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Were You Ever A Child?

By Floyd Dell

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Editorial Announcement:

Art Young and John Reed have gone to Chicago to report the I. W. W. Trial for the LIBERATOR in Sketch and Story,—first installment to appear in the September number.

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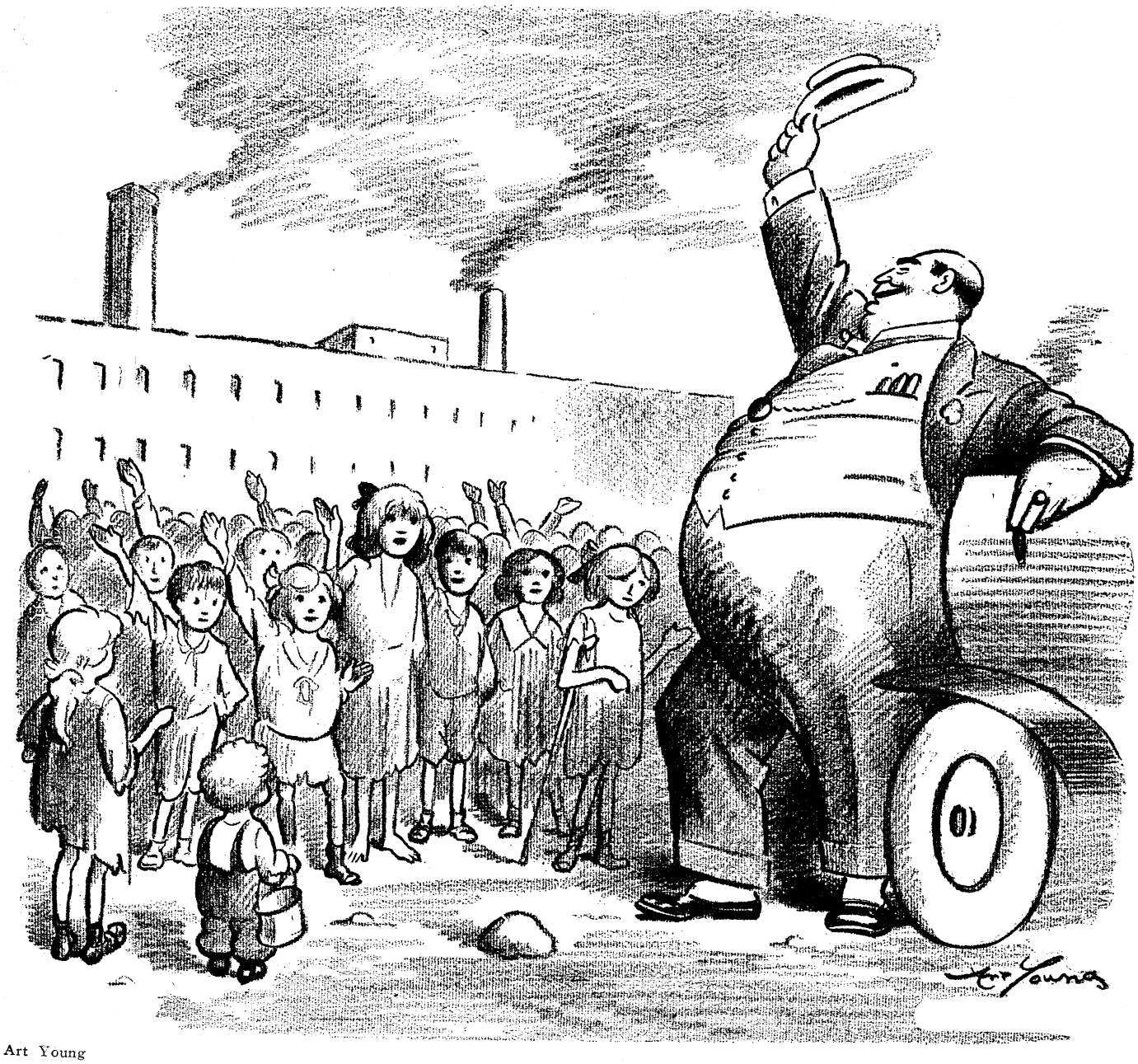


Art Young

"Now then, children, all together, three cheers for the Supreme Court!"

On June 3d the Supreme Court by a vote of five to four declared unconstitutional the Federal Child Labor Law of 1916. This law forbade the shipment across state lines of the products of all "mills, factories, canneries, workshops, mines and quarries" employing children under 14, or children between the ages of 14 and 16 at night or more than 8 hours a day. It went into effect Sept. 1, 1917, and when in full operation would have released 150,000 children.

THE LIBERATOR

Vol. 1, No. 6 August, 1918

Were You Ever a Child?

By Floyd Dell

DO you remember those impressive cardboard mottoes which people used to stick up in their offices to remind them of the great truths of life, as enunciated by Buddha and Elbert Hubbard and other worthies? One of these classic utterances ran as follows:

"So live that you can look every man straight in the eye and tell him to go to hell."

It was ascribed to Plato or Emerson or "Pilgrim's Progress," I forget which. And it made a deep impression on my youthful mind. I have construed the maxim liberally, so as to include within its scope not only my fellow-man, but contemporary institutions, customs and ideas as well. It has been my most cherished civilian privilege to damn whatever I disliked.

But one by one nowadays, we find ourselves ceasing to be civilians. This is, in fact, my Cessation Day. From and after 9:30 o'clock to-morrow morning—says the official document before me—"you will be a soldier in the military service of the United States." I have not yet read the Military Regulations, but I have a notion that they forbid using violent and denunciatory language against anything—with the possible exception of the Kaiser.

So this is my last chance. It is now 11:30 p. m. If I want to *strafe* anything, I must do it now. What shall I curse with this last precious civilian breath? I might say just what I think about the editorial policy of the New York *Times;* I might discuss Lynching as a Form of Sadism, or Whiskey as a Substitute for Happiness. I might write about Colonel Roosevelt in 1920, or Cubist Poetry, or about New Thought, Grand Opera, and Other Polite Forms of Hysteria. . . . But I won't. Regretfully I pass them over.

No, I am going to write about Education.

I

Were you ever a child?

I ask out of no indecent curiosity as to your past. But I do wish to address only those who would naturally be interested in the subject of education. Those who haven't been children themselves, lack the background of personal experience which makes this an acutely interesting theme and they had better stop reading right here. I pause to allow them to turn to the next article. . . .

With my remaining audience, fit though few, I feel that I can get down at once to the brass tacks of the situation. *We* have all been educated—and just look at us! . . .

We look back on those years upon years which we spent in school, and we know that something was wrong. A good many of us thought so at the time; and some of us, even at that tender age, went in for I. W. W. tactics—though the terms "demonstration," "sabotage" and "strike" were not, as I remember, used in describing our actions. But most of us resorted to a kind of instinctive passive resistance; we studied, we recited, we even passed examinations; and amiable onlookers, such as our parents or the board of education, might have thought we were learning something all the while—but that's just where we fooled 'em! And then, of course, there were a few of us who really learned and remembered everything—who could state off-hand, right now, if anybody asked us, in what year Norman the Conqueror landed in England, how to square an ellipse, the three chief exports of Paraguay, or the name of the most famous Ode of Peter Pindar. But the trouble is that so few people ask us! The difference between failing and succeeding in school, to judge by their respective result in later life, is like nothing so much as the difference between a railroad collision and steamboat explosion, as described by old Uncle Tom: "If yo's in a railroad smashup, why—thar yo' is! But if yo's in a steamboat bus'-up, why, whar is yo'?"

The Child

Let us, however, look into this elaborate disaster and find out just how it happened. The chief ingredients of an education, as popularly conceived, are a Child, a Building, a Book, and a Teacher. Obviously, one of them must be wrong and ought to be abolished. Let us see if it is the Child. We will put the Child on the witness stand:

Q. Who are you?

A. I am a foreigner in a strange land.

Q. What!

A. Please, sir, that's what everybody says. Sometimes they call me a little angel. The poet, Wordsworth, says that I come trailing clouds of glory from Heaven which is my home. On the other hand I am often called an imp from hell, and when you see the sort of things I do in the comic supplements you will perhaps be inclined to agree with this description. I really don't know which is right, but both seem to agree that I am an immigrant.

Q. Speak up so that the jury can hear. Have you any friends in this country?

A. No, sir, not exactly. But there are a couple of people, natives of this land, who for some reason take an interest in me. It was they who taught me to speak the language. They also taught me many of the customs of the country, which at first I could not understand. For instance—[the rest of the sentence stricken from the record by order of the judge].

Q. You need not go into such matters. I fear you still have many things to learn about the customs of the country. One of them is not to allude to that side of life.

A. Yes, sir; so these two people tell me. I'm sure I don't see why.

Q. Now as to these people who are looking after you: Are your relations with them agreeable?

A. Nominally, yes. But I must say that they have treated me in a very peculiar way, which has aroused a deep resentment in me. You see, at first they treated me like a king—in fact, like a Kaiser. I had only to wave my hand and they came running to know what it was I wanted. I uttered certain magic syllables in my own language, and they prostrated themselves before me, offering me gifts. When they brought the wrong gifts, I doubled up my fists and twisted my face, and gave vent to loud cries—and they became still more abject, uutil I was at last placated.

Q. That is what is called parental love. What then?

A. I naturally regarded them as my slaves. But presently they rebelled. One of them, of whom I had been particularly fond, commenced to make me drink milk from a bottle instead of from——

Q. Yes, yes, we understand. And you resented that?

A. I withdrew the light of my favor from her for a long time. I expressed my disappointment in her. I offered freely to pardon her delinquency if she would acknowledge her fault and resume her familiar duties. But perhaps I did not succeed in conveying my meaning clearly, for at this time I had no command of her language. At any rate, my efforts were useless. And her reprehensible conduct was only the first of a series of what seemed to me indignities and insults. I was no longer a king. I was compelled to obey my own slaves. In vain I made the old magic gestures, uttered the old talismanic commands—in vain even my doubling up of fists and twisting of face and loud outcries; the power was gone from these things. Yet not quite all the power—for my crying was at least a sort of punishment to them, and as such I often inflicted it upon them.

Q. You were a naughty child.

A. So they told me. But I only felt aggrieved at my new helplessness, and wished to recover somewhat of my old sense of power over them. But as I gradually acquired new powers I lost somewhat my feeling of helplessness. I also found that there were other beings like myself, and we conducted magic ceremonies together in which we transformed ourselves and our surroundings at will. These delightful enterprises were continually being interrupted by those other people, our parents, who insisted on our learning ever more and more of their own customs. They wished us to be interested in their activities, and they were pleased when we asked questions about things we did not understand. Yet there were some questions which they would not answer, or which they rebuked us for asking, or to which they returned replies that, after consultation among ourselves, we decided were fabulous. So we were compelled to form our own theories about these things. We asked, for instance—

Q. Please confine your answers to the questions. You say you have learned by this time many of the customs of the country?

A. Yes, sir; I can dress myself, and wash my face (though perhaps not in a manner quite above criticism), count the change which the grocer gives me, tell the time by a clock, say "Yes, ma'am" and "Thank you," and I am beginning to be adept in the great national game of baseball.

Q. Have you decided what you would do if you were permitted to take part in our activities?

A. I would like to be a truck-driver.

Q. Why?

A. Because he can whip the big horses.

Q. Do you know anything about machinery?

A. No, sir; I knew a boy who had a steam-engine, but he moved away before I got a chance to see how it worked.

Q. You spoke of truck-driving just now. Do you know where the truck-driver is going with his load?

A. No, sir.

Q. Do you know where he came from?

A. No, sir.

Q. Do you know what a factory is?

A. Yes, sir; Jim's father got three fingers cut off in a factory.

Q. Do you know where the sun rises and sets?

A. It rises in the East and sets in the West.

Q. How does it get from the west back to the east during the night?

A. It goes under the earth.

Q. How?

A. It digs a tunnel!

Q. What does it dig the tunnel with?

A. With its claws.

Q. Who was George Washington?

A. He was the Father of his country, and he never told a lie.

Q. Would you like to be a soldier?

A. Yes.

Q. If we let you take part in the government of our country, what ticket would you vote?

A. The Republican ticket. My father is a Republican.

Q. What would you do if you had ten cents?

A. I'd go to see Charley Chaplin in the moving-picture show.

Q. Thank you. You can step down.

A. Yes, sir. Where is my ten cents?

And now, gentlemen, you have heard the witness. He has told the truth—and nothing but the truth—and he would have told the whole truth if I had not been vigilant in defense of your modesty. He is, as he says, a foreigner, incompletely naturalized. In certain directions his development has proceeded rapidly. He shows a patriotism and a sense of political principles which are quite as mature as most of ours. But in other directions there is much to be desired. He does not know what kind of world it is he lives in, nor has he any knowledge of how he could best take his place, with the most satisfaction to himself and his fellow-men in that world—whether as farmer or engineer, poet or policeman, or in the humbler but none the less necessary capacities of rent-collector or dramatic critic. And it would be idle for us to pretend that we think it will be easy for him to learn all this. And without this knowledge he is going to be a nuisance—not without a certain charm, but still an undesirable burden upon the community. We simply can't let him remain in his present state of ignorance; and you have seen just about how far private enterprise is likely to help him. Of course, that man and woman of whom he told us had other things to do besides look after him. But even if he were turned over to special private institutions, we should have no guarantee that they would not take advantage of his helplessness, keep him under their control and rob him of freedom of movement for a long term of years, set him to learning a mass of fabulous or irrelevant information, instil in him a fictitious sense of its value by a system of prizes and punishments, and finally turn him out into our world no better prepared to take his proper part in it than he was before; and thus, having wasted his own time, he would have to waste ours by compelling us to teach him all over again. In a word, the difficulty of dealing with him appears so great that I am moved to make the statesmanlike proposal—never before, I believe, presented to the public—of passing a law which will prevent this kind of undesirable immigration altogether.

