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FOG

DEATH comes like this, I know—
Snow-soft and gently cold;
Impalpable battalions of thin mist,
Light-quenching and sound-smothering and slow.

Slack as a wind-spilled sail
The spent world flaps in space—
Day's but a grayer night, and the old sun
Up the blind sky goes heavily and pale.

Out of all circumstance
I drift or seem to drift
In a vague vapor-world that clings and veils
Great trees arow like kneeling elephants.

How vast your voice is grown
That was so silver-soft;
Dim dies the candle-glory of your face—
Though we go hand in hand, I am alone.

Now Love and all the warm
Pageant of livingness
Trouble my quiet like forgotten dreams
Of ancient thunder on the hills of storm.

How loud, how terribly
Aflame are lights and sounds!
And yet beyond the fog I know there are
But lonely bells across gray wastes of sea.

John Reed.

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THE LIBERATOR

Vol. 3, No. 12 [Serial No. 33]

December, 1920

John Reed

WE have been reading in the great newspapers of this city the last few days very appreciative accounts of the life and character of John Reed. They have permitted themselves to admire his courage and honesty and the great spirit of humorous adventure that was in him. They permit themselves to admire him in spite of the fact that he died an outlaw and a man wanted by the police as a criminal. They admire him because he is dead. But we speak to a different purpose. We pay our tribute to John Reed because he was an outlaw. We do not have to examine the indictment, or find out what special poison the hounds of the Attorney-General had on their teeth against John Reed. We know what his crime was—it is the oldest in all the codes of history, the crime of fighting loyalty to the slaves. And we pay our tribute to him now that he lies dead, only exactly as we used to pay it when he stood here making us laugh and feel brave, because he was so full of brave laughter. Our tribute to John Reed is a pledge that the cause he died for shall live.

He would not want us to be very solemn or tearful in talking about what he was. He always knew there was something humorous about the amount of trouble he stirred up wherever he went. He knew that he was a very unusual phenomenon, but I am not sure that he knew just what it was, besides his literary gifts, which made him so unusual.

John Reed belonged to a peculiar class of people who are known as the *intelligentsia*, and he was uniquely distinguished among the members of that class by the fact that he possessed a *great intelligence*. You will notice a rumor in the morning's papers that in Russia they have had to establish a special institution in Moscow in order to "take care of" the *intelligentsia*. And I judge from what I read about it that it is something similar in its general character to a home for the feeble-minded. For one of the conditions of admission is a solemn agreement upon the part of the inmates that they will "withdraw from all participation in Russia's affairs"—at least they will withdraw until the crisis is past, and everybody feels sure that their intelligence is not going to do any harm.

It is strange that these people who specialize in idealism should be just the ones that you have to put out of the way when you set out to *realize* an ideal. It is because they are so emotionally excited about ideals that they have no energy, and no *passion*, left with which to confront facts, or with which to define and pursue an historic method by which it might be possible to pass from the facts to the realization of their ideal. That is the trouble with them all. And the thing that made John Reed's character so unusual in the life

of our times is that although he was gifted with the power to use ideas emotionally, and paint them for the imagination with colors of flame—he *was* a poet, he *was* an idealist—nevertheless he was never deluded by the emotional coloring of ideas into ignoring their real meaning when translated into the terms of action upon matters of fact. He knew the cold tone of voice in which a scientist says what things *are*. He knew the hard mood in which a captain of industry says how things can be achieved. He was a poet who could understand science. He was an idealist who could face facts.

You all know how Jack Reed came out of Harvard College, universally acclaimed as a wonder-boy, with enough verbal ingenuity and imaginative fertility to fill up the newspapers of two hemispheres, and save the world for democracy with his own solitary typewriter. But he never to my knowledge uttered one single word of the solemn ideological bunk which had been fed to him in that institution. From the day of his graduation he was perfectly willing to let the world of democracy go to smash, and inside of a year and a half he came down to my house one morning to see if I knew of anything he could do to help it along. We were just starting *The Masses* at that time, and we didn't have anybody to write for it. All we had was a very celebrated group of artists, an editor, and a financial deficit that was large enough to give promise of a very momentous enterprise. I cannot help laughing when I think what a whirlwind of jokes and paragraphs and projects and ideas and energy and enthusiasm and poetry and bad judgment Jack Reed brought into those editorial meetings. But he also brought with him a beautiful little story that is a very jewel of reality in American fiction. And it was the arrival of Jack Reed with that story and that enthusiasm, more than any other thing, that convinced us that we had to have a magazine like *The Masses* whether it was possible or not.

Jack was just beginning at that time his phenomenal career as a popular journalist, and I had the opportunity to watch the impulse of his life develop at the same time in two directions which were fundamentally opposed to each other, and between which at some culminating moment he would inevitably be compelled to choose. On the one hand, because of the inexhaustible fertility of his pen, and because of the great boyhood spirit of world-adventure which everybody loved, all the newspapers and popular magazines in the country threw their doors wide open to him. They competed for his name, for his stories, the accounts of his adventures in politics, in war, in romance, until both in terms of cash payable and in terms of glory, John Reed stood at the very top of the profession of journalism in America. He was commonly acknowl-

edged to be the greatest war-correspondent in the United States when the war of the world began in Europe. You can imagine the opportunity that this offered to him. And he was not only a war-correspondent, he was not only a journalist. He was also a poet and a writer of fiction and drama that was recognized beyond the popular magazines, in those more solemn institutions that are supposed to preside over the literary art of the period. There was no single point or phase of success or profit or contemporary applause in the literary world, which John Reed could not at that time have legitimately aspired to, and claimed for his own.

But during these same years there had been growing steadily in his breast a feeling of revolt against the contemporary world, against the conditions of exploitation from which our journalism, and what we call our art of literature, springs, and which it justifies, and over which it spreads a garment of superficial and false beauty. There was growing in his breast a sense of the identity of his struggle towards a great poetry and literature for America, with the struggle of the working-people to gain possession of America and make it human and make it free. And so all through those years when the offices and the drawing-rooms and the coffers of the magnates of capitalist journalism were opening to him, and his name was becoming a synonym for bold romance and light-hearted adventure all over the country, Jack Reed was faithful to our little revolutionary magazine that paid him nothing and gave him about ten thousand readers. He never failed with his contribution. Wherever he went, he never forgot to give us a story that was better than the one he sold to his employers. In that way he kept those two contrary streams of achievement running together as long as he could.

Then, almost at the same moment, war came to America, and the active struggle for a proletarian revolution began in Russia. And John Reed was confronted, as every man of free and penetrating intelligence was confronted, with the choice between popular and profitable hypocrisy in the capitalist journals, and lonely and disreputable truth in the revo-

lutionary press. And he chose the truth. Way over the heads of the American proletariat, and beyond any vision that they had in their eyes, he chose to identify his interest with their interest, and his destiny with their ultimate destiny.

John Reed sacrificed a life to the revolution, not only in Moscow in 1920, but in America in that winter of 1917. And if there is any special tribute I can add to that of these other friends who were active with him at a later time, it is a testimony to the splendor and gayety and wealth and magnificence of the life he sacrificed. All that this contemporary world has with which to tempt a young man of genius, he renounced, when he fell in with the humble ranks, and accepted the bitter wages of a soldier of the revolution.

I should be sad if I thought that John Reed's memory as a poet would die altogether, because he chose to make a great poem of his life. But I do not think it will. I always used to tell him, when he felt a little sad because he was not doing any creative writing, that, whatever he might do in the future, he could be happy in the thought that he had already written one of the few real poems in American literature. And I fully believe that, side by side with the memory of his magnificent gift of life to the cause of freedom, there will abide in the minds of thoughtful men and women in the free world that is to come, his beautiful poem, which he called "Fog," but which is almost a poem about his own death.

I cannot say anything half so beautiful about John Reed's death as what he has said in that poem. And I do not want to say anything more. Those magnetic words will remind you that it is not only a great laughing, lion-hearted fighter for truth and the revolution, that lies buried among the first heroes under the wall of the Kremlin, but it is also a true genius, who could have done almost anything else that he pleased.

