooms. ("What does a lumberjack want with baths and reading rooms?") But there was worse in prospect. These men were not content with their victory. They wanted the earth—quite literally. They wanted to keep on striking whenever the opportunity came, for more pay, for shorter hours, until there were no profits left. They wanted to run the lumber industry themselves. And this not as an idle dream, but as the announced program of men who had proved themselves the superior of their bosses in skill and wit and determination—who had learned how to win and were filled with the spirit of victory. What could be done about it? Obviously, they must be destroyed. The war-hysteria could be taken advantage of; the I. W. W. could be charged with being an organization maintained by German money; its members could be hounded, lynched, jailed and tortured to death.

And they were. . . . After a newspaper campaign charging the I. W. W. with every known crime, the round-up began. Every man known to be a member of the I. W. W. was arrested and thrown into jail. Their halls were raided, their papers seized, their books confiscated. But in spite of all these efforts, it was found impossible in many cases to frame up any kind of criminal charge against these men. They were kept in jail without any charge. Months dragged by and the jails were full. What to do with them? Legal processes were too slow and unsure. Some large method of disposal must be invented. And so it was decided to deport them. The law? That was easy; it could be construed that way—and if necessary amended. It was.

The procedure now took a form unknown in civilized nations up to the present time: The man was brought before an Immigration Inspector, who as prosecuting attorney asks him questions, as court stenographer records his answers, as jury considers the evidence, and as judge pronounces the verdict. Thus:

"Do you believe in assassination?"

"No."

"Do you believe in violence?"

"No."

"Do you believe in the destruction of property?"

"No."

"What! Do you mean to deny that you are a member of the I. W. W.?"

"Oh, I belong to the I. W. W. all right!"

(Immigration Inspector writes: "He admits that he belongs to an organization which teaches assassination, violence and the destruction of property.")

"Where were you born?"

"In England, thirty years ago. I was brought here at the age of two."

"Hm-m. I find that *you were illegally admitted into this country, as having been at the time of your admission likely to become a public charge; which is shown by your present views, these being such as would in all probability eventually bring you into conflict with the laws of our country, and hence, as a prisoner, as a public charge. Recommended for deportation.*"

"But I haven't committed any crime. I have never even been arrested!"

"That is all. Next!"

This is not a fancy sketch. It is as accurate a brief condensation as possible of the longer and more involved examination, and faithfully presents its spirit, method and results. (It is unnecessary to go into the question of the relations between the Immigration Inspectors and the mill owners, though the facts are sufficiently scandalous.)

Mass deportation; that is the employers' method, acquiesced in by the United States authorities, of getting rid of the I. W. W. The result is all that is important; if the man carries a red card deport him—and if, as in some instances, he was born in this country, put the "burden of proof" on him and keep him locked up so that he can't prove anything; if he has a wife and children born in America (for the cases include more than one of these) deport them all!

And the I. W. W.? They held meetings in jail, took in new members, and collected dues. At a time when Ole Hanson was forbidding the I. W. W. to hold meetings in Seattle, they held a business meeting in the city jail, and received fraternal congratulations from a score of Bolshevik sailors cooped up with them after a conflict of authority between their Soviet and the captain. They were fed on rotten food. They went on hunger strikes. They were put in solitary, beaten, drenched with icy water from a fire hose. They fell sick, and some of them died, others will never recover from the treatment. But their spirit was unbroken. Offered parole on condition that they would abjure the I. W. W., they refused. They were transferred from jail to jail; they ran the gamut of American prison filth, starvation and brutality. During all this time they were still being held without a criminal charge against any of them. Then the war ended, there were transport facilities, and the men (in some cases after a whole year of imprisonment) were herded into a train and brought under guard to New York, to be shipped away to England, Russia, Poland, Denmark, Hungary. . . . The story of the efforts, at last partly

successful, to secure a reopening of their cases, has been told in the newspapers; and owing chiefly to the effected. But to the released men it erine A. Lowe, attorneys, the release of some fourteen has so far been effected. But to the released men it is all part of the day's work. If they had been sent to the foreign countries to which the government chose to say they belonged, they would have gone—and kept up the work. Here, they are busy collecting money to buy food and clothes for their fellow-workers still on Ellis Island; for the clothes furnished by the government after a year's imprisonment are too flimsy to wear, and the food is too poor and scanty to live on. They are on the job outside, raising funds for the men inside.

And when that is finished? The government, after keeping them in jail for a year, now that it has set them free refuses to transport them back to the places they came from. "I have a right," says Uncle Sam, "to lock you up for as long as I please for no crime, take you across the continent and turn you loose there; and I owe you no reparation nor indemnity for this injury." They are men of the Northwest, men of the great forests, and they cannot very well go to sewing buttons in a pants factory. They will have to get back there somehow; and they will. And they will go back on the job again—unbroken. They will take up the old struggle that shall not end until their historic mission is accomplished. They will go on creating a new society within the shell of the old.

"Aliens." They are the kind of "aliens" who once made America the hope of the world. They are still helping to keep it from being the world's despair. . . . Not Americans? Well, they can teach us what Americans ought to be!

FLOYD DELL.



Drawn by Elias Goldberg.

American Jailer (to Diogenes, who is seeking an honest man): "You've come to the right place, kid!"

HOW much practical difference there is between exploiting a colony without being told to, and exploiting it under a "mandate" from the League of Nations, is indi-

cated in the following press despatch cabled from Paris:

"It is reported that Japan has made an offer to England to send troops to Russia and bear the expenses of the expedition alone if she receives a mandate for Indo-China."

News From Siberia

IN San Francisco I talked with a Russian sailor who had been in Vladivostok within a month. He said that when the American troops land on those shores, they are so filled with the bloody newspaper pictures of the Bolsheviks that they never venture on the streets except with a loaded revolver in their pockets. Naturally, the first thing they come into personal contact with when they make the venture, however, is an attractive girl, and as the word Bolshevik is about the only Russian word they know how to try to pronounce, the first thing they find out from the girl is that she is a Bolshevik. This is the beginning of their education.

This Russian also told me that one of the American sailors from the battleship Brooklyn showed him a little folder which expounded in beautiful and lucid English the entire purpose and principle of the Soviet form of government together with the meaning of the class struggle and the philosophy of internationalism. The American was "broke" at the time and wanted money, and my friend offered him several dollars for this folder, but he refused to give it up. He said he liked to have it with him. He added that every one of the sailors of the Brooklyn had one.

I put down in a note book some of the other things that he told me, and I give them here. He said that an American general, whose name he thought was Johnson, told him that 98 per cent of the people in Vladivostok were pro-Soviet, and that if the Allied armies withdrew at 8 a. m. the Bolshevik government would be in power at 8:01 a. m. "If we started in to fight this thing we would have to fight every house."

He learned from American soldiers that in the battles of defense waged by the Bolsheviks, children and women and old men took part in the fighting. The soldiers said that they found on the field dead bodies from eight years to eighty-five years of age.

In one of the restaurants he asked the peasant girl who was waiting on table what she thought about life under the Allied occupation. She looked a little furtively around the restaurant before she answered that under the Soviet she had worked six or seven hours, and received ten rubles more than she received now. Now she works from 12 noon until 2 at night and after that she has to walk home, arriving at about four.

My informant—who, by the way, is one of the sturdy, clear-headed, earnest people whom you believe because they know the difference between what they know and what they don't know—said that the Soviets are still meeting in Vladivostok and all through Siberia, although the delegates are continually arrested and put in prison. "They come up again like waves from the sea." He attended one of these conventions at which there were a thousand delegates. They did not call themselves a Soviet, but they called themselves "The Bureau of Professional Unions of Vladivostok." A number of American soldiers attend these meetings of the

Soviets, and if any speaker shows a tendency towards the attitude of the Mensheviks they join in howling him down without mercy.

He said that there are about two thousand Czecho-Slovaks in jail in Siberia for refusing to fight the Bolsheviks.

He said that he saw Madam Breshkovskaya embark from Vladivostok, and whereas she had been greeted in Petrograd by hundreds of thousands of the Russian people, she was escorted to the port in Vladivostok by some British officers, three Czecho-Slovak officers, and a few curious onlookers who did not cheer.

In addition to this significant information, which the sailor had stored in his mind with a view to giving it publicity in America, he brought me the original sealed and signed copy of an address to all the workingmen and workingwomen of the United States from the Russian Workingmen's Red Cross. It is typewritten in Russian and I have had it translated. It is printed below.

M. E.

"WORKINGMEN'S RED CROSS

"Central Committee, Labor Unions,
"Vladivostok, Siberia.

"TO ALL THE WORKINGMEN AND WORKING-
WOMEN OF THE UNITED STATES

"COMRADES:

"After the forceful invasion and overthrow of the Soviet Government by the Allies and under the false pretenses of the Checho-Slovaks and the Russians Capitalists in the City of Vladovostok and all over Siberia, began a terrible oppression of the Russian Working Class.

"Thousands upon thousands of Working people, peasants and also the student class were shot. In one of the cities, named Chabarovsk, having a population of about seventy thousand people, twelve hundred people were shot and slain by the Japanese and Tartars (Kalmacki). Thousands were killed in the City of Krasnoyarsk with the help of the White Guard of Russians and also with the help of Italian Regiments. English Regiments have also participated in the massacring and suppressing tens of thousands of revolting peasants.

"Every day new cemeteries have sprung up, thousands of other comrades were thrown into jail and at present are rotting there without any charge against them. Their wives and children are suffering from hunger and cold because they have no means of assistance, except from the Workingmen's Organizations, which are in existence illegally. However, the need is very great and the Russian Organizations can be of little assistance with their meagre means. Furthermore, very many factories are closed and the workers are unemployed.

"In this needy hour, when a part of the Russian Workingmen and peasants are strangled between the armies of the International Capitalists, while the other part on the other side of Ural is bleeding to death in the uneven struggle with the enemies on all sides, in this hour we are turning to you with the following demands.

"Protest against the organized killing of your brothers.

"Demand the withdrawal of American troops from Russia.

"Answer the call of tens of thousands imprisoned, and still the cries of orphan children and families with brotherly help. Lighten their sufferings.

"With Comradely regards,

(Signed)

"Representative of the Red Cross (Russian Workingmen)."
Dec. 28, 1918.

MANNERHEIM

(From Our Special Correspondent in Europe)

GENERAL MANNERHEIM, head of the new independent state of Finland, started out, about the middle of February, to make an official visit to the kings of Sweden, Denmark and Norway. He made his visit to the first two, but when the time came to go to Christiania he became sick. Just what made him sick, his physician has not announced. But the narrative may suggest its own explanation.

General Mannerheim, former general in the Czar's army, suppressor of the Red Revolution in Finland, is now beyond question the dominant man in the Finnish government. His talents for governorship are undoubtedly great. When Germany was still powerful, he requested and received from Ludendorf a detachment of Bavarian troops to help him overthrow the workers' government. When Germany's fate became doubtful he managed to withdraw from responsibility and leave the onus of pro-German government to others. When Germany fell, he came back to power and made a trip to England, obtaining from that nation the substance of formal recognition, and, apparently, food.

Such temperamental adaptability has been rare even in this war of sudden changes. To the propertied classes hereabouts, Mannerheim is known as "the coming man." To the working classes he is known as "the butcher" and "the hangman." Both agree, however, that he has given Finland a "strong" government. The tory London "Times" even finds it too strong. The Stockholm correspondent of this paper recently wrote that the Allies could not possibly permit things to continue as they are in Finland. He pointed out that whereas the "Red Terror" which accompanied the workers' revolution in Finland had cost 1,000 lives, General Mannerheim's "white terror" had cost, to date, 30,000, with details that dare not be put into print.

Now to this Mannerheim there went, recently, invitations from the foreign offices of the three Scandinavian countries, begging that he pay formal and official visits in the immediate future. As is the custom with foreign offices the action was taken without consulting the representatives of the people. When the invitations were made public the Socialists protested—some of them. Some of the Socialists were not in a position to protest, for they held office in the Government, and when one holds office in the Government, one assumes responsibility for all its acts. This was the situation in Sweden and Denmark, where the moderates control the party, opposed by an active, revolutionary and uncompromising left. It is not the situation in Norway, where the left controls everything, and the "rights" have no apparent reason for existence, except to be invited on official visits to America. Accordingly, in Sweden and Denmark, the opposition was in the hands of the left (which in Sweden is a separate and independent party). In Norway, on the contrary, opposition was vigorous and united from the first. The leader of the Socialist delegation in the

Storthing predicted flatly that Mannerheim would not come to Norway. The party executive committee laid plans for a general strike and public demonstration in the event of the proposed visit. The party organ, "Social-Demokraten," published these plans in black-faced type from day to day.

To Sweden, in due time, came Mannerheim in his private yacht. The left issued a call for a general strike, which was of course unheeded by most of the members of the official party, but met with success in several large factories. Thousands of workmen, however, were on hand to "welcome" Mannerheim on his arrival. Then the familiar scenes of riot ensued. Police, soldiers, spies, mounted police, plain clothes men, were everywhere. There were boogings and catcalls, surgings of humanity, eddies of combat, charges by the police, panics and arrests. All afternoon the turmoil continued. The crowd surged to the police station to liberate the prisoners. It broke in the doors. Dragoons charged. Machine guns appeared. The crowd retreated. All night the police and the soldiery were busy clearing the highways, charging mobs, and even breaking up street-corner knots of disputants.

In the meantime the Norwegian Socialist party had been quietly and deliberately framing and announcing its plans for a far greater demonstration. Protests were received from labor unions throughout the country. In Stockholm it was rumored that Mannerheim would not continue his trip to Copenhagen and Christiania, as planned, but would return directly to Helsingfors. A bourgeois paper published the report that the Norwegian legation had privately suggested to him that it might be well to change his mind and decline Norway's invitation. The report was denied, but immediately it was announced from Mannerheim's party that a "cold" had overtaken the General, who, after the mild Finnish winter to which he had been accustomed, apparently could not withstand the rigors of the Stockholm climate.

The next day, however, the announcement was revoked, and the General proceeded to Copenhagen. Here again the left did all the agitating. The call for a general strike met with some little success, and there were tumultuous scenes in the streets.

In Christiania the feeling was becoming intense. The police made elaborate plans. Soldiers began quietly to enter the city. The unions, to a man, registered their protest to the expected visit.

About this time the Electrical Workers' Union met and passed a resolution. Herein it was set forth that in the event of Mannerheim's entering the city, the union would cease work. Electric power and light would be totally cut off; the city would be dark and motionless. And, added the resolution, if serious consequences resulted, the electrical workers would be in nowise responsible.

The next morning came the announcement from Copenhagen that Mannerheim's "cold" had become "chills and fever." He left the same afternoon direct for Stockholm; where he boarded his yacht for Helsingfors.

MILLER.

The Death Train of Siberia

We have made many assertions as to who are the powers of darkness and who the powers of light in Russia. We have made them in the face of an avalanche of contrary statements in the press and periodicals of this country. Our belief in the truth of what we were saying rested upon a general knowledge of the nature of the class-struggle against capitalism everywhere, upon a careful and studious reading between the lines of the lies in other publications, and upon private information which came to us through channels suppressed or ignored by those publications. We have never had any doubt of the essential truth of what we were saying. But we have not before had the power to make it visual and unescapable to our readers that we have today. We ask you to read through to the end this article, "The Death Train of Siberia," and then read through to the end the report of Lunacharsky, the Bolshevik Commissar of Education. Both are in a sense "official reports." Which side are you on when you finish them?

M. E.

THIS is the story of an incident in the attempt to overthrow Bolshevism in Russia, by massacre. It is the story of the deliberate and inhuman killing of men and women and children by the Czecho-Slovak and Kolchak monarchist forces in Siberia. It was first made known in this country by a brief and unrevealing dispatch which appeared in the *New York Times*.

The whole dreadful truth has now come to light, and the Death Train of Siberia stands revealed in its sinister magnitude as one of the most horrible outrages upon humanity, not merely of this war, but in all human history. The facts are these:

In the fall of 1918, the Bolsheviks took the city of Samara. It was captured from them a little later by the Czecho-Slovaks, who proceeded to throw into prison hundreds of Red Guards, and others suspected of Bolshevik sympathies.

The city was soon re-taken by the Bolsheviks. And when the Czecho-Slovak forces evacuated the city, they loaded these imprisoned Red Guards and Bolshevik sympathizers, together with all the other people then in the city prisons, on a train. Fifty car-loads of herded humanity, packed as closely as if they were already the corpses they were intended and destined to become. That was in September. . . . For six weeks the prisoners on that train did not see the light of day, except when the doors of the car were opened to throw out the dead. This assertion may seem incredible; but it needs to be amended only by the exception of a carload of women prisoners, who were expressly kept for the uses of the officers of the convoy. . . . The rest left the train only as corpses—and in that six

weeks eight hundred starved and frozen and pestilence-stricken bodies were thrown from the train to rot. It had become the Death Train, known all over Siberia, as it must become known all over the world, as a symbol of the blind hatred and fiendish vengeance of the enemies of Bolshevism.

After six weeks, it was halted at Nikolsk by some American Red Cross workers, who defied the authorities, held the train against orders for six days, and rescued from this perambulating inferno some two hundred victims. *And then the train resumed its dreadful progress back and forth across Siberia.*

This Death Train, it should be remembered, is an incident in the rule of terror exercised in Siberia by the Czecho-Slovak and Kolchak forces, with whom the American, British, French and Japanese forces were, and are, co-operating.

It is through the correspondence of these American Red Cross workers in Siberia that the whole story has reached America at last. We quote below some portions of the diary of Mr. Rudolph Bukely, formerly an American banker in Honolulu, now with the American Red Cross in Siberia. It is the record of a six-day interruption of this prolonged massacre. . . . We have omitted certain portions of his story which deal with the heroic efforts of the Red Cross men to relieve the suffering of the victims, and we have emphasized some passages in italic type; otherwise the narrative stands as he wrote it night by night after long days of unimaginable deeps of horror. It is an extraordinary and utterly convincing story of a horrible thing which we believe the world will not soon forget.

"It is the eighteenth day of November, 1918. I am at Nikolsk-Ussurisk in Siberia. In the past two days I have seen enough misery to fill a lifetime. . . .

"I have read many times of the Black Hole of Calcutta. I have been told of Russian prisoners returning from German prison camps wrecked by starvation and tuberculosis. *Only four weeks ago, as a four-minute man, I was preaching the doctrine of 'hate.'* To-day, I humbly ask forgiveness for my thoughts of hate, and pray from the depths of my soul that I may be allowed to play my part, though a small one, in trying to improve the condition of men, whatever their nationality, *so that perhaps some day this world may emerge into the great Brotherhood, and that such things as I have seen may become impossible.* . . .

"I have seen, through the windows of box cars whose dimensions were twenty-four feet by ten, forty animals who once were human men, women, and children; faces glared at me which I could not recognize as those of human beings. *They were like beasts' faces, of a species unknown to man. Stark madness and terror stared from their eyes, and over all the unmistakable sign of death.* . . .

"This 'train of death,' for by that name all Eastern

Siberia now knows it, left Samara approximately six weeks ago. Men of the Russian railroad service are stationed as far west as Manchuria Station, some twelve hundred miles west of here, through which the train must have passed at least three weeks ago. Since then it has passed through Hailar, Titsikar, Harbin, Moolime, going on and on like a thing accursed, through a land where its stricken passengers found little food and less pity. . . .