Shall we abolish the Child? The only other reasonable alternative, remember, is for us to undertake this difficult and delicate business ourselves—to assume as a public responsibility the provision of a full opportunity for this helpless, wistful, stubborn little barbarian to find out about the world and about himself. Well, shall we do that? Let us not allow any false sentimentality to affect our decision. . . . Oh, well, if you say so, we'll give him his chance!

The School Building

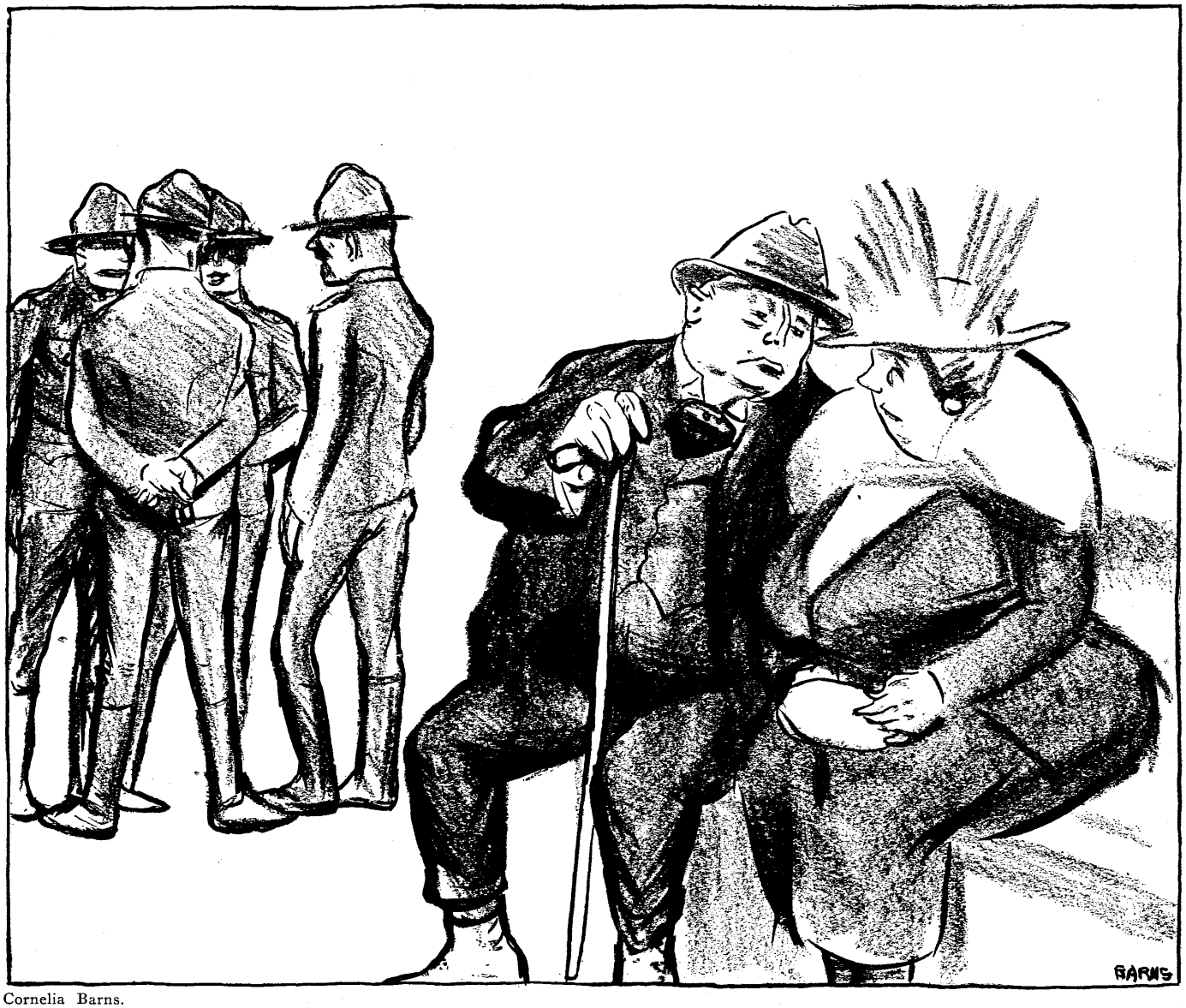
It is clear that what is most of all the matter with him is his sense of helplessness. He told us how he lost inevitably his position of King in the magic realm of infancy—a kingship only to be recovered fragmentarily in dreams and in the fantasies of play—how he discovered himself to be little and weak and clumsy and ignorant of the ways of the strange real world. It is clear too that the chief difference which separates us from childhood is the acquisition of a few powers, physical and intellectual, which make us feel to some extent masters of our world. Does not education in its primary sense consist in giving to children a progressive sense of power, through a physical and intellectual mastery of their environment? And would not the acquisition of an adequately increasing mastership deprive the child of any need for those outbursts of rage and malice and mischief which are to-day the most characteristic trait of childhood, and which are only his attempt to deny his shameful helplessness? Shall we not try at the outset to make the child feel that he is a useful and important part of our world?

The answer to these questions being "Yes," we now turn to the building in which what now passes for education is conducted, and inquire whether it answers this primary requirement.

But first of all, let us free our minds from any lingering superstitions we may cherish with reference to school buildings. Let us get over the notion that school-buildings are sacrosanct, like churches. I am inclined to think that we have transferred to the school building some of our traditional respect for churches. We sort of feel that it is a desecration to allow dances and political meetings to be held there. We seem to regard with jealous pride the utter emptiness and uselessness of our school buildings after hours; it is a kind of ceremonial wastefulness which appeals to some deep-seated ridiculous barbaric sense of religious taboo in us. Well, we must get over it if we are to give the children a square deal. If it should turn out that the school building is wrong, we must be prepared to abolish it.

And we must get over our notion that a school building is necessary in order for a school to exist. The most famous school in the world had no building at all—only a stretch of outdoors, with some grass and a few palm trees. Of course, the Greeks were fonder of the open air than we are, and their winters were less severe. And then, too, the Greek idea of education was simpler than ours. It comprised simply athletics and philosophy and one or two other aristocratic subjects which I forget at the moment—art being regarded as manual labor, just as the drama was considered a religious function, and government a kind of communal festivity. Also, the Persian theory of education—to be able to ride, shoot, and tell the truth—could be carried out under the open sky better than anywhere else. But our aims are more elaborate, and it may very well be true—in fact, I have been convinced of it all along—that much of our educational process should be carried on indoors. But that isn't conceding the School Building's right to existence. By no means!

The trouble is, once you give a School Building permission to exist, it straightway commences to put on airs just as if it were a kind of outcast but repentant church. It arranges itself into dingy little secular chapels, with a kind



Cornelia Barns.

"Nonsense, my dear. They 're better fed than they've ever been in their lives before"

of furtive pulpit in front for the teacher, and a lot of individual pews for the mourners. It makes the chemistry laboratory, which it regards as a profane intruder, feel cramped and uncomfortable; it puts inconveniences in the way of the gymnasium; and it is dreadfully afraid some one will think that the assembly hall will look like a theater; while as for carpentry and printing shops, ateliers for sculpture groups, and a furnace for the pottery class, it feels that it has lost caste utterly if it is forced to admit them; nor will it condescend to acknowledge such a thing as a kitchen-garden in its backyard as having any relation to itself. You can well understand that if it has these familiar adjuncts of everyday life, it will seem just like part of the ordinary world; and so it tries its damndest to keep them out, and generally succeeds pretty well.

But, since what we started out to do was to teach children what the world of reality is like, it is necessary that they should be in and of the real world. And since the real world outside is not, unfortunately, fully available for educational purposes, it is necessary to provide them with the real world on a smaller scale—a world in which they can, without danger, familiarize themselves with their environment in its essential aspects—a world which is theirs to observe, touch, handle, take apart and put back together again, play with, work with, and become master of; a world in which they have no cause to feel helpless or weak or useless or unimportant; a world from which they can go into the great world outside without any abrupt transition—a world, in short, in which they can learn to be efficient and happy human beings.

The School Building, imposing upon our credulity and pretending to be too sacred for these purposes, needs to be taken down from its pedestal. It may be permitted to have a share in the education of our youth if it will but remember that it is no more important in that process than a garden, a swimming tank, a playground, the library around the corner, the woods where the botany class goes, or the sky overhead that exhibits its constellations gladly at the request of the science teacher. Let it humble itself while there is yet time, and not expect its little guests to keep silence within its walls as if they were in a church, or it may yet be overthrown and give place to a combination theater-gymnasium-studio-office-and-model-factory building. And *then* it will be sorry!

The Teacher

Shall the Teacher be abolished? . . . What's that you say? . . . Oh, but surely not before she has had a hearing!—the worst criminal deserves that much consideration. I beg of you to let me speak one moment in her behalf. . . . Ah, thank you, my friends. (Sister, you had a tight squeak just then! If it hadn't been for my presence of mind and my habitual coolness in the presence of infuriated mobs, I hate to think what would have happened. . . . And now let me see: what *can* I say in your behalf? H'm . . . H'm. . . .)

My friends, this unhappy woman (for we shall center our attention on the female of the species) is more sinned against than sinning. Reflect! The status of women in the United States has changed in the last fifty years. Modern industry has almost utterly destroyed the old pioneer home with its partnership-marriage; ambitious young men no long have an economic need for capable women-partners; women have lost their wonted economic value as potential helpers, and their capacity for motherhood appears to the largest section of young manhood in the aspect of a danger rather than a blessing. Women have, to be sure, acquired a new value, in the eyes of a smaller class of economically "arrived" men, as a sign of their "arrival"—that is, they are desired as advertisements of their husbands' economic status. In one sense, the task of demonstrating the extent of a husband's income is easier than the pioneer task of helping take care of a farm and raising a houseful of babies; but, after all, such a career does require either natural talent or a high degree of training in the graceful habits of conspicuous idleness and honorific extravagance. And, whether it is that the vast majority of women spurned such a career as an essentially immoral one, or whether they were not really up to its requirements, or whether the demand was found to be more than met by the hordes of candidates turned out yearly by the boarding schools—whatever the reason, the fact remains that a large number of women began to see the necessity and to conceive the desirability of some career other than marriage. But industrial evolution, which had destroyed their former opportunities, had failed to make any considerable or at least any decent room for them in the industrial scheme. Most particularly was this true for the young women of the middle class. They were unable to go into the professions or the respectable trades, and unwilling (for excellent reasons) to enter the factories; they were given no opportunity to learn how to do anything—they were (quite against their will, but inevitably) condemned to a profound ignorance of the most important things in the world—work and love; and so, naturally, they became Teachers.

The world did not want them, and so they stayed out of the world, in that drab, quasi-religious edifice, the School Building, and prepared others to go into the world. . . .

My God! do you suppose for a minute, if this unfortunate woman had known enough about Anything in Particular to get a respectable job outside, that she would have stayed in there to teach Everything in General?* Do you suppose she *wants* to be a Teacher? Do you suppose she likes pretending to be adept in a dozen difficult subjects at once, inflicting an impossible ideal of "order" upon the forty restless children whom her weary, amateur, underpaid efforts at instruction have failed to interest, spending her days in the confronting of an impossible task and her nights in the "correcting" of an endless series of written proofs of her failure—and, on top of that, being denied most of her human rights? The munition-factory girls can at least have their fling when the day's work is over; but she is expected to be a Vestal. In some places she can't get married without losing her job; in New York, if she is married, she can't have a baby! No—it is her misfortune, not her fault, that she is what she is.

In fact, I think that if the war lasts long enough she will pretty much abolish herself! And that, along with the Russian Revolution and the drafting of Charlie Chaplin, will rank among the most disturbing events in the history of the war. The Russians were accustomed to their Czar, and the movie-public to their custard-pie; but they just had to learn to get along without those sacred institutions, and perhaps a similar lesson is in store for us. . . . You find it a little difficult to imagine what School would be like without Teachers? Well, for one thing, it would be more like the rest of the world than it is now—and that, we agreed, was what we wanted. Where else, indeed, except in School, do you find Teachers? The rest of the world manages to get along without them very well. Perhaps it is merely a superstition that they are needed in School! Let us inquire into the matter.

What do people in the outside world do when they want to learn something? They go to somebody who knows about it, and ask him. They do not go to somebody who is reputed to know about everything—except, when they are very young, to their parents: and they speedily become disillusioned about *that* variety of omniscience. They go to somebody who might reasonably be expected to know about the particular thing they are interested in. When a man buys a motor-car, he does not say to himself: "Where can I find somebody who can teach me how to run a motor-car and dance the tango and predict a rise on the stock-market?" He does not look in the telephone directory under T. He just

* It will, I hope, be clear that these remarks apply specifically to the grammar school teacher who does have to teach everything. The case is less desperate in the higher reaches of our school system.

gets an experienced driver to teach him. And when that driver tells him that this is the self-starter, and proceeds to start the car with it, a confidence is established which makes him inclined to believe all he can understand of what he is presently told about the mysterious functions of the carburetor. He does not even inquire if the man has taken vows of celibacy. He just pays attention and asks questions and tries to do the thing himself, until he learns.