(From a speech by Max Eastman at the John Reed Memorial Meeting in New York on October 25th.)

FOR JOHN REED

(Died October 17, 1920)

THE winds of the East
Blow across the bitter seas
Laden with mournful tidings,
And wail unceasingly through the tall pines
That bend their heads in sorrow . . .
In the western sky
The sun weeps blood-red tears
Until weary with bitterness
She hides her face in the hair of night
And the darkness comes . . .
The moon lifts up her face swollen with anguish

And the stars wander through the sky
Disconsolate.

The darkness comes . . .
But the night is not darker than our hearts . . .
The moon comes forth with light
But no light enters our hearts
As our tears fall silently
For John Reed, whom we loved
And who lies dead . . .
For John Reed, whom we held high in our pride,
And who lies low in death . . .
For John Reed, who glowed like a torch,
And who is now drowned in darkness . . .

II

The gray old sea,
 Mater Dolorosa,
 Who has seen the sorrows of many nations
 And has heard the lamentations of many peoples,
 Lifts up her long, gaunt arms
 And beats upon the rocks
 That answer not
 And we who sit here and mourn the untimely death
 Of our brother and comrade,
 Lift up our eyes to the empty skies
 Looking for some rift in the dark clouds—
 Question the Fates with our voices,
 But there is heard no answer to our cries—
 Only silence.
 Louder than the tumult of our cries
 Only silence.
 Shattered by the laughter of the Furies
 Only silence.
 Broken by the sound of our weeping
 And nothing more.

The world goes reeling madly
 Down into the depths of darkness,
 Drunk with power and lust
 And the shedding of blood—
 Filled with ignorance and falsehood.
 The world is a Hindu fakir
 Mutilating his body with many wounds
 In his madness.
 The words of love spoken by Christ
 Are drowned in rivers of blood
 The wisdom that was Israel
 Lost in the fogs of battle-smoke
 The beauty that was Greece
 Shattered by the belching of the guns

What is left of us—
 Only silence broken by our weeping
 And nothing more?
 It cannot be!
 I hear the sullen murmurs rising from the sea of human
 hearts—
 I hear the drums of Freedom rumbling in the darkness of
 the night—
 I see the lightning flash of Truth sink deep into the minds of
 Man—
 I see the waves of Revolution rise in their mighty strength,
 Breaking the chains of slavery,
 Sweeping away the debris of decayed plutocracies,
 Lifting Man into Manhood,
 And Freedom into its place in the sun.

III

The winds of the east
 Blow across the bitter seas
 Laden with mournful tidings,
 And wail unceasingly through the chambers of our hearts
 And welcome
 Bringing our tears and sorrows
 Our memories and our love
 To weave a wreath to place upon thy grave
 O dear one of our hearts

Symbol of eternal youth
 Striding exultingly upon the path of life
 With head uplifted to the sky
 And eyes filled with passing dreams
 Thou hast been swept away into darkness
 Before thou hast seen the coming of the new Dawn;
 Arch-adventurer who played with Life
 A game of chance
 And lost because of loaded dice;
 Great heart filled with tenderness of Man
 Who offered love and were given stones,
 Who spoke of peace and were given blows,
 Thou liest dead in Moscow
 As Byron died upon the fields of Greece
 For Liberty.

Thou art gone down into the darkness
 And we know not whether there be light beyond
 But in our hearts
 Forever shines the light of memory
 As we come to place a wreath
 Of tears and sorrows,
 Memories and love,
 Upon thy grave,
 John Reed.

Nathan Rosenbaum.



The Tavern

VEGA

(To Thomas Smurthwaite)

THESE winter evenings it is far
Down in the west, the steadfast star;
And late at night so low it lies
The houses hide it from my eyes,
As I go down the lonely street,
The white snow creaking under my feet.

But summer nights when I explore
A moonlit field, a starlit shore,
It marks the zenith in the sky,
Our great blue steadfast star, and I
Remember how that August night
We stood together in its light:

How on the table, when the sun
Was down and all the chores were done,
You opened out the map, and we
Stood close around the lamp, to see
Your great gnarled finger slow devise
The constellations of the skies;

How we went groping up the hill
That rose behind the house, until
Upon the top we stood amazed
By all the splendid skies, and gazed
And found at last at Lyra's peak
The steadfast star we planned to seek.

All this and more my memory fills:
The yellow dunes, the deep green hills,
The sound the midnight breezes make,
And far across the gleaming lake
The glory of the morning view—
But most of all I think of you.

Father and friend, whom all men find
Faithful, indulgent, and most kind;
Whose rugged patriarchal strength
Years have not sapped in all their length:
Of all the goodness that you are
My token is our steadfast star.

Leonard L. Cline.



A Drawing by Maurice Becker.



A Drawing by Maurice Becker.

Soviet Russia Now

By John Reed

I

(Two great stories of Russia in 1920 reached us on the day that John Reed died. The second one will appear in the January Liberator.)

July, 1920.

JUST now it is a beautiful moment in Soviet Russia. Clear sunny day follows clear sunny day. The fields are gorgeous with hundreds of varieties of wild-flowers. Wherever you go by train every inch of the rich country seems to be planted. From bankrupt, speculator-ridden Esthonia, where the fields lie unplowed and the factory chimneys stand smokeless, where the ragged people run beside the train begging, to cross the frontier into Soviet Russia seems like entering a rich, well-ordered land. Everywhere the green crops are growing, occasionally a wood-burning factory sends up smoke; but more significant is the look of the people—none well-dressed, but none in rags, none overfed, but none who look as if they were suffering. And the children! This is a country for children, primarily. In every city, in every village, the children have their own public dining-rooms, where the food is better, and there is more of it, than for the grown-ups. Only the Red Army is fed so well. The children pay nothing for their food; they are clothed free of charge by the cities; for them are the schools, the children's colonies—land-owners' mansions scattered over the face of Russia; for them are the theaters and concerts—the immense, gorgeous State theaters crowded with children from orchestra to gallery. In their honor Tsarkoye Selo—the Tsar's Village, the village of palaces—has been rechristened Dietskoye Selo, the Children's Village; a hundred thousand of them spend the summer there, in relays. The streets are full of happy children.

Now the factory workers are taking their two weeks' vacation with full pay. Excursions of workers go from city to city, seeing the country, fraternizing with their comrades. In the office of Melnichansky, secretary of the Moscow Trade Unions, I saw a delegation of Petrograd workers on vacation, coming to make arrangements to visit the Kremlin. On the islands at the mouth of the Neva, where the millionaires and nobles had their summer villas—a sort of Petrograd Newport—sixteen palatial houses, filled with pictures, tapestries, sculptures, a club-house casino, a theater, a boat-house, have been opened as a vacation-resort for the workers of the city. They dine on white damask on a silver table-service. The gardens are full of flowers.

In Moscow the public gardens are ablaze with flowers. In Petrograd bands play in the afternoon in all the parks. Thousands of people in variegated, but not ragged, summer clothes stroll up and down, or drink glasses of tea and coffee (five roubles a glass, less than a penny with us), and, if they can afford it, buy lumps of sugar from surreptitious speculators at one hundred and fifty roubles a lump. Petrograd is clean; the streets are carefully swept; the Nevsky—that is to say, October 25th Prospekt—is being new-paved, a thing which has not happened since 1915. The militia girls wear flowers in their rifles. You can take a small river-boat at

John MacLean Quay—formerly the English Quay—or at Jean Jaurés Quay, which was once called the French Quay—and go up the Neva to Smolny, past the newly-gilded spire over the tombs of the Tsars in Peter-Paul fortress, where now the great red flag floats. In Moscow the last touches are being put to the repairs of the Kremlin walls and towers; the great Tsar eagles surmounting them have had a coat of gold; inside, not a sign remains of the damage caused by the bombardment of revolutionary days. Moscow University, allowed to grow shabby since 1912, has been replastered and is now being painted white. The summer-gardens and the outdoor summer theaters are open and crowded—although most of them, being private enterprises, charge horrible prices for admission. We heard Schaliapine in "Fust" last week at the Hermitage in Moscow.