" . . . It left Samara. . . in charge of some Russian officers. It had on board at that time twenty-one hundred prisoners of all sorts. They were apparently civil prisoners. Some were Bolsheviki, others had been released from the prison at Samara. Many of them said they were thrown into jail for being against the Bolsheviki at the time the Bolsheviki were in control; and when in the course of the fighting the Czechs and Russians occupied Samara, they simply cleaned out the whole jail, packed the prisoners into this train, and sent them out west. Between that day and the day before yesterday, when we found this loathsome caravan in Nikolsk, eight hundred of these wretches had died from starvation, filth, and disease. In Siberia there is misery and death on every hand, on a scale that would appal the stoutest heart. There were, as near as we could count, thirteen hundred and twenty-five men, women, and children penned up in these awful cars yesterday. Since last night six have died. *By and by they will all die* if the train is permitted to go on in such conditions. . . .

"It seems a wicked thing to say, but the thought has surely come to me that *to kill these people painlessly would require perhaps three dollars' worth of poison or ten dollars' worth of ammunition; and yet for weeks this train of fifty cars has been wandering, driven on from station to station, every day a few more corpses being dragged out.* Many of these people have been in box-cars for five weeks in their original clothing. There are from thirty-five to forty in a box-car, measuring say twenty-five feet by eleven, and the doors have seldom been open save to drag out the bodies of the dead, or some woman who might better be. I have been told that when they first started there were as many as sixty in many of the cars, but death has weeded them out. I have climbed into these cars at night with my flash light, I have gone into them in the early mornings and examined them. I have seen men with the death rattle in their throat, half naked, with lice and vermin visible on them; others just lying in a semi-unconscious stupor; and others with the whining grin of imbeciles, holding out their hands for a few cigarettes or kopecks, chuckling with glee like apes upon being given them.

"Of anything like sanitary provision this train has nothing, and the accumulation of filth in which these people have lived and are dying is absolutely unspeakable. *The Russian officer who was in charge of the train has made inconsistent statements about the reasons why these people have been subjected to such awful deprivation and abuse. He tries to make the best story of it possible.* They were supposed to have been fed regularly at the different stations along the route, but often for days at a time there has been no one to give them even bread. Were it not for the kindness of the

poor villagers who, with tears running down their cheeks, men and women alike, give them what little they can afford, they would be absolutely without nourishment.

"I have talked with a woman doctor [a prisoner on the train] who was doing Red Cross work *with the Red Guards.* She would have done the same work for any one. A highly educated, intellectual woman, forty years old. She has been on this train for weeks. I have talked to a girl under eighteen years of age, beautiful, refined, intellectual. She was formerly a typist and bookkeeper in the mayor's office at Samara. The opposition party got in, she applied for the same job and got it. Later the authorities heard of her former occupation and she was sentenced to six days in jail. She was taken in the great net. She has been on this train for weeks, and unless the Red Cross comes to her aid she will die on this train. All the clothing she has on is a filthy blouse and skirt, a sort of petticoat, a pair of stockings and shoes. No coat, in this fierce winter weather.

"I have talked to a man who has not the brains left to know the difference between a Red Guard and one of any other color. His wife quarreled with another woman, who evidently lodged complaint. That night he was arrested in his home, *accused of being a Red Guard.* He has been in the box-car for five weeks. He will die within forty-eight hours. . . . I have seen them die, and the following morning I have seen their bodies dragged out of the cars like so much rubbish. The living are indifferent, for they know that their turn will come next. . . . While the prattle about liberty, justice and humanity goes on, . . . *our hands are bound by 'diplomacy.'* . . . We are holding the train. That is the main thing. It should have begun *going back toward Samara* last night, but it has not gone and I do not think that the Russian train officials will dare to send it out with us on the spot all the time, opening the cars ourselves, talking to the prisoners, giving them what hope of help we can, and *taking photographs every day.* We are doing all this without authority, and in the face of this horror we don't care who cares.

"*It is impossible to tell in print the story of the unfortunate women who have been imprisoned here under these awful conditions.* They are treated better than the men. You all know why. In one car are eleven women. We have sat with them and talked with them in a mixed jargon of French, Russian, and German. On the inside of the car hangs a piece of string. On it are four pairs of stockings owned by these eleven women. The floor is covered with refuse and filth. There are no means of cleaning it, neither brooms nor buckets. They have not taken off their clothes for weeks. In the centre of the car is a little wood stove, and there are pieces of wood and coal on the floor. All around the sides of the cars run two rows of planks, on which the inmates sleep at night and sit hunched up by day. If there ever is any official food for the prisoners these women get the first pick, and their physical condition is much better, since eleven of them have a car which would accommodate thirty-five men packed in as they are.

"Two more days have now gone by. Since we arrived a cooking car has been put on the train, with a large iron kettle, and yesterday the guards claim to have given the prisoners a little soup. *One kettle for thirteen hundred and twenty-five people*, and soup passed through a window a foot by a foot and a half, by means of an old rusty can! . . . Yesterday one of the women was taken out of one of the cars by a Russian officer. He will return her when the train pulls out. . . . In this car is also an emaciated creature that was once a man. He was a journalist. His wife is in the same car. She has a very few days to live. When the men stand they fill the entire car. *On the two rows of planks built along the sides, the dead and the living sleep as best they may.* We were told by the guards this morning at half-past eight that three men had died during the night and the bodies had been removed. As we walked past the train a man hailed us from one of the cars, and the guards were told that there were dead inside. We insisted on the door being opened and this is what we saw:

"Lying right across the threshold was the body of a boy not over eighteen or nineteen years old. No coat, merely a thin shirt, in such tatters that his whole chest and arms were exposed, for trousers a piece of jute bag pinned around him, and no shoes or stockings. What agony that boy must have suffered in the Siberian cold before he died of filth, starvation, and exposure! And yet 'diplomacy' prevents us from taking charge and giving aid. But we are holding the train!

"We climbed into the car and found two other dead lying on the second tier of bunks amongst the living. Nearly every man in that car was sunken-eyed, gaunt, and half clad. They were racked by terrible coughing. They had the stamp of death on them. If aid does not come quickly they will die. We looked into a few cars only, but *at one window we saw a little girl perhaps eleven years old. Her father, she said, had been mobilized into the Red Guard. So now father, mother, and child are on that train and will die there.* . . .

* * *

"It is the 22nd of November. This morning we got up at seven o'clock and left for the hospital where we had an appointment with Dr. Selesnieff, the military chief. When we arrived we found everything in a terrible condition—more than four hundred patients with only three doctors and three nurses. Two patients had died during the night, and the doctor had discovered nearly all the living to be suffering from diseases of different kinds, including two cases of typhus. We have since learned that a week or so ago two men were put off the train suffering from the same terrible scourge. . . .

"Dr. Selesnieff gave us his official report of the conditions, setting forth, in corroboration of the stories that have been told to me, that during the weeks that the train had been moving to and fro, passengers had died daily from a variety of causes, including typhus, dysentery, influenza, and ordinary starvation.

"The people on the train have remained for weeks without warm food, without boiled water, and many even without bread. . . . According to the testimony of officers in charge of the train, the commandant of the station reports that *he had orders to send the train back to the west*, but I am sure that among the passengers there are still a number of people so sick and exhausted that further sojourn in these cars will prove fatal.'

"We are still holding the train by means of the co-operation of the Czech lieutenant, and in case of need he agrees he will put the engine out of order. Last night the station master showed us *telegraphic instructions to the effect that the train positively must pull out at one A. M.*, but it is still here. . . . Dr. Manget arrived last night, advising us that General Graves had had *a long conference with the Japanese and Russian commanders, both of whom had assured him they would do all in their power to co-operate, but this seems to mean very little.*

"We are still holding the train and have made arrangements with a Russian bath some three-quarters of a mile from here to wash all the prisoners to-morrow for four hundred and fifty roubles. They will start at six o'clock in the morning and walk to the bath. . . .

"November 22.—It is bitterly cold. There was a heavy snow storm last night. . . .

"The baths are all ready and we are waiting for the first contingent. In the distance, against the snow, we can see a body of men advancing very, very slowly and with great difficulty. Many stumble as they walk and have to be supported by the other prisoners. . . .

"The first sixty have gone in and now there is a fire burning in the yard where the disgusting clothes are burning. Inside, the unfortunates have each been given a piece of soap and are scrubbing themselves while the guards carry out the clothes and put them on the fire. The wagon has arrived with eighty sweaters, four hundred and fifty pairs of socks, and one hundred and twenty pajamas.

"To-morrow when this train pulls out it will have nine hundred and twenty-five Red Crosses on it but I must still call it the 'train of death.' *There is no use disguising the fact that these people are nearly all going to die, for as soon as the train shall have pulled out the old conditions will return and there will be once more the corpses thrown out day by day from each car.*

"November 23.—To-day we leave for Vladivostok. We have done all that we could do. We have just learned that there are thirty additional cases of typhus in the hospital and heaven knows how many on the train. We have bought buckets and brooms for the cars, which will help a little.

"Later I came down from Nikolsk in a box-car with three American soldiers. It was bitterly cold. We had no stove, but by alternately crouching together and then at times wrestling and mauling each other around we managed to keep fairly warm. We finally reached Vladivostok at about nine forty-five. I am hoping that I may be allowed

to go out in Siberia with Dr. Rosett and hunt for other death trains. We may not have accomplished much, but we at least saved a couple of hundred lives—for a time. . . .”

* * *

If any doubting readers still hesitate to believe that such atrocities have been committed by the reactionary forces to which the United States government has been lending its aid in Siberia, we refer them to the official organ of the Red Cross, the *Red Cross Magazine* for April, in which appears the full account from which we have quoted the excerpts printed above. There the whole story is told, with photographs; and yet not the whole story, for it is stated in an editorial note that “propriety has demanded the exclusion of much that is unprintable” in Mr. Bukely’s damning record of the facts as sent to Red Cross headquarters. . . . We are also indebted to the *Red Cross Magazine* for this further authentic information concerning the Death Train, which is appended to Mr. Bukely’s story.

“Mr. Bukely’s prophecy that the death train would still be a death train was fulfilled. As it went on over the Trans-Siberian, first west then east, back and forth, driven from town to town, the miserable news of it kept filtering into Vladivostok. The official reports of the Red Cross Commission on December 9, said: ‘We had understood that the train of prisoners would be taken about ten miles from Nikolsk, on account of the unrest caused there by its presence, and would be held at this distance where we could keep closely in touch with developments.’ On December 6, however, Colonel Emerson, of the Russian Railway Service Corps, telegraphed from Harbin that the train, now with thirty-eight cars of prisoners, had left Titsikar for Chita. Thus we had first information that the so-called train of death was again on the road and was being taken into western Siberia. . . .”

“The officers in charge of the train received a telegram not to unload any of the prisoners within the border of Manchuria, but to take them to Chita, and at Harbin the officers were informed that the sick would be taken care of in the hospital at Foveyordie, which is twelve versts (about eight miles) west of Harbin. This was merely a hoax to get the train out of Harbin. . . . Our next information was that the train had gone west beyond Chita.

“Another week (Dec. 16). It now appears that after rolling toward the west this train has again been turned and headed toward Vladivostok. . . . The train is simply being passed from point to point. . . .”

“On and on, days and nights, weeks running into months the wretched company ever dwindling as death takes its cruel and incessant toll.”

To this account only one thing needs to be added, and that is a casual sentence from the Associated Press cable dispatch of Nov. 22 to the New York Times: “Other trainloads of human freight in similar straits are now on their way eastward over the Trans-Siberian Railroad.”

Vive Captain Sadoul!

CAPTAIN SADOUL of the French military mission to Russia came into prominence some time ago through a letter he wrote home stating that, although he was not a Bolshevik, he wanted the French people to know that their newspapers were lying about conditions in Russia, and to demand that their troops be withdrawn from the soil of the Soviet Republic; since then Captain Sadoul has moved steadily to the left, and his latest communication to the French proletariat is as follows:

“Comrades:

“The French Socialists in Russia salute with enthusiasm the first revolutionary efforts of the French people.

“Our proletariat will not permit the deceivers of the people and the Ententists to arrest its forward march.

“Down with compromise. The revolution against the capitalist Bourgeoisie must take place. Let the workers and peasants of France take into their hands all the power, political as well as economic.

“The imperialist governments of the Entente have imposed upon Germany a shameful armistice. But at present German imperialism no longer exists. Lloyd George and Clemenceau are trying to deliver a mortal blow to the young German revolution.

“Let the workers and peasants of France and Germany prevent the last mobilization of imperialism driven to the wall, destroy the frightful armistice, and themselves establish, without intermediaries, the conditions of a sincere, democratic and just peace, without tributes, without indemnity for losses, and guaranteeing to every oppressed nation the right to dispose of itself.

“Long Live the French revolution!

“Long live the people’s peace!

“Long live the United States of Communist Europe!

“CAPTAIN JACQUES SADOUL,

“Member of the French Military Mission in Russia.”

SONG

WHERE is the river running,
That I may wash me clean?
Where are there larches growing,
Marigold stars between?

For I have a golden lover
Patched of flower and sun,
Tall as the larch and straighter,
Swift as rivers run.

And I would wash me cleaner
And have my linen white,
And make his gay heart gayer
And keep his light heart light.

Ruth Pickering.



One Grab Too Many!

Education Under the Bolsheviki

A Translation of the Annual Report of A. V. Lunacharsky, Commissar of Education in the Soviet Government, for the Year Ending November 7, 1918

IN a country kept artificially in ignorance, the task of education could not find full development on the day following the people's revolution, which transferred the power to the toiling masses. It is evident, however, that neither the conquest of political power nor the attainment of the position of economic master of the country, could be lasting, if the people should not also attain knowledge.

Only a high level of public education could make possible a conscious governing-by-the-people, which should embrace large masses. During the interval an important role had to be played by the intelligentsia, which had enjoyed the odious privilege of exclusive erudition, and was considered in Russia to be in sympathy with the people. In the time of the 1905-6 revolution, Kautsky pointed out with hope the fact that in Russia the task of the working class would be made easier by its sincere ally, the revolutionary intelligentsia. Kautsky did not foresee at that time that at the moment of the concrete realization of his dreams, at the hour of the social revolution, even he himself would turn enemy to the proletarian vanguard.

However, there is no evil without its accompanying good. The abominable sabotage on the part of the majority of the Russian intelligentsia, and in particular of the so-called Socialist intelligentsia, proved an excellent lesson for the proletariat, laying stress upon the unalterable necessity for the proletariat to acquire real knowledge immediately—for himself so far as possible and in full measure for his children.

The leadership in this important task has fallen to the Commissariat for Public Instruction.

Sabotage by Teachers

It was extremely hard to fulfill it, for one of the most relentless detachments in the camp of the saboteurs was the gentlemen-teachers, urged along by the All-Russian Union of Teachers. The officials sabotaged also, destroying the central apparatus of the former Ministry of Public Instruction. We found ourselves among ruins, without guides, without actual connection with the schools, without connection with the provinces, and with our pedagogical forces limited to an unbelievable extent.

Still other impediments arose along our road during the year. Suffice it to mention only one—the transfer of the Commissariat to Moscow at the time of the German invasion, before the Brest treaty, a necessity which destroyed a full half of the work that we had step by step put in order.

Nevertheless, the central apparatus, and in a great measure also the local, is at the present time working harmoniously; the greater part of the body of the teachers (the lower

ranks) are sincerely working with us, the remaining part are willy-nilly creeping along.

Let us say here a few words in regard to the apparatus by which we have supplanted the old ministry and its local organs. At the head of the Commissariat stands the People's Commissar and his assistant, and the staff, consisting at present of seven persons, which decides all current affairs that are outside the competence of the branch superintendents. Basic problems are solved by a state Board of Public Education, which, besides the members of the staff and the branch superintendents, includes also representatives from the centres of the Soviet Government, from the labor unions and the workers' cultural organizations, and from that part of the body of the teachers which is taking a stand of loyal co-operation with the Soviet power.

Finally, problems of especial importance, for instance, regarding a general school reform, are considered at the All-Russian Conventions, the first of which, well attended, harmonious and imbued with communistic ideals, took place in Moscow in the month of August.

In the provinces the work of public education is being directed by the Departments of Public Instruction attached to the provincial ("gubernia"), county (ouyezd), city, and lastly, the "volost," Executive Committees. The provincial, county, and city departments, corresponding to the Central staff, have attached to them Councils of Public Instruction corresponding in the provinces to the State Board.

It is self-evident that the main care of the Commissariat for Public Instruction was the elaboration of the basic principles for a radical reform system to replace the school apparatus inherited by us from the czarist regime.

Class Education Abolished

In place of schools of all varieties and kinds—which formerly were sharply divided into a lower school for the plain people, and the middle school for the privileged classes and the well-to-do people, and divided further into schools for boys and those for girls, into technical and classical secondary schools, general and special school institutions—the Commissariat has introduced the *Unified Workers' School* (covering the entire length of the course of instruction).

The unity of this school should be understood in two ways: first, that the class divisions are abolished and the school adopts a continuous grade system. In principle, every child of the Russian republic enters a school of an identical type and has the same chances as every other to complete its higher education. Second, that up to the age of 16, all specialization is omitted. It is self-understood that this does not hinder the adoption of the principle of individual atten-

tion, and of the greatest possible variety of forms inside each school. But specialization in the full meaning of the word is permitted only after attaining the age of 16, and upon the foundation of a general and polytechnical education acquired already. The school is declared an absolutely lay institution; diplomas, in their character of certificates granting special rights, are abolished; the classical languages are declared non-obligatory.

This school, unified in principle, is divided into two grades: the first of five years' duration, and the second of four years. This nine years' course is declared to be in principle obligatory.

Our school will be in fact *accessible to all*. To attain this end, not only are all tuition fees abolished, but the children are provided with gratuitous hot food, and the poorest children with shoes and clothing. It goes without saying that all school manuals are offered to the children free of charge by the school.

The Commissariat understands fully how immense are the difficulties which it will meet with on its road. The country is ruined and famished, there is a lack of manuals even for the needs of the old school, and still more for the immensely enlarged new school. The Commissariat, however, supported by the whole Soviet government, will undertake the overcoming of this difficulty, and hopes to master it if not at once at least in the near future.

Declaring the nine years' course to be *obligatory* in principle, the Commissariat intrusts all councils with registering all children of school age, with placing all those whom it is physically possible to include in the schools among various educational institutions; with giving to the rest certificates showing that they are outside the school not by omission or reluctance of the parents. After finding out the number of children of school age in each locality, the Commissariat will immediately undertake the building of a school system. It is proposed for the next year to open 10,000 primary, and 1,000 secondary schools.

Work as the Basis of Education

The labor character of the school consists in the fact that labor, pedagogical as well as, in particular, productive labor, will be made a basis of teaching.

In the primary schools it will be mostly work within the walls of the school: in the kitchen, in the garden, in special workshops, etc. The labor must be of a productive character—in this way in particular, that the children serve the needs of the school community so far as their strength will permit them. It bears, at this grade, mostly the character of domestic and artisan labor; in the city, naturally, approaching more the type of a workshop, in the village the type of a farm. It is proposed, however, to transfer in the summer time all city school activities as far as possible to the village places.

In the secondary schools the productive and the broad social character of labor is emphasized still more sharply. We deal here with children from thirteen years up. From this age there is possible an easy but *real* labor outside of the school;

the participation in factory or shop work, the helping in serious farm work, the co-operation in some business enterprise, the co-operation in some social or state undertaking. From this age up we are *uniting* the labor of the children, the participation of the child in the social struggle for existence, and its development with its education. The school, without losing sight of the youngster, protecting it from harm, turning each act of its labor to the benefit of its general physical and mental development, will lead it into the very tangle of social productive work.

This task is the most novel and the most representative. Only by the way of experience and by an attentive co-operation of the teacher with the technical staff and the workers' administration of factories and workshops, shall we be able to feel out gradually the correct method of close relationship between the pedagogical and the industrial life.

In the meantime, we meet here with that very peculiarity which is proper only to the communistic way of solving the school problem.