But this case, of course, assumes an interest of the pupil in the subject, a willingness and even a desire to learn about it, a feeling that the matter is of some importance to himself. And come to think of it, these motives are generally present in the learning that goes on in the outside world. It is only in School that the pupil is expected to be unwilling to learn. Now when you were a child, and you passed the door of the village blacksmith shop, and looked in, day after day, you saw the blacksmith heating a piece of iron red hot in the furnace, or twisting it deftly with his pincers, or dropping it sizzling into a tub of water, or paring a horse's hoofs, or hammering in the silvery nails with swift blows; you admired his skill, and stood in awe of his strength; and if he had offered to let you blow the bellows for him and shown you how to twist a red-hot penny, that would have been a proud moment. It would also have been an educational one. But suppose there had been a new shop set up in the town, and when you looked in at the open door you saw a man at work painting a picture; and suppose a bell rang just then, and the man stopped painting right in the middle of a brush-stroke, and commenced to read aloud " How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix "; and suppose when he was half way through, the bell rang again, and he said, " We will go on with that tomorrow," and commenced to chisel the surface of a piece of marble; and then, after a little, somewhat exhaustedly, started in to play " The Rock of Ages " on a flute, interrupting the tune to order you to stand up straight and not whisper to the little boy beside you. There's no doubt what you would think of him; you would know perfectly well that he was crazy; people don't do things in that way anywhere in the world, except in school. And even if he *had* assured you that painting and poetry, sculpture and music, were later in your life going to be matters of the deepest importance and interest, and that you should start in now with the determination of becoming proficient in the arts, it would not have helped much. Not very much.

It's nonsense that children do not want to learn. Everybody wants to learn. And everybody wants to teach. And the process is going on all the time. All that is necessary is to put a person who knows something—really knows it—within the curiosity-range of someone who doesn't know it: the process commences at once. It is almost irresistible. In the interest of previous engagements one has to tear one's self away from all sorts of opportunities to learn things which may never be of the slightest use but which nevertheless are alluring precisely because one does not know them.

People talk about children being hard to teach, and in the next breath deplore the facility with which they acquire the " vices." That seems strange. It takes as much patience, energy and faithful application to become proficient in a vice as it does to learn mathematics. Yet consider how much more popular poker is than equations! But did a schoolboy ever drop in on a group of teachers who had sat up all night parsing, say, a sentence in Henry James, or seeing who could draw the best map of the North Atlantic States? And when you come to think of it, it seems extremely improbable that any little boy ever learned to drink beer by seeing somebody take a tablespoonful three times a day.

I think that if there were no teachers—no hastily and superficially trained Vestals who were supposed to know everything—but just ordinary human beings who knew passionately and thoroughly one thing (but you'd be surprised to find what a lot of other knowledge that would incidentally comprise!) and who had the patience to show little boys and girls how to do that thing—we might get along without Immaculate Omniscience pretty well. Of course, we'd have to pay them more, because they could get other jobs out in the larger world; and besides, you couldn't expect to get somebody who knows how to do something, for the price you are accustomed to pay those who only know how to teach everything.

Nor need the change necessarily be abrupt. It could probably be effected with considerable success by firing all the teachers at the beginning of the summer vacations, and engaging their services as human beings for the next year. Many of them would find no difficulty at all in readjusting themseleves. . . .

(The second installment of " Were You Ever a Child? " will appear in the September LIBERATOR.)

SUMMER POOLS

I

I AM a still pool, a sonnet
Written by subterranean water in this secret glade.
And my border is of birches, whose shadows
Finger my lines of slowly flowing ripples,
Like blind women
Reading of sorrow.

II

I am a still pool
In a secret glade.
And Summer from over the hill
Steals down to me.
I creep round her knees
That close to me press on the moss.
Her hot lips touch me and drink me.
Soft petals, red and white, from her hair
Flutter down and become one with their image.
And Summer's lips are merged in the lips of her image in me.
Her body bends over me, nearer—nearer. . . .
The Summer possesses me,
Drowning in me,
I living in Summer.

Stirling Bowen.

RECOGNIZE THE SOVIETS

By George V. Lomonossoff, a Menshevik Leader, Head of the Russian Railway Mission in the United States Appointed by the Kerensky Government

IN so far as help to Russia from without is concerned, it can come at the present moment only from Germany or America. If the Germans had not behaved so treacherously Russia would most probably fall under their yoke. But their behavior in Russia, beginning with Brest-Litovsk, was of such a nature that the feeling of revulsion against Germany is growing stronger and stronger. It is sweeping the whole country. It is time to admit that in spite of all our poverty, we have lost more than we have gained by the conclusion of peace. Already it is sufficiently clear that co-operation with Germany would mean the ruin of the Russian Revolution, would mean the restoration of the feudal order. Already the mask has been thrown off from the face of Germany in the Ukraine. The Germans there are hanging the Soviets, and depriving the peasants of the land in favor of the landlord. No, Germany cannot be our companion!

There remains then America, this great country which has given us shelter from the persecution of the Czar's Government, and which through her President has promised help even to the German people if they only tear asunder the chains of feudal autocracy.

In America the people are becoming more and more convinced of the necessity of rendering to Russia immediate and extensive help. There is, in fact, no discussion at the present time as to whether Russia ought to be helped, the discussion revolves only about the question how such help should be rendered. Some think it is possible to help Russia as she is, with the Soviet Government at the head; others think that first of all it is necessary to free the Russian people from the Bolsheviki.

Strange and inconceivable as it may seem, there is no common understanding in this regard even in the Russian colony. Here, too, we find both opposition and adherence to the idea of intervention. If we should take them at their own word, some of this colony already have under their banners an army of Russian volunteers of 200,000 ready to be hurled into Russia at a moment's notice, that they may, together with Japanese and other Allies, exterminate the Bolsheviki there.

Much doubt arises with respect to this plan.

First, whose extermination is being contemplated? Is it the Soviets? But they came into existence from the first of the Revolution, and both of the provisional Governments existed only so long as the Soviets tolerated them. Or are those who recognize them to be exterminated? But this would mean the extermination of fifty per cent of the population of Russia. One of the advocates of intervention explained it to me thus—"Those Bolsheviki who know what they are about we shall hang, and as to the unruly ignorant mob, we shall subject them to a good old-time flogging." I think, however, that it will be mighty difficult during this grand execution to distinguish where the real Bolsheviki are, and where the mob is. Anyway, it is rather a difficult task to flog 150,000,000 people.

In the magazine called "Asia" we read an article in favor of intervention. It says that we shall exterminate only Bolsheviki, from whom the whole Russian people wishes to free itself. It is not mentioned, however, where and how the writer has learned the will of the whole Russian people. I think that the Russian people will be able to free themselves without any help from outside. Is it not a fact that the power in Russia rests not in the Bolsheviki as such but in the Soviets? To-day the majority in the Soviets may be of the Bolsheviki. To-morrow, it may be of the social revolutionists or even of the Black Hundred.

* This article is based on an address in Madison Square Garden, New York, on June 10, when the Russian Soviet Recognition League was organized.

That the Soviets are becoming more conservative is as certain as the law of the pendulum. This law is true, not only in physics, but in politics as well. A wide swing to the left must recoil back again to the right.

Moreover, I believe that the time is not far distant when Russia with sword in hand will not only send her Revolutionary army to rid the country of the Germans, but will enter the Teutonic autocracies to establish there the principles and ideals of the brotherhood of nations and social justice.

Slow and inert are the Russian people. It is hard to awaken them, but it is equally hard to stop them. A slight breeze will pass over the ocean without any effect, but will set a brook in motion, which will quiet down as soon as the breeze has passed. But when the ocean is enraged, many days are required before its waves subside. Although the wind may have passed and the sun again shines bright and beautiful, the ocean is still indignant and breaks everything that gets upon its waves. It is in such terms that I picture to myself the present Russia.

Long have the Russian people suffered and waited patiently. What have they been waiting for? Is it constitutional guarantees? Civil liberty? Why pretend? These words are empty sounds to ninety-five per cent of the population. It is better conditions of life that they waited for, and seventy-five per cent of the people have been waiting for one thing, and that is, LAND. The moderate socialist and the Cadets, said, "You cannot get everything at once, be patient yet"—but the Bolsheviki came and said, "Take everything at once." And the people followed them.

It is however a difficult question to answer, "Followed whom?" It seems as if the Bolsheviki have found themselves in the situation of the hunter who hollered to his friend, "I have got a bear." "Fetch him here," said his friend. "I cannot for he does not let me," replied the hunter. It is especially applicable to the land question. From the first day of the Revolution even the conservatives plainly saw that all the land must be given to those who till it, for this was demanded by the public conscience. But there remained the question of how to transfer the land. Do not forget that Russia is principally an agricultural country, that the products of the land are the principal source of our wealth. A plot of land belonging to a landlord, due to more improved methods of agriculture, yields more than a plot of the same size belonging to a peasant. Therefore, in order that after large landed estates have been liquidated or done away with, the quantity of crops should remain the same, we must either advance the peasant's land to a higher state of cultivation or let the estates formerly belonging to the landlord remain in the same state as before. The small holdings of the peasants cannot be worked according to the methods applicable to large estates, therefore the most rational way in which the land question in Russia could be solved is the nationalization of all the land and the means of cultivating it. Then all the land could be worked as successfully as the most model estates of the landlord. If, however, the land is to be divided between John, Peter, and so on, the land which was formerly worked through advanced methods will now be cultivated in a much worse way. This even the Cadets understood.

Yet such a solution of the land question seemed beyond the strength of the Soviet Government—the first Socialist Government on earth. According to information from different sources the land at the present time is being divided among the peasants, and whatever cannot be physically divided, as for examples, libraries, productions of art, "Bourgeoisie" breeding cattle, and even agricultural implements, are being destroyed.

But what practical value towards a solution of these problems has the program of the advocates of intervention? What do they contemplate giving to Russia after the Bolsheviki shall have been exterminated? "We shall re-estoblish the Constituent Assembly," answer the papers. "We shall annul everything that has been done after November 6. We shall turn the wheel of history backward seven months."

Oh, if this were only possible! I would then turn not only these pages of our history, but also those upon which are accorded the Korniloff uprising, the Order No. 1, and if I had the strength, I would also turn those pages where are recorded absolutism, serfdom and the yoke of the Tartars.

But how can this be done? In the annals of mankind there are no such examples, and even in the Bible you find but one. And that was only for a few hours. It was Joshua who stopped the sun in its course, but even he could not turn it backward.

How then can you aspire to do it, you advocates of intervention, who are devoid of common sense and political wisdom, let alone the power to work miracles? Peeping into your ranks one cannot help exclaiming: "What a mixture of vestments and faces, tribes, dialects, social positions? One can see the former bureaucrats of the Department of Police, ex-revolutionists, international plunderers, and convinced Socialists."

It is not only that the plan of intervention can hardly succeed, but the very talk of it is wrought with the gravest danger. One of the principal ailments that Russia is suffering from at the present time is the deep antagonism between the masses and the Intellectuals. This antagonism is full of the gravest consequences, for if the Intellectuals were unable, without the masses, to destroy absolutism, the masses without the Intellectuals are powerless to rehabiliate the economic life of the country. For the salvation of the country we must unite. All talk of intervention is creating an atmosphere that prevents such union. Intervention talk will be interpreted by the people, we know, as the appeal on the part of the Intellectuals for foreign Armies and the detachments of Koch to invade their native land to regain their privileged positions. This contemplated plan may serve as the last nail in the coffin of the Russian culture, of the Russian states.

It is our duty to our country to expose the criminal character, the danger of this plan, appealing with our protest to

the largest number of intelligent people. It is our duty to wash the stain, the suspicion with which we have been unjustly held up before the masses of the people.

The pioneers of the revolutionary movement in Russia were the Intellectuals. With you and for your sake they perished in the prisons and in Siberia; with you and for you they gave their lives at the hands of the Czar's henchmen. In the seas of blood which was spilt for the liberties of Russia, the blood of the workers and that of the Intellectuals has intermixed. Is this not sufficient to weld them together?

And so neither intervention nor the talk of intervention can be favored by wise men. But Russia must be helped, and must be helped regardless of the composition of the government and the population. Shoes, locomotives, agricultural implements, are a necessity to the Bolsheviki, as well as the Mensheviki, to the Cadets, and even to the Black Hundred. Help is needed by the whole Russian people. And the Americans require assurance that any aid, financial or political, should not fall into the hands of the Germans. And such assurance can be given only by the Government, a *de facto* Government, which is the one now in existence, namely the Government of the Soviets. Therefore, the United States must cooperate with the Government of the Soviets. The Soviet Government may not be to the liking of some, but there is one advantage that it has; it really exists.

To Marie Sukloff-An Assassin

(Under the old Regime in Russia)

IN your lips moving fervently,
Your eyes hot with fire,
Life seems immortally young with desire.
Life seems impetuous,
Hungrily free,
Having no faith but its burning to be.

You could dance laughingly,
Draw where you move,
Hearts, hands and voices pouring you love.
Youth be a carnival,
Life be the queen,
You could go dancing and singing and seen!

Whence came that tenderness
Cruel and wild,
Arming with murder the hand of a child?
Whence came that breaking fire,
Nursed and caressed
With passion's white fingers for tyranny's breast?

In your soul sacredly,
Deeper than fear,
Burns there a miracle dreadful to hear?
Virgin of murder,
Was it God's breath,
Begetting a savior, that filled you with Death?

Max Eastman.

Socialists and Suppression

By Arturo Giovannitti

THERE is a growing demand among the most active and intelligent members of the Socialist Party for the formulation of a new platform. That their position should be revised, at least to meet the exigencies of the latest international developments, is an almost general wish; that it cannot be revised, owing to the unqualifiable policy of the government in suppressing discussion, is an equally universal belief.