The blockade is at last weakening. Long trains full of agricultural implements and machinery parts trickle slowly through from Reval. And every train from every frontier where it is possible to enter Russia brings hosts of foreigners. Labor and Socialist delegations, individual Communists from all Europe, Syndicalists, Anarchists, newspapermen and cranks of every sort; but most interesting of all, the delegates to the Second Congress of the Third International, which meets toward the end of July. In Russia are now gathering the revolutionary leaders of the entire world. Already there are delegates from America, France, Germany, England, Italy, Switzerland, Bulgaria, Rumania, Hungary, Austria, Mexico, Australia, Argentina, Persia, India, Afghanistan, China, Korea, Japan, South Africa, Turkey, Armenia, Holland. The British Labor delegation has gone, the Italian delegation has come. Reviews of the Red Army, parades of the cadets of the officers' schools, in their smart uniforms of blue and red, their khaki caps trimmed with silver—the Petrograd cavalry officers' school all mounted on bay horses, headed by their silver cavalry band. Red carnations are given to the delegates as they leave the trains, to the cheering and singing of immense throngs of people with their tall red banners. The "International," the hymn of the Russian Soviet Republic, is played incessantly, while everyone rises to his feet and sings and the Red Army soldiers stand at salute. In Moscow and Petrograd special hotels have been opened for foreign guests.

This does not mean that all is well with Soviet Russia, that the people do not hunger, that there is not misery and disease and desperate, endless struggle.

The winter was horrible beyond imagination. No one will ever know what Russia went through. Transport at times almost ceased, and the number of locomotives out of commission more and more exceeded those repaired. There was, and is, grain enough in the provincial storehouses to feed the whole country well for two years, but it cannot be transported. For weeks together Petrograd was without bread. So with fuel—so with raw materials. Denikin's army held the Don coal mines and the oil wells of Grosny and Baku. The Volga was of course frozen, and unusually heavy falls of snow—seven feet of it in one storm—blocked the railroads. The supply of wood—the only available fuel—failed early in

the winter; the reasons for this were various, among them the fact that through disorganization or sabotage, the felled logs were not floated down the rivers in the spring, but kept stacked on the banks until the water was too low.

In the great cities like Moscow and Petrograd, the result was appalling. In some houses there was no heat at all the whole winter. People froze to death in their rooms. The electric light was intermittent—for several weeks in Moscow there were no street lights whatever—and the street cars crawled feebly along—in Moscow they stopped running altogether. Tchicherine's hands were frost-bitten as he sat in the Commissariat of Foreign Affairs, and Krassin worked in a room with a broken window, bundled up in a fur coat and hat and gloves.

Ghastly things happened. Trains full of people traveling in remote provinces broke down between stations, and the passengers starved and froze to death. Down on the western front, behind the Red Army retreating before the offensive of the Lettish White troops, I had to change trains at a junction. Of course the train I wanted did not come at all, but after waiting a night and a day I managed to climb into the box car of an empty military train going East, together with two soldiers, a railroad worker going home on a visit with a large broken clock for his only baggage, and an old peasant woman who carried a cage with a dead parrot in it. We built a fire on the floor of the car and, except for the smoke, were quite comfortable until the bottom of the car burnt out.

But in the meanwhile I had to wait at the junction all day and all night. It was nothing but a dilapidated railway station, with a large village—no town—about five miles away. It was frightfully cold—the awful cold driven by a high east wind over the Russian plain—the cold that smashed Napoleon's Grand Army to pieces.

Now, Russians can stand more cold than anyone else in the world. But all through the day came peasants' sleighs driven out of the west, carrying what I first took to be logs of wood, but which turned out to be the stiff bodies of Red soldiers, frozen when they had grown too tired to walk any longer. Three hundred of them, piled like cordwood on the station platform.

The windows in the station waiting-room were broken. The water pipes had burst, and the floor was coated with ice. Upon this, and on tables, benches, everywhere, lay soldiers, uncountable gray heaps of them, tossing and muttering in the delirium of typhus.

The other waiting-room was in the same condition, but in one corner stood a stage brightly decorated with red banners and revolutionary posters, with a dim kerosene lamp burning on a table, before which stood a young fellow in uniform making a speech to the dun mass of soldiers who crowded the place, lifting to him their flat, bearded faces with an expression of strained attention. He was agitating for the Communist Party, pleading with the soldiers to join it, and to contribute to the party press.

"Long must we still suffer," he said. "And perhaps even worse things than we suffer now, until our European comrades come to our help. And yet the European revolution itself will mean fresh sacrifices on our part, for we, who have not enough to eat ourselves, must feed our brothers, who will have even less than we. But through that darkness we must go, comrades, though all of us die, so that the world of our children shall be a happy, free world."

And they cheered, those half-frozen skeletons, waving their hats, their sunken eyes shining:

In January I went to Serpukov, the center of a large textile industry—of which I shall speak again. Serpukov is a struggling country town, containing huge textile mills, and shading off into the country through a fringe of villages; all around it are other mills, to a distance of thirty versts.

The situation of the twenty-five or thirty thousand textile workers in and around Serpukov was unbelievable. Typhus was raging; in the Kontchin mill one worker a day was dying. In order to stop speculation by the peasants, and to centralize and equalize the distribution of food, a decree had been issued in the summer forbidding the people of the towns from making independent expeditions into the country after food; the government undertaking to supply a certain ration to the workers. But, except for the children, invalids and Soviet workers, the government had been unable to supply any bread in this region for six months. True, in the fall the local Soviet had authorized each factory to send a delegation to the villages to get food, but this had long been exhausted. Now the only way to get anything to eat was for the workers to go out to the villages by night, and take their chances of smuggling provisions past the soldiers on guard.

The workers would fall down from weakness as they stood at the machines.

As I was the first foreign Communist who had visited Serpukov, the local Party Committee called a meeting of the Factory Shop Committee delegates of all the region and invited me to speak.

The meeting took place in a great white hall, once the Nobles' Club, now the headquarters of the Soviet. One dim kerosene lamp smoked on the speaker's desk, and threw a faint light on the faces and ragged clothing of the assembly. They had come, some of them, from factories twenty versts away in the country, on foot through deep snow, with a little bread in their pockets. Their feet were bound with rags. Afterward, when the meeting was over, they would go home as they had come, walking all night through the bitter cold. Very few were members of the Communist Party.

They greeted me by rising and singing the "International"; this song has not become a meaningless ceremony in Russia—they meant every word of it. And when I was done saluting them in the name of the American revolutionists, a gaunt youth leaped to his feet and cried passionately:

"From the workers of Serpukov take this word to our brothers in America. For three years the Russian workers have been bleeding and dying for the Revolution, and not our own Revolution, but the World Revolution. Tell our American comrades that we listen day and night for the sound of their footsteps coming to our aid. But tell them, too, that no matter how long it may take them, we shall hold firm. Never shall the Russian workers give up their Revolution. We die for Socialism, which perhaps we shall never see."

Typhus, intermittent fever, influenza raged among the workers; among the peasants, who could not get salt, pellagra ravaged whole villages. The constitutions of the people, undermined by semi-starvation for more than two years, could not resist. The conscious Allied policy of blockading Russia against medicines killed untold thousands. Nevertheless, the People's Commissariat of Public Health built a colossal sanitary service, a network of medical sections under control of the local Soviets all over Russia, in places where there had never been doctors—even Zemstvo doctors—before. Every township boasts of at least one new hospital, more often two



"Hey, quit that! Ain't you fellows got the vote?"

or three. The doctors were and are mobilized in this service, which is, of course, free. Hundreds of thousands of bright-colored posters were put up everywhere, telling the people by means of pictures how to avoid disease, urging them to clean up their houses, their villages and themselves. A great All-Russian Maternity Exposition was opened at Moscow, to show women how to bear children and how to tend to them afterwards. This exposition was sent traveling all over Russia, among the most remote villages. In every town and

city there are free maternity hospitals for working women, where they spend their eight weeks before and after confinement, at full wages, and are taught the care of children. Also in every town, besides the free dispensaries, which are about ten times more numerous than under the Tsar, there are special consultation offices for women with babies at the breast. Everything is done for children here. In half-starved Germany the children are born ricketty, and grow up deformed; in half-starved Russia the children are kings.