Every time Marx happened to speak of education he turned to child labor, and laid stress upon the circumstance that not the prohibition of child labor, but the regulating and transforming of it into a polytechnical basis of education by way of a rational co-ordination with science, physical exercises, and aesthetic development—will create a harmonious and truly modern man. Such is, in general terms, the labor basis of our general education school. To be sure some specialization is also possible for the youth, the learning by *choice* of this or the other technical branch; individual schools of secondary grade may, too, in conformity with local conditions, concentrate their attention upon the local production—in such a manner, however, as to develop in the pupil through the example of the special production, all potential abilities and to acquaint him or her with the whole of culture and not confine too closely to the specialty. The actual specialization, then, the transition to the *vocational* preparation, is, in the opinion of the Commissariat, admissible only in the third grade, beginning with the age of sixteen, in schools which we call higher and in institutions of the extension-teaching type.

City and Country Schools

The Commissariat considers it very desirable to do away in schools of secondary grade with the involuntary but excessive division between the city and the village schools. Not only is it necessary to transform the city schools in summer time into colonies, but to bring in pupils of the village secondary schools, in winter time, into the factory and cultural centers. The realization of this great reform, which is outlined here but briefly, and which was worked out by the Commissariat with the co-operation of the first All-Russian Convention in Matters of Public Instruction in a relatively detailed manner, requires, of course, a considerable number of well-prepared teachers.

The school policies of the Commissariat were confined to the following: (1) to check as far as possible the influence of the sabotaging All-Russian Teachers' Union; (2) to unite

in a broad trade-union, particularly the lower grade teachers, upon the foundation of the so-called Union of Teachers-Internationalists; (3) to equalize as regards their rights the teachers of the primary and secondary grades, bringing the remuneration of their work also to one level; (5) to aid by all means the development and the increase of educational institutions for the preparation of teachers; (6) meanwhile to have recourse, as far as possible, to the organization of teachers' courses.

These policies have been approved by a number of teachers' conventions, and they have found a definite expression in their last points at the Moscow Conference devoted to the problem of preparing teachers.

The Commissariat has attained a real success on all the points indicated. The teachers' union is disabled and is asking forgiveness. The ranks of the lower teachers are being organized successfully, and the many telegrams of greeting received from the teachers' conventions shows a growing sympathy for the Soviet government on the part of the public school teachers.

Raising Teachers' Salaries

On June 25th the Council of People's Commissaires, upon the representation of the People's Commissariat for Public Instruction, adopted measures which stand out singularly in the annals of school history not of Russia alone. The salaries of public school teachers were raised at once to more than double their previous amount, with back pay for three months, beginning with March. The corresponding budget item for public instruction, for the second half of 1918, increased almost to one billion. In proportion as the ideal of universal education is actually approached, in proportion as a system of new schools is opened, the salaries of the teachers' personnel in these schools are still to be raised—the school workers of the future unified labor school will be, as regards remuneration, transferred to the first, that is, to the highest class. These expenditures will have to reach several billions; the yearly budget of the unified labor school when its plan is definitely outlined, with all side expenditures for equipments, structures, etc., will have to reach six billion roubles. But toiling Russia will not spare anything in order to have a school worthy of her hundred million of workers and peasants, who, the first in the world, have taken the power directly into their hands.

To lift the *material* level of the worker in the public school would mean, however, the completion of only half of the work, and not the most important half.

Bourgeois society not only kept the bodies of the masses in perpetual cold and hunger, but also tried continually to keep their minds in absolute darkness: the history of the sabotage perpetrated upon teachers shows graphically how farsighted was the bourgeoisie in this respect.

The new Russia does not want teachers physically incapacitated by misery and want, but teachers of a genuine culture, of high intellectual development, and of perfect physical vigor.

Educating the Teacher

The establishments of the old school, the teachers' institutes and teachers' seminaries, failed completely to produce the modern type of teacher. And although in the above-named institutions only experienced teachers were admitted, nevertheless, their course of training was miserably inadequate for serious pedagogues whose mission was to train the youth of the country. The conference called by the People's Commissariat in the latter part of August of this year for the purpose of preparing a programme for teachers' preparation, worked out new plans for teachers' institutes as well as for seminaries. The latter will be converted into high pedagogic establishments, corresponding to the pedagogic faculty in universities. In the courses for teachers' seminaries new subjects have been introduced, such as the history of socialism, the basis for the theory of law, etc., and matters of religious instruction have been entirely removed from the curriculum.

Here follows the sum total of the Soviet's accomplishment in the province of teachers' preparation. After October, 1918, the following establishments were opened anew: Teachers' institutions, 4; teachers' seminaries, 42; constant pedagogic courses, 10; short-timed courses for teachers, 110. Also 31 teachers' seminaries and six constant pedagogic schools were accepted and regenerated by the Commissariat. The Commissariat also organized within the period of last year central pedagogic courses based on the new programme, which attracted more than 800 hearers, composed exclusively of male and female teachers. The courses proved to be a tremendous success, and among the lecturers were such comrades as Bucharin, Reisner, etc.

And I will add to the already mentioned achievements the fact that the same useful work is being carried on in the provinces, especially the northern provinces, where in Petrograd alone were at first organized courses for 400 teachers, and later for 2,000, and throughout the province 11 courses were organized, each of which was attended by from 200 to 500 hearers.

The Commissariat thinks it indispensable, not limiting its activities only to the development of children of school age, to pursue the following aim: To build at every school of the first children's grade a two-year preparatory and obligatory children's park. The pre-school branch of the Commissariat has outlined a broad programme for the founding and organizing of children's playgrounds, clubs and colonies. Among the last especial attention must be called to the Children's Industrial Colonies, which were organized in Tsarskoje Seloe, as here was laid down the first stone of the foundation planned by the Commissariat. It is the aim of the Commissariat to convert this wonderful place of the province of Petrograd into a gigantic Children's Colony, where thousands of proletarian children will be sent yearly. This colony has given refuge during the past summer to 1,500 children, and within the year 1919 we hope to broaden the scope of the colony so that it will give room for 2,000 or more children. In the work of nourishing and caring for

the children the Commissariat of the People's Enlightenment co-operates with the Commissariat of Social Security. By the will of the Soviet People's Commissariat all public schools went over to the jurisdiction of the Commissariat of National Enlightenment, and in due time all private schools will be taken over by them, too.

Coming over to the reforms inaugurated in the higher schools, I wish to show that those reforms, worked out by the Commissariat, affected all the Universities and advanced technical schools of Russia.

Advanced Education

A part of the demands of the Commissariat were accepted by the professoriate, and a part were enforced against the will of the professoriate, but with the understanding that they would have to submit to the demands of the revolutionary people. The principal basis of the instituted reforms is the following: *Advanced education is accessible to all in Russia.* Every citizen, male or female, reaching the age of 16, can enter any desirable advanced institution of learning. To the hearing of lectures all are admitted without distinction. To the practical experimentation and work are admitted only those who prove, after an examination, to possess a capacity for the work. Individuals not sufficiently prepared will receive this preparation along the plans and under the tutelage of the professoriate of the given institution in specially prepared courses.

The professors will take their seats on the basis of appointment at the all-Russian organized conferences to be called every 10 years by all the universities. (It is appropriate to remark here that teachers of schools are subject to election by the Soviets as well as to re-election and recall.)

Under such grounds the Advanced Schools have the advantage of a broad autonomy. However, in the self-government of the schools the teachers as well as the professors and the students participate with equitable proportion. In addition to the Educational Association, which is responsible for the successful operation of the above-outlined aims, each of the Associations is obliged to organize and develop an Enlightening Association, the purpose of which is to assist in the general educational development of the masses. The Enlightening Association will first transform itself into a sort of institution for the training of lecturers for the people's universities, which are spreading all over Russia, and second, for the preparation of courses in subjects not attended by specialists but by people desiring to broaden their general education and mental status.

The Commissariat also planned to include in its demands to the High Institutions of Learning the necessity for them to establish within their organizations Scientific Associations, fundamentally to occupy themselves with purely scientific problems and research work. However, owing to the strange opposition of the professoriate to such a plan, the Commissariat came to realize that it was premature for the present.

The enlightening associations of former educational in-

stitutions lead us to tasks of out-of-school education which the Commissariat considers of great importance.

Libraries

While awaiting the growth of new communist enlightened workers, which the schools will give us, we must simultaneously meet the growing desire for knowledge on the part of the adults. For that reason it is essential to organize a long line of universities in provinces, cities and villages, and also the spreading of a great number of libraries, stable and circulating, for the advantage of the masses, and finally the organization of educational expeditions into the country and the sale of literature through various channels of communication and primarily through the Post-Telegraphic Department.

In order that there should be unity in the activities of the large, central libraries, they have been co-ordinated under the supervision of the Central Library Commission, which is occupied with the elaboration of schemes of how effectively to distribute books and reach the members of libraries. The public library of Petrograd has been granted a new and fruitful democratic constitution and considerable means for its development. We wish to remark here also, that all governmental archives have been converted and centralized and made accessible to the public. The victorious nation has inherited wonderful Czarist, feudal and churchly property. In addition to the official museums, the Commissariat of Public Education has created new museums, using the historical and artistic and most precious palaces and castles of the czars and lords for that purpose, protecting them in the year of tragic fermentation, when the highly-precious property of the despised classes was in danger of being destroyed. Finally the Commissariat of Public Education has created a new special organ: The Commission for the Protection of Artistic Monuments and Monuments of Antiquity, which not only saved many of them from ruin, but also nationalized all the culture and art of the conquered for the democratic and universal benefit of the people at large.

Theaters

In the same way, all former imperial theatres have been protected and granted full autonomy for the actors, and despite the critical revolutionary period, the theatres are functioning in full force, the plays becoming more and more of a proletarian character, and the theatres becoming gradually the property of the working masses.

The Government theatres of Petrograd, resorting at first to sabotage politics, have finally sent in to the People's Commissariat a touching address of thanks.

Moreover, the Commissariat supports Soviet theatres, such as the remarkable Moscow Soviet Operatic Theatre, and a number of communistic theatres of Petrograd.

The Theatrical Department is energetically working out the problems and methods of scenery to be introduced in schools, also methods of special theatrical education, children's theatres, the history and theory of the theatre, publishing journals illuminating and discussing those subjects.

Music

In the same manner, all the choruses and orchestras of all former religious and imperial institutions have been taken over and reorganized democratically by the Commissariat. The imperial orchestra gives at the present time one concert a week of a musical and academic character, so to speak, two popular concerts in the beautiful halls of the Winter Palace, which has been converted into a National Palace of Art, and concerts in different neighborhoods periodically.

The two best choruses of the world, in all probability, the one of the chapel and the synodic one, have been converted into publicly accessible Academies of Music and Song. A true public character has been given to various musical schools under the supervision of military and naval departments. The conservatories have been also taken over by the Commissariat of Public Education, and in the near future a conference will be called to consider systematic and radical reforms to be introduced in those advanced musical establishments. The Musical Department is elaborating plans for courses in singing and musical education, and a plan for one Central School for earnest and aspiring students.

Art

The Department of Plastic Arts, in order to enliven the completely decrepit Academy of Arts, has radically democratized its present advanced educational establishment. It has been made accessible to the public. The professors have been chosen by the students themselves, and in this way have been reorganized the Free Governmental Artistic Workshops.

The following schools also have been instilled with a new spirit: Stroganowskaja, Schtiglica, etc.

Along with the Department of Plastic Arts there is another department, the Artistic-Industrial Department, which is occupied with the problem of elevating the artistic aspect of industry. For that purpose it operates at the present time a porcelain and grinding factory and is organizing colossal workshops. It is worth noting that the porcelain factory manufactures thousands of wares and dishes for peasants (ornamented by the new emblem of the Soviet Republic and with revolutionary slogans), the orders for which are given by the Commissariat of Supply of Provisions.

Public Statuary

On the Department of Plastic Arts fell also the duty of removing unesthetic and immoral monuments, and building new monuments of great thinkers, workers and poets of the revolution.

In most of the cases the monuments have merely a temporary character and serve as a monumental basis for the propagation of revolutionary ideas among the masses. The best of them will be made permanent. Up to date two monuments, those of Ferdinand Lassalle and Radishew, have been unveiled in Petrograd, and in Moscow the monuments of Dostoyevsky, and a very original one dedicated to Stephan Rasin, are ready among others for unveiling.

Besides monuments there are in preparation tablets of stone and metal with various revolutionary inscriptions, which, too, will serve the purpose of revolutionary and communistic propaganda.

The World's Best Literature

In the literary field, the Commissariat has taken over the right of publishing literature, thus taking away the right of profit from private publishers. It publishes literature of the best sort in artistic editions and at nominal prices.

The Commissariat is determined to publish the best Russian classics in the near future. It has also thrown on the market thousands of sets at cheap prices, of Tolstoy, Uspenski, Nikitin, Krylov, Kolchov, Turgeniev, Chechov, etc. I enumerate here only those authors whose works have been published either in full, or of which the first volumes have appeared.

Shortly also the Department of Foreign Literature, under the supervision of Maxim Gorky, will begin to function. This department has a remarkable field before it, and under the directorship of a great man like Maxim Gorky it is bound to accomplish unprecedented results.

The Educational Department is occupied with the problem of mobilizing all the educational forces of Russia for the purpose of solving complicated problems brought into prominence by the conditions under the Soviet regime. The Academy of Sciences, the Association of Knowledge and a number of other educational societies work in co-operation with the Educational Department.

Science

Through this department as well as through the endeavors of the department of advanced educational establishments, have been opened a great array of learned and educational institutions. These are: The Physical Institute of Moscow, the Institute of Petrograd, the Institution of Photography and Phototechnique in Petrograd, universities in the cities of Woronez, Tambov, Nizni Novgorod, the Polytechnical School of Vosnesensk. The last-named institution has cost \$7,000,000, the total of which was collected by the local population. The city of Kostroma also has collected \$2,000,000 for the purpose of establishing a university there. In the near future will begin to function an institution extremely important to Russia, a Smelting Institute in Moscow, devoted specifically to the aim of extracting and mining local coal.

—and Moving Pictures

In close contact with the educational department of the Commissariat of Public Education there works the newly organized scientific-technical department of the advanced Soviet of National Economy. In a near contact with the last-named department we find also the Kino-Committee, associated with the Commissariat of Public Education, in Petrograd as well as in Moscow, spreading in all provinces its activities from producing pictures to surveying and buying materials for new moving picture theatres.

Finally, there are the high establishments of socialist education in Russia, the Socialist Academies of General Sciences, forming a link in the great organization and body of the Commissariat of Public Education, and also forming one of the most learned and educational and the most effective instruments in disseminating socialist class-consciousness, and strengthening the communist ideals in our country.

* * *

From the summary above given the reader can well conjecture how colossal is the task of the Commissariat of Public Education. It has a noble program and ideal as its guiding spirit, and in spite of unfavorable circumstances, it has already succeeded in gaining successes in many an undertaking.

In addition to the present essay and the short account presented to the Soviet of People's Commissars one and a half months ago, the National Educational Bureau is preparing a detailed account of its activities, at least on account of some specific angles of its activities, furnishing concrete figures, and presenting the full accomplishments of the central government for the end of the year 1918.

Insurmountable obstacles have obscured the work of the Commissariat. But, priding itself upon its important role in the family of friendly commissaries of Soviets, it goes on firmly with its idealistic aim, and will never falter even though some of its programs may not materialize as soon as could be desired.

A. LUNACHARSKY.

RUSSIA TO HER SPOILERS

YOUR dream may live today
My dream may die;
My dream may disappear,
With dead things lie.

Dead things do live again,
Have their rebirth,
Though they are buried long
Deep in the Earth.

That which was last year's bloom
Today is seed;
What was once just a thought
Becomes a deed.

My dream will live again,
Yours will be dead.
Forward and back again
Life moves ahead.

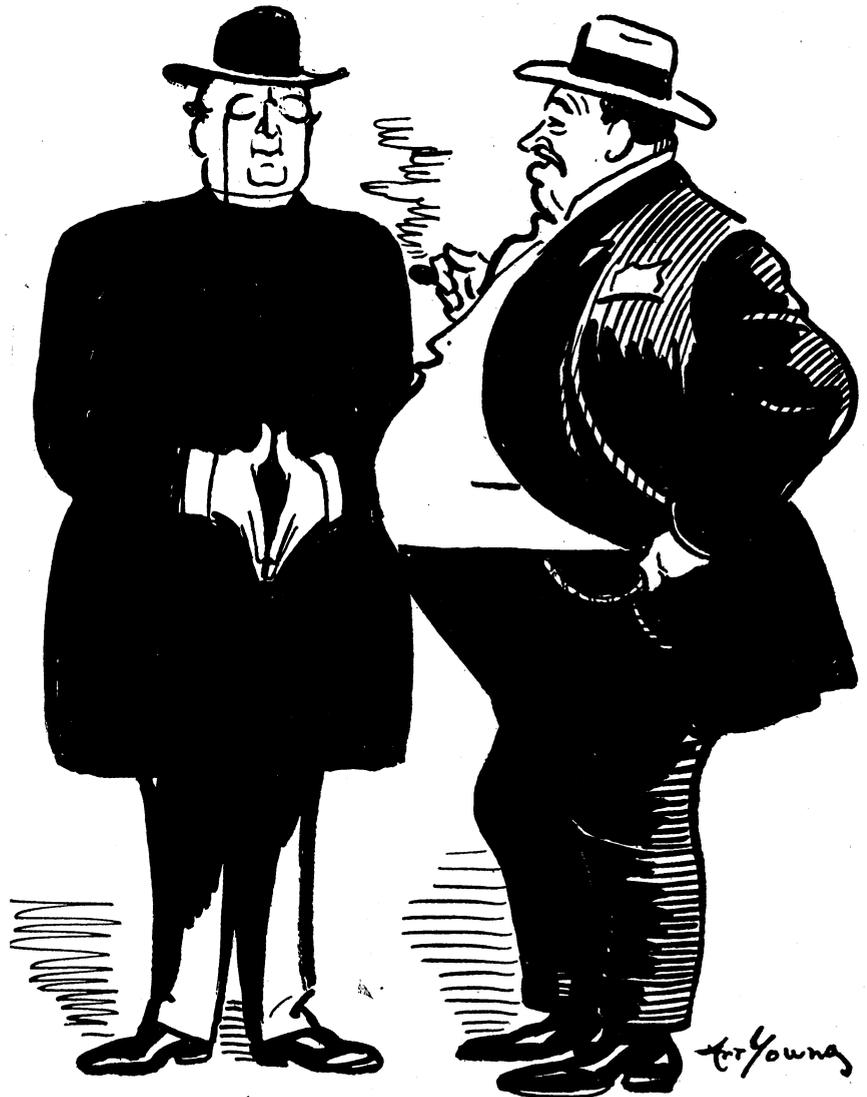
Elizabeth Colwell.

The Neurasthenic

THEY tell me that the open air
Will bring my health back. They declare
That walks across the western hills
Will purge my body of its ills.
I do not know . . .

But down in Leavenworth a lad
Stands in a dirty cell all day.
He has no hills and open air;
The winds are dead. No sun is there.
He has no friends who smile and say
That he should walk ten miles a day.

R. D. Jameson



"Well, Bishop, how's business in your line?"

"I think I can well say that Christianity has greatly improved in quality if not in quantity since the war. The best people and the Church are now closer to each other than ever before."

April Showers

EGYPT seems to be passing its plate for a portion of that celebrated self-determination.

THE ease with which our government recently separated our more solvent citizens from one billion dollars suggests that this form of taxation may, possibly grow into a habit.

THAT Lowell-Lodge debate might have been even more interesting if the gentlemen had found some basis for disagreement.