Thus, while the majority of the rank and file of the party may have largely changed their viewpoint in relation to the war, the party as a whole may never have an opportunity to declare this, and re-adjust its action and its policies accordingly. As a political organization, as the only real party of opposition and the most direct political expression of the aims and aspirations of the proletariat, the Socialist Party stands now convicted without trial of un-Americanism (whatever that may be) and is condemned to remain under a cloud of opprobrium until such time as it shall please the powers that be, to take the muzzle off its mouth. As there is hardly any sign that this will be done before the Kaiser is beaten and the war is over, the Socialist Party will have to stand the jibes, the innuendoes and the insults of everybody that wants to take a fling at it. It can and will have to bleed on the battlefield for the cause of democracy; it must contribute its share of blood and money to the national cause; it may singly and individually fall in line behind Mr. Wilson, but as a whole it is doomed to silence and the obloquy that such silence entails in these times.

Now this is a condition of affairs that obtains only in America. In every other country of the civilized world, not excluding Germany, all political parties, of all shades of opposition, were allowed to meet and define whatever stand they chose to take. The mere fact that they met to discuss a political platform placed all their delegates in the privileged position of direct representatives of the people. The Independent Socialist Party of Germany, for instance, has been permitted openly to declare itself twice against the war policies of the government without being interfered with during its deliberations by any ambitious district attorney or all-penetrating sheriff. The attitude and conduct of the British Labor parties is too well known to need recounting. In Italy and France the various socialist parties have stood squarely by their platforms, or revised them whichever way they pleased, without interference. Yet more, throughout Europe the Socialist forces have been directly appealed to by the government to cooperate with it, have been treated diplomatically by the party in power, have been consulted on various occasions to the extent of being offered one or two portfolios in every cabinet. That they refused, when they did refuse, serves still better to elucidate the tolerant attitude of the government towards them.

Again, the few Socialists who have been jailed in Italy

and France had been previously convicted of specified overt acts and no one of them, not even in Germany, has been given more than four years, so far as I know. The steadfast policy of all these countries has been to conciliate the Socialists and win them over to the government, rather than to seize upon the opportunity furnished by the war to drive them out of the political field and suppress them. The famous "union sacré" of all democratic forces has been accomplished in Europe, or at least attempted, in a truly liberal and democratic way, not one statesman or one party trying to appropriate and monopolize the war to the exclusion of other parties.

In America just the contrary has happened. Whatever forces were opposed to the war before the war was declared, have been persistently and systematically ignored or hunted down afterwards. Special laws have been passed against them; their press has been suppressed, their leaders indicted by the wholesale, and hundreds of their members have been arrested, convicted, and sent up to the penitentiary for tens and twentys of years. Even when they openly avow a complete change of view, they are proceeded against with unabated ferocity. The policy of the government has been to punish all dissenters, rather than to convert them; to divide by persecution rather than to unite by tolerance; for what ultimate good effect on the morale of the nation it is hard to see.

There is but one explanation of this. It does not require superior brains to find it out, but it may require a little courage to state it. The explanation is that the war which is now waged by the whole of the American people against Germany is conducted, directed and completely controlled by one single man, who, no matter how great, how liberal, how well-intentioned he may be, must of necessity and by virtue of the sheer fact that he is a practical dictator, rule autocratically, and to the exclusion of every cooperating force that lies outside of his immediate control.

Personally I have an almost fanatical admiration for President Wilson, but this is due in my case to having accepted his leadership through an entirely individual process of reasoning, and not to his having done anything to draw nearer to him the intellectual environment in which I dwell. His appeal has been purely to the individual opponent—the classes and parties having been disdainfully and haughtily ignored.

The result, naturally, has been distinctly disquieting. We feel (for there are thousands like me) that in this country the government does not want the cooperation of radicals in their distinct capacity of radicals (as Lloyd George secretly covets it, Clemenceau bluntly demands it, and Orlando begs for it); but rather wants their humiliation or their blind and passive obedience, such as implies a practical throwing to the fishes of all their radicalism, both ideas and ideals.

This is borne out by the fact that the few Socialists who have been openly won over to the government, have been made to swallow their whole creed, and can no longer be called Socialists. Worse still, they have been assigned to the meanest and dirtiest tasks, such as writing books and articles against their own party, as Messrs. Spargo and Walling are doing; reviling the proletarian revolution of Russia, as in the case of Frank Bohn, Ph.D., and acting as volunteer stool pigeons for the Department of Justice, under the ancient and odorous name of Vigilantes.

None of these gentlemen has said or done a single thing that could be construed as proving to the Socialists at large that Socialism is as much concerned in the winning of this war as the Democratic Party.

The only thing they have done is to further convince the stand-patters that to support the government means practically to get out of business as a party of the workers. There does not seem to be any difference between the patriotism of Rockefeller and Morgan and that of Charles Edward Russell and J. G. Phelps Stokes; nor is there apparently any middle ground between the loyalty of Wall Street and that of an East Side trade union. Indeed, it seems that in order to be a good and unsuspected patriot nowadays, it is not sufficient to want the Kaiser swept off the earth—one must also believe in the suppression of all radical organizations in America, the tarring-and-feathering of American thinkers and union men, the lynching and hanging of labor leaders, and the absolute abdication of all individual thought and viewpoint. How all this can help the cause of democracy, and how democracy can still retain its original meaning by beating everything into a shapeless and chaotic mess, I fail to see.

Of course—to perpetuate the classic argument—the house is on fire and we must put it out. Of course President Wilson is the Fire Chief, and we are willing to let him stay on the job till the whole of the Atlantic Ocean has been poured over the last smoking ember. But must we not, at the same time, pay a little bit of attention to the house we are supposed to save? And first of all, had we not better realize at once that it is not a private mansion, but a family hotel? There are lots of separate apartments in it, and in each one dwells a separate family which is very much concerned about some of its own things—a grandfather clock, the household parrot or Johnny's first shoes—as well as about the building itself?

Have the Socialists and syndicalists been assured that their little flat will be taken care of just as much as the silverware and jewelry of the people on the first floor?

They have not—and that's the pith and pity of this whole argument.

ARTURO GIOVANNITTI.

A Little Song

I SHALL play a little song on my pipe in the spring,
And all the children hearing it shall come and sing,
And all the little birds will gather from the sky,
And great will be our piping, tho some may pass us by
Who do not know what spring is for, as we know—
Pipe and I.

Annette Wynne.

Stripped for Action

ALL roads lead to Rome, but some of them are in miserable repair.

The Austrians formulated a policy at the beginning of the war not to complicate the tangled international situation by winning any battles. The idea seemed to be if the Germans wanted any victories, let 'em win 'em.

The failure of the Venice sight-seeing tour to come off according to the advance notices is explained elaborately in an official statement which might be translated, "Postponed on account of wet grounds." Another element, however, was their failure to get permission from the Italian Government.

Captured documents show that the Germans treasure every particle of wrecked airplanes. The frivolous are sharply informed that this is not the work of the Junkers.

The Germans are still keen after modern improvements. The disease which is making trouble along the Western front is described as "the new Spanish type."

Prisoners taken at Belleau Wood were under the impression that the Germans had captured New York and were marching on Philadelphia. Testimony to the wide circulation enjoyed by *McClure's Magazine*.

Not the least charming feature of von Kühlmann's address is his picture of independent Finland pursuing its peaceful way to culture and prosperity.

We have to go to press without learning whether Henry Ford is to be sent to the Senate as a Republican or a Democrat. This grave national question seems to be bothering everybody except Henry and Michigan.

"If it takes ten years and twenty million men, we are going to wipe the German empire off the map." The New York *Mail* says: "These are big words, but there is a big will behind them."

The only thing behind these words so far is big Will Taft.

The Supreme Court has declared the child labor law unconstitutional as an invasion of the rights of the states. The venerable court is now within three wars of being up to date.

Wouldn't it be helpful if Germany had a Supreme Court to interfere with its national aspirations and uphold the rights of the states?

Next to the Kaiser's speeches the world's poorest form of reading matter is a competitor's seven-column attack upon W. R. Hearst. Third place is held by the National City Bank's argument against the conscription of wealth.

It is the notion of the interventionists of the Taft variety that during these comparatively idle summer days we should take on a war with Russia.

The American Defense Society seeks twenty million pledges never to buy German made goods. Parents whose children are too young for this war need not despair; the A. D. S. will try to get up another one for them.

Aguinaldo has offered us an army of Filipinos for service in France. Showing that a little home rule cast upon the waters is reasonably certain to turn up again.

The Colonel continues to take the joy out of life. Just at the time that our war achievements have for the first time become worth crowing about he comes out and preaches against boasting.

Superfluous straps, flaps and coat-tails are now forbidden by law; the Mormons have had to hand over a quarter of a million bushels of wheat out of the store-house; the Rockefellers have abandoned their labor inquiries, and Texas has gone bone dry.

The lanky old party is now stripped for action.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.

"On the Field of Honor"

YOU always were for sides, your hand
Rose to the shock of partisan blows;
And now, at ease in No Man's Land,
You sprawl between your friends and foes.
The carved mouth and the challenging eye,
Your loud scorn and your quiet faith—
Who would believe that you would lie
In the anonymous ranks of death!

I wonder how you take your rest,
Whose restless vigor tossed and burned;
And do you find earth's stony breast
Warmer than those from which you turned?
Are you content with this, the goal
Of all your purposes and pains;
Knowing the iron in your soul
Will not corrode, for all the rains?

An end to questions now. You are
Their silent answer on this red
Terrain, where every flickering star
Sets a last candle by your bed.
The guns are stilled, and you are part
Of the clean winds that smooth your brow.
O vigilant mind, O tireless heart,
Try sleeping now.

Louis Untermeyer.

How the Russian Revolution Works*

By John Reed

The most desperate resistance to the Soviet power came from the "moderate" Socialists, and middle-class "radicals." Curiously enough, much of it was unexpected, springing from obscure social impulses. A case in point is that of Marie Andreeva, wife of Maxim Gorky, who had been Commissar of the Provisional Government in charge of the *Narodny Dom*—People's House—the huge combination of theater, opera-house, restaurant and amusement park erected by Nicholas II to prove how he cherished the interests of his people.

The Kerensky Government had put Marie Andreeva at the head of *Narodny Dom*. She surrounded herself with theatrical directors, artists, musicians and other *intelligentsia,* and worked very hard to get "the best for the people." It was not what the people wanted; it was what Marie Andreeva thought the people ought to want.

I went through it with her one night. The great opera hall was full of middle-class people—opera was too expensive for the masses, and Marie Andreeva wanted the best of opera. In the theater was a huge mass of workingmen and peasants, thrilled intently by one of Tolstoy's plays. In another place was going on a vaudeville performance to the delighted roars of the audience.

"I'm going to do away with all this cheap sort of thing," said Marie Andreeva. "We're going to have here an experimental stage to produce medieval drama." It occurred to me that the worker and soldier masses might not appreciate pre-Elizabethan revivals, and I said so, but got snubbed for it.

In another enormous hall Marie Andreeva paused. "We are going to have this place decorated by the best modern Russian painters." She mentioned what it would cost, and I couldn't help wondering whether the people might not prefer to spend that money some other way.

As we passed through the place Marie Andreeva shouldered the people out of the way, criticized freely and openly their manners, morals and their honesty, and gave me the impression that they were of a low order of animal life. And the other directors of *Narodny Dom,* well-dressed, cultivated people, seemed to be occupied in somewhat contemptuously carrying out their own ideas of what they thought the populace wanted.

When the Bolshevik revolution came Marie Andreeva and her associates refused to submit to a Bolshevik commissar, and went on strike. Whereupon Smolny Institute asked the people to elect their own committee of management, and turned the funds of *Narodny Dom* over to the committee.

The Soviet Government suppressed the Imperial Ballet, and the groans of the outraged *intelligentsia* ascended to heaven. What! These ignorant brutes destroy beauty, suppress art! But Lunacharsky, Commissar of Education, had good reasons for his action. In the first place the Imperial Ballet cost a fortune to maintain, with its training-school; and in the second, the masses of the people had no chance to see it—for the tickets were sold by subscription to wealthy people who left them to their heirs in their wills; a close corporation.

But under the Soviets there was the School of Proletarian Drama, established by Lunacharsky. There was a free people beginning to create its own theater, in the scores of stages which sprang up in every barracks, every factory. The last week I was in Russia the theater of the soldiers of the Preobrashensky Regiment produced Shakespeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona"—but brought down to date, with Russian characters! In the Obukhov factory the workmen gave Gogol's "Marriage"; but just to show their state of mind, consider the heading of their program:

"Nicolai Gogol. *'A Marriage Under the Old Regime.'*"

A similar type of mind to that of Marie Andreeva was displayed by the Countess Panina, who, under the Kerensky Government, was in charge of the Ministry of Public Welfare—the department of Government Charities, of institutions for cripples, insane, orphans and old people.

Countess Panina had been a very wealthy woman, a "practical philanthropist" and student of sociology. She had built and endowed a *Narodny Dom* of her own, a sort of glorified settlement house, where there were courses of elementary education, help for poor families, soup-kitchens and nurses for the indigent sick.

When the Bolsheviks seized the power, Countess Panina "struck," and took with her the funds of the Ministry of Public Welfare, some 93,000 roubles, which she declared she would deliver only to the Constituent Assembly. Madame Alexandra Kollontai was appointed Commissar of the Ministry of Public Welfare by the new Government, but she was unable to continue the charities upon which so many of the poor people had come to depend, or to appropriate enough money for the institutions. Countess Panina was arrested, and brought to trial in the first case before the newly appointed Supreme Revolutionary Tribunal.