The Outlaws at it Again

By Robert Minor

THE little coal city of Shamokin is surrounded by low, naked hills. Weak and helpless hills, almost obscene in their baldness. Stumps of broken trees protrude from them like sparse hairs. Sometimes higher than the natural hills, rise bastard hills made of lifeless dirt and slate discarded from the mines. A coal-dusty man on the street-car pointed to these and said, "Them dirt banks is what was docked out of coal miners' pay. They used to be thrown away, but with the kind of fire-boilers they've invented now they can burn the stuff, and they are shipping it to the cities as good coal. I know of one pile that's worth four and a half million dollars. Steve McDonald, he's the president of the Scranton Labor Union, he's got a half interest in a company up in the Scranton district that owns dirt banks."

"The next thing we got to strike against is conciliation boards," said another coal-miner to me when we had reached the mines.

"How's that?" I asked, and he told me.

It is a tale of adventure, of three professors, and of anthracite coal. Underneath—deep underneath—are a hundred and fifty-five thousand lean and hungry mine workers. Above—high above—are thirty million dollars.

This is how it happened.

Mr. Wilson had to run a strikeless war. And most important, a coal-strikeless war. To get strikeless coal, you have skilfully to use war bonuses, what labor leaders you can, a few extra pennies in pay, and promises. Promises to fill in the empty spaces.

Everybody admitted that when their agreement expired on April 1st the anthracite diggers would have to have a raise. The coal operators admitted it, and elevated the price of hard coal one dollar per ton in April to cover the prospective increase in the cost of labor. The Government admitted it, and let the price be lifted. The Secretary of Labor admitted it and made the miners an offer; but, as the offer provided but a tiny increase for some and would decrease the pay of others, the miners had to turn it down.

Then Professor Wilson made an offer. He would appoint a Presidential commission to settle the matter, provided that the miners would agree in advance to accept the commission's award, whatever it might be. The convention took another look at the anti-strike laws and sadly resolved that "industrial legislation, such as the courts' interpretation of the Lever Act, the abuse

of the writ of injunction and the tying up of union funds and other repressive legislation, makes it almost humanly impossible to wage a successful battle," and that therefore "the only honorable way open to adjust the matters at issue is to accept the proposal offered by the President. . . ."

The President appointed "the Honorable William L. Connell" to represent the coal operators and Neal J. Ferry to represent the workers. And for that mystic party invented to hold the balance of power—for "the public"—he appointed Professor (ah, these professors!)—Professor W. O. Thompson, head of the Ohio University. Among the several technical advisors of the commission was another professor, Professor M. B. Hammond (God knows how he got in!), an economist of the same Ohio University.

They arbitrated. And while they arbitrated, the money set aside for the prospective increase of wages out of the \$1 added to the price of each ton of anthracite since April, accumulated in the company treasuries to the amount of \$30,000,000.

Meantime Professor Hammond, an ill-advised economist, had been left to stray about amongst company books and papers. To the consternation of his superiors, this professor reported that he had examined the companies' profits and the coal diggers' cost of living, and could assure the commission that the workers must have an increase in pay of 27 per cent. He said this would be the wage necessary to keep the diggers from starving—technically known as minimum subsistence wage. The professor observed that happily the \$1 increase



"Waiter, I haven't the heart to see that poor man starving. Will you please take him away?"

in the price of coal already provided for the purpose would more than cover the raise, and the \$30,000,000 already accumulated would nicely balance the amount of accumulated back pay since April 1st under the 27 per cent. rule.

There were two blanched faces among the commission. The coal diggers had immediately perked up to the words of Professor Hammond, and the impression that all of the glittering millions accumulated for the purpose should be given to the men, caused a painful situation. It seemed an irreparable injury! Thirty million dollars gone! Gone clean!—gone to a lot of goddam coal diggers! It was incredibly bad business.

Professor Thompson, being Professor Hammond's boss professor, sent Hammond home to Ohio.

Then Professor Thompson made further studies and announced that Professor Hammond had been in error, that 27 per cent. would be an excessive amount, and that 24 per cent. would be fully adequate. Coal miners noted the little discount of three and a half million dollars, but seeing that the "public's" professor held the balance of power, everybody hitched up his belt for a hard Winter and agreed to get along on this 24 per cent. raise that brought their pay just a little below the minimum cost of subsistence. Coal miners are used to that.

But that was only a tentative plan of Professor Thompson's. As soon as Hammond was out of the way, Thompson and Connell announced that they, as the majority of the President's commission, had agreed on a final award of seventeen per cent. increase in the mine workers' pay. By a curious coincidence, the 17 per cent. was exactly what the coal companies had all along said would be right.

The coal diggers' delegates were dazed. Eleven million dollars lopped off at one stroke! Neal Ferry, the miners' representative, made a minority report. Ferry is a mine organizer of the old school, as you would see by looking at him. His white hair waves over a face shot through even to the eye-balls with the terrible blue-black stains of a powder blast; in his head is a tongue of fiery eloquence. Old style eloquence, it is true, with old style thought, but it comes from a heart overflowing with coal diggers' wrongs. In the language of old-time patriotism, with humble acceptance of the principle of "cooperation between labor and capital," he protested that on such a wage the miners could hardly live, but that they would accept the offer as they were "honor bound."

So the official award was made. Professor Thompson refused to admit in evidence the documents of Professor Hammond on prices and profits, and Professor Wilson of Washington refused to have them printed.

The trap had snapped hard on the miners. They would have to accept the award or lose even the 17 per cent. raise and the other nineteen million dollars of five months' back pay. Their families had been half starving, buying on credit and borrowing against the promised back pay. Now they would have to give it all up or consent to be robbed of eleven million dollars of it. If they struck they would lose it all and have their union treasuries seized under the Lever Law against outlaw strikes.

The miners' union surrendered. The award was formally accepted.

There was no strike.

But—

Up and down the Lackawanna River and the Susquehanna and the shabby little Shamokin Creek, one hundred and fifty-five thousand hard coal diggers dropped their fishing lines

into the coal-stained water and lay back on the grass to watchfully wait for Wilson.

Well, the coal diggers waited three weeks, and then they got a nibble. The Government at Washington offered to reopen the wage question. The miners started back to the coal pits, but found that the companies were discharging the civil engineers, clerks and fire-bosses that had refused to take the pumpmen's jobs.

You see, the miners had taken their vacation in such a rage that they overlooked a little point. The careless wording of the vacation resolution made the pumpmen think they were called out too, and out they went, and the mines began to fill up with water. Then the operators ordered the clerks and civil engineers and fire-bosses to man the pumps, and these—refused and walked out on vacation. It was something new and delightful for the mine workers to see—that the "confidential men" would not scab on them, and they were grateful, and they resolved not to let them be punished for it. The "confidential men," who had never had a union, organized. The coal diggers promised to stand by them.

The coal companies near Shamokin refused to reinstate some of the "confidential men," and the vacation in that region was resumed. The Government and the mine owners got busy with words. H. L. Kerwin, assistant to Secretary of Labor Wm. B. Wilson, sent to the miners' union a telegram which deserves its place in the archives of diplomacy. It would indeed be worthy of one of the professors. It stated that the confidential men were being and would continue to be taken back without discrimination—but the words twist around in such a fashion as to mean also the opposite.

The coal diggers puzzled over the words. They saw the words meant nothing, but they were used to that. In the absence of any proof of any precise case of discrimination against the confidential men, the miners decided that they would go back to work and, in the event that the civil engineers, clerks and fire-bosses are discriminated against, to go out again on vacation.

"Next time we'll see what a vacation in Winter-time means," said the coal miner friend as I went away from Shamokin.