THE Harvard professor who recently published his "Analysis of the Learning Process of the Snail" may not have meant anything disagreeable, but Massachusetts is an excellent place to get material for such a book.

NEW YORK'S Health Commissioner Copeland says: "Labor demands recreation on Sunday and if labor demands it labor is entitled to it." Yes, but suppose labor begins to meddle in week-end affairs.

THOSE who are about to solve the returned soldier problem by giving him land have only two difficulties to overcome. There isn't any good land left, and the r. s. doesn't want any land.

THE *Saturday Evening Post* says that Bolshevism is Russian for quitter. Yet, strangely enough, it is its lack of quitterishness that is worrying so many people now, including the S. E. P.

TOUCHED by the art and beauty of the Overman performance, the New York legislature is moved to emulation and will investigate Bolshevism \$50,000 worth. Those who know their Albany promise a brilliant rendition of the masterpiece, but it won't seem the same without Knute Nelson.

THE appearance in our midst of a soviet representative with a whole lot of real money with which to buy things is inducing some sober second thought in commercial circles. Principles are all very well—but buyers are none too plentiful in this poverty-stricken world.

THOSE who are predicting a brilliant political career for young Theodore Roosevelt seem to be under the impression that making derogatory remarks about the Irish is a short cut to popular favor in New York City. But if

he were not a military man one might suspect that he started off on the wrong foot.

THE Rev. Dr. George A. Simons continues to get himself in bad with each public appearance. Able statisticians estimate that he now has a batting average of .000.

NEW YORK police recently rounded up 164 Bolshevik suspects. All were held for further examination, except 160.

THERE is a discussion in the press as to what is the matter with the United States Senate. One diagnosis is that senators never read. A suffragist declares that the whole trouble is lack of ventilation. Certainly a case for pitiless publicity.

JUNIUS SPENCER MORGAN has been elected a director of the Liberty National Bank. It is stimulating to find marked financial genius in one of such tender years.

A WARNING has been issued to the South that if the prohibition amendment is enforced, the negro voting amendment may be also. If this sort of thing becomes stylish we may yet have a movement to enforce the free speech amendment.

WHY not a Nineteenth amendment solemnly declaring that the preceding eighteen mean what they say?

A STATEMENT from the war industries board brings the alarming news that there were only three days' supply of new automobiles left in America when the armistice was signed. We know a family that had nothing left in the house on November 11 but one battered Ford.

THE fact that Elihu Root is counsel for the brewers who are planning to make 2.75 beer does not justify the frivolous in calling the product Root beer.

REV. WILLIAM T. MANNING has been made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. Obviously for heroic chaplaining under heavy fire of Long Island mosquitoes.

AS March went out optimistic artists were declaring that there is still hope of saving the country from an epidemic of stiff-legged soldiers' monuments.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.

LABOR
AND THE
PEACE
CONFERENCE



Boardman Robinson
Drawn by Boardman Robinson.

In Memory of Jessie Ashley

(A letter read at a memorial meeting of her friends, January, 1919, in New York City.)

DEAR FRIENDS:

I am sorry that I cannot be with you today; I am one of those who shrink from the idea of death, in the case of both friend and foe, for it deprives me of another reason for living—and today we all must live, and more intensely than ever before. But I feel sure that we shall not miss each other, for the beautiful soul in whose name you meet is with us all, wherever we are.

I shall speak today to some of the 35,000 striking garment workers, and it seems to me that there, more than anywhere else, is the best place to commemorate Jessie Ashley. I shall therefore speak of her to those who need most the message of her faith and the inspiration of her example, and thereby do my little share to make this day fruitful and hallowed, as she would wish me to do.

But to you, Dear Friends, what shall I say? It is so hard to speak of the dead when one loves to think them still alive, when they are still so near to us, when they are still enwrapt in the fierce blinding light of the battlefield. I can only think of her as still keeping her vigil over the advancing hosts of the Proletariat, in whose war she enlisted as a healer of wounds and a comforter of sorrows; and I can find a sweet calm, in these days of anguish and expectancy, in the realization that she was granted the full fruition of her labors.

She has stood watch all her life on the high cliffs for the dawn, and she has fallen in the full glory of the red noon. She has seen the awakening of woman, and the revolution of the toilers. She has heard a woman voting in tears against war in the Capitol of the United States, and another woman dictating the new law of peace on the barricades of Berlin—and she has seen a workingman enter the Kremlin and hoist the Red Banner of Universal Brotherhood on the battlements of privilege and tyranny. And now she has gone forth without fear or doubt, feeling assured that her part of the sowing having been accomplished faithfully, the eternal love of the earth and the sun will take care of the great harvest in due course of time.

And now, as you gather in her name, I cannot but think of her as sitting peacefully in the great shadows, holding hands with Rosa Luxemburg, her sister, and listening to her story, and telling her of you and of America, and of the wonderful things that are to be. And I know that both smile and are happy that you and I, Dear Friends, have grown strong and wise enough to refrain, for the love of them, from too many words and too easy tears.

ARTURO GIOVANNITTI.

A WISH

LET there be some dark now,
There has been so much light;
Some still time to sing now,
In my heart, in the night.

Elizabeth Thomas.

Harborless

LIGHTLY as two shell-gatherers we went down
To meet the sea, nor had we any thought
Of cargoes or adventurous keels, or aught
More distant than our little steeped town.
And then—I know not how it chanced—we found
Only the sky about us, dazed and tossed
At wind's will in that world of waters—lost
As many another voyager outward bound . . .

The wind with an invisible finger writes
Across the silver parchment of the shore
What even the envious sea can never know—
Lyrics the moon remembers, of old nights,
Of men and laden ships that sail no more
From little ports forgotten long ago.

Leslie Nelson Jennings.

ANTIQUÉ

SING me a song of Samarcand,
Of Thessaly or Thrace,
A tale as treacherous as sand
As fair as Helen's face;
For I have lost my lover, and
He knows no more this place;
So make your song a woven strand
Of terror and of grace,
Enough to draw the weary hand
Down from the tear stained face.

Elizabeth Thomas.

THE OATH OF ENLISTMENT OF SOVIET SOLDIERS

Son of the People, worker and citizen of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic, I enroll in the Workers' and Peasants' Army.

Before the working class of Russia and the whole world I swear: to respect my position as soldier; to conscientiously undergo my military training; to safeguard the interests of the Army and the People, and to defend them with my heart's blood.

I swear to submit strictly to revolutionary discipline, and to obey without question the orders of my chiefs, designated by authority of the Workers' and Peasants' Government.

I swear to commit no action detrimental to the reputation of the free citizens of the Russian Soviet Republic; I swear to consecrate myself, in thought and in action, to our ideal of the emancipation of all the working classes.

I swear, that at the call of the Workers' and Peasants' Government, I will risk my life to defend the Soviet Republic against whatever dangers there may be, from wherever it may come, and that I will give whatever I have of strength and of life for the defense of the Soviet Republic, of Socialism and of the brotherhood of the people.

Let me be delivered to the contempt of the People and the severe punishment of the laws of the Revolution if I violate the oath!
—From the Revolutionary Age.

The Blessings of Militarism

"The improvement in the physique, social discipline, respect for law and order, and general character of the men drafted has made a great impression upon the country. . . ."

—Report of the National Executive Committee of the Military Training Camps Association of the U. S.

For more than a year now the youth of the country has been in the army, subjected to arbitrary power, forbidden to think aloud, its reading matter carefully censored, its mind drilled, even its political and social opinions investigated.

The greater part of the Army has returned, or is returning, to civil life. Let us examine what effect military service has had upon them.

What is "social discipline" and "respect for law and order?"

One recent example of the way soldiers look at things was the incident of the German opera.

A company of German musicians planned to begin a season of German opera at the Lexington Theater, to open March 10. The operas were advertised; tickets were sold. Only the most violent of the society patriots objected. There was no evidence of public preoccupation with the question, except perhaps a desire on the part of music-lovers to hear operas which they had missed during the war.

Two or three days beforehand gangs of soldiers began to threaten that the performances would be stopped; and egged on by the press, the movement became so formidable that the Mayor stepped in at the last moment and forbade them.

In the New York *Tribune* of March 16 was published an interview with William McRae, of Georgia, a young sailor who organized the uniformed men.

After telling how he was aroused to action by the announcement of the German operas, the story goes on to relate how he called up the newspapers, the American Defense Society, the National Security League and other dollar-patriotic organizations, and on Monday, March 10, he carried to the City Hall a petition to the Mayor signed by 3,000 men in uniform, asking him to stop the performance.

But "law and order" wasn't

enough, apparently, for Mr. McRae. Let him tell his own story:

"Hearst and the Mayor waited until the last minute before ordering the performance not to proceed, *but we'd have stopped it anyhow. You didn't know, I presume, that we had two machine guns on the roof of a building adjoining the theater, to prevent any interference. Uniformed mobs formed on all sides and headed for the place. I myself headed off one that was armed with hand-grenades and whiskey.*"

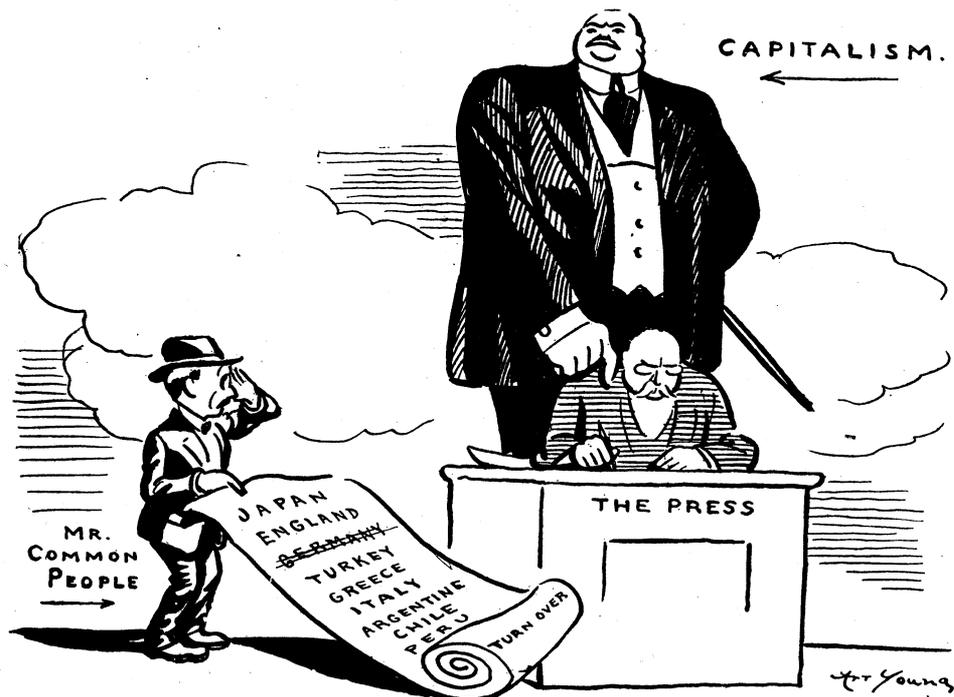
The story naively adds that young McRae is studying for the law!

* * *

I have before me a copy of a magazine for soldiers, sailors and marines, called *Treat 'Em Rough*, published by Sergeant Arthur Guy Empey, the man who was rebuked by his superior officers for retailing stories about German atrocities which never existed.

Among the backers of this magazine—"A Magazine for Fighting Men and their Backers," it is called—are Senator Wadsworth, and Mr. Farrell, of the United States Steel Corporation. Its announced purpose is to "put our boys on the firing line back home"—or, in other words, "helping to solve those problems of reconstruction within its reach."

What "firing line"? What "problems of reconstruction"?



Drawn by Art Young.

"Excuse me, Sir, who shall I hate next?"

The cover gives the clue. It depicts a soldier, a sailor and a marine, standing side by side with clenched fists, trampling under foot the red flag of socialism, while tiny civilians run terrified in all directions.

The first article is by Arthur Guy Empey himself, entitled, "*Treat 'Em Rough on Bolshevism.*"

"Our slogan is 'America First.'

"We do not advance high-sounding theories, nor do we indulge in Utopian dreams. . . .

"Americanism is the only argument *Treat 'em Rough* advances. . . .

"Boys, we have just finished a big job, but a greater one looms up. An enemy has developed in our midst. It is **BOLSHEVISM.**"

Very good. Now, what is Bolshevism? Fortunately, Mr. Empey defines it:

"The Russians define it as 'the rule of the proletariat.' We Americans have the right name for it—**ANARCHY.**

"It cannot be fought with the bayonet alone, because the bayonet is a **MAN'S** weapon. Bolshevism is a disease, a poison, an insidious propaganda. . . .

"Live up to the ideals of Americanism and Bolshevism will be defeated. If a person, in your presence, should insult the American flag, what would you do? No doubt, for the benefit of the community, *you would help to dig his grave.* . . .

"Ninety per cent of the Bolshevists in America are foreigners. The other ten per cent are native traitors to the United States and its ideals. Taken as a whole they are the scum of the earth. . . .

"What is a Bolshevist? Any person who spreads discontent, incites to riot, waves the red flag, or condemns the principles of our Constitution, is a Bolshevist. . . .

So much for Bolshevism. Now, what is Americanism? Mr. Empey tells us:

"I suppose that first we will have to try and educate them (the Bolshevists) in the principles of True Americanism. . . .

"We are nearly four million strong, physically fit and able to take care of ourselves, and if we cannot whip that bunch of cattle into shape with good, sound, American arguments, then we had better quit and turn our Government over to the Anarchists. . . .

"Sell a Bolshevist real Americanism and he is no longer a Bolshevist. . . .

"The Fifth Liberty Loan drive will soon be here. Make a Bolshevist or an I. W. W. buy one of those bonds, and believe me, from that time on that fellow is going to support Uncle Sam, and if necessary, fight for him. If you cannot, after very patient endeavor, sell him, then *show* him what it means to get a good Yankee wallop in the nose. . . .

"Bolshevists are not only those who stand on soap-boxes waving red flags and spreading sedition. . . . It is the Bolshevist who mixes with you . . . poses as your friend, and then . . . sows seeds of discontent in your heart. . . .

"There is only one way of handling this disturber. Ask him what he is driving at. Find out his object. If you are up against it financially, ask him to lend you some money; test out his sympathy—see if it is real. If you are looking for work ask him if he can give you a job, or direct you to where you can secure employment. You will find by his evasive answers that he is not there to help you; that he is simply trying to make you more discontented and unhappy. *Then back him into a corner (there is no danger in this—he won't fight—none of them will), take him by the throat with your left hand, haul back that good Yankee fist of yours and preach to him True Americanism. He will squeal like a pig. But don't listen to his squealing, just let him have it between the eyes.*"

What is the motive behind all this inciting to violence?

We have our suspicions, but happily Mr. Empey lets the cat out of the bag himself:

"The reconstruction period is a harder nut to crack than the war itself. During the war you gladly and cheerfully suffered hardships. Hardships will have to be suffered now. Millions of men cannot suddenly rush into employment. It takes time. Some will have to wait longer than others for that job. If you are one of the unlucky ones, show the stuff in you and grin and bear it. It won't be for long. Do not become a Bolshevist. *If you feel like fighting go out and smash a Red—it is great sport knocking them off soap boxes.* . . .

"We will get you a job and perhaps tide you over financially in exchange for a Bolshevist scalp. . . .

"Because you have been unsuccessful in looking for work do not think that the American public has gone back on you. . . . Perhaps these employers had their full quota of workmen and you were a little late in applying for the job. Suppose you should apply for and get a good job. Should the soldier, sailor or marine who follows you and applies for the same job, and is turned down because there is no vacancy, condemn the employer as being unpatriotic and against the fighting men? . . . *Put yourself in the place of the employer.* He has his living to make and his family to support. . . .

"Were you ever out of a job before you entered the service? . . . Were there not times when you were really up against it? . . . Under those circumstances did you curse your Government and your Country?

"*It is an insult to the men who gave their lives in this war for a man in the uniform of Uncle Sam to be a participant in a riot directed against the sound principles of our Government.*"

Unemployment is growing. Not only soldiers, sailors and marines are unable to get work, but also thousands and tens of thousands of workers, callously turned out into the street to starve, at a time when the price of life-necessities is higher in proportion even to the high war-wages.

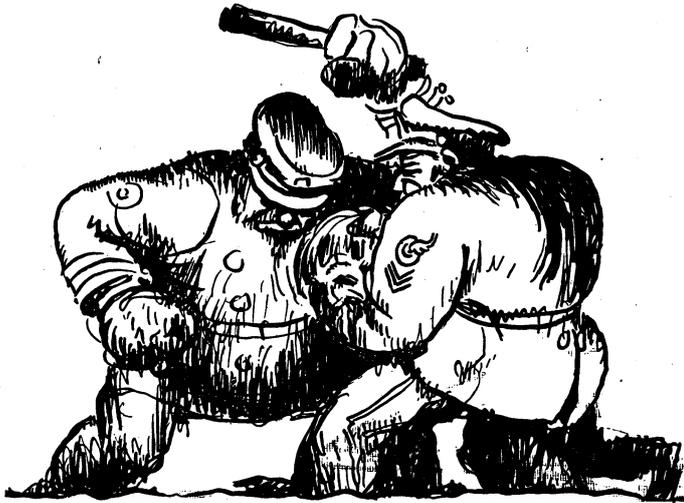
Some soldiers, sailors and marines do not yet understand that they are a part of the great army of labor, whose struggles are their struggles, whose victories and defeats are their own victories and defeats, whose cause is their cause. This, however, will become more apparent as the dreadful period of "reconstruction" more sharply defines itself.

In the difficult period of transition from a war to a peace basis, the soldiers, sailors and marines are still incorporated in their military units, or at any rate, they float between the service and their necessary labor organizations. In this time, to protect themselves, they must form Soldiers', Sailors' and Marines' Councils.

The logic of the class struggle will soon be bitterly clear. It will not be necessary to teach the workers this. What it will be necessary to show is that Bolshevism means the workers' control of their own jobs forever, and the permanent end of a state of things in which soldiers are persuaded to trample on the red flag—the flag of free men and workers—and to mob Socialists, who are fighting in the vaster war for what the Army and Navy professedly went to battle to win—liberty and a world-Government of the mass of mankind.

We are glad that the soldiers have learned the value of direct action in getting what they want. They will soon see that it is not we, who champion the working class whenever it asserts its rights, who are their enemies, but those who, having sent the soldiers out to risk their lives for democracy and liberty, have abolished liberty and democracy at home.

JOHN REED.



The Right to Strike



A Job for Every Soldier



Free Assemblage



Asylum for the Oppressed of Foreign Lands



Free Speech



Industrial Peace

GLIMPSES OF AMERICAN FREEDOM

The Eighth Day

By Arturo Giovannitti

THE Cripple and the Woman came face to face at the first look of the dawn upon the deserted square of the broken town. The Cripple was hiding the stumps of his arms under a brown military cloak (brown is the first brother of black), and the Woman was wrapped up in a black flowing mantilla all dotted with grey (grey is the second brother of black), which made her pallor and her mourning more remote and more tragic.

The young day was as warm as a cradle and as calm as a healthy child, but the Cripple shivered under his heavy cloak because of the emptiness of his lost arms full of wind and woe; but the Woman neither trembled nor felt warm, for the sun that was above them was the sun of springtime, and she was young, and her blood was still quiet like the fresh water of a hidden, unreleased source.

They met on the deserted square, and nodded to each other and did not speak, but tho' neither expected the other, they did not marvel at their meeting, being one a man and the other a woman, and therefore not stranger to each other. All around them everything was extremely old, much older than even the inevitability of their coming together, and everything was wonder and dismay, for the war had left them alone in the deserted village and they knew nothing of the rest of the world that lay unexplored and unsuspected under the skies, beyond the mountains and the reach of their eyes and the yearning of their hearts.