Justice

The name "Revolutionary Tribunal" suggests fierce sansculottes sitting in judgment with blood-stained sabers at their sides, and the guillotine champing up and down outside. The Russian Tribunal was different. It was composed of seven men—three soldiers and four workmen,

* All my Russian notes, newspapers and documents are still in the hands of the Government authorities at Washington. Therefore I cannot give the texts of the various decrees, or the exact words of quotations.

headed by Jukov, a revolutionist, who had been imprisoned in Schlüsselburg fortress for years. The only qualifications for members of the court were: first, that they must be members of the working-class—and second, that none of them should have studied law.

The court sat in the music-room of the palace of the ci-devant Grand Duke Nicolai Nicolaievitch, the audience being composed almost entirely of members of the nobility and the bourgeoisie, a large proportion of them teachers and settlement-workers. These people hissed the court, cheered Countess Panina and her defenders, and sneered continually at the whole performance. And although the place was patrolled by armed Red Guards, and one or two half-hearted attempts were made to clear the court-room, no violence was done.

A prosecutor was appointed by the Government, but any one in the audience was allowed to speak in accusation or in defense of the prisoner; one man, who insulted the court and the Soviets, and screamed at the top of his voice, was finally ejected. That was all.

Countess Panina was defended in a smooth speech by one of the cleverest lawyers of Petrograd. Among other witnesses she called a workingman, who testified that he had been fed in her *Narodny Dom,* and that her school had "flooded with light his dark mind." Other people told what a charitable life she had led, and how much the working people owed to her good deeds.

Then up rose a young worker, a fresh youth who spoke badly. But he said, "Comrades, all this is true. This woman has a good heart. Probably she did not realize that by withholding the money from the Ministry she was causing great suffering among the people. But she is all wrong. She has helped the people out of her riches. But where did her riches come from? Out of the exploited people. She tried to do good, with her schools, her nurses, and her soup-kitchens. But if the people had the money she received from their blood and sweat, we could have our own schools, our own nurses and our own soup-kitchens—and we could have them the way we want them, and not the way she thinks we ought to have them."

Amid great booing and hissing the Tribunal delivered its verdict. Guilty. But because of this lady's good deeds in the past, she should merely be kept in jail until the money was paid over, and then be "liberated to public censure" —which meant, be free to return to her palace!

Charity

How would a revolutionary Socialist Minister of Public Welfare act? Madame Kollontai did not believe in charity. She thought that society should take care of its misfits, but that the disabled or broken-down worker should be pensioned, and that there ought not to be any poor. But still, the immense work of poor relief carried on by both the Imperial and the Provisional Governments could not be broken off short.

The most important innovation she introduced was the immediate granting of self-government to all the state institutions—hospitals, old people's homes—except, of course, insane asylums. She dismissed the tyrannical and corrupt administrators and directors, and called upon the inmates to elect their own committees, administer their own funds to suit themselves, and make their own rules. For weeks afterward delegations came with tears in their eyes to thank her. The orphan asylums she gradually began to do away with, distributing the children among peasant families in the villages. The care and vocational training of the hundreds of thousands of wounded and crippled soldiers and sailors, who were without adequate care, she took under her direction. Beginning in Petrograd, with similar places planned for other cities, she took over a huge Government building and turned it into the Palace of Motherhood—a place where working-women about to have children could go to rest before and after confinement.

This institution was in no sense a charity, but a place where the people had a right to go, self-governing. While there the prospective mothers were given expert instruction by physicians on motherhood, how to feed their babies, teach them and keep them well. So the new Soviet State acknowledged its primary obligation to care for its children. . . . The women remained in the Palace four weeks before and four weeks after their confinement. Vast schemes of motherhood pensioning were also being worked out.

Madame Kollontai collaborated with Lunacharsky, Commissar of Education. Inmates in orphan asylums, and even child delinquents, were nevermore to be herded apart from other children. It was arranged that at last they were to attend the public schools and mingle with their young fellow-citizens, so that they should grow up with the rest of new Russia, and share its beliefs and its hopes. On the other hand, the snobbery of private schools was abolished. Take for example the "Institutes"—private boarding-schools for young ladies of the upper classes. While it was felt that orphan-asylums and reform-schools could not be entirely done away with at once, the same thing applied to the Institutes. The girls were allowed to segregate themselves—they were allowed to live together in exclusive Institutes, but a decree of the Government forbade that school should be taught there—the aristocratic young ladies must go to the public schools.

Education

Compulsory religious instruction was done away with. And more shocking than anything else—after school hours the school-buildings became the property of the scholars' committees, to do with as they pleased!

The awful thirst of the Russian masses for education spurred on the Soviet Government in its grandiose plans for a popular school system unequaled in the world. Of course everything in those first days had to be done hastily, sketchily; a start had *immediately* to be made. At the Third Congress of Soviets Lunacharsky placed on each delegate's seat a questionnaire:

1. How large a city, town, *volost* or village do you come from?

THE INTERNATIONAL LABOR SITUATION

Drawn by Boardman Robinson

2. Approximately how many school-children are there? How many adult illiterates?

3. How many schools have you? How many teachers? What are their qualifications?

4. What do your people want most to learn?

5. Will your local Soviet send to Petrograd to attend an Emergency People's University, and support for a six months' emergency course, one teacher for each two hundred students in your district?

The answers came. Of them an average was struck. It seemed that the Russian people wanted to learn three things: Reading and writing. Elementary scientific agriculture. Sanitation. When I left Petrograd the Emergency People's University was beginning; several thousand teachers had come to learn what the Russian people wanted to be taught. . . .

Religion

Closely allied with education has always been the Russian Orthodox Church, with all its symbolic pageantry, with its immense hold over the masses of the people.

Three years ago in Russia I saw the immense religious processions which filled the streets of cities with living seas. I attended services in cathedrals gorgeous with altar-screens of gold, and ikons studded with emeralds, where the tides of people flowed endless. I saw the great *lavras,* with their treasures and their wide lands, tenanted by thousands of monks living fatly, and thronged with hundreds of thousands of pilgrims at miracle-time. I saw the villages crowd into the churches on holy days.

Now all is different. The churches and all their treasures have become the property of the State. The peasant Land Committees have taken over the church lands. In certain monasteries the local Soviets have ordered that the monks shall go to work at something, or else lose their stipend. The great pilgrimages have stopped. In the cities the religious processions have dwindled so that only very rarely are they held. The blessing of the Neva, which used to take place with such imperial pomp, was reduced this year to a rapid procession around the Cathedral of St. Isaac of a few priests and about fifty people.

In January the Government needed the Alexander Nevsky monastery—partly for schools and partly as barrack-space for the Red Guards. The monks violently resisted the seizure of the place, and in the scuffle two or three of them were killed. Two years ago this would have aroused all Russia. But under the Soviets a monster religious procession of protest by all the clergy only brought out a few hundred people, mostly old women, while the population stood banked along the sidewalks, curiously aloof.

I attended the Christmas service in St. Isaac's at four o'clock in the morning. There were about a hundred worshippers present—in former days there had been ten thousand—and along the wall stood a group of soldiers, watching, as if they had waked out of a dream, and were reviewing their dream. . . .

After the first outbreak of Revolution in March, the Church held a great Congress at Moscow, the first since the days of Ivan the Terrible, and tried to democratize itself. A Union of Democratic priests was formed, which sent delegates to the Democratic Conference at Petrograd in September. At Colpinno I have seen an ordained priest taking the Socialist side in a debate with an Anarchist before a body of workers. . . .

But the Church was too slow. Out of the depths rose suddenly a new ideal, consumed with a burning fire of internationalism, which replaced the spiritual food provided by the Church to the hungry masses.

What could be a more significant sign than the indifference of the people when the thrice-sacred Kremlin of Moscow was bombarded during the civil war there? But on the other hand, there was something terrible in the Red Funeral as Moscow, when the revolutionary dead were buried under the wall of the Kremlin, beneath a crimson banner bearing the legend, "The first martyrs of the International Social Revolution." A burial without priest or service, a funeral procession through streets whose churches were closed, whose ikon-lamps were extinguished. . . .

This fervor of Internationalism, this deep sinking in of the Socialist doctrine—one noticed it everywhere. I remember an old half-Mongolian peasant, who came as delegate to the Constituent Assembly from the border of Outer Mongolia, sixty-odd days from the railway, he said. One of his demands was, "That the Russian Republic shall lend not only moral but financial aid to the left wing of the Socialist movement *in other countries.*" In the gaunt, dim Mikhailovsky Manege, where the Red Army was drawn up in thousands, ready to go to the wars, I asked some young workmen their destination.

"The internal front or the external front, what does it matter? Whether we fight the counter-revolution or the Germans, there is no difference. Our battle is against the bourgeoisie of the world."

"News"

What an education the Russian masses have had! In every town scores of newspapers, of all shades of political and economic opinion. Every unit of the old army with its official organ and its journals of the different political groups. Every village, almost, with its daily press. And the hundreds of tons of pamphlets shipped out from the cities—from all the cities: translations, reprints of Kropotkin and Plekhanov, and Bakunin, exhortations, treatises by Lenine, screeds on every moral, political, scientific subdivision of doctrine, appeals, arguments, denunciations. Who can measure the trainloads and trainloads of reading-matter, on sale at every street corner, at every meeting-place, in the headquarters of the popular organizations, in the Government Ministries themselves, even in the churches?

I went down to the Riga front in September, and the rough, dirty, gaunt and freezing soldiers came shoeless from

the trenches, and asked us—not for food, not for clothing, but for "news."

At the beginning of the Revolution about two per cent of the Russians were literate; by November about thirty per cent had learned to read—learned to read because they *had to know;* and not on the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Snappy Stories,* but on basic politics, economics, philosophy, written by the world's greatest.

Then the floods of talk—a year of speeches—speeches everywhere, in the Soviets, in the All-Russian Congresses which met at Petrograd one after another, Peasants, Workers, Army, Railwaymen, Co-operatives. . . . Speeches in the factories, the barracks, on the street-corners, in the tram-cars; speeches on anything a speaker liked to talk about, as long as he wanted to talk.

At one Soviet meeting a delegate from the floor made a motion to limit speeches to three hours—and was voted down!

A nation dumb all its history, trying its voice and saying beautiful things.

"Comrades!" said a soldier, in his first public speech. "I come from the place where men are digging their graves, and call them trenches!"

City Housing

It was not only landed estates which were confiscated, but city property as well. Imagine that a revolutionary proletarian Government of New York City took over the skyscrapers, the residences of upper Fifth avenue, the apartment houses of Riverside Drive, and you will realize something of what happened in Petrograd, a modern city of two million inhabitants.

At that time there was a surplus population in Petrograd of almost a million people. Many had no place to sleep. The Petrograd Soviet ruled that henceforth rooms were to be apportioned to the number of people occupying them. Thus, two persons were entitled to three rooms, two persons and two children to four, and so on. It made no difference whether the rooms were in your own house or apartment. The remainder of the rooms were allotted to people who had no rooms.

If you owned your own house or the house in which your apartment was, you could retain free enough rooms for your family, provided the rent for them did not amount to more than eight hundred roubles a year; all rent over that sum must be paid into the treasury of the city.

The rents of city real estate were employed as follows: ten per cent to the National Housing Fund; thirty-three and a third to the Local Housing Fund; the rest for upkeep and repairs and necessary service, such as paying *dvorniki,* fuel for heating, light, etc. The Local Housing Fund was used to erect new cities in place of the slums and the working-class quarters—cities much more splendid than the old ranks of palaces where the nobility of ancient Russia lived.

The Imperial Palaces were declared "people's museums," and by decree solemnly forbidden to be used any more as places of Governmental activity. Ranks and titles, the whole iron frame-work of distinctions so carefully built up by Peter the Great, were abolished at one stroke of the pen. The calendar was reformed, and this one measure dealt a mortal blow at the hierarchy of the Orthodox Church, which has always denounced the Gregorian calendar as "Catholic" and heretical. The Government Ministries were full of workingmen in their working clothes, dealing with affairs of state openly and according to the dictates of common sense. As one walked down the streets past the great banking institutions, whose power under the Tsar, had held the people in a vise, one saw over the doors, "People's Bank. Branch Five," or "People's Bank. Branch Six." In the restaurants, where the unionized waiters made a decent living because they received a percentage of the charges, hung signs, "Just because a man has to make his living waiting on table, is no reason to insult him by offering him a tip."