That's Wilkes-Barre down there, spread out in the glory of the morning sun below these mountains. The railroad crawls round about and lets itself down by easy stages to the river level and into the city. And as you are poured out with the Pullman-loads of drummers onto streets lined with heartless cafeterias, haberdasheries and banks, you see that Wilkes-Barre is not so beautiful as it was from the mountainside.

Business owns this town—Business and John T. Dempsey, President of District No. 1 of the anthracite region of the United Mine Workers. Everywhere were the peculiar stiff faces of small-city prosperity, and only once on its streets did I see a limber featured face, under a coal-greasy cap.

John T. Dempsey believes in cooperation between Capital and Labor. He put his belief into practice by cooperating with the coal companies in the wage dispute, and by trying to break the stri—the vacation, a thing that Tom Kennedy and Chris J. Golden, the presidents of the two other districts, would not do even though they could not officially sanction it under the law. And Coal Capital cooperates with Dempsey, by insuring his re-election as president of the union. Dempsey is always re-elected. The coal diggers can't dislodge him.

Under Dempsey's administration in the district of 65,000 mine workers, only 10,000 remain in good standing in the union, while the other districts are organized 100 per cent. When the union election time comes, the mine bosses wait for the workers at the pit to ask them to vote for Dempsey. If too many votes are cast against Dempsey, somebody—I don't know who—pays the per capita tax for miners who have quit the union in disgust and whose names lie dormant on the books, and their names are voted for Dempsey.

In the last union election a majority of the members in District No. 1 voted for Enoch Williams for president—so Williams claims, with much proof to back it up. But Dempsey's men did the counting. Votes that were cast for Williams were shifted on the tally-sheet to the Dempsey side. Enoch Williams went to court about it and is occupied there, while Dempsey rules the union and fights the strikers. The Government will deal only with Dempsey, under the new rule of Government monopoly of labor leaders, and the mine workers of District One will recognize as their chief none but Enoch Williams.

Forty thousand followed Williams out on vacation against the farce of the three professors, and they made so bold as to send President Wilson by telegraph an ultimatum—think of it—an ultimatum to Professor Wilson!—giving him forty-eight hours to disclaim his commission's award. By the Imperial Washington rebuke upon this insolence the mild Enoch Williams got the name of being a much forwarder man than he is.

In the town of Taylor I saw Enoch Williams chopping wood in his back yard. I had understood that he was a terrible outlaw leader, perhaps a communist, but I found he is chairman of the board of trustees of the Welsh Baptist Church. He firmly believes in our Government and thinks that the courts will give him justice against Jack Dempsey if he keeps on long enough. I doubt if this mild-mannered little Welshman ever dreamed that the forces that rule this world have other motives than his own. The miners have looked into his face, they see that he does not understand dishonesty, and they turn from the guileful Dempsey to follow him.

I, too, looked at this gentle, this child-honest, this child-minded man, and I scratched my head and I asked him who the leaders were, who the bold fellows were that had defied the Professor of the United States and stripped the mines in an outlaw strike, even leaving no pumpmen to save the properties from flooding. He said:

"Sometimes you get a diamond in the rough, in time of trouble."

"Who's the diamond in the rough?"

"There's Rinaldo Cappellini; he has developed in the trouble. You couldn't get him on the platform to make a speech, before the vacation. He got his arm cut off in the mines ten years ago, and later the company dropped him. And Joe Yannis, he was an officer of the union till Dempsey ousted him; and Alec Campbell, he was discriminated against ten years ago."

"Yes, I'm a Knight of Pythias," he interrupted when he saw me looking at a colored parchment on the wall.

"You know, nearly everybody that gets known as being aggressive on a grievance committee gets discriminated against. The bosses see an Irish leader developing, and they see a Slavish fellow that's intelligent for the union, and he gets a sub-contract where he can hire other men to work for him and he'll lose interest in the union; and the most aggressive

Italian gets a sub-contract, too. The other coal diggers can't get a good enough place where they could cut enough coal to make a living; and they can't get cars, for all the cars go to the sub-contractor. And then when a man asks a mine boss for work, the boss says, 'I ain't got a job for you; ask that fellow,' and points over to the sub-contractor. And the sub-contractor hires you and makes money off of you, besides padding their payrolls to make graft off of the company. The company don't mind 'em grafting, because what they lose in graft they make up keeping the union weak.

"It's the fellows that won't take the company's offer that become the leaders in time of trouble.

"Now the workers are striking against the contract system in the Pennsylvania Coal Company's collieries, and Cappellini and Joe Yannis and Alec Campbell and a Polish fellow have become the leaders. You can find them in Pittston. That's a separate quarrel in Wyoming Valley that has nothing to do with the vacation against the wage award. Those 10,000 fellows have been out for ten weeks against the contractor system; that's a strike, it ain't the vacation. Oh, I only wish this would be over with, so I could get time for my church work. Good-by."

When the Department of Labor notified the workers that the award would be reconsidered if they would go back to work, all the workers flocked back to the pits in the Hazelton District. Also they went back in District No. 1, except to the Pennsylvania collieries in Wyoming Valley, where the ten thousand men stood out against the sub-contractor peonage.

The Pittston Mayor had communicated with Cappellini. He informed Cappellini that the Chamber of Commerce had interested itself in the cause of the miners and, through the Reverend Father Jordan of Saint Cecelia's Church in Wyoming Valley, had prevailed upon the Pennsylvania Coal Company to offer concessions. Therefore, would the workers not give up their own planned mass meeting in the rear of the City Hall—asked the Mayor—and come, instead, to a much better meeting in the great State Armory, where they could comfortably discuss the issues with the superintendent of the coal company? At the strikers' headquarters in Pittston I crowded in amongst friendly looking Latins and Slavs. A thin young fellow with the gavel was reading aloud the letter of the Chamber of Commerce. Polish coal diggers wrinkled their brows and listened.

"Reverend Sir: The Greater Pittston Chamber of Commerce have interested themselves in the cause of the miners now on strike, and after several days spent in conference with the striking miners and the officials of the Pennsylvania Coal Company we have secured the enclosed proposition which we feel is a just one for all parties concerned and one by which the men will enjoy all the privileges to which they are entitled should they accept it." (etc.)

The company superintendent proposed so far as able "to remedy and eliminate all such irregularities or abuses of any kind in our present system."

A professor could not have said it better. Joe Yannis and a white-haired Pole studied over the words, and seemed dimly to suspect that making "our present system" regular didn't have anything to do with abolishing the system. Joe Yannis said that of course he respected the Chamber of Commerce and the men better go to the meeting at the armory, discuss the matter and find out more clearly what the company was promising.

A slender young Italian, made slenderer by the loss of



Drawn by Boardman Robinson.

History Writes

the right arm and shoulder, stood up with the document in his one hand and looked over its imposing signatures, puzzled and worried. Then he made a speech. I was surprised. Was this Rinaldo Cappellini, who had never made speeches before? I wished that I could talk like that. He recited the comings and goings in dealing with these important mayors, Chamber of Commerce Presidents and the Reverend Father, and he fell into stumbling restraint.

Mechanically he said he had confidence in the Chamber of Commerce. A dam broke in him, and his tongue flew into a fast and passionate story of the coal miners' troubles and the years they had been cheated, lied to, wheedled and bullied by men who didn't have to dig coal all day but had time to study the big words. "And these are big words that they send to us thinking that we won't know what they mean. And they think that we will think the big words mean something and will go back to work for the words, and then they will say the words mean something that we didn't understand. I think this letter means they will make the sub-contract system stronger; and we don't want it stronger, we want it abolished. Father Jordan and Mr. Coursen of the Chamber of Commerce say this promises us something, but I don't know what it promises. Maybe we better go to the meeting at the Armory, and maybe we'd better hear what they've got to say. But if we do, we've got to go there, not like sheep, but like lions, and talk up and say what we think.