A cock crew in their silence, it crew without will and without joy, compelled by the ancient tyranny of the dawn. Afar a dog barked three times at nothing, as dogs do suddenly in their sleep when they dream of a fleeing quarry and a sudden high fence. On the ruined belfry the little bell of the Virgin in which the silver rings of little children had been cast, clanged twice, moved by the wind, languidly, unwillingly, surprised at its own young voice after so much aging silence, as if tolling the matins of the dead. Wafted on the vaporous breeze came the exhalations of the countryside, all fermenting with impure desires; the unsatisfied yearning of the land which for months had waited in vain for the violent caress of the plowshare, and which now brewed and brooded with a wrathful and solitary voluptuousness, like a female tormented by the thought of her absent mate. A breath of vice and malady was in the air, like the belching of a huge drunken ogre asleep far away; and as the two walked through the jungle and the desolation, the Cripple trembled as old men do in dark churches foul with the smell of dreadful chanted words and flickering yellow tapers.

But in spite of her silence and of her woe the tepid perfume of the flowers caressed the flesh of the woman perversely, and the thought that she was young was stronger in her than the thought that she was alone with one who was half dead.

It was the first day of May.

For a long time they walked aimlessly through the maimed and torn streets of the murdered town; the man with a leaden step, as if thumping the soil on a grave, the woman lightly as if new things were sprouting under her feet.

The grass had grown between the stones and the bricks, and in the ruts left by the wheels of the gun-carriages little rivulets of clear water were trickling down, and the ooze, fuming in the sunlight, was already greening with the tender down of the musks. On the roofs, where the dismantled tiles showed the crumbling frames of the houses, all the desolation of the night seemed to lie prone, struck down by the unwonted violence of the bright morning.

Suddenly the locked heart of the Cripple burst out under the cold anguish of his brown cloak, and the ghost of his dead arms outstretched desperately towards the Woman like a silent invocation.

"It is finished," he said, and he shut his little grey eyes which had lost all horizons, now that his arms could no longer reach out towards the mountains and the rivers and shorten the distances by lengthening his own shadow.

But the Woman did not answer, and they kept on walking, for only by walking could they feel sure that they were not dead. Through the doors of the ruined houses entered and came out impishly, like dancing sprites, all the mad smells of spring and the morning; on the sill of a window unlippped by the shrapnel a geranium was bleeding in the dark, greenless, like a little vein still weeping red in the great unsocketed eye of a slain monster.

"What is finished?" asked the Woman all at once. And she stopped.

"Life," he answered simply, without emphasis, as one who feels sure that he cannot be contradicted, and kept on walking. His half-shut eyes, wounded by the light after a long contemplation of the dark that was in him, were looking anxiously at the black gaps of the doors and windows, terrified lest another human being appear.

But the blue eyes of the Woman were looking at the swallows nesting toilsomely under the eaves, healing with a little wet clay the great wounds of the habitations of man.

And still they walked on in silence, for when two souls in pain walk together and do not know whither they are going, their thoughts and their words are not on their lips but in their feet. Little by little they left behind the dead village and entered into the country, rocked and lulled along by the gentle canter of the hilly road.

Of the ancient work of man nothing was left save this road, and even it was disappearing under the overbearing grass that was almost audible in its rageful efforts to down and cover the stones. Other grasses, thicker and more audacious, were storming in serried ranks, wave after wave, the battered ramparts of the hedges and the fences, overpowering the still tame hawthorne and the helpless fealty of the

sentries posts. The primal violence of far and never-known times was resurging savagely over the spent violence of man who had made too many laws and could not make enough jails.

Even the sun had rebelled. It was now full-statured, it seemed as if it had leaped all at once to the midst of the heavens, now that the labor, the impatience, the wild desire of man were no longer there to mark and measure its slow course. And the Cripple became aware of it, he became aware that time also had become his enemy, and he stopped and staggered, and groped spectrally about with the desperate memory of fierce old gestures, and crumpled down on a stone, like a ruin.

"Everything is finished," he cried, "everything is dead!"

The Woman, who had heard his words before he uttered them, stood up before him, smiling, and her smile passed over his face soothingly, like the white cloud that just then brushed past the face of the sun.

"Everything will rise again; everything will begin again," she answered, "and everything will be better than it was."

But her words beat without a sound against something that had grown high and hard in his soul, and he bent his head in fright, as if to hide from the sunlight in the shadow of the Woman, and his little aching eyes gathered all the grey dots of her grim garment, as the eyes of the dying gather the cold stars of November.

"See you not," he said feebly, "that the nettles, the hemlocks, the darnels, the thistles, and all the evil grasses which man has been fighting for thousands of years have reconquered again the fields and the vineyards and the pastures?"

"The almond-trees are all abloom," she answered softly, "and the limbs of the apple-trees are already heavy with fruit."

"Alas! don't you hear the rooks and the kestrels cawing and shrieking down there where the old mill used to throb, and the black toads croaking in the granite troughs where the women used to wash and sing?"

"I have heard the lowing of the heifers and the neighing of the young colts, and a while ago the great bell pealed the morning hour of rest to the hoemen."

"It is the wind that shakes the tongue of the bell and tolls to the dead."

"Who can toll to the dead if not the living? The wind is alive, and in the wind there is the breath of every life."

"And don't you smell in the wind the stench of the carnage rotting in the sun? All men are dead, all men are dead—who can live when all men are dead?"

"I! I am alive! I am alive and young!"

The crippled man smiled with his thin lips, but in his eyes remained the shadows of the woman's mourning and of his brown cloak, the color that is the first brother of black.

"You are a woman, and you are alone. You, too, will die soon and forever."

"I shall not die. I cannot die. Since the world was, I have lived a continuous infancy. Only the old die, and they who have killed."

"You will die. Everything we have destroyed, infancy and youth and age, even the germ of the unborn, even the memory of life."

"No, you only have destroyed yourselves. You couldn't destroy what was outside of you, and I always was in myself alone, in my own will to be. I am born today, today I rise with everything that was, even from the first beginning, for I was destined to labor and to pain before man, and labor and pain are the only sources of life. See! The trampled and torn and burned grasses that were before the wheat and the corn and the grains that man nursed to despoil have reconquered the land, overwhelmed the fences, blotted out the roads, stamped out even tracks of the cruel ages of senseless greed and voracious hunger. So will the new seed of woman grow and fructify again, and nothing shall be lost, for through me life and the desire to live shall be a law unto all things."

Again the Cripple smiled, feebler, more wanly than before.

"All things exist only that they may die—death alone, not life, is the law-giver."

"It's a lie. All things exist that they may change, and of all things none is as unstable and changeable as I am."

"Alas! man was born before woman, and his rule has passed away."

"Yes, but woman used her will first."

"She disobeyed the great law."

"She gained freedom."

"There is no freedom outside of the law."

"Every act of freedom is an act of disobedience to a law."

"She sinned and gave birth to death."

"She changed and eternated life."

"Life is compliance to a rule. It came out of order."

"Life is rebellion. It came out of chaos and strife."

The Cripple quivered in every chord of his flesh and flung at her the supreme challenge of reason against truth:

"Where is life now that I have no longer my fingers to gather its threads, my fists to smite it into acquiescence to duty, my arms to grapple with it and bind it to service? Where is life now that man is helpless?"

"Here! Look at it!"

And the Woman (who shall ever find out what her true name is?) flung her vestment away from her shoulders, and it fell down to her feet in a glorious shower of red petals of flames tempestuously. And her body, freed by the last rebellion of the first servitude of shame, burned with all the yellow reverberations of the May sun, it azured with the ecstasy of the bewildered heavens, it greened with wonder of the startled grass and leaves, it crimsoned with the onrush of her own blood, and when the supreme miracle was done it glowed fiercely with the whitest incandescence the eyes of man have ever beheld since they saw and yearned and dreaded to see.

The Cripple trembled and shook in every recess of his flesh, even in the hollows of his empty sleeves full of wind and frost, and his eyes, smitten with the dazzling vision, shut

tight like the eyes of little children that for the first time look out of a high window.

But the Woman pulled up his eyelids with her thumbs pitilessly, and assailed him with relentless words:

"Look at me! Look at me! You have looked at me millions of times, but only once before as you will do now, for only once before we were all alone and free and unsuspecting; and only once before I was unashamed as I am now, and unafraid, and stronger than you, and wiser, and more curious and daring. Let us start again as we did then; bite again at the fruit of my own rebellion, but this time do not fall asleep, do not complain, do not pray, do not curse, but follow me out of the Eden of your sloth into the land of our common toil. Look at me! I am not yours, but I am with you, for this time you shall not take me—it is I who will take you, now that your arms are broken and severed and nothing is left to you save myself and the earth and the power to fructify both."

The eyes of the Cripple widened painfully like the eddies of a walled-up cistern if a stone break loose after a thousand years and bring down a forgotten turmoil and light up a spiracle to the unremembered sky. But still he resisted, being too weak to yield.

"Who will rebuild the house?" he queried peevishly. "Who will plow and sow the fields?"

"I have rebuilt nature," answered the Woman, "and learned the true lore of the earth while you were starving the plowmen and goading the oxen."

"How shall I live by your side if you do all and I nothing?"

"You shall learn how to work truly. Your arms will grow again after you have forgotten how to smite the helpless and learned how to help the weak."

"Cain will be born again from our union."

"No—your power to do and create evil is lost with your brawn. You are no longer to fight. Henceforth you shall have to think, and thought is freedom and freedom is forbearance."

"Freedom is power. I have no power and I don't want to be a slave. Do not tempt me. Have mercy. Let me die."

"Freedom is pleasure and cooperation, it is the harmony of thought and action. Let us work together and remake the world."

"You are tempting me, you are not convincing me."

"Temptation is the supreme argument of truth. Come to me; I have won."

The Cripple lowered his eyes again. A bee buzzed around his bowed head and melted away, a bit of burning gold, in the sunshine. From afar came the deep mocking call of the cuckoo. Under his eyes, struggling mightily with the crumbling sand, a whole commonwealth of ants were frantically at work repairing the cataclysm wrought by his feet. Two dragon-flies, twirling in the air, landed on his

lap, fighting, arguing, agreeing, one on top of the other, male and female as He, the great unknown, had created them. In his heart all the timbrels of his forgotten youth were chiming luringly, drowning the echoes of the cymbals of his lost battles. He attempted to think, but he could only remember. He tried to resist, wishing to be brave once more, but only felt foolish and helpless. And then slowly at first, but gradually faster and soon furiously, he yielded to the ineluctable power of spring, and in his soul redescended to the sweet dismay of his forgotten puberty, he found again his lost shame, and remembered old words, and blushed, and flamed up, and shivered, and raised his eyes, and dared to look at the sweet terror of the young nakedness blazing before him.

And thus, after a thousand thousand years the order of things and nature was overturned and re-established, and for the second time the Woman bent over the man, and took him in her arms, and the thing that the jealous fates had forbidden became again the first law of the world.

"Tell me," the man murmured softly, "shall everything arise again?"

"Everything."

"And truly we shall never die?"

"Truly we shall be eternal."

"And what shall we call our first-born? Shall we call him Love?"

"No, for this time it will be a female child. Love will come after, much after, when we have understood and endured more."

"What shall we call her then?"

"We shall call her Justice."

And then their silence and the sunlight and the blue and the green and the gold and the laughter of the trees and the shouts of the falling waters gathered around them exultantly, and God saw everything that He had made, and, behold, it was very good. And the evening and the morning were the eighth day.



A woodcut by J. J. Lankes.

The Lawrence Strike

THE causes of the Lawrence strike are the most elemental in the whole history of the labor movement. It is a struggle simply for a living wage. But the "law and order" fraternity are doing their best to bring on what they so much fear—a revolution. Partly as an excuse for breaking the strike, partly out of genuine nervousness, they are attempting to obscure the primary issues in the fog of "Bolshevism." And the more they advertise the revolution as something which they hate, as something so manifestly dangerous to them, the more do the workers wonder: "If they hate this thing so—whatever it is—it must have something in it for us." Fear of Bolshevism and memories of 1912 have made the Lawrence citizens and the press applaud all repressive measures. Mounted police have been imported from Lynn, and stray recruits have been added which cost the city 3,000 extra dollars per week to maintain. Their horses are scrawny and rickety and they ride with some difficulty, but what pride they lose in their consciousness of these facts, they take out on the pickets.

Men come in from the picket-line with their heads cut open and blood covering their shirt fronts. That the strikers have a legal right to maintain the picket-line is out of the question. Liberty has come to be a joke. There is no law for the "damned Bolshevik foreigner." The brave mounted police ride up on the sidewalk cursing and swinging their sticks. The pickets retreat before these onslaughts—but they will never forget.

The business is particularly nasty because, instead of being in an outlying district, the picket line is the main street of the town. The merchants will in time be sick of the blood smearing their door-steps; the guards are overdoing it. Lawrence is beginning to squirm under the publicity it is getting—and besides, these police cost money and the city's funds are low. Business men may sit solemnly at a Chamber of Commerce dinner and chant:

"O, there is a little city on the old Merrimac,
The smallest in area of any on the map,
It turns more spindles early and late,
It's the best little city in the Old Bay State.
(Chorus) The best little city in the Old Bay State,
The best little city in the Old Bay State. . . . etc.

But this is sorry comfort to them. Something is rotten there, and they are inclining more and more to wonder why the mill-owners don't come around and look into their own affairs.

Meanwhile the strikers are counteracting brutality with non-resistance, and they are insisting on arbitration while the employers steadfastly refuse. The workers have nothing to lose by arbitration; they have struck for something more than starvation pay and for recognition of collective bargaining. The employers are indifferent absentee-owners, and are still unfriendly competitors, and the employes are in the majority unskilled and unable to speak English. Less

primitive industrial conditions on both sides might better resist the modern Bolshevik wave.

The strike, however, as it came, was inevitable. Toward the end of January the United Textile Workers of the American Federation of Labor sent organizers out through the mills to agitate the eight-hour day, deferring the wage question. In the American Woolen Mills of Lawrence, the bosses countered this demand by slipping into the pay envelope of each employe the question: "Do you really want the eight-hour day with the necessary wage reduction?" The Italians, Russians, Germans, Lithuanians, Jews, Ukrainians and Poles — 18 different nationalities—realized simultaneously what the A. F. of L. had done. They quit work en masse—probably 20,000 of them. To cut their miserable pay further was to starve them. They organized immediately along national lines, sent their delegates to the Central Labor Council and outvoted the old-line labor leaders. Their new demands are for a forty-eight hour week with fifty-four hours' pay—"48-54." The United Textile Workers washed its hands of such outrageous greed, and the A. F. of L. withdrew—never to be heard of more in Lawrence or throughout the textile industry elsewhere. Only Bramhall of the carpenters' union, out of the entire Central Labor Committee, stayed with the strikers, which will mean of course excommunication for him. He is now the able chairman of the strike-committee.

However, just as the original causes of the strike are lost to the public in the Bolshevik hysteria, so do the men and women workers seem to regard their immediate demands as a comparatively uninteresting though important step. For it is amazing to feel the calm confidence among all these races, that although this slow business of asking from employers more pay and shorter hours has to be endured so long as they are starving, some day there will come an end. In their meetings one gets the impression that it is not the mere attainment of their present purposes for which they have come together—but for something else. Lenin, Liebknecht, and Karl Marx look down from the walls of their labor halls. One Big Union is the banner they fly. When they congregate, every nationality, every day—they open and close the meetings with the singing of the Internationale. The Italians have a new song, to a Salvation Army tune. They take off their hats as they sing it and a loud cheer goes up when they are done:

Vittoria di bolsceviki
del mondo liberta',
daremo un vero fine
a chi in ozio sta!

Il bolscevika
qual fior di luce
che ci conduce
in liberta'.

Had the employers any prudence, they would not hesitate to grant the modest request for a forty-eight hour week with fifty-four hours' pay, for while they hesitate the people brood, and sing, and become part of the prophetic soul of the wide world dreaming of things to come. They seem to have behind them and working through them an inevitable evolutionary force, controlling every gesture which they make.

But there are several influences at work, which were not operating in 1912, to make this strike of the Lawrence workers somewhat negative in character. For one thing, although the strike was inevitable at the threat of lowered pay, some workers feel that they are locked out also because of extremely slack times. This, in some circles, takes the edge off their sense of power. In the second place, they lack inspiring leaders of their own class. Prominent in the councils of the strikers are three enlightened ministers of the gospel, who visited Lawrence while the trouble was brewing and have been at hand ever since. They are A. J. Muste, Harold Rotzel and Cedraic Long. While willingly accepting the gospel of the revolution, they have put the emphasis of their advice upon non-resistance to police attacks. They have tried, however, to secure publicity for the police outrages upon strikers, and have worked hard to build up the morale of the strike. They have assisted in the formation of a union—the Amalgamated Textile Workers—which promises to endure if the strike is won. They have given the strikers, through soup kitchens and relief distribution generally, an education in co-operative action. It is difficult to tell how things might have gone under a different stimulus. Some, remembering Bill Haywood, regret the old days, and say that the strikers lack revolutionary flame which would enable them to hold out over a long period. The Syrian delegate in our committee meeting says, for instance: "We can't get our men to go out on the picket line and have their heads broken for this. But start the revolution and we'll be with you."

The third factor, which has within it the strongest positive influence, has also its negative effect. That is Europe. These foreigners are turning their faces eastward for relief. There, their work is half accomplished for them. Why bother to change America? They look to Europe now as they used to look to America—as the home of the free. They want to go home. The Russians, Lithuanians, Italians and Poles have voluntarily appealed to the federal government to open the ports for them. The Syrian is reminded of his walks to the blue sea between high rocks of white marble; the Italian remembers that olives fall to the ground, to be picked up dead ripe, and fruits so plentiful that ten cents a day is enough to live on. The Russian is inexpressibly eager to become a member of the Soviet at home.—Here in Lawrence, they are constantly called "damned foreigners," and Americanization is stuffed down their throats when they hate America. When they were called upon to buy bonds during the war, or do Red Cross work—then they were not called foreigners. And if they did it with some hope of gratitude, they have since learned that all they get in return is blasphemy, low pay, tremendous food prices and

raised rents. Now their Liberty Bonds are fast being turned over to the strike fund. "What's the use of hanging on to them?" they say. "When the Revolution comes—!" . . . America seems to be urging them to leave the country, and they want to leave.

Nevertheless there is little doubt that they will hang on until their demands are largely met, though it means untold hardship. They cannot afford to do otherwise. And in any event, progress has been made. In the first place, it is an *industrial* strike. Conservative trade unionism has so betrayed the workers in Lawrence that it can hardly be revived there. Unfortunately, perhaps, negotiations with the Amalgamated Clothing Workers partially failed. It seemed impracticable to ally with them, because some of the leaders are suspicious after their former treatment at the hands of the A. F. of L. But the strikers are getting material assistance from the clothing workers, and after the formation of their union, the Amalgamated Textile Workers, some alliance with the older branch may result. Though the I. W. W. has disappeared in form, its tradition remains.

Moreover, the various nationalities, in spite of the recrudescence of chauvinism since the war, are working in greater harmony. Under the doctrines of the working class movement, the Poles are amicably dealing with the Russians; Franco-Belgians and Germans picnic together. The leaders have learned to speak English, and the general strike committee meetings and the relief committee meetings are conducted in that as a common language. It is, of course, still impossible to arouse large groups to enthusiasm in any language except their own, but intermingling and common sympathy are growing more apparent. National barriers are thus breaking down, and so also are the stultifying and separatist barriers erected by their various churches. The strikers know that the Italian church at Lawrence, for instance, is subsidized by a director of one of the mills, and they report that if the priest can get the workers to return to their looms he will receive an additional \$50,000. The Catholic father is too blatantly opposed to the strike demands. And no strike today which lasts as this one has lasted—into its third month—can fail to be an intensive school of revolutionary theory and practice. These men and women are learning fast.