The Press

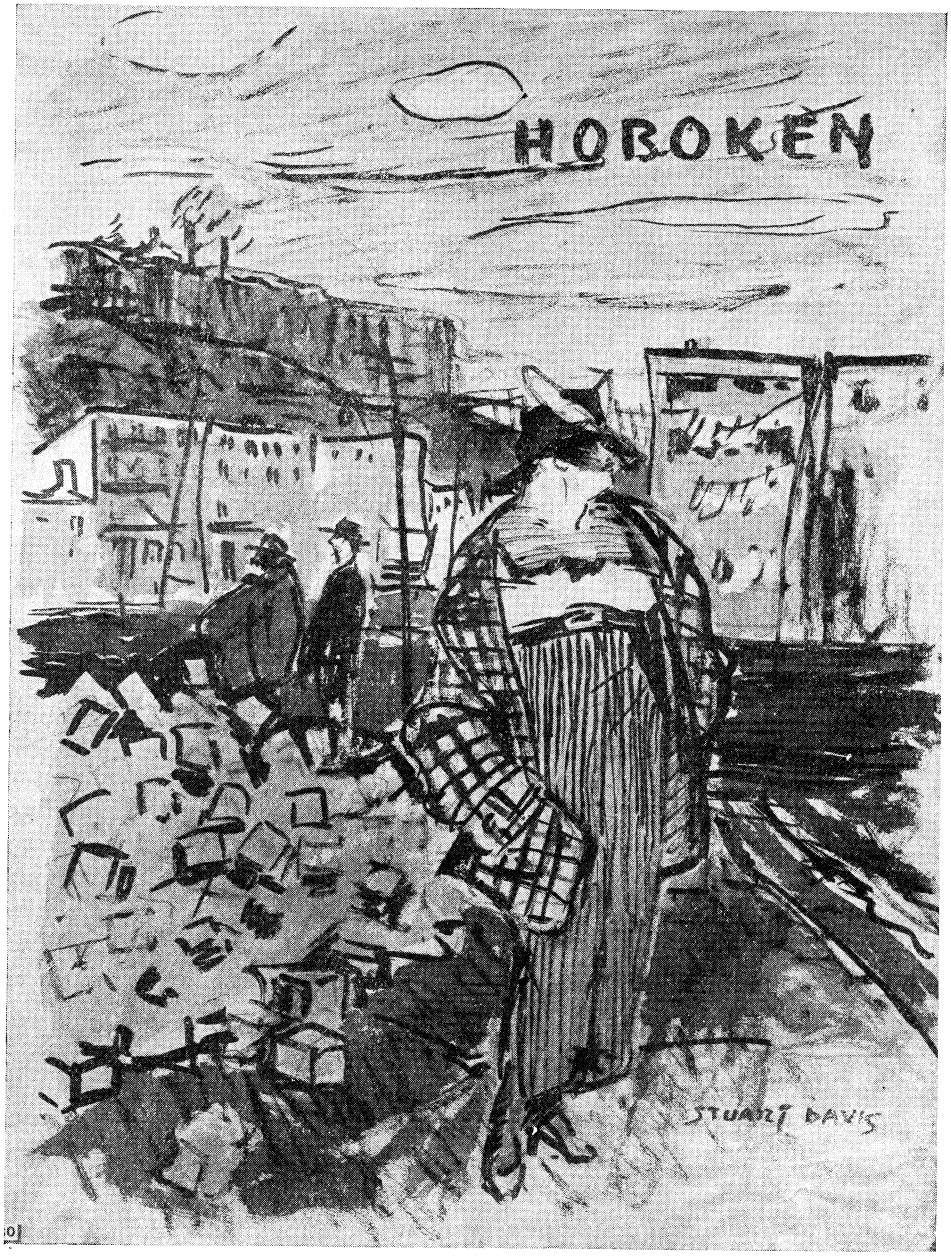
What about the Press? What about the "suppressed newspapers?" This. At the time of the November Revolution Lenine proposed a decree concerning the press, which limited the amount of print-paper, presses and offices owned by each newspaper to the proportion of votes cast by each political party at the latest municipal elections. There was only a certain amount of paper, ink and presses in Russia. Lenine said in effect: "The press is as powerful a weapon as the bayonet. We are not going to allow the bourgeoisie, because of economic advantage, to continue its monopoly of the press. If the bourgeois parties cast one-third of the votes in Petrograd, the bourgeois papers will get one-third of the paper, ink and machinery."

As a matter of fact, attempts to control the press by force failed. I have in my possession copies of the bourgeois papers for almost every day of the time they were supposed to be shut down. In the heat of insurrection, certain papers were stopped for a few days because they were inciting to open bloodshed. The printing shops of others were seized.

For the most part, however, the so-called suppression was due to the new law which made advertising a Government monopoly, and which led to the voluntary closing down, not only of the bourgeois papers, but of the "moderate" Socialist organs, for some weeks.

But the Soviet Government is frankly a dictatorship of the proletariat, of the many over the few. It gives no "constitutional guarantees"; its object is the seizure of the property upon which capitalist rule is based. Until that is done, and all are leveled in the working-class, democracy is impossible.

(*In the next article I will describe the industrial organization of the Russian workers, the Soviets, how they are elected and what they do, and the agencies which rule economic life in Russia.*)



Stuart Davis

PORTRAIT OF A CITY

HOBOKEN is a city about a mile square, over in the smoke across the Hudson, shuffling down the beginnings of the Palisades to the edge of the water with a loose collection of factories and railroad yards and cheap flats.

I selected this picture and the other one, A Back Window in New York, from Stuart Davis's studio because they exemplify—as well at least as the present state of Post Office tolerance will allow—a disaffection with beauty, especially in its more sanitary aspects, and a general revolt against sweetness and light, which is one of the most extreme moral idealisms in Greenwich Village. "Lines and colors are wondrous lovely, but character is lovlier," said Walt Whitman, preaching the advent of a great native American art and poetry. And, though this great art and poetry has not fully appeared, there has appeared a mood of reckless experimentation that holds abundant promise of it. And character indeed, rather than loveliness of line and color, is the principal theme and preoccupation of the experimenters.

Stuart Davis is one of the most assertively gifted among them, and one who is the least inclined toward loveliness of line and color, or of subject, or any loveliness at all except that of the strongest individual character. He chooses to have somewhat the character of an alley cat. His art lives among the same squalid and strong-smelling and left-out objects, and it goes its sordid way with the same suave dirty muscular self-adequate gracefulness of power.

MAX EASTMAN.

Stuart Davis

FELINE

Diurne—The Story of a Day's Work

By Phillips Russell

THE day was already hot, though it was only ten o'clock in the morning. The beat of the sun on the back of his neck made him cast about in his mind for recollection of a shady spot in which to enjoy the grateful sensation of torpor he felt creeping over him. He had just had the sort of breakfast that he loved from his sister, Martha, who cooked for the rich white folks up the street. It had consisted of scrambled eggs with a slice of ham, fried crisply brown, a hunk of cold corn bread, and several cups of coffee.

He was well pleased that Marthy had gone to cook for dem rich folks—he had needed a place where he could go and get plenty of good rations when he felt hungriest. Life at the moment was full and complete. There was absolutely nothing he wanted now except a shady place to lie down in and something in motion to look at.

He thought of several places he could go to. There was the courthouse square in the center of town; there was always something going on there. But then somebody might find something for him to do; white folks were so troublesome with their endless errands, and one of them was almost sure to want his Ford automobile cranked. The last thing he felt like doing was to undertake some sudden, exacting task like cranking a Ford. So he veered away from the centre of town and walked around it.

A distant locomotive whistle smote his ear. That gave him an idea. The express train from Washington to Tampa was about due at that hour. He would go down and see it come in. There was always something pleasureable about the arrival of the "cannon ball," as it was known in his town. You never knew what interesting person might get off it—a New York drummer with his cloth-top shoes and a purple necktie, perhaps, or maybe a rich white man in a silk hat.

A few minutes' walk brought him to the station. The townspeople called it the "deepo." He soon found the sort of place he wanted—a grassy plot under a low hanging Chinaberry tree. It was near enough to enable him to see all that was going on and not so conspicuous as to attract the attention of some white man who might want something done. He stretched himself luxuriously at full length, pulled his cap over his eyes and rested his head on his arms.

The train was not long in arriving. It rushed in furiously and pulled itself up short with a grinding of wheels. The engine sank back on its haunches panting. Shimmering heat waves arose from its glissening back. He loved to watch heat waves rising. They always made him sleepy. He was sleepy now. But he resisted the impulse while the passengers were getting off. None of them were of much importance, however. There was the usual hugging and kissing between the stay-at-homes and the returned, the usual parting injunctions loudly called. Then the train pulled out again. Its colored porter stayed on the ground till the last car came by. Then he swung on to the railing of the steps with the grace and ease derived from long practice, waving his hand back to a group of simpering colored ladies, as the train cast up a dense plume of smoke and disappeared around a curve.

The ebony figure under the tree watched until the last wisp of smoke had disappeared. He was glad he had come. He had always enjoyed seeing that nigger swing that last car. It must be great to be a porter. He thought vaguely of becoming one some time. If anybody ever walked up to him and said: "Say, Zeb, how would you like to be the porter on the cannon ball? Come on; I've got your uniform and cap all ready," he would certainly accept. He made up his mind he would. He would show these here town niggers how to swing a train.

He was picturing to himself the dashing figure he would cut, when that dozy feeling spread along his veins and pulled down his eyelids. He slept like the huge, black child he was, until well into the afternoon. A clattering wagon awakened him. Feeling much refreshed, he pulled himself up to a sitting posture. There was nothing in particular to fix his eyes upon, so he simply sat and gazed out on the sun-baked world, untroubled, unthinking.

A sparrow alighted a few feet away and began to pull at a piece of string entangled in the grass, having decided it would be just the thing for her newly started nest. She tugged at it fiercely. He chuckled as he noted her earnestness. He remained motionless for fear he might disturb her. The string gave slightly, letting her fall with wings asprawl. He laughed silently, enjoying every moment of the struggle. She now pulled at the string from a different angle. It slipped off the grass easily and off she flew with a chirp of triumph. His eye followed her as far as he could trace her flight. He wished for a moment that he was a bird so that he could fly anywhere he wanted to go without effort, say like a buzzard with outstretched, lazily spread wings.

He dropped back into the grass, letting his head rest on a tuft. A long spear bent over his face. A small black ant was creeping up it toilsomely. He watched her, wondering where she thought she was going. He picked up a straw and blocked the ant's path with it. The insect stopped suspiciously, tested the object with her antennae, decided it would do, and started to crawl up it. She traversed its entire length and stood at the end, waving her arms helplessly in the air. He transferred her to another stick and she started the process all over again. He now began to tease her. He shook the stick but the ant got a toehold and held on. He tried to blow her off with a puff of his breath, but she hung on desperately. Tiring of this

he dropped both stick and ant in the grass and looked off vacantly.

It suddenly occurred to him that he was thirsty. He knew of an old, abandoned spring that led into a large pond a half mile up the railroad track, but he was so comfortable where he was that he hated to think of the exertion necessary to reach it. The more he tried to dismiss the subject from his mind the thirstier he became, until finally he acknowledged to himself that he would not be comfortable again until he went and got that drink of water. He stood up and stretched himself drowsily. He excused himself for the effort by telling himself that the woods around the spring were very deep and cool and that a long draught of fresh water would be very grateful on such a hot day.

He ambled down to the railroad track and began to walk the ties. The sun was so hot it had fried the tar out of the ties and dabs of it stuck to his heelless, broken-down shoes. That spring water would certainly taste good.

Reaching a faintly indicated path, he followed it up a slope into the heart of the close-set pines and dogwood. It was even hotter here than in the open, because the high-grown sedge grass with which the path was bordered shut off all but the strongest breezes. But he didn't mind heat. He merely disliked to exert himself in it. He crooned to himself softly as he walked along.

At the spring he threw himself flat on his chest and holding on to the cool, mossy stones on either side, he put his head down and drank deep, slaking draughts. He sat up, reinvigorated and tremendously satisfied. He sat motionless by the side of the spring a while, enjoying the sensation of richness and fullness with which his whole being was suffused.

A catbird alighted in a bush nearby and spying him, began to flirt her tail and complain about the intrusion: "Miaow!" "Miaow!" He imitated her mockingly and laughed as she was irritated into redoubling her complaints.

A crawfish bestirred itself at the bottom of the spring and came out from under a leaf to view the day. He took a twig and poked at it. The crawfish hastily retreated, leaving behind a little cloud of sediment.

He looked off contentedly down to the edge of the pond. There was a flash of blue flame from overhead and a kingfisher alighted on the limb of a dead tree hanging over the water. He sat there motionless a few seconds, then spying his prey, shot downward. There was a splash, and a column of spray flew up from the black water. The kingfisher missed. Discomfited, he resumed his perch, flipping the water off his tail.

The negro back at the spring chuckled softly. He loved to see something get away from a would-be captor.

It suddenly occurred to him that he would like to do some fishing himself. The thought of hot fried fish made his mouth water. But he had no hook or line. He thought for a moment, and then an idea came to him. Going down to the edge of the pond, he walked along its edges, parting the sweet gum and willow bushes and peering into them.

At last he found what he sought—a cane fishing pole, with line, hook and cork complete—left there by some fisherman who had intended to come back for it some time.

He inspected the outfit. The hook was rusty and the line was bleached, indicating that it had been weeks since its owner had left it there, but a tug at the thread showed that it would hold any fish of the size he was likely to catch in this pond.

Eagerly he pulled up a few tufts of swamp grass. At the roots of one he found a large fat worm, and a second under another tuft. He put both worms on the hook and spitting on them for good luck, threw them into a dark spot of water that looked promising. Raking up a little heap of dry grass under a shady willow, he sat down with a sign of deep satisfaction. The wrinkles on his soul filled out with unalloyed joy.

Watching the motionless cork made him feel sleepy again. So he slept for two hours. When he woke up, there was a fat sunfish on his line. It was getting to be "biting time" now, as the sun began to slant toward the horizon, and he soon caught another one, then a third, and finally a fourth. They would make a fine mess for supper. His nostrils expanded as he imagined how they would smell in the pan. So he arose and started toward Marthy's kitchen. He was a little tired, but well satisfied with the day's accomplishment.

PHILLIPS RUSSELL.

Negro Free Verse

THE COTTON PICKER

I BEND and bend and bend; it is a virtue for me to bend.
My hands are redder than the bandanna handkerchief on my grandmother's head; my eyes are pierced with the whiteness.
I have but one dream—a moonlight night, a flask of red liquor and the tunes Fiddler Ike plays on the levee.

THE SUNSET

A YOUNG girl, golden brown, whose litheness would pluck the Angel Gabriel from the skies, lies on her bed in the cabin of the heavens, awaiting her brawny lover, whose breast is darker than a shadow and whose eyes are moons of passion.

RULERS

IT is said that many a king in troubled Europe would sell his crown for a day of happiness.

I have seen a monarch who held tightly the jewel of happiness.