His tongue stopped and his eyes contracted under his wild

mop of black hair as he stared over the heads. "You know," he said slowly and painfully, "the people is like sheep, and is likely to go the way they are told to go, and we must be there and tell our people if what the Chamber of Commerce says is not right."

The Wops and Polacks stood silent; out of their wide eyes I saw their hearts pass to their Dago poet. In reverence I looked upon their confession to him and his to them.

At seven o'clock the strikers came in thousands to the Armory and stood about the big, iron-studded door under the fort-like wall that is slotted for rifle fire and rises to parapets for machine guns. Friendly and hopeful and silent they waited and spent the hour looking at the great castle door that was guarded by a dozen of the Constabulary and twenty company detectives.

At seven forty-five a brass band marched up and played a wheezy popular air.

Rinaldo Cappellini pushed his way through the crowd and up the artillery runway through the row of company detectives. The door opened for him. In ten minutes he was thrust out, his face flushed and hair waving. With difficulty he scrambled with his one arm to the top of the iron picket fence, whence he fired a volley of hot Italian words about free speech, and then he disappeared in a tossing wave of detectives.

Horses' hoofs sounded in the dark coming up Railroad street. Eight mounted Cossacks halted under the street

light. The band launched into a flippant little tune. "What time do they open the door?" a man asked me in Polish.

I saw a Cossack turn in his saddle and lean to catch some low-spoken words of another Cossack. Without a sound of warning the eight horses plunged into the crowd, the Cossacks shouting and swinging clubs. The human mass gave like rubber under the weight of the horses and then expanded, the impact throwing men into the alley at the distant edges. Losing hats and dinner buckets, and crushed breathless, the thousands ran down Railroad street before the prancing horses.

I was jammed into the alley and against the iron fence. "W'at the hell?" shouted a Slav. "They want a scab meeting!" answered a voice.

"Scab meeting!" yelled a hundred.

A smiling gentleman arose behind the detectives and started a speech: "There being too many people here, it has been decided that only Americans will be admitted. Those English-speaking persons who are employed by the Pennsylvania Coal Company will pass quietly into the hall."

"Go home! Go home!" they shouted. "Scab meeting! Go home! Everybody go home!" Some of the miners started up Railroad street, but wavered and looked back. What would happen inside if all the good men left? Some started into the hall to see what was happening, others waited to see who went in. All who entered had to pass through a double row of company detectives, who seized some, saying "You can't come in," and threw them back.

"Are you going in?" a man asked me in Russian. "I'm afraid they will think I'm a scab," I replied. "Go in," he said, "see what they do." I started up the artillery runway. A detective stepped out of the line, raised his hand, looked into my face—but let me pass.

Inside the hall was lined with company detectives. A big miner that I'd seen at the union headquarters stood in the middle of the hall with folded arms and a face of fury, looking around at the slowly increasing number of men in the chairs. I smiled faintly at him, and he stabbed me with a look of suspicion and hate; my God!—he thought I was a stool-pigeon! He tossed his head and walked about the aisles, searching the faces of the seated men, then stalked out of the armory.

The crowd increased to six or seven hundred. I found a seat on a bench between two men. One was a white haired Slav whose face was scarred with black

coal cuts. Beside me was a man with a Mother Goose face and dark, receding eyes under thick glasses. It is an interesting type, such as one often sees in the house servants of English aristocracy, a crippled human type—crippled in its far-off ancestry. The scarred-faced Slav whispered to him, "What for? They want scab meeting, huh?" The other turned away.

Upon the platform were the committee of the Greater Pittston Chamber of Commerce. They were men of a type. It is the animal-faced type that I have often noticed in the small-town representative of absentee financial interests. With them was a man in clerical collar, a well-fed man with a high, narrow head, and oiled hair brushed down on his forehead.

The crowd settled in its seats. The priest arose. The musicians clumsily got on their feet and removed their hats.

The crowd had to stand while the band played "America." Father Jordan spoke. He wanted the miners to go back to work, now that the Chamber of Commerce had taken an interest in their cause and gotten the coal company to make them an offer. The Slav with the coal-scarred face sighed, clumsily arose, and walked out, indifferent to the four detectives that approached him as though to bar his exit.

William J. Tracy, the State Mediator, said that he had examined into the offer of Captain May, the superintendent, and he could assure the miners that it was fair. Every evil would be corrected. But of course the coal company could not be expected to give up its right to continue the contract system, because the right of contract was a sovereign American right. The man with the Mother Goose face applauded.

Father Jordan introduced Mr. Steve McDonald, president of the Central Labor Union of Scranton. Steve is a small



The Bear-tamer

Drawn by Charles A. Kuhn.

man with tin-grey hair and eyes. He said that as a union man he had examined the offer of the company and he was sure that a fairer offer had never been made by an employer—nay, it was a generous offer; and the miners ought to appreciate the work of the Chamber of Commerce that had such interest in the cause of the union man.

The man with the Mother Goose face applauded again. I tried to place this man of inveterate servility. What could he be? His clothes showed poverty's effort at white collars and pressed pants. "Surely," I thought, "this can be none but a newspaper man."

Steve's voice rose as he left the small business of the day and passed into the welfare of the nation. He spoke of the flag and he climaxed with the demand that the viper of Bolshevism be stamped out like a deadly snake. He protruded his chin out of his collar as far as he could and spoke of square-jawed Americans who would, if this thing went much further, take the matter in their own hands and see to it that the trouble-makers disturb not this community longer. Coal miners' faces twitched under the thinly veiled threat of lynching. Steve said he was proud of the Constabulary of Pennsylvania and was glad to say that they and the company police would do their duty in protecting any who wanted to return to their honest toil. He closed with a patter of applause from the men in the front seats and the detectives.

A shrill voice arose by my side: "Mister Chairman!" It was the man with the Mother-Goose face. "Mister Chairman, I move that we go back to work immediately with the

understanding that the company will consider the matter according to their offer."

"Moved and seconded," said Father Jordan.

The men in the front row said "Aye!" "Contrary minded?" drawled the priest.

"No!" bellowed a coal-smudged man, and the line of detectives on his side of the room moved forward to look into his face.

I went out in the flood of miners pouring downtown. Cossacks' horses nosed the backs of our necks. "Keep moving, there!"

The morning papers said that the coal miners' mass meeting at the Armory last night unanimously voted to return to work.

The next day seven thousand men came to the Pittston Union Hall at the call of the strike committee. Twenty State troopers and a force of city police charged into them and drove them away, and the mayor said it wasn't necessary to hold another meeting, because the strikers had had their meeting at the armory. State Mediator Tracy says a boisterous element keeps the English-speaking miners from working, and the papers echo the cry of "dynamite" and violence that originated, so far as I could tell, nowhere but in the strike-breaking speech of little Steve McDonald.

But ten thousand diggers are not digging coal in Wyoming Valley. And 155,000 are waiting, but sore.

The next strike will be against conciliation boards.

Wiggles and Wabbles

THE Great Decision has been made, and America will not attend the funeral of the League of Nations.

"THE mantle of Woodrow Wilson," they told us, "has fallen upon Cox." And it just naturally smothered the poor fellow.

MANY things were said in the heat of the campaign that are better forgotten—including Rupert Hughes's claim that Harding has a good literary style.

GOVERNOR COX would not issue a statement until he had carefully studied the returns. When he gets through using the microscope on the Democratic vote we should like to borrow it to find out what became of the great liberal, progressive sentiment.

A LOT of chilly people seemed to be under the impression that the slogan of four years ago had been changed to read: "He kept us out of coal."

SAY what you will about Haiti, the American government does not believe in the principle of self-extermination. If any "backward races" want to be abolished all they have to do is to tell it to the marines.

WITH the defeat of Wrangel, the task of saving civilization has been taken up by a bandit named Balakovich. No doubt he will soon be recognized by France as supreme ruler of the universe and points east.