In the meantime, 20,000 workers are out of a job. They were obliged to quit in the slack season. When they were in the mills their average weekly wage was about \$15. They have not been able to save money to keep them on strike. So far the employers have refused to arbitrate, and the state has refused to intervene on their behalf. Relief is now costing \$15,000 a week. They need help from the entire working class. Since their union has been only recently formed they have no benefit funds. And unless they win this strike they will probably be unable to regain their old jobs, the labor movement will lose an industrial union, and a stronghold of revolutionary faith will become scattered and ineffectual.

RUTH PICKERING.

Feminism

A Statement Read at the First Feminist Congress in the United States, New York, March 1, 1919

FOR two years the whole western world has been talking about freedom and democracy. Now that the war is over and it is possible to think calmly once more, we must examine these popular abstractions, and consider (especially here in America where the boasting has been loudest)—how much freedom and democracy we actually have. Above all it behooves women to determine frankly what their status is in this republic.—

Four-fifths of us are still denied the elementary political right of voting.

Only one woman has held a seat in the United States Congress.

Only twenty-one women are sitting in our 48 state legislatures.

With rare exceptions all the higher executive offices in both state and federal governments are, by law or rigid precedent, open only to men.

In only six states do women sit on juries.

With half a dozen exceptions in the lower courts, there are no women judges.

In all government work, federal, state, county and city,—(notoriously in public school teaching),—women are paid much less than men for the same work.

In private industry, where it is estimated that twelve million women are now employed, the wages of women both skilled and unskilled (except in a few trades) are on a scale of their own, materially lower than the wages of men, even at work where their productive capacity is equal or greater.

Most of the strong labor unions, except in trades where women are in the majority, still close their doors to women workers.

Marriage laws in many states (including the guardianship of children) are designed to perpetuate the economic dependence of a wife on her husband. And nothing has been done in this country by way of maternity insurance or by giving to a wife a legal right to a share of her husband's earnings in recognition of her services as houseworker and nurse, to modify that dependence. And the vital importance of potential economic independence has yet to become a recognized principle of modern education for girls.

Voluntary motherhood is an ideal unrealized in this country. Women are still denied by law the right to that scientific knowledge necessary to control the size of their families, which means that among the poor where the law is effective, marriage can become virtual slavery for women.

Laws, judges, courts, police, and social custom still disgrace, punish and "regulate" the woman prostitute and leave uncensured the man who trades with her,—though in case of all other forbidden vices the buyer as well as the seller suffers if caught.

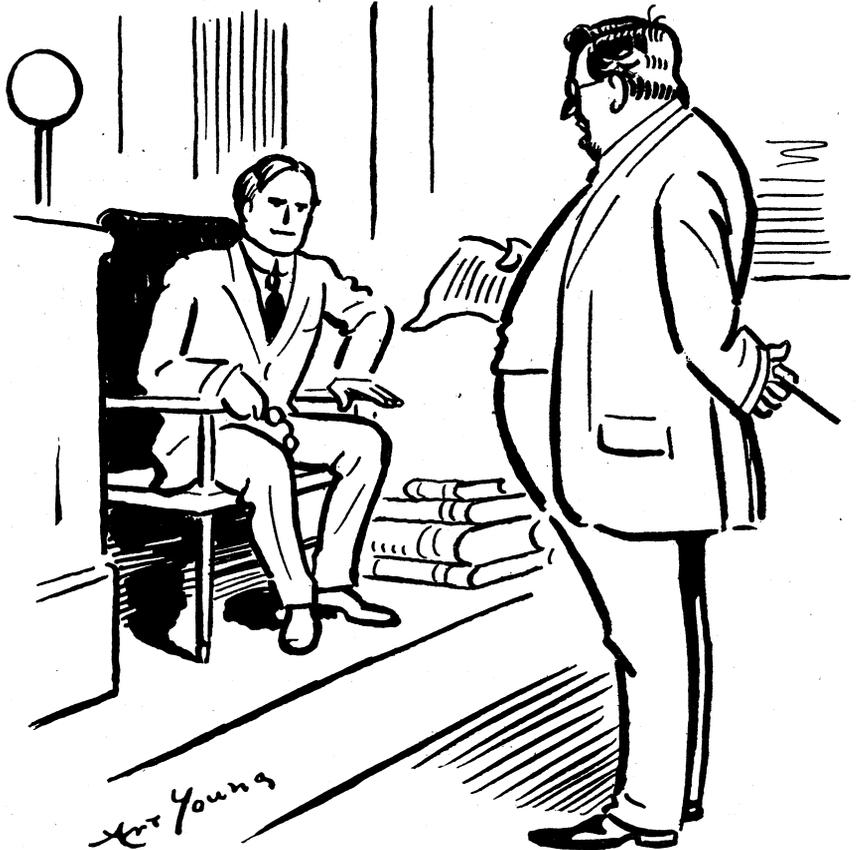
From this brief statement of facts it is fairly clear that women in America today

not only share the wholesale denial of civil liberty which came with the war and remains to bless our victory, but carry a special burden of restrictive legislation and repressive social custom,—(not in any way relieved by the war for freedom nor affected by the two years' crusade of democratic eloquence)—a burden which halts them in almost every field of endeavor, and effectually marks them as an inferior class. This is stated without any bitterness and with full recognition of the fact that women by their passivity have made these things possible. But it is stated for a purpose.

It is my hope that this first Woman's Freedom Conference, held in New York City, will see the birth of a new spirit in American women—a spirit of humane and intelligent self-interest—a spirit of determined pride—which will lead them to declare:

"We will not wait for the Social Revolution to bring us the freedom we should have won in the 19th century."

CRYSTAL EASTMAN.



Drawn by Art Young.

A Sedition Trial

Lawyer: "Are you in sympathy with our form of Government?"

The Professor: "It has my sympathy."

Robert Minor in Russia

IN reply to an editorial of ours we have received many interesting letters about Robert Minor and about anarchism—including a very lovely one from Emma Goldman which we mean to publish in the near future. More important than all these letters at the moment, however, are Minor's own words in personal correspondence with a friend in this country. We have read more than we publish, and on the basis of what we have read, we urge his friends to form no opinion at present of the motives which actuated his cablegrams to the American press. M. E.

" . . . It seems the only thing lacking in all this world of doing, of building. O, it is not an easy life, by any means, but worth while, yes worth while to endure most any hardships. The courage one derives from the surroundings is tremendous; to see the people bear under the difficulties of the new day, yet continue to look ahead with superhuman patience, and KNOW they will succeed in the end."

"On the way down on the railroad from Murmansk to Petrograd, some Finnish White Guards, led by a bunch of dirty Germans, attacked the railroad to cut communication. The Red Guard tumbled out finely and drove them off. This was at Kem.

"When I got to Petrograd I found Bill and he was glad to see me as I was to see him. I stayed there nearly a week. There is a great deal of hunger and suffering there. I paid 27 rubles for a light lunch, but an acquaintance let me in on a co-operative restaurant where I ate for 3 to 5 rubles. The town would have died of starvation if it were not for the co-operative handling of food. The food speculators have had their try and have been nearly all jailed. At one co-operative restaurant, which had been a fashionable place before being expropriated by the "Hotel Employees' Union," a speculator offered to sell 1,000 pounds of chocolate. He succeeded in making the sale, but he was led off to jail as soon as the chocolate was delivered."

"A fashionable lady in furs and with a gold lorgnette was peddling postcards in a restaurant. A waiter demanded what she did there. She said she was hungry and that her husband was an officer. 'Officer? What kind of trade is that? Tell your man to work or starve. The trouble with you bourgeois is that you are on general strike against us workers. No, you will have to quit the strike and become a working man or suffer of hunger.'"

"Ah, that I have lived to see such things come to pass! It is relentless and as real as a cobblestone. It is not democracy—it is plainly and frankly a dictatorship of the proletariat. The better classes have no rights, or very little. If a man needs a room he is told to go take one. He picks out a fine residence and moves in. If the gentlefolks object, he calls a few tovarishche and they settle the question; say a

fine residence of 20 rooms inhabited by three persons and six servants, is approached and divided in this way: The six servants are told to move into six rooms, the gentlefolks are given three rooms, and the remaining eleven are taken by persons who need shelter."

"On the night of the 12th the Red Guards suddenly surrounded about 20 odd fine mansions which had been requisitioned and occupied by Anarchists' clubs. They called on the inmates to surrender. One or two groups refused to surrender and the Red Guard opened fire with cannon. Ten or so were killed on each side. Six hundred or so of the men who called themselves Anarchists were arrested. All but one of the clubs was captured. The occasional shooting about town—this is in Moscow—is said to be the aftermath of this. As soon as the men were in prison the Bolsheviks announced that all of them who could prove themselves to be real Anarchists would be immediately released. Many ex-officers and other counter-revolutionists were found among the supposed Anarchists, and many professional criminals of no philosophical persuasion whatever. The Anarchists themselves say that they had been victimized by counter-revolutionary and criminal elements who stole right and left for personal gain or to create terror; but they claim that they should have been allowed to clean out those elements themselves. Most of them say they will not do anything to weaken the Bolshevik power, because if the Bolshevik government falls the whole revolution will be lost. They are in harmony with the Bolshevik's central idea—the Soviet."

"The whole beautiful land is even more glorious than I had thought, and no one should stay away from here a minute. Tell ——— that it is better than the dreams—but that there must be scientific constructive work done here immediately, and American engineers and American machinery are the ones to do it."

"The Russians know that the revolution will be lost and the country thrown into the iron hand of the kaiser—for lack of mere industrial organization—unless that industrial (including farm) organization is quickly obtained from a safer source."

What William Hard Would Do to Jesus Christ

A Study in the Liberal Temperament

"I WOULD not permit Jesus Christ himself, as man, however much I worshipped him, to escape his manhood duty of military service without doing some alternative service. If such a man refused to do that alternative service under military orders, I would offer it to him under civilian orders. If he refused to do it under civilian orders, I would confine him in civilian surroundings appropriate to his character, which by no stretch of mendacity can be called that of a criminal. I would confine him for a period somewhat longer than the military service period."

And that's all—no brutality—no prison filth—just a sober, efficient administrative putting of Jesus in his proper place.

Bolshevism — What It Is Not

By John Reed

THE bright, particular stars who make up the constellation known as the Social Democratic League of America now present an amusing spectacle to Socialist observers.

Professedly they withdrew from the Socialist movement because they wanted to destroy German militarism; in order to do this they adopted the tactics of the capitalist class.

German militarism now being destroyed—a little *too much* destroyed, as a matter of fact—the capitalists turn their attention to destroying the working-class. And our friends Walling, Stokes, Frank Bohn, Charley Russell, Allan Benson, and the plausible John Spargo, turn with them.

One people, the Russian people, have seized the capitalist state, destroyed it, erected a proletarian republic, and are at this moment riding the storm of the Social Revolution, fulfilling the prophecies of Karl Marx. From nation to nation leaps the revolutionary lightning, across the face of Europe—liberating and glorious—Hungary, Bavaria, Germany. The technique of these modern revolutionists is what is called “Bolshevism.”

Among other things Bolshevism teaches that the most implacable and dangerous enemies of the Social Revolution are—not the capitalists, but those “Socialists” who have mapped and plotted the Social Revolution as it *ought* to be, and are shocked and disappointed that it doesn’t act according to specifications. However, the Social Democratic League does not belong even in that category. Its members are forever self-exiled from the world Labor Movement, having taken their stand as “Socialists” on the editorial pages of the capitalist press, whence they spit their thin venom in the face of the oncoming proletarian revolution.

Naturally the chief point of their attack is BOLSHEVISM—as it is the chief point of attack of bankrupt capitalism. BOLSHEVISM is the workers’ will to revolution; it is unanswerable, invincible. It overthrew the Russian bourgeoisie; it is overthrowing the German bourgeoisie; it will overthrow the bourgeoisie of the rest of the world.

At the time of the Bolshevik Revolution, in Petrograd, the bourgeois political parties disappeared. The chief and most desperate opponents of the Soviet Government were the Mensheviks and the Right Wing of the Socialist Revolutionary party—those “Socialists” of whom Bolshevism teaches.

Happening one day to meet the secretary of the Petrograd branch of the Cadet party, I asked him why the bourgeoisie was so quiet.

“Oh,” he replied, “we can’t do anything now. The Mensheviks and the Socialist Revolutionaries are playing our game for us—although they don’t know it. Let them do the dirty work—we’ll pluck the flower. . . .”

Mr. John Spargo has written a book called BOLSHEV-

ISM,* which does the dirty work, and does it quite cleverly. This book will be one day ranked among the minor examples of political Jesuitism. With all Mr. Spargo’s undoubted talent for insinuation, with his genius for assembling dubious evidence and passing it off as genuine, with his specious pretense at intellectual honesty and scientific impartiality, this work ranks with the best of the White, Orange and Green Books issued by the various belligerent Governments to explain how they were forced into the war to defend themselves. The preface begins by deprecating the “lurid and sensational” stories about the Bolsheviks published in the capitalist press.

“When the same journals that defended or apologized for the brutal lynchings of I. W. W. agitators and the savage assaults committed upon other peaceful citizens whose only crime was exercising their lawful and moral right to organize and strike for better wages, denounce the Bolsheviks for their ‘brutality’ and their ‘lawlessness’ and cry for vengeance upon them, honest and sincere men become bitter and scornful.”

Mr. Spargo ignores, he says, “the newspaper stories of Bolshevik ‘crimes’ and ‘outrages;’” he also ignores “the remarkable collection of documents edited and annotated by Mr. Sisson.” So far, so good. Now for “on the other hand.” Bolshevism, according to Mr. Spargo, is “an inverted form of Tsarism.”

“That the Bolsheviks have been guilty of many crimes is certain. . . .”

“Their worst crimes have been against political and social democracy, which they have shamefully betrayed and opposed with as little scruple, and as much brutal injustice, as was ever manifested by the Romanovs.”

He then proceeds to give examples of the very “crimes” and “outrages” with which the newspapers have been flooded for the past year—all except the lies about “socialization of women,” which are too patently absurd even for the American public. Most of the evidence for these “outrages” Mr. Spargo takes from official publications of the Soviet Government, *articles in which the Bolshevik leaders themselves protest against abuses*. It is as if a Russian Bolshevik were to republish only accounts of the “brutal lynchings of I. W. W. agitators” which Mr. Spargo refers to, and call it “Americanism!”

The palpable viciousness of Mr. Spargo’s method is apparent in the insinuations of treachery, dishonesty and sinister motives on the part of the Bolshevik leaders, and of Lenin in particular, all through the book.

For example, Mr. Spargo doesn’t actually say that the Bolsheviks were paid by Germany. In fact, he begins:

“In judging the manner in which the Bolsheviks concluded peace with Germany, it is necessary to be on guard against prejudice engendered by the war and its passions.”

* Bolshevism. By John Spargo. Harper & Bros., New York, 1919. \$1.50 net.

But after all, says Mr. Spargo, "there were ugly-looking incidents which appeared to indicate a close co-operation with the Germans." What, in Mr. Spargo's opinion, is the chief of these "ugly incidents?" The "acknowledged fact," as he puts it, "that the Bolsheviki . . . immediately entered into negotiations with the notorious 'Parvus.'"

"Parvus," as the author hastens to tell us, was "one of the most sinister figures in the history of the Socialist movement"—suspected spy, war profiteer, and finally, German agent in Scandinavia. He was denounced, not only by Mr. Spargo's friends, but also by the Bolsheviki leaders, and especially by Lenin, as "the vilest of bandits and betrayers."

What is the evidence that "the Bolsheviki entered into negotiations with the notorious 'Parvus'?" Mr. Spargo merely cites a dispatch in the *German Majority Socialist press*, republished in "Justice," to the effect that "Parvus" brought to the Bolsheviki Committee at Stockholm the congratulations of the German Majority Social Democrats, and these congratulations were transmitted to Petrograd, and further, that Scheidemann told Haase that the Bolsheviki had invited "Parvus" to come to Stockholm. And that is all. Mr. Spargo admits that *Pravda*, the official Bolsheviki organ, branded the latter statement as a lie.

"More than once," he says, "the charge of being a provocateur was leveled at Lenin and at Trotzky, but without justification, apparently. . . ." (Then comes the sly thrust) "There was, indeed, one incident which placed Lenin in a bad light." Then he tells the story of Malinovsky.

All through Russian revolutionary history run the stories of spies and provocateurs who wormed their way into the movement, and took an active part in the revolutionary parties. Malinovsky was a Bolsheviki, and was elected to the Fourth Duma by them, being a close friend of Lenin's and greatly admired by him—proposed by Lenin as delegate to the International Socialist Bureau. Later he was discovered to be a police spy. . . . And that is all there is to it!

Mr. Spargo knows well that hundreds of police spies entered the revolutionary parties—such as Azev—and were trusted implicitly by their comrades.

But the case of Malinovsky is not all. In 1917 Burtzev exposed three provocateurs who were working on the Bolsheviki newspaper *Pravda*—and had doubtless been placed there by somebody for a purpose. Mr. Spargo then publishes a long telegram from the Jewish Committee in Petrograd (whatever that was), to the effect that the Bolsheviki, in August, 1917, were in "tacit coalition" with the Black Hundreds. Of course Mr. Spargo adds, "That the leaders of the Bolsheviki, particularly Lenin and Trotzky, ever entered into any 'agreement' with the Black Hundreds . . . is highly improbable."

However, this does not prevent him, in the next paragraph, from asserting that "they have associated with themselves, too, some of the most corrupt criminals in Russia."

Mr. Spargo gives a list, of which he says in a foot-note: "Most of the information in this paragraph is based upon an article in the Swiss newspaper *Lausanne Gazette*, by the

well-known Russian journalist, Serge Persky, carefully checked up by Russian Socialist exiles in Paris."

One of these "criminals," it appears, is Kameniev, whose "crime" was that he was arrested by the Government at the beginning of the war, and acted in such a cowardly manner that he was censured by his party!

Another is Bonch-Bruevitch, whom Mr. Spargo calls "Bonno Brouevitch," and qualifies as "Military Councillor to the Bolsheviki Government," and "a well-known anti-Semite." There are two Bonch-Bruevitches—one a General, *commandant of the Northern Front under Kerensky, dismissed by the Bolsheviki when they came into power*; and the other Vladimir Bonch-Bruevitch, *a lawyer, not a military man, not an anti-Semite*, whose position was *First Secretary to the Soviet Government*, and who had never been "dismissed by the Provisional Government."

Another "criminal" is a certain Gualkine, "friend of the unspeakable Rasputin," as Mr. Spargo puts it. This is a mistake—apparently on the part of the "Russian journalist" mentioned. The Galkin who was active in Petrograd, and whom I knew, had been for many years an active Socialist, and a Bolsheviki, in exile.

And Muraviov, whom Mr. Spargo says "had been chief of the Tsar's police, and was regarded by even the moderate members of the Provisional Government as a dangerous reactionary." In all this there is not an atom of fact. Muraviov was an army lieutenant, who rose to a Captaincy under Kerensky, for whom he organized the shock battalions in the summer of 1917. And Schneour, the provocateur, who was a member of the Bolsheviki peace delegation at Brest-Litovsk, was discovered to be a provocateur, and *imprisoned by the Bolsheviki themselves*.

It is perfectly true, as the Commissar of Justice said: "*Our chief enemies are not the Cadets. Our most irreconcilable opponents are the Moderate Socialists.*" The truth of this statement cannot be more clearly shown than by the way Mr. Spargo, taking the position of the Moderate "Socialists," distorts the facts in his attack on Bolshevism.