On Lombard Street in Philadelphia, as evening dropped to earth, I gazed upon a laborer duskier than a sky devoid of moon. He was seated on a throne of flour bags, waving his hand imperiously as two small boys played on their guitars the ragtime tunes of the day.

God's blessing on the monarch who rules on Lombard Street in Philadelphia.

Fenton Johnson.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE

THE recent American Federation of Labor convention has to its credit the following:

Condemnation of an inter-belligerent labor and Socialist Conference.

Setting aside as inappropriate all thorough-going social reconstruction programs.

Endorsement of the Suffrage Amendment.

Condemnation of the Child Labor decision.

A temperate approval of Irish Home Rule.

A mild appeal to the President to prevent the execution of Mooney.

Request for government operation of telegraph companies during the war.

Approval of plans for the vocational rehabilitation of soldiers.

A demand that one-half (!) the cost of the war should be raised by taxation of swollen incomes, war profits, and land values.

The editors of THE LIBERATOR, none of whom were present at the convention, are wondering whether it was more like a Chamber of Commerce meeting dominated by slightly liberal influence, or the average annual gathering of the National Federation of Women's Clubs. The Convention has been interpreted for us by a radical journalist of wide experience who attended its sessions, as follows:

REASONS for the reactionary depression which governed this meeting of the parliament of American labor all run to two points—the war, with its hysteria against every form of liberalism and radicalism, and the rapid growth in power of the bigger unions, that have now ripened to majority influence in the Federation. As one after another of the jurisdictional struggles in this convention was decided in favor of the stronger union involved, and one after another the officers of the dying unions cried out in vain for "justice," a whimsival veteran remarked: "Three Belgiums devastated here today, but no France or England to defend them."

Big unions grow, and absorb the jurisdiction of the smaller. As they expand, their idealism gives way to practical politics, to diplomacy, to trading with the other growing powers, to reactionary alliance.

Samuel Gompers today controls perhaps six, perhaps only five, of the eleven votes in the Executive Council henceforth. Next year he may lose another vote. His own position may not be secure. He belongs to a lesser union. There are leaders more reactionary than he, who can stampede a crowd against liberal ideas more quickly and brutally. They are impatient to rule. The cycle of reaction is not yet completed.

T. L. M.

Another careful student of the labor movement summed up his impressions of the St. Paul convention for THE LIBERATOR in the following significant statement:

THE American Federation of Labor has traditionally been a conservative organization, brightening the corner where it was and letting the rest of the world go hang. It has scorned dramatic industrial action, sniffed at politics and cherished an Olympian ignorance of foreign lands and labor movements.

But what has happened? We now see the Federation entering world politics, tutoring the labor movements of all nations, dispatching its emissaries to all parts of the globe, chatting with kings, dining with statesmen, and projecting the destruction of all workers' organizations who dare to disagree with its gospel. It casts its godlike eye to all corners of the earth. From the steppes of Siberia to the peaks of the Andes its thunderous edicts reverberate.

"How did this come about?" you ask. "And what does it mean?"

Well, the newspapers have narrated the stages in the miracle, though they have neglected to interpret it.

Mr. Lloyd-George, premier of England, and M. Clemenceau, premier of France, have been in trouble of late. They have been widely suspected, as the recent American Labor Mission to France and England reported, of cherishing imperialistic designs in connection with the war. The labor movements of their respective countries have openly proclaimed that they would not shed another drop of blood for purposes of imperialistic aggression, and declared virtual war on their several premiers. They gathered together the representatives of the large majority of the working classes in England, France, Italy, Belgium and other Allied countries, and drew up a programme of war aims and peace terms which summed up what they had learned from three years of the war, and foreshadowed the complete overthrow of imperialists, with its domination of governments by industrial and financial powers, and its handing over of a third of the earth to the exploitation of private individuals.

Lloyd-George and Clemenceau, with the forces they represent, were troubled. The labor opposition was too solid, too well documented, too sure of itself to be successfully opposed with the political resources at their command. They sent out a call for help.

Who responded? Why, bless you, the American Federation of Labor.

The recent "labor mission" of men and women appointed by President Gompers, went to England *at the request of the English Government.* It was received by the government, feted by the government, and "routed" by the gov-

A. F. OF L. CONVENTION

ernment like any vaudeville troupe over the official "circuit" of labor England. It was similarly received, feted and "routed" by official France. The highest dignitaries of these two nations were brought forward to give éclat to these American trade unionists and to impress the British and French workers with the majesty of their message.

What was their message? It was this: "We, representing the American trade-union movement, new to international problems, we who have gained enormous advantages out of this war and have suffered from it almost not at all, tell you, who have thought and struggled and bled in the war for three and a half years, that you don't know what you are talking about. When you urge a conference with the German working class you are traitors to civilization. When you oppose your own reactionary governments you are betraying the cause of labor. Lay off your thinking about the war, do as you are told, and let Messrs. Clemenceau, Lloyd-George et al. settle it and rearrange the world as they like."

We do not say that the American Federation was conscious of the role it played. It may genuinely have believed that it was helping sustain the morale of European labor in the necessary sacrifices ahead of it. But in cold fact, this American "labor" mission was a godsend to the reactionaries of Europe. It scolded the British workingman exactly as the *Morning Post* scolds them. It used the arguments of the New York *Times*. It made itself (armed as it was with the prestige of Mr. Wilson's name) the most powerful offensive which Lloyd-George has yet sent against the labor opposition.

Has it stopped with a mere "exchange of views" between American and British labor? Has it been content with fulfilling its commission to "observe, study and report"? It has not.

It laid its plans while it was on the ground, to unite the reactionary labor forces in Europe, those which are supporting Clemenceau and Lloyd-George and seeking to keep labor obedient. It returned with its amazing scheme for a world-wide league of reactionary labor federations, and Mr. Gompers is its prophet. The Federation, at its recent St. Paul convention, commissioned Mr. Gompers to go to Europe and put the scheme into effect. The European imperialists are breathing easier.

This Gompers league is to have all the aid and support which the majesty of government and the persuasiveness of journalism can give it. The representatives of the reactionary wing of British labor, *appointed by the government,* are welcomed to American shores. The elected representatives of the British Trade Union Congress are refused permission to come to this country *at the express request of the American Embassy.* (Something in that to ponder over!) The representatives of the A. F. of L. are received by the British King himself, those of American Socialist and radical bodies are refused passports. Peter Troelstra, leader of the Dutch Socialist movement, is forbidden to enter England.

So it goes. Reactionary labor is assisted politically and financially by the various governments, to organize itself into a grandiose worldwide federation. The majority labor movements of Europe are kept cooped in their own nations, a prey to ignorance, rumors and doubts. Government is seeking to divide and conquer.

All this, with much smooth language, was reported at the St. Paul convention. Perhaps not many of the delegates understood how it happened that the American Federation of Labor, instead of brightening its own corner, is now mixing in international relations, in political councils and in the internal industrial conflicts of foreign lands.

When peace is signed they may be enlightened.

H. M.

* * * * * *

IT appears, then, that Margaret Bondfield and F. Hall, fraternal delegates chosen to represent the British Labor Party at the convention of the American Federation of Labor were prevented from sailing, not by action of the British Government, but at the express request of the American Embassy. What an anomaly! The British Labor Party scorning its own Government heads, frankly claims President Wilson as its leader and the exponent of its international ideals. Yet its delegates, chosen no doubt to bring conservative American labor more intelligently in line with that leader and those ideals, are denied the right of attending the Convention by the American Ambassador, appointed by President Wilson!

And the A. F. of L. of course accepts this high-handed interference without a murmur, glad to be relieved of the necessity of being polite to European radicals.

Indeed, judging from the report of the mission recently returned from Europe, one wonders whether radical developments over there have made any impression on American labor. The daring and constructive statesmanship of the British Labor Party, which has set the whole world thinking, is almost ignored in their report, while an informal conversation with King George and Queen Mary, during which "the king moved freely from group to group surprising the members of the Mission by his intimate knowledge of industrial problems," made a deep impression.

The British Labor Party has chosen President Wilson as its hero. Why should not the A. F. of L. choose King George?

C. E.

BOOKS

The Lovely Invalid

Drift. A Novel, by Mary Aldis. $1.50 net. Duffield & Co.

"DRIFT" is an unusual novel. It deals with a type of woman familiar enough in life, but generally neglected—save for shallow caricature—in fiction. Sometimes she is briefly and satirically sketched as she sits in her motor car with her poodle, and held up to scorn in contrast with the women of the working class who pass on the sidewalk with babies in their arms. Sometimes she is denounced as a mere vain creature, too much in love with ease and frivolity to have children, or afraid of losing her "figure." And occasionally her husband is sympathized with for having such a doll instead of a real woman to bear and mother children for him. But that is about as far as ordinary fiction goes into the subject. This book takes her seriously, tells us something about her, and how she came to be.

Of course, there are a variety of ways in which such a woman can come to be, but the particular history sketched in this volume is instructive. Eileen, the heroine of the tale, is an orphan, brought up under the care of a maiden aunt, who represses her childish curiosity about marriage, and leaves her to form her earliest theories of that relationship upon the only facts she knows. These facts happen to be that her mother was very unhappy after she was married, and that her own coming into the world had caused her mother's death. The theory formed upon such data, never consciously formulated, is nevertheless implicit in the attitude of this girl throughout life. She is, in fact, unconsciously afraid of men, afraid of some terrible and fatal demand which they will make upon her.

Her need for the expression of the instinct of love, which has been unconsciously repressed by this fear, leads her, at the age of nineteen, to go into settlement work. Her hitherto sheltered life leaves her quite unprepared for the sort of shock which is fairly bound to come. When it does come, in the shape of contact with a girl of the slums who unwillingly gives birth, cursing her fate, to a child that she hates, Eileen flees back to society activities. But the material upon which those early theories were formed has been reproduced in the deadliest way. These theories are further reinforced by the Strindbergian fiction for which she characteristically develops a timid penchant. So that when presently she meets a man whom she falls in love with, and he proposes marriage, she naturally rejects him.

She has, in fact, acquired a profound unconscious fear of the feminine rôle. And when she does marry, she marries a man whose gentleness and tenderness seem to promise that he will not inflict that rôle upon her. He does not have the understanding which would enable him to dispel these cloudy fears; in fact, like all the other men with whom the heroine comes in contact, he is too tender-minded on the subject of sex to be capable of a rational conversation with a neurotic woman. He has, no doubt, fairly let himself in for the unhappiness which is bound to ensue, for he knows the limited nature of her feeling for him. But he intends to "wait" until she is ready to be his wife. He does wait, until finally the emotion of pity leads her to accept the inevitable relationship. Upon pity and friendship alone the marriage is based; yet he is shocked at her fear of becoming a mother. And when, after she has given birth to a still-born child, she refuses to undergo such an experience again, there follows a complete estrangement.

Her first suitor returns into her life, and she discovers that she still loves him; though perhaps the truth is that love for him represents an escape into dreamland, an opportunity to evade facing the fact of marriage. But when he takes her at her word, plans a divorce, and speaks of her as the mother of his children to be, she shrinks from him. He, believing himself in love with her, but incapable of setting one English sentence after another in any effort to cure her neurotic fear, goes away and consoles himself with another sweetheart, who cheerfully bears his children.

Consider the further career of such a woman. She will, in her need for love, unconsciously encourage the attentions of every interesting man; yet when those attentions reveal their inevitable intention, she will shrink and flutter away. To the extent that she is, like Eileen, lovely and desirable, she will be, with her eternal promise and her eternal denial of happiness, a poison in men's hearts, a breaker up of homes, a pest all the more flagrant in that she is all the more innocent. And consider, too, that she moves in a station of society where men, if they are correctly reported here, are utterly helpless in their ignorance or their tongue-tied maidenly reserve before such a phenomenon—men who do not stay to battle with her for her life's salvation (and, since they are presumed to be in love with her, for theirs!) but who run away, ineffably hurt at the discovery of her inadequacy. There is the stuff of a realistic tragedy here. But it is only fair to leave the dénouement for the novelist herself to reveal.

F. D.

* * * * * *

Rhythm in a Novel

Nocturne. By Frank Swinnerton. George H. Doran, Publisher. Price $1.40.

THIS book is like something that you can take in with your eye, that you can touch with your fingers, that you can hold to the sun and let the light play through, that you can thoroughly comprehend, and encompass, and enjoy. It is a miniature, but it is all there. And it has so definite a rhythm (more definite than most novels, because it has a time limit of twelve hours, and two people simultaneously doing similar things in widely dissimilar ways and places) that it pulls life drastically into a certain mold, as a picture does or a play. Inevitability is heightened by the inexorable ticks of the clock, and existence becomes something more than a muddy stream, ceaselessly flowing.

It is six o'clock and Jennie is returning from the millinery shop, riding in a London tram-car. At home are

Pa and Emmy. Pa, feeble, senile, like a child who likes his "bready butter pudding," so frantic about his beer that the word can't be mentioned in his presence. He asks all who come in for the "noos," and gurgles into his pipe. Emmy, slightly older than Jennie, is the Martha of the household, long-suffering and self-pitying and envious of Jennie's life outside. Jennie is a romanticist, proud and gay, catty and kind by turns. She supplements Pa's pension with her weekly pay from the milliner's shop.

Supper is a dingy meal. "O Lor!" whispers Jennie, "Stew and b. p. What a life!" The girls backbite and take care of Pa by turns. They wash and wipe the dishes together. And the conversation leads to Alf. Alf has been Jennie's "steady," and this night Jennie discovers that Emmy has been in love with him for a long time. Jennie has only gone out with him so much because the man she really loves, a sailor, seldom was about.