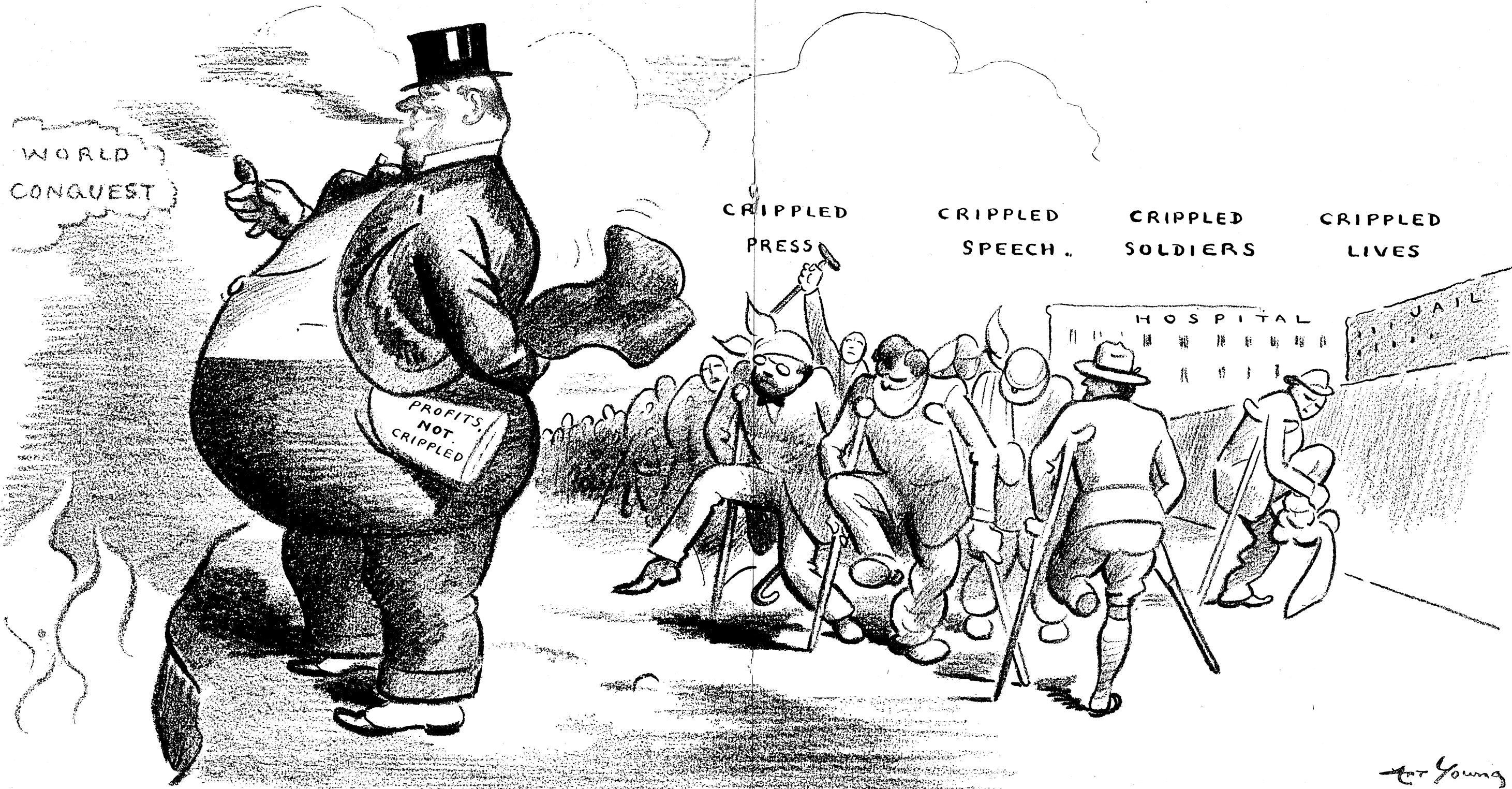
RUSSIA may be suffering for some things, but it seems to have an inexhaustible supply of White hopes.

AS exclusively predicted in this column, Mrs. Douglas Robinson has worn out her brother's name by using it for too many odd jobs. She said that Theodore Roosevelt O. K.'d the Lodge reservations. It must have been Sir Oliver Lodge, not the senator, that got this message, for Colonel Roosevelt died before there were any reservations, or covenant, or peace conference.

"LET'S be done with Wiggle and Wabble," quoth the Republican billboards. Half of this job was so thoroughly done that there is scarcely a Wiggle left, but the woods are still full of Wabbles. Therefore:

FOR president, 1924, Charlie Chaplin.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.



The Outlook for 1921

Science on Trial

By Max Eastman

THE trial of C. E. Ruthenberg and I. E. Ferguson was an event of unique and significant character in the history of American law. These communists defended themselves, and they did not defend themselves as prophets of a utopian ideal, or emotional agitators, or "lonely antagonists of destiny," or in any other way in which bourgeois lawyers or lawyer-rebels have from time to time defended their colleagues. They defended themselves as the teachers of a science. They taught the jury that science. It is a science of proletarian revolution—they made no disguise of the fact—but to teach that science of historic development, to make the masses of America understand what it has to say of their future as well as their past, is not, according to these defendants, an act of criminal anarchy. They did not "advocate the overthrow of the government by force or violence or other unlawful means."

The "Left Wing Manifesto," for the publication of which they were indicted, was, indeed, as careless as it was bore-some and academic in its phraseology, but it contained no exhortation to anybody to rise against the government, either of the United States or of any state. Similar documents are openly published by recognized communist parties in England, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain, Mexico, the Argentine Republic. I do not know where they are not published. The propaganda of communism—or Marxian, or revolutionary socialism—was born with the publication of the Communist Manifesto in 1848, and has been one of the predominating intellectual currents in the world's history ever since. The Communist Manifesto itself, which is just as "criminal" as anything brought against these defendants, will be found in every moderate-sized library in the country, and is a part of the required reading in certain courses in every adult university.

It seems strange, indeed, that it should be the United States of America in which political heresy has become a felony, while practically every other country of the world, except Japan, recognizes the right of revolutionary agitation. It seems strange, because that right was so guaranteed in the foundation, and has been so interwoven in the traditions of this country, that we may actually be said to have established it before the world. It appears in the Declaration of Independence so vividly that the public reading of that document has been adduced in the courts of our own day as evidence of the seditious intention of American citizens. It appears in the Constitution, in that provision which declares that no man can be convicted of treason except upon the testimony of two witnesses to an *overt act*. It was passionately reaffirmed in the year 1801, when as a result of the election of Thomas Jefferson, the Alien and Sedition Laws were repealed and all prisoners pardoned who had been convicted under them, and the Federal party, which had enacted them, disappeared from the political arena. Our two greatest presidents, Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln, not only asserted the right of revolutionary agitation, but themselves uttered political heresies as direct and as extreme, I think, as anything contained in the Left Wing Manifesto.

"A little rebellion now and then is a good thing," said Jefferson. And speaking of an armed uprising of New England farmers, "I pray God we may never be twenty years without such a rebellion!" And Abraham Lincoln in his first inaugural address at Washington on March 4, 1861, made that beautiful and now certainly seditious statement:

"This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it."

Lincoln did not mean that he would sit idle while revolutionary agitators recruited an army to march on the seat of his government. He would not do that unless he were in agreement with the agitators, for that is an overt act which compels the State to be equally overt in defending the side which it is destined to defend. But nobody who reads Lincoln's words could possibly imagine that he would have denied the right of those who consider a revolution necessary to present that consideration to their fellow citizens.

That right is a commonplace of our jurisprudence. I remember within the last four years hearing it alluded to by Federal Judge Hand in the United States Court in New York, seeing it printed over the signature of Woodrow Wilson—he even went so far as to justify "revolutionary practices" as a part of our traditional way of registering a protest—and finally reading a casual acknowledgment of it in an editorial in the New York Times. I happen to remember the latter incident, because it was the day after our "Red Meeting" in Madison Square Garden in protest against the raiding of the Soviet Bureau, and the speakers were admonished that in view of the strained condition of our international relations, it was hardly the time for them to exercise this right.