It all comes down to a question of What is Socialism? Some years ago Mr. Spargo wrote a *Life of Karl Marx* which was received with hilarity by practically all Marxian circles, the world over, and especially in Germany. In the present work he still persists in foisting on the world his own discredited caricature of Marx, and of Socialism, plentifully sprinkled with quotations devoid of their original meaning, and grossly misinterpreted.

I could go on indefinitely quoting and commenting upon this book, had I space and the inclination. It is only fair to say that Mr. Spargo in his ignorance often presents Bolshevism in what he thinks is an evil light, but which actually, to workers, will appear very attractive.

But in the last analysis, when the author has ended his veiled hints and thrusts at the Bolsheviki in Russia, his thesis becomes openly an advocacy of bourgeois Liberalism, as opposed to Socialism.

This, for example, is his idea of the way to achieve industrial democracy:

" . . . Our American labor-unions are demanding, and steadily gaining, an increasing share in the actual direction of industry. Joint control by boards composed of representatives of employers, employees, and the general public, is, to an ever-increasing extent, determining the conditions of employment, wage-standards, work standards, hours of labor, choice and conduct of foremen, and many other matters of vital importance to the wage-earners."

And here is the path he points to us as the high-road to Social Revolution:

" . . . The striving of modern democracy for the peaceful organization of the world, for disarmament, a league of nations, and, in general, the supplanting of force of arms by the force of reason and morality."

As To Berger

From his Attorney

"COMRADES:

"In the write-up of the Berger, et al, trial by Lloyd and that of the Nearing trial by Arturo Giovannitti, Victor L. Berger has been criticised unjustly. Neither as a defendant nor witness, did he in any way shift, palliate or retract any statements made by him. There were editorials in the Milwaukee *Leader* charged as overt acts in the indictment against Berger, which he did *not* write, but accepted as his own upon the trial.

"Referring to the I. W. W., there was offered in evidence a letter of May 6th, 1918, signed by Berger, in which he thanked the I. W. W. for an invitation to speak at a meeting in Milwaukee, excused himself because he was going to be out of town, contributed \$10.00 to their defense fund, and said: 'I don't think much of the I. W. W.'s and their tactics *in the past*, and do not agree with syndicalism "as such" today, but gladly admit . . . the I. W. W. has stood the test of being a class-conscious organization infinitely better than the trade unions. Gompers' cohorts have in the main proved to be the tail end of capitalism.' Berger commended the matchless spirit of the I. W. W. and stated that either that organization or one of a similar kind, would supplant the A. F. of L. Berger at *no* time ever approved the anti-political attitude of the I. W. W., and it is upon this that he has always opposed syndicalism 'as such.'

"I do not think that Berger's theory or disposition in opposition to a cataclysmic change in the process of social evolution should be so quickly grasped as an indication of timidity. The facts do not justify this attitude, and there is nothing to warrant the assumption that Berger was trying to slide out from under the accusations made by the government or that he was attempting to shift the blame for the prosecution onto the shoulders of others. The fact that he has been indicted more times than any other man in the movement should be sufficient to refute these charges. It seems hardly necessary to add that he at *no* time has wavered in his support of the St. Louis Program.

"Sincerely yours,

"SEYMOUR STEDMAN."

BOOKS

The Road to Freedom

Proposed Roads to Freedom: Socialism, Anarchism and Syndicalism, by Bertrand Russell. \$1.50 net. Henry Holt & Co.

SOME of our friends have been protesting, more in sorrow than in anger, against what seemed to them an unnecessarily violent and doctrinaire attack on Anarchist principles and practices, in a recent issue of this magazine, apropos Bob Minor and his interview with Lenin. Our remarks were occasioned by what seemed to us, at the time, an unnecessarily violent and doctrinaire Anarchist attack on Socialist principles and practices. But we have all seen writ large in the Great War the fatuity of arguing about Who Started It. If the peace is kept, it must be by more persuasive means. And for my part I am more than willing to seize the occasion furnished by this new book of Bertrand Russell's, to make amend honorable to our surprised and indignant friends. It is a book which may well serve to remind us that the present is no time to revive an ancient quarrel between the two great protagonists of freedom. It is one of the notable signs of the not-much-advertised rapprochement that is now in progress between the adherents of these two different idealisms. It is a book which, from the point of view of one outside both movements, frankly criticises the errors of both, and—this is its prime significance—finds in each movement something necessary to the other; it seems to presage in fact a new movement which shall be neither Socialist nor Anarchist, but born of both, by which the full and real freedom of mankind may be achieved.

It is a pity that Bertrand Russell does not discuss Socialism and Anarchism in a historical light. He prefers to discuss them solely in the light of reason; and it is to be feared that we are less open to conviction by cold logic than by hot facts. Thus he ascribes to the Socialists a belief in the State which he points out to have the gravest dangers. Now it is true that the English Fabians (whom he may have particularly in mind) have accepted the existing State; but so far as fundamental doctrine is concerned, this is hardly true of any other group of Socialists. In doctrine, the Socialist conception of society is strictly distinct from that of the so-called State-Socialists, and is logically immune to attack by the Anarchists, from whose ideal it is indeed scarcely to be distinguished. One might argue virtuously on this line at great length; and the first impulse of any party Socialist, when he reads Mr. Russell's book, will be to do so.

But historically our behavior has quite justified his account of our attitude. . . . Confession is good for the soul. So let us candidly confess that, however pure our doctrine, our practice in every country has been to align ourselves with the process which has resulted in the pres-

ent deification of the State. We have been seduced by the promise of old-age pensions, housing-reforms and labor legislation, into putting our whole energies into the existing political game. It has been merely the symptom of a fundamental desertion of our ideals, when our leaders one by one accepted cabinet jobs and ceased to be Socialists. In the United States we can hardly be said to have deserted our ideals so much as triumphantly repudiated them. For that is surely a just description of our naive propaganda in favor of "Government Ownership," which (whatever our doctrines!) was what the party actually stood for in the minds of most of its members. We prided ourselves on being realists; let us now humbly admit that our impractical and visionary (but, oh! so bitterly quarrelsome) comrades of the dwindling S. L. P. were nearer to the heart of realities as they have blossomed in Soviet Russia, than we. And let us admit in all cheerfulness that minds nourished upon Kropotkin's "Fields, Factories and Workshops" were more likely to appreciate the real task of proletarian reorganization of society than minds instructed by Edward Bellamy, Lawrence Gronlund, Charles Edward Russell, and the Appeal to Reason!

It was because Socialism had become in fact if not in official doctrine a part of the process of State-deification, that the Second International fell to pieces at the touch of war. Our Internationalism had become a pious phrase, repeated earnestly on appropriate occasions, but shelved in actual practice to permit us to assist in the glorious process of giving more and more and more power to the State. There was nothing nationalistic about our State-enthusiasm. We rejoiced in State-ownership of railroads in France, and some of us even in State-arbitration of strikes in New Zealand—and in that sense we were international. But an International State-Worship is different from an International Revolutionary Working-Class Movement—and so we found it.

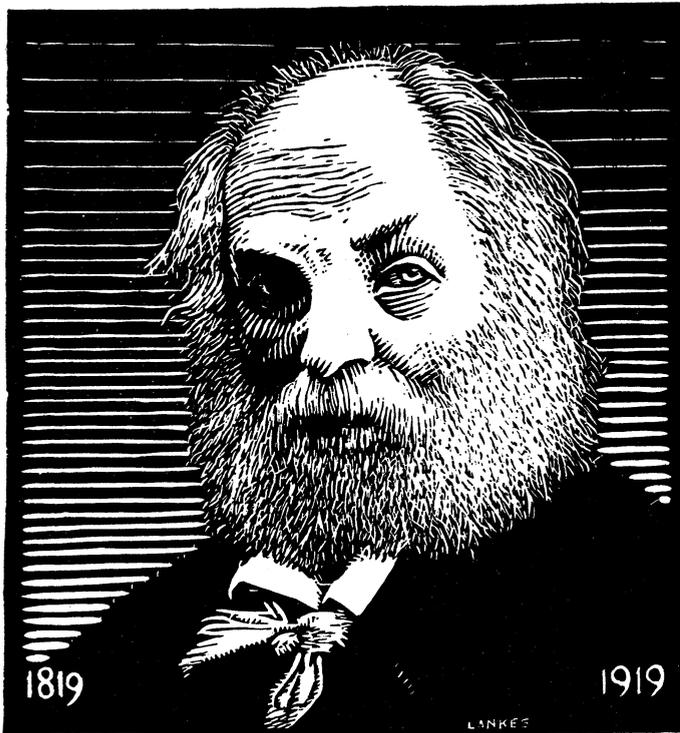
The lessons afforded by the State as a strike-breaker in France and the breakdown of State-arbitration in New Zealand, were not wholly lost upon us. But the great reaction to State-worship came in the form of Syndicalism, with its repudiation of political in favor of economic action. In the sudden appearance of Syndicalism and the I. W. W., Mr. Russell rightly sees the influence of Anarchist idealism. We Socialists had thought that Anarchism was dead, or alive only as a force hostile to real progress. Well, we were wrong. Anarchism is not dead—it lives anew in Syndicalism and the I. W. W. as a vital force in the working class movement.

This seems to me a fair measure of candor—and quite enough humility for one occasion! It is now time to criticize our friends the Anarchists. For if we are to conceive the terms upon which Syndicalism and the I. W. W. are to work together with the political Socialist movement toward a common end, not as separate and mutually suspicious entities, but as forces readily merging together into the Third International, we must examine with equal candor

the Socialist case against Anarchism. First and foremost comes what it seems to me not unjust to call its *neurotic* attitude toward organization—its abnormal aversion to the restrictions and the compromises of the ordinary joint human enterprise. I have the less hesitation in calling this aversion neurotic, inasmuch as I share it. Temperamentally, I loathe all forms of organization, which, it seems to me (I say it *seems to me*, I do not say it is so), exist after the first flush of creative enthusiasm chiefly to perpetuate their own existence, and in doing so almost invariably betray the purposes for which they were originally formed. This aversion of mine, which I think I am not wrong in finding at the heart of the Anarchist philosophy, is so different from the attitude of the ordinary excessively social human animal, that I am compelled to regard it, wherever I see it, as neurotic. If the term is objectionable, however, I would as soon call it *artistic*. For that is what it really is—the revolt of the sensitive and essentially egotistic and solitary artist, against the timid, stifling, uncomfortable democracy of the herd. It is what makes the pioneer and the philosopher, the Early Christian and the individualist moralist. It is the attitude of Emerson and Nietzsche, of Tolstoi and Thoreau, of Walt Whitman and of the Oneida Community. For it necessarily implies the search for or the creation of an ideal community of free spirits. It is Utopian, unsocial, and except in its final implications anti-social. Without such a spirit to leaven mankind, we would be but a miserable race indeed. But it is fierce, intransigent, destructive. It suffers the fate of all unpopular virtues, that of being had in vicious excess by the few who have it at all. It is like radium in its terrific power of disintegration; and, humanly speaking, a little of it goes a long way. And I accuse the Anarchist, as I accuse myself, of mere temperamental self-indulgence in what tends to become in us both a career of unbridled righteousness.

There is such a thing as being too good for this world; too pure for politics; too incorruptible for compromise. Thank heaven the Socialists have not been afflicted that way! They have been sufficiently human to undertake on human terms the enterprise of freeing mankind. They have formed organizations sufficiently unlike Kingdom Come to be able to exist here on earth. I know all the criticisms levelled against the Socialist Party, and I believe most of them to be well-founded; it has made every mistake possible to an organization. But I see in the torn and shattered frame-work of the Socialist International the most precious treasure which has survived to the working-class from the fire and flood and earthquake of war; and I do not want to see the beginnings of the Third International take the form of opening the gates of Socialist organization to a host of pure souls whose first desire will be to finish the job of destruction.

They can never persuade us from politics! To withdraw utterly from an activity upon which the common man has been taught to base his chief hope of freedom is to make a dramatic gesture the meaning of which the common man cannot understand. To belong to a political party whose



A woodcut by J. J. Lankes.

WALT WHITMAN

ends cannot be achieved by political means alone is a thing he can understand and respect, even if it seems to him like voting for the Kingdom of Heaven; but to abstain from politics seems to him a little like abstaining from clothes in public—he cannot see the moral fervor behind the action, and he takes offense. For this reason if for no other, those who want to liberate humanity must remain in politics.

But there is another more cogent reason. We learn in the school of political democracy the lessons which we apply gradually and timorously to the more vital activities of the economic realm. At the root of the political habit there is the desire for power, the instinctive desire for a larger personal share in the control of the conditions of life; and as surely as that desire is defeated in the political realm, it turns to the economic. It is because the conditions of life of the migratory worker make him particularly helpless in a political sense that he has conceived his own brand of unionism in revolutionary terms. It gives the voteless lumberjack and hop-picker and harvest hand a sense of power to feel himself an agent in the overthrow of capitalism. He has sought to compensate himself by his economic theory—and practise—against his sense of loss of political power. But he has not renounced the vote; he was deprived of it. Nor will the working-class renounce the vote; but it will learn to supplement political by economic action as fast as it feels the former inadequate to fulfill its growing sense of its needs. It is upon such an understanding of the situation that Syndicalism and Socialism can merge

their forces—never upon the Early Christian anti-political program of Anarchism.

There is one thing more which must be said of such a merging of forces. The Socialist who has learned his lesson is henceforth no worshipper of the State; but he is far from the Anarchist position of hostility to the State as such. He merely perceives quite clearly the function of the present State as an instrument of class-oppression—no new thing in his doctrine, but now perhaps fully realized. He has, however, no such hatred of Government as would lead him to fear the concentration of political power in the hands of the representatives of a triumphant working-class. On the other hand, he is convinced that in order to prevent the re-establishment of capitalism by violence in the first place, and furthermore to protect from bourgeois sabotage the slow and blundering beginnings of the new social and economic order, it will be necessary to retain a great deal of the familiar paraphernalia of the State, including its instruments of repression. If the Anarchist idealists cannot stomach that, if they are not content to be our chief persuaders to a more fearless freedom during such a period of transition, if they want peace on earth and no policemen the day after the Revolution, they will have to show us more convincingly than they have yet been able to do how that happy condition may be achieved.

Bertrand Russell is rather more generous to the Anarchists than this. He is afraid of the State; and he may be right. But if it were, as he makes it, simply a question of what is preferable, I should wholly agree with him. Especially since, from his purely rationalistic point of view, he arrives at conclusions fairly identical with those of the Guild Socialists. I suspect that by the time the Revolution arrives in America, where it will probably arrive last of all, the name of Guild Socialism will have been forgotten, and its ideas incorporated in the plans of all revolutionary labor bodies; for it is strong where Syndicalism is weak, in its conception of a working relation of different industries with each other and with the consuming public.

Mr. Russell's book is less concerned than this review has indicated, with partisan quarrels. He discusses the world as it could be made*, and the contribution of these different movements to such a conception. He reminds us that the time has come when it is no longer frivolously Utopian to discuss in detail how such a world would operate. His chapters deal with such specific problems as work and pay, government and law, international relations, and science and art under Socialism. But their chief care is to point

* In dealing with "colonial" problems he is surprisingly unimaginative; "even the populations of Central Africa may become self-governing," he says, "provided Europeans bend their energies to this purpose"; also, "at such a moment" [i. e., the morrow of a Socialist revolution] "a new departure in Asiatic policy might be taken with permanently beneficial results." It does not occur to him that Asia may do the departing herself (Persia, we hear, is full of Bolshevism, the Emir of Bokhara takes orders from the President of the Bokhara Soviets, the neighboring principality has gone Bolshevist and dispensed with an Emir, India is taking to the Soviet idea like a duck to water, etc.); nor does it occur to him that the Mohammedan races, purged of the slave-trade, might be a better influence on Central Africa than Europe (cf. the Negro kingdoms of Africa under early Mohammedan influence, and the record of the Mohammedan nations as civilizing influences as against the record of the Christian nations).

out how in the new Socialist society we may avoid making the mistakes which fettered the human soul in the past, and their chief value is as a warning from a lover of freedom that that goods must still be guarded as jealously as ever. "The glorification of the State, and the doctrine that it is every citizen's duty to serve the State, are radically against progress and against liberty." His chapter on government and law significantly concludes:

"It is not the State, but the community, the world-wide community of all human beings present and future, that we ought to serve. And a good community does not spring from the glory of the State, but from the unfettered development of individuals: from happiness in daily life, from congenial work giving opportunity for whatever constructiveness each man or woman may possess, from free personal relations embodying love and taking away the roots of envy in thwarted capacity for affection, and above all from the joy of life and its expression in the spontaneous creations of art and science. It is these things that make an age or a nation worthy of existence, and these things are not to be secured by bowing down to the State. It is the individual in whom all that is good must be realized, and the free growth of the individual must be the supreme end of a political system which is to re-fashion the world."

FLOYD DELL.



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Lenine and His Time

Ten Days That Shook the World, by John Reed. \$2 net. Boni & Liveright.

SOME sixteen months ago, when we were trying to piece together the newspaper stories, with their scraps of information and misinformation, their rumors and counter-rumors, into a coherent explanation of the rise of Bolshevism to power in Russia, I consoled my baffled curiosity by saying to myself: "Six months from now I shall have in my hands, black on white, the printed pages of a book which will be exactly what I am wanting now—a complete, exact, detailed, impartial and vivid account of just what is going on there, half way round the globe, in Petrograd. I shall be made to see these people and hear them speak, who are now but names to me. Day by day I shall trace the currents of events which are now mingled in hopeless confusion." This was not a mere vague and general hope; I knew John Reed was there, and I knew just the kind of book he would write.

But such a book is not one to be written from a memory however excellent, or pieced together from episodic magazine articles; it must be based on personal notes, and public documents, and official newspapers—and when John Reed landed in this country precisely these were all taken away from him by the United States government, and passed around, as in a child's game, from one Department of Military Snooper to another, for months and months. Finally, the government got tired of sleuthing through these documents—perhaps because it was in some danger of learning something about Russia from them—and they were returned to him. . . . I remember the day they arrived at his house and were unpacked—the huge piles of *Izvestias* and *Pravdas* and *Novaia Zhizns*, bundles of orders and decrees and proclamations, great chunks of posters torn from walls plastered thick with them, collections of photographs—the mere sight of them making tremendously actual to me the story which by this time I knew in its more significant contours, but at the same time making me all the more anxious for The Book. Before that could be done, there must intervene the labors of re-reading, translation, arrangement, and the final shaping of materials into fluent narrative.

Well, it is here at last. And sixteen months of waiting has not dulled the edge of my eagerness. I find here exactly what I wanted—what we all want—the full story of what happened and how, in those ten never-to-be-forgotten days which saw the first complete seizure of political power by the working people of a great country. It is the first History of the Bolshevik Revolution.

Or, rather, so far, only of its beginnings. For it is executed on a truly historical scale, and will require the supplementary volume, "Kornilov to Brest-Litovsk," to complete the story of the founding of the Soviet Republic. In that volume the foreign relations and policy of Bolshevik Russia will be dealt with. The present volume is devoted to the internal Russian situation which led to final struggle between the bourgeoisie and the Soviets, and the establishment, through events which the historian himself observed and ex-

perienced, of the dictatorship of the proletariat. It is a fully documented work, with a most valuable appendix, which contains among other things, sufficient data to make clear to anyone the actual administrative progress which has taken place under the Bolsheviks. And the whole is lighted with those flashes of interpretation and description which make history when it is well done the most fascinating kind of imaginative literature—but which are in this case not hazardous touches of fiction but the sympathetic and poignant records of experienced fact.