So this night, having discovered Emmy's desire for Alf, she plays Alf off on Emmy. Emmy is chagrined when she detects Alf's reluctance to take her to the theatre in place of Jennie, but the waters are smoothed by Jennie who has made this gesture of sacrifice like a queen and sits alone with Pa lost in discontented, hopeful, hopeless, dreamy thought—one of the few nights when she and not Emmy is left alone with the responsibility of Pa.

Then the door-bell rings. A letter from Keith—her sailor! King among men! His employer's yacht is on the river, and he is alone. Will Jennie come and spend the evening with him there? His employer's motor chuggs at the door. Jennie struggles with her conscience and leaves the house—Pa asleep and alone.

She went to get into the car. The chaffeur was standing at the door ready for her to jump in. "Did you know I was coming?" she suddenly asked. "Yes, miss," said the man. Keith "had been sure of her then. Oh that was a wretched thought! She was shaken to the heart by such confidence. He had been sure of her." So wrestling with these two demons—Pa, and Keith too sure of her coming, she spends the evening until midnight with Keith—on the black river with the noises of London far away. She is passionate, resentful, suspicious, and yielding by turns. Her love is transparent and that hurts her pride.

Keith is an honest man. He tells his life story, of the other women in it, and asks Jennie to marry him. They agree to go to Alaska within three months when Keith shall return from sailing for good. But his other girls rankle in Jennie's mind—Pa haunts her, and the thought that she was too easily won.

Her unsettled, radiant spirit disturbs her as she enters the house, a little after midnight.

There she finds Pa, with a cut in his head, laid out on the floor—Emmy and Alf ministering to him. The accident is not serious. Brandy revives Pa, who had tried to get his beer and fallen.

In the meantime while Jennie has been on the yacht, Emmy and Elf at the theater and afterwards have discovered that they are happy together—that they too should marry. The mysterious Jennie fades from Alf's mind. Emmy deliberately tries to make him propose, painting in bold strokes the singular differences between herself and Jennie, showing Jennie careless, irresponsible, and herself dutiful, kindly, domestic,—until Alf is convinced.

So as the two girls meet over the fallen body of their father they have each had the love-experience of their lives.

Only Jennie goes to bed as the dawn is breaking, yearning, wondering, unsatisfied still. Pa *might* have killed himself, and Keith is miles away from her. . . .

Of course, there had to be two proposals of marriage, to fit into Mr. Swinnerton's pattern, and they came off perhaps as if strings were pulled. But one doesn't care. "Nocturne" is not to be judged by so cumbersome a thing as "real life." Its own peculiar reality is vivid enough.

Maybe the pattern of it is only a trick—superimposed. Well, rhyme is a trick and meter too—as the free versifiers insist—but a God-given trick, when it carries the weight of its matter so surely and certainly home.

And with the dawn, at six the next morning—this book is not done. The art of it is done, but Jennie's mental dissatisfaction leaves the rhythm beating on through all eternity.

RUTH PICKERING.

Silence—and the Resurrection

A letter from William Bross Lloyd

(We publish with some necessary omissions this letter of criticism from the Socialist candidate for United States Senator from Illinois. It refers to an editorial of ours which bore the title "Socialist Leadership," an unfortunate title if it led our readers to think we were pretending to such leadership. We were merely pointing out that the leadership of the whole movement is now in the hands of the political party, and suggesting two or three affirmative points which we thought the party ought to stress. Mr. Lloyd is of course much nearer to a position of leadership than we are, because he is running for office and we are not.)

Dear Sir:

THE LIBERATOR has disappointed me. That may not signify much to you, because my reasons may fail to impress you. But to me it is nothing short of a tragedy. I could almost hope that I am wrong in order to hold my faith in THE LIBERATOR as the courageous voice of new things—noble, intense, daring new things. If you give us new forms of art, new styles in versification, new fancies in drawing, new animation in book reviews, THE LIBERATOR will hold its place by charm of entertainment. But if you pretend to leadership in political thought, distinction as a socialist journal, that is quite another matter. It requires, first of all, that you orientate yourself with respect to the socialist movement; and, if you wish to reverse its direction, that you make more definite the new line of march.

Your newness in platforms of socialism, as revealed in your July editorial, is disconcerting. You proceed with a caution, masked in the language of assurance, which only adds cleverness of phrasing to feebleness of conformity to the official war-creed. The frank assumption of Socialist editorship (new to my reading of *The Masses* or LIBERATOR) gives you stern responsibilities toward the Socialist party. If you find yourself out of harmony with the party position, this does not imply stricture upon your self-expression. It does, however, put me in the place to demand that you scruple to guard the public mind as to the opinion which you proclaim as "socialist" in contradistinction to the opinion which you express as "Eastman." As one party member to his candidate, I resent your surrender of the vitality of the socialist position in this country today.

Do not mistake me to say that I have not long recognized that Max Eastman is a socialist, and that other editors of THE LIBERATOR are socialists. But, as I recall, this is the first time your journal professes allegiance to the political cause of socialism. Now you say: "Elect individuals that are socialists to Congress. Elect them on a platform of socialism." You go on to say that this platform should consist of two primary things: (1) endorsement of President Wilson in his war program, by developing the "implications" of his statements of war aims; (2) a program for industrial self-government. Just why you should addend the lifting up of "the banner of Free Speech" for its electrical value is a little inscrutable, because there is no barrier to free speaking about the platform which you have evolved. Even the Free Speech fight inherent in your own trial will not "electrify" anybody, if it is frittered away by proving

that your non-conformity was only an illusion a year ago. Freedom of speech will be contended for as "sincerely" by Republicans, who are not bothered by the restrictive legislation, as by socialists who "stand by the President."

Rather ungraciously, in another part of the same issue of THE LIBERATOR, you neatly dispose of the rest of the party Socialists by labelling us "old and dogmatic" in our "unintelligence." No, I am not losing hold of the sense of humor. I am not trying to take you to task for this criticism; I might rather help to develop it. I hope, for the good of the party, that you will follow it up, unrelentingly and constructively. At this moment it is the coincidence of this criticism with your own failure to treasure the one great achievement of American socialism which startles me. The "intelligence" with which you shelve the anti-war pronouncement is a poor substitute for the "unintelligence" by which the Socialist party has come to have, as you say, "leadership of the social revolutionary movement in this country as never before." . . . .

You will not catch me offering "principles" as an offset to your supposed realism, though it is often true that these principles contain a more fundamental realism than the things of current experience, because—well, because the movies are not realistic. But may I not suggest that there is a margin between Wilson statements of war-aims and actual terms of peace? Or that our joining with the British Labor Party on Wilson peace terms may not result in the engrossing of these peace terms on official parchment in contract form? It is rather inscrutable just how you make this jump from Wilson declaration to warring for democratic peace terms. You know the American government. You know the English, French, Italian and Japanese governments. You know about certain secret treaties which the British Parliament has just refused to revise as a contradiction to the protestations of sympathy with the Wilson statements. You know about definite Allied union on war plans, union on commercial relations after the war, union on food, munitions, and on war propaganda. But as to peace plans, when is this union to be consummated? You know that the "implications" of Wilson rhetoric are not the thoughts of the diplomats of any of the contending nations. Go ahead and spin them out. You will teach your readers and hearers what a democratic peace ought to mean. But you know that, short of revolution, none of the governments will disrupt its modus operandi on account of your "implications" from Wil-

son writings. Has there not been, may I not suggest, evidence that Wilson, as litterateur, does not even convince himself as statesman? As to the method of making peace treaties, for instance?

The job of the Socialist party is to get hold of the government of this country in order to enforce its own terms of peace, its own modes of politics and industry. This is not going to happen in 1918, though I am not going to act as prophet beyond this.

The progress of events must be reckoned with in relation to the war; the American intervention and the growth of labor power in the contending nations must be given full consideration in our programs for peace. But, above everything else, we must not surrender the achievement of placing human values above every other code.

In other words, our propaganda and formulation of peace terms is our opportunity of educational leadership, but it must not fool us into the idea that we are making peace when we talk peace. We are helping. But this we cannot do at the cost of giving up our political leadership against war, because that would mean to give up the greater teaching for the lesser. Rather silence—and the resurrection.

WILLIAM BROSS LLOYD.

In Reply

We are not able to go into a full discussion of the issues Mr. Lloyd would raise. He seems to misapprehend our position at several points. The St. Louis platform, with the "Resolution" that accompanied it, is not in our opinion a suitable instrument for the present Congressional campaign, and we believe a suitable instrument could be written which would enter with some precision into the issues now in the minds of the American people—drawing the distinction between Socialism and Wilsonism with utter clarity. The theme and substance of our editorial was this: "Under the present circumstances there is only one thing to do—elect men that are Socialists to Congress—elect them on a platform of Socialism." We did not pretend to state in that editorial what the platform of Socialism is.

Our idea is that Socialist principles ought to be made to gear into the specific situation, pointing the steps of a specific way towards attainment. Some of the steps suggested by the St. Louis pronouncement are not only impractical, in view of current facts, but utterly out of relation to the facts.

A basic point of difference between Mr. Lloyd's position and ours seems to be this, that he thinks the Socialist Party, if it drafted a new platform, would abandon the principles of Socialism, whereas we have more faith than that. We think it would apply those principles to a new situation. If we are wrong—if the party is afraid to draw up a platform for fear it won't be a Socialist platform—then what *is* the difference between the Socialist Party and the liberal democrats?

M. E.

From Norman Hapgood

New York, June 18th, 1918.

MY dear Eastman:

If I encroach on your space again it is because a year's study of the socialist movements abroad has increased the acuteness of my discontent with the socialists of America. It strikes me that your orthodox party leaders are narrow-minded and your younger and cleverer and more literary group are inclined to think literary or oratorical snap can take the place and do the work of judgment and open-mindedness. The answers that you and John Reed made to me, in your last issue, are attractive in tone, but do not convince me that I have made my point clear. My proposition is that it is important that prominent writers on socialism should have a fair amount of exactness. To me it is not amusing, but rather discouraging, that in his answer to me Mr. Reed shows he is not aware of the existence of the leading socialist paper in France. I referred to *l'Humanité* by name. Mr. Reed thinks that Hervé has turned it into *la Victoire*. Of course what Hervé turned into *la Victoire* was *la Guerre Sociale*. It is easy to belong to the Right, a standpatriot inaccessible to ideas. It is easy to stand so far to the Left that one's only duty is to kick and preach a formula, regardless of facts. We lack in this country, in journalism and politics, a Left and a Left-Centre, a massive body that works solidly for progress. Flippant and extreme talk and thought may have its use, but it is a different use. I mentioned the Manchester *Guardian* because it is the best organ I know of this Liberalism. I shall not take space to answer Mr. Reed's dismissal of the *Vorwaerts,* uninformed as I think that tone about a paper with an extraordinary hard role to play at present. It and *l'Humanité* (not *la Victoire,* Heaven save the mark!), are exponents of a socialism that is not chatter but hard work, steady direction, and much knowledge; not formula alone, but the attempt to wed formulas and reality.

Very truly yours,
NORMAN HAPGOOD.

John Reed Explains

MY DEAR MR. HAPGOOD:

You and other critics of my interpretation of the Russian Revolution, as well as many of my own comrades, have called attention to the mistake I made in the *Liberator* of last month, in which I identified Renaudel's paper, the organ of the French majority Socialists, *l'Humanité,* with Gustave Hervé's paper *la Guerre Sociale,* now *la Victoire.*

I am of course extremely mortified that I made that mistake. I wrote my reply to you hastily, and for some reason got the two papers twisted—although I can assure you I know better, having read Jean Jaurès' paper for many years, beginning in 1910, when I lived in France.

What I said, however, about the part played by Scheidemann in Germany, as well as the part played by the Kerensky group in Russia, applies equally to Albert Thomas and his supporters in France. The inclusion of Hervé in that category was wrong; he is outside of it, like Charles Edward Russell. The attitude I speak of is well exemplified in an interview with Hjalmar Branting, the Swedish representative of the Thomas-Vandervelde-Scheidemann brand of Socialism, published in *le Temps* of May 18:

"Le Bolshevisme est un très grand péril pour le socialisme, dont il est la caricature."

As far as I know, *l'Humanité* has given expression only to the bitterly hostile sentiments of the French Majority Socialists toward the Russian Soviets.

You see, Mr. Hapgood, in your criticisms of us, you (in the words of Kerensky) "place yourself at the point of view of the Right"—in the Socialist movement. According to your letter, you hold the opinion that the Left branch of the

Socialist movement is devoid of value except as agitation.

I happen to hold revolutionary ideas myself. After due reflection, I feel that this so-called "working for progress" has got the Socialist movement almost nowhere except into a position of comparative respectability. And I cannot see how admission of my error about *l'Humanité* carries with it endorsement of the "weighty judgment" of the European social-patriots.

Yours sincerely, JOHN REED.

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Take the ordinary longhand letter *d* Eliminate everything but the long downstroke and there will remain / This is the Paragon symbol for D. It is always written **downward.**

From the longhand letter *e* rub out everything except the upper part—the circle—and you will have the Paragon E. o

Write this circle at the **beginning** of / and you will have Ed. /

By letting the circle remain **open** it will be a **hook,** and this **hook** stands for **A.** Thus / will be **Ad.** Add another **A** at the end, thus / and you will have a girl's name, **Ada.**

From *s* eliminate the initial and final strokes and *o* will remain, which is the Paragon symbol for **O.**

For the **longhand** *m* , which is made of 7 strokes, you use this **one** horizontal stroke —

Therefore, —o would be **Me.**

Now continue the **E** across the **M,** so as to add **D**—thus / and you will have **Med.** Now add the **large** circle for **O,** and you will have / (medo), which is **Meadow,** with the silent **A** and **W** omitted.

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