Through it all moves more and more significantly, more and more commandingly, the figure of Nicolai Lenin—towering in our minds as we read, above all the great figures of history by virtue of a persuasive and almost inhuman intimacy with the economic realities which underlie the human struggle. Not by eloquence but by knowledge he becomes the prime mover of revolutionary events. His enemies orate and raise their clenched fists to heaven, and the assemblies rock with applause. Lenin mounts the tribune, waits for the howls of rage to die down, calmly and candidly explains why this program must be carried out. And in the end it is done as he says—for he is right. His greatest triumph of all, or so it seems to me, is the one upon which this volume closes—the union of the peasants and the industrial workers in a common program. Without this, the revolution must have failed. With it, the history of the seventeen months that followed—including the debacle of German imperialism, the Hungarian revolution, and the promise of a League of Bolshevik Peoples and of a Socialist World in our time—became possible. It was the most difficult of all the problems of the Revolution—and the scientifically daring, mathematically confident social-engineering genius of Lenin carried a distraught faction-torn nation to the right conclusion in the nick of time. . . . If only as—what it is in part—a study of Lenin, this is an indispensable volume for every man and woman who wants to understand the immediate past and the immediate future; for this bids fair to be called by the historians of the future, in honor of its mightiest political personality, the Time of Lenin.

F. D.

Fear of Women

God's Counterpoint, by J. D. Beresford. \$1.50
net. Doran.

IT is a little late to be reviewing this novel, which has apparently been out for some months; my excuse is that I just discovered it, and can't help talking about it. Beresford has been something of a disappointment to me since his great "Jacob Stahl" trilogy. "These Lynnekers" was solid, if rather tame, but others have been too fantastic for my taste; and "Housemates" was so poor that I put Beresford, with a sigh, into the one-book class of novelists. But "God's Counterpoint" revives my interest with a bang! The only fantastic thing about it is the title. The theme is of first-rate importance. And the treatment has the irrefragable authenticity of his earlier masterpiece. The style at first—coming

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to it, as I did, fresh from the limpid grace of the prose of "Shops and Houses"—seemed a thought heavy; but then Frank Swinnerton is the finest artist now writing English fiction! And Beresford holds us, as once of old, by his bold intimacy with the truth of human nature. It is a remarkable book.

It is the story of a puritan who only after his marriage has been spoiled by his neurotic sexual obsessions, is brought suddenly to a sane attitude toward life. We are accustomed in these times to treat with levity, if not with complete contempt, such extreme erotic mawkishness as the hero of this book displays; but Beresford reminds us that there have been times when he would have been regarded as a saint; and with a gravity and sympathy which only a first-rate mind could maintain toward events which verge so dangerously near to the ludicrous, he reveals to us the tragedy of such a life. The cataclysm in which the obsessions are destroyed is one of the most difficult situations to handle that I remember in all fiction; and Mr. Beresford comes through it with a convincingness of effect that is nothing short of a triumph. In fact, the hero of this book is the only hero in English fiction in whose right-about face, or conversion, or reform, I have ever found myself able to believe. The means by which this conversion is brought about are sufficiently sensational, and might be made wildly funny, if the author were not more intent upon making us understand than upon entertaining us. I don't want to attract to this book the attention of our official connoisseurs of literary naughtiness, and so I refrain from any detailed description of the plot; but I do earnestly commend it to all those who are interested in what may be called the Freudian aspect of marriage. It is a brilliant study of repression; and if the hero of the book seems an extreme example of such repression, he is not so rare as the doubting reader might suspect. Indeed, the doubting reader is more than likely to wake up suddenly midway of the novel to find himself being portrayed in one of his selves, at least, recognizable in spite of its startling isolation from the other flock of selves which constitute his total personality!

F. D.

Real Soldier Poetry

Counter-Attack, and Other Poems, by Siegfried Sassoon. \$1.25 net. E. P. Dutton & Co.

“YOU *snug-faced crowds with kindling eye
Who cheer when soldier-lads march by,
Sneak home and pray you'll never know
The hell where youth and laughter go.”*

The above was written by a man who had the right to write it. It is from a poem entitled “Suicide in the Trenches,” by Siegfried Sassoon, who went through that hell in the British Army. His book is the true and only soldier poetry of the war. It says what the ordinary soldier felt—and the soldiers liked it. His poetry, we are told by his friend Robert Nichols in the preface to this collection, “enjoyed a remarkable success with soldiers fighting in France. One met with it everywhere. ‘Hello, you know Siegfried Sassoon then, do you? Well, tell him from me that the more he lays it on thick to those who don't realize the war the better. That's the stuff we want. We're fed up with the old men's death-or-glory stunt.’”

Siegfried Sassoon's poetry comes as near as language can come to presenting the actuality of war; it is brutal, horrible, tormented, black with despair, and gay with a convulsed ironic laughter. And it is full of hate—hate for the makers of war, the Yellow-Pressmen, the Junkers in Parliament, the old men in the clubs who have sent their boys, the women who love “heroes” and make shells, the fools who don't know what war is. And he knows that they will never

What the first two “reviews” say:

“I recommend Mr. Reed's book to the allied delegates who are drawing up the terms of peace for Germany at Versailles.”—*The Dial*.

“It is the most interesting, informative and important book about present day Russia that has yet appeared in this country.”—*New York Sun*.

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know—that they don't want to know. Thus, in a little hospital piece:

“Does it matter?—losing your sight? . . .
There's such splendid work for the blind;
And people will always be kind,
And you sit on the terrace remembering
And turning your face to the light.
Do they matter?—those dreams from the pit? . . .
You can drink and forget and be glad,
And people won't say that you're mad;
For they'll know that you've fought for your country,
And no one will worry a bit.”

WELL, DO THEY? . . . “Let no one,” his friend quotes him, “ever from henceforth say a word in any way countenancing war. It is dangerous even to speak of how here and there the individual may gain some hardship of soul by it. For war is hell and those who institute it are criminals.”

The preface tells that he was given a Military Cross for valor. It does not tell of further incidents of his biography of which I have heard, but too uncertainly to repeat, though they seem to be revealed plainly enough here—

“I am banished from the patient men who fight.
They smote my heart to pity, built my pride.
Shoulder to aching shoulder, side by side,
They trudged away from life's broad wealds of light.
Their wrongs were mine; and ever in my sight
They went arrayed in honor. But they died,—
Not one by one: and mutinous I cried
To those who sent them out into the night.
The darkness tells how vainly I have striven
To free them from the pit where they must dwell
In outcast gloom convulsed and jagged and riven
By grappling guns. Love drove me to rebel.
Love drives me back to grope with them through hell;
And in their tortured eyes I stand forgiven.”

“Soldiers are dreamers.” And what they dream of is peace. Not the peace to come, but the peace that is past, before they had learned that the old and the women could be so cheerful about handing them over to die. For, going back among those cheerful ones, they cannot blast them with knowledge of what they have done. They have no words to do it, and they will go down to the grave silent . . . listening, compelled to listen, to preachers and editors and patriotic women telling them how “splendid” it all was. Out of that silence have risen three voices, savagely hurling the truth into our faces—the voice of the French soldier, Barbusse; of the Austrian soldier, Latzko; of the English soldier, Sassoon. They speak for all the dead.

F. D.

Gaily the Engineer!

The Revolution Absolute, by Charles Ferguson.
\$1.50 net. Dodd, Mead & Co.

H. G. WELLS dreamed and prophesied a future man-
aged by engineers. And now the engineers have taken
him at his word and are making plans to take charge of the
world. An organization has been formed for that purpose,
with an office in the Singer Building in New York City.
The name of the organization (it sounds like a new H. G.
Wells novel, but it is sober truth!) is The New Machine.
The chairman of the executive committee is H. L. Gantt,
a great engineer; the other members are Charles R. Mann,
an authority on scientific education; R. A. Feiss, a Cleve-
land clothing manufacturer; H. V. R. Scheel, a Passaic cot-
ton mills manager; Walter Rauthenstrauch, a Columbia
professor of mechanical engineering, and Charles Ferguson,

formerly special agent of the U. S. Dept. of Commerce in London, Paris and Berlin—and the author of this book.

You now begin to guess what this book is about. Engineers are notoriously silent people, and they need a spokesman. Mr. Ferguson is the spokesman, and his book is the preamble—a long and philosophical preamble quoting Bacon, Jesus, Matthew Arnold (whom it confuses with Sir Edwin, a natural mistake for an engineer), Plutarch, Anselm and other worthies—a long preamble to a sort of Engineers' Manifesto. Let us reflect upon the neglect of the Communist Manifesto, and pay due heed. The manifesto takes the adventitious and happily brief form of a letter to President Wilson, which is published as an Appendix. It is signed by the executive committee, as above, and also by certain others who have seen this new light, including the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant and Lincoln Colcord, together with a bank president, a member of the New York Chamber of Commerce, the editor of a bankers' magazine and other editors, factory managers and consulting engineers. The letter, being to a busy man, is not so learned as the book, and is much more clear. It is followed on second thought by a postscript which is clearer still. And thus we come to the heart of the Revolution Absolute:

"We put our technical knowledge behind the proposition that *the business system as it stands is ineffectual simply because it fails to stimulate the creative forces.* We have enough technology, but not enough liberty." [Italics ours.] "We should lay the ax to the root of the rotted tree; we should find new bottles for new wine." "One cannot mend a democracy with patches of despotism." "We have plans for . . . the enrollment of men for better placement of their abilities, the technical survey of cities, the development of a scientific news-service, of public-service banks, of commercial corporations to lower the cost of food, and so on"—all details of a general plan to institute "a new and more practical kind of politics." And for further information we now turn back to the letter:

"This is the mother-land of big business . . . we say that business in the United States ought to be consciously and openly political—that the invisible government should be made visible. We think that the people who earn their incomes—the great undertakers and organizers of industry, with the farmers and mechanics—ought to concert their political forces to free the shoulders of enterprise from incomes that are unearned . . . We say that for practical and directive purposes the tools must belong to those who know how to use them—not because it is more equitable that it should be so, but because it is impossible that it should long continue to be otherwise." [Our italics]. "Yes, there is one other possibility. We can Prussianize—as England and France are doing. There is no other alternative." [No other? What about B-B-Bolshevism!] "The rule of irresponsible finance and the advertisers' press is played out. These—the credit power and the

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press—are, we submit, the national organs of social control in the new world of work. To socialize the agency that decides what wheels shall turn and who shall turn them, and the agency that informs the mind of the multitude and evaluates events—is to rectify the business system. To neglect to do so is to rush through confusion to autocracy and the regime of the machine-gun in the streets. [Italics ours.]

And there you have it! A modest proposal for running the world on scientific lines; a proposal to achieve justice not because it is justice but because it would come anyway and we could do it better than Lenine and Trotzky. Blime!

The date, however, of this book is 1918. The letter was written in February of 1917. That, you realize, was during the war. It didn't seem unreasonable to a lot of people, back in 1917, to figure on a regime of engineers and big business driving hell-bent for social justice. In fact, C. W. Wood in his book, "The Great Change," told us that the regime had already begun, in the shape of the War Industries

Board, the War Labor Board, etc. The curious reader can find this plan for a scientific utopia set forth at full length in his book (Boni & Liveright, \$1.50 net), with confident utterances on the subject by some of these same engineers.

But that was during the war. And look at the poor thing now! Where is our Villon, to ask concerning the whereabouts of the Food Administration and the wage-standards set by Messrs. Taft and Walsh of yester-year! And the Board for Sticking up Posters Begging Employers to Give Jobs to Returned Soldiers—borrowing money from Rockefeller to keep going! Meanwhile, how long have the Bolsheviks been in power in Russia? And Hungary gone Bolshevik—and Germany going? And what is the news in the morning papers? Dear, dear! It's too bad they didn't get Mr. Charles Ferguson to write that peace treaty—scientifically!

"The New Machine." Splendid name. Worthy of H. G. himself. . . I'm going out and call up the Singer Building, and find if its wheels are still buzzing. . . And the Mooney General Strike is to begin, I believe, on July 4th. Too bad! F. D.

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The Small Town

Birth, By Zona Gale. \$1.50 net. The Macmillan Company.

ZONA GALE, despite her literary preoccupation with the theme of small-town neighborliness, must really hate the small town. In this present novel all its aspects—and not least of all its terrible and inescapable neighborliness—are shown up in pages of cruel and remorseless description. The whole picture is damning, but it would be more impressive if it were not so vindictive. One wonders if the author did not grow up, a sensitive child, in the midst of the intrusive vulgarity of small-town life, and is not now revenging herself, by this implacable photography, for the hurts she then received. This speculation is reinforced when one discovers set against that background, the sensitive and noble soul of the shy, inadequate man who is its hero.

The first part of the book is taken up with the story of the marriage of this shy person to the beautiful, but crude young woman in whom all the small town's qualities are summed up; and it is not a happy marriage. Miss Gale realizes that there is something to be said on behalf of the young woman; but presently, perhaps getting tired of saying it, she banishes her from the scene. . . Unfortunately, with the exit of the young woman all sense of human realities flees too.

In Brief

The Woman Question: Essays by Ellen Key, Havelock Ellis and Others. 70 cents net. The Modern Library, Boni & Liveright.

THE most acute, perhaps, of all the essays in this excellent anthology, is Elsie Clews Parsons' "Between the Sexes." With the theory in this essay (one undreamt of by John Stewart Mill!) as a clue, the other essays become at least twice as interesting and informative, revealing as they do an attempt not yet successful to free ourselves from the old savage conventions which are designed to keep the sexes apart—and from the old savage FEAR upon which these conventions are based.

Married Love, or Love in Marriage, by Marie Carmichael Stopes, Sc.D., Ph.D. \$2 net. Critic and Guide Co., New York.

A VALUABLE book. It does not attempt to deal with every aspect, historical, medico-legal and sociological, of its subject but addresses itself to normal lovers who want to know how to be happy though married.

The Flame of Life, by Gabriele D'Annunzio, 70 cents net. The Modern Library. Boni & Liveright.

IT is agreeable to have accessible in inexpensive form this classic of what might be called erotic indigestion, but what we would

really like would be the *woman's* account of her love affair with the queasy egotist whom this and D'Annunzio's other novels have made us but too well acquainted with.

Books Received

[N. B.—Notice here does not preclude extended review later.]

THE EROTIC MOTIVE IN LITERATURE, by Albert Mordell. \$1.75 net, Boni & Liveright.

A contribution to the psycho-analytic interpretation of literature.

THE BRITISH REVOLUTION AND AMERICAN DEMOCRACY: An Interpretation of British Labour Programmes, by Norman Angell. \$1.50 net. B. W. Huebsch.

The Socialist reader will be particularly interested in the author's criticism of the Bolshevik State, present and future, from the point of view of a member of what might be called the Pacifist Intelligentsia.

THE NEW ERA IN AMERICAN POETRY, by Louis Untermeyer. \$2.25 net. Henry Holt & Co.

Sympathetic interpretation of the work of such new American poets as Frost, Oppenheim, Lindsay, Sandburg, Amy Lowell, and others.

CAESAR OR NOTHING, by Pio Baroja. Translated from the Spanish by Louis Hqw. \$1.75 net. Alfred A. Knopf.

Said to be the greatest book of Spain's greatest novelist—"one of those story-tellers who belong to the great stock, with Meredith and Hardy at their best." It is a modern and largely political—and radical—novel.

TUMBLEFOLD, by Joseph Whittaker. With a foreword by Ben Tillet, M.P. \$1.90 net. E. P. Dutton & Co.

A story of boy-life in the slums of an English industrial town, done in a sentimentally-realistic way.

THE PELICANS, by E. M. Delafield. \$1.75 net. Alfred A. Knopf.

A novel by a new English novelist highly praised by, among others, Joseph Hergesheimer.

A Workmen's Theater

WE are glad to chronicle the organization of a Workmen's Theater in New York. It has behind it the United Labor Education Committee of eight great labor union bodies. It will begin performances in August with three plays to be directed respectively by Richard Ordynski, B. Iden Payne and Emanuel Reicher—three men whose services to uncommercial drama have been so significant as to warrant not only our complete confidence but our highest expectations. The plays, not yet determined upon, will include Ibsen and Galsworthy among the first given. A Workmen's Theater is planned to house it; in the meantime the tickets, which will be fifty cents to all parts of the house, will be drawn by lot—a primitive but effective method of democratic distribution. There will be no box office. The membership fee of \$1.50

will entitle each member to admission to three plays. Membership may be secured through your own labor organization or through the United Educational Labor Committee, at the Workmen's Theater, 41 Union Square, New York (Stuyvesant 2037). It is important that those who are interested should give their support at once. . . . The common enterprise of a theater of workingmen and artists is too significant of the future relations of art and labor to fail to receive our enthusiasm and assistance.

A Correction

In a recent issue of the LIBERATOR, a sketch of Kate Greenhaugh (known to the Socialists as Kate Sadler) was by mistake credited to Joseph Pass. It was drawn by Morris Pass, to whom we make our apologies.

Labor in Cuba

TO THE LIBERATOR: In view of the approaching crisis in the American Labor movement, precipitated by the Mooney convention in calling the general strike, it is interesting to note that a similar crisis in Cuba proved to be the birth throes of a radical movement.

Cuba has just recently had its first general strike. Up to the time of the strike, its predicament was peculiarly American, for Cuba is exploited by four American trusts—the Sugar Trust, the Armour Company, the Ward Line, and their satellite, the Havana Central Railroad. Wages in Cuba average \$15 per week. The cost of living is very high, which makes numerous strikes inevitable; and with every strike the companies threaten international complications (American troops) and annexation, which aggravates the situation by arousing national jealousies (all things American are now hated there), and confusing the class struggle.

Because Cuba is isolated and poorly informed it was easy for politicians to control the labor movement. Until the Russian revolution, labor was very conservative, and even now the word

“radical” is not popular with the rank and file. But since the revolution, in the more active syndicates, real radicals gained control, and these, having learned the lesson that the group is the genius, always acted in unison. And in quiet periods they conferred together on ways and means which they soon found an opportunity to use. Knowing the spirit of the Cuban workers, who are most easily aroused by injustice, they called a general strike in sympathy with railroad workers in the State of Camaguay, where the men had gone on strike against the low wage of \$1.50 a day. The call met universal response, and at the same time put the president of the unions, Gervasin Sierra, in a dilemma. His American masters would not allow him to sanction the strike; they made him issue a statement ordering the strikers back to work. This made him the immediate object of hatred among the strikers. He was thrown out of office, then followed a general “house-cleaning” within the unions, and when it is completed the Radical Labor Movement of Cuba will have been born. It will soon take its place with the labor movements of the rest of the world.

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THE VAGRANT

MY heart it will not stay at home
Contentedly and rest,
My heart it will not fold its wings
Within the quiet nest—

But still goes crying after dreams
Unreal and light, as foam. . . .
Oh, foolish heart, to follow dreams—
You who have Love at home!

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[Chief John Buck, hereditary Keeper of the Wampum, made and sung this ode in 1884 on the occasion of the removal of the bones of Chief Red Jacket, one of the founders of the Great League of Nations (Iroquois) to another burying place.]

NOW listen, ye who established the Great League.

Now it has become old.
And there is nothing but wilderness.

Ye are in your graves who established it.
Ye have taken it with you and placed it under you.

And there is nothing left but desert.
There you have taken your great minds.
That which you established, ye have taken with you.

Ye have placed under your heads what you established—
The Great League.

Woe! woe!
Hearken ye!
We are diminished.
Woe! woe!
The land has become a thicket.
Woe! woe!

The clear places are deserted.
They are in their graves who established it.
Woe, the Great League!
Yet they declared it should endure.
The Great League, woe!

—From "The Path on the Rainbow: The Book of Indian Poems."

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