These facts were presented to the jury by Comrade Ferguson in one of the most able speeches that I have heard in a long time. It was a speech that might have awakened in an East African savage some sparks of intellectual curiosity and the tolerance that goes with it, but not in the New York business man. Provincialism—puritanism—prosperity—I do not know what it is that makes America so much more intolerant than Europe of a scientific interest in the future. The other day Sylvia Pankhurst—who has for three years been publishing everything that an extremely militant rebel could possibly utter in the way of general revolutionary principles—was convicted of specifically advocating over her own signature an insurrection in that most sacred of all sacred strongholds of patriotism, the British navy. She got six months in prison, and is out on bail pending an appeal. Ruthenberg and Ferguson got five years of hard labor for having been members of a committee which in their absence published certain extreme but not in the least hortatory assertions about future history, with the writing of which they had nothing whatever to do. They have been sent up to Sing-Sing for the best years of their lives.

America was dedicated to liberty in a spirit of revolt

against British tyranny, and yet I believe such a scene as was enacted this month in the court room of Judge Bartow S. Weeks in New York City would be inconceivable to a British mind. Two honorable, courteous and gifted men on trial for no specific act whatever, but for the beliefs that are inside of their own heads—the whole proceeding devoted to dragging out these beliefs and making clear to the jury how heretical they are—the judge joining in this proceeding, without hesitation, without shame, without the slightest attempt to conceal his bias, or pretend that he occupied the position of arbiter in a dispute about facts. It was a scene reproduced from the day of the persecution of witches—a



Ferguson, Judge Weeks, Ruthenberg and Prosecuting Attorney Rorke.

horrible scene to one who has ever believed in those principles of American or Anglo-Saxon liberty which are being ridden over and laughed down by these patriots of the new plutocracy. But the scene did not seem horrible to the defendants. It was to them a flagrant example of the principles of the science they were teaching and their heads were so clear, and their hearts so courageous, that they were able to meet with a truly judicial dignity the unseemly assaults of this man who should have been their judge. They were the victors in every great sense, and unanswerably convicted the system that sent them to jail.

The Truth About Emma Goldman

(The following radiogram about Emma Goldman received by the Federated Press, October 27, was offered for publication to every newspaper in New York City. Not one of them printed it.)

MOSCOW (via Christiania and London).—Emma Goldman, who has just returned here from a three months' absence in the Ukraine, has issued a statement denying the remarks attributed to her in an alleged interview last June with a Chicago Tribune correspondent, saying:

"The statements published in American newspapers which

have been attributed to me are absolute falsifications full of lying insinuations. I love America of the common people. They are brave spirits fighting for the freedom and well-being of the workers. The America which has betrayed all revolutionary traditions, which has outraged liberty, which has enslaved the people, and which is now seeking to crush Russia—that America I hate with a deadly hatred. With all the fibres of my being I am with the Russian revolution and with the Russian people in its heroic struggle against the imperialism and conspiracy of the Allied pack at the throat of Russia trying desperately to drive and torture the people back to the old regime. I will continue my fight as before to the bitter end."

Christmas Gift

READERS of the Liberator who have admired the woodcuts by J. J. Lankes which have appeared from time to time in these pages will be glad to know of an opportunity to secure the originals for themselves or their friends. We are able to offer to our readers fifty numbered and signed prints of the wood-cut "The Tavern" (a small reproduction appears on page 7 of this issue) on handmade Japanese paper, printed by the artist. Price \$7.50 each. Order from the Liberator.

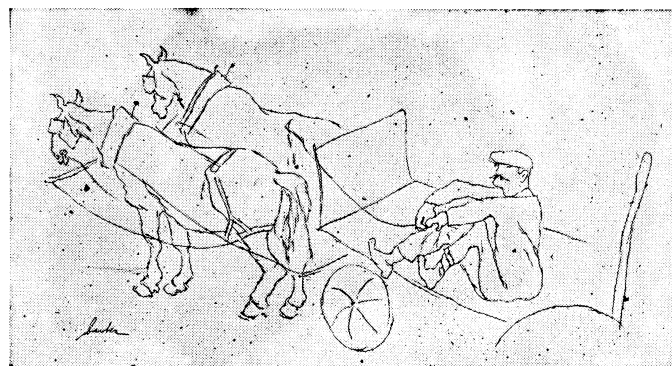
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A Drawing by John Barber

LLOYD GEORGE



“Having made the world safe for democracy,
we must now settle the Irish question”

Now We Can Begin

By Crystal Eastman

MOST women will agree that August 23, the day when the Tennessee legislature finally enacted the Federal suffrage amendment, is a day to begin with, not a day to end with. Men are saying perhaps "Thank God, this everlasting woman's fight is over!" But women, if I know them, are saying, "Now at last we can begin." In fighting for the right to vote most women have tried to be either non-committal or thoroughly respectable on every other subject. Now they can say what they are really after; and what they are after, in common with all the rest of the struggling world, is *freedom*.

Freedom is a large word.

Many feminists are socialists, many are communists, not a few are active leaders in these movements. But the true feminist, no matter how far to the left she may be in the revolutionary movement, sees the woman's battle as distinct in its objects and different in its methods from the workers' battle for industrial freedom. She knows, of course, that the vast majority of women as well as men are without property, and are of necessity bread and butter slaves under a system of society which allows the very sources of life to be privately owned by a few, and she counts herself a loyal soldier in the working-class army that is marching to overthrow that system. But as a feminist she also knows that the whole of woman's slavery is not summed up in the profit system, nor her complete emancipation assured by the downfall of capitalism.

Woman's freedom, in the feminist sense, can be fought for and conceivably won before the gates open into industrial democracy. On the other hand, woman's freedom, in the feminist sense, is not inherent in the communist ideal. All feminists are familiar with the revolutionary leader who "can't see" the woman's movement. "What's the matter with the women? My wife's all right," he says. And his wife, one usually finds, is raising his children in a Bronx flat or a dreary suburb, to which he returns occasionally for food and sleep when all possible excitement and stimulus have been wrung from the fight. If we should graduate into communism to-morrow this man's attitude to his wife would not be changed. The proletarian dictatorship may or may not free women. We must begin now to enlighten the future dictators.

What, then, is "the matter with women"? What is the problem of women's freedom? It seems to me to be this: how to arrange the world so that women can be human beings, with a chance to exercise their infinitely varied gifts in infinitely varied ways, instead of being destined by the accident of their sex to one field of activity—housework and child-raising. And second, if and when they choose housework and child-raising, to have that occupation recognized by the world as work, requiring a definite economic reward and not merely entitling the performer to be dependent on some man.

This is not the whole of feminism, of course, but it is enough to begin with. "Oh, don't begin with economics," my friends often protest, "Woman does not live by bread alone. What she needs first of all is a free soul." And I

can agree that women will never be great until they achieve a certain emotional freedom, a strong healthy egotism, and some un-personal sources of joy—that in this inner sense we cannot make woman free by changing her economic status. What we can do, however, is to create conditions of outward freedom in which a free woman's soul can be born and grow. It is these outward conditions with which an organized feminist movement must concern itself.

Freedom of choice in occupation and individual economic independence for women: How shall we approach this next feminist objective? First, by breaking down all remaining barriers, actual as well as legal, which make it difficult for women to enter or succeed in the various professions, to go into and get on in business, to learn trades and practice them, to join trades unions. Chief among these remaining barriers is inequality in pay. Here the ground is already broken. This is the easiest part of our program.

Second, we must institute a revolution in the early training and education of both boys and girls. It must be womanly as well as manly to earn your own living, to stand on your own feet. And it must be manly as well as womanly to know how to cook and sew and clean and take care of yourself in the ordinary exigencies of life. I need not add that the second part of this revolution will be more passionately resisted than the first. Men will not give up their privilege of helplessness without a struggle. The average man has a carefully cultivated ignorance about household matters—from what to do with the crumbs to the grocer's telephone number—a sort of cheerful inefficiency which protects him better than the reputation for having a violent temper. It was his mother's fault in the beginning, but even as a boy he was quick to see how a general reputation for being "no good around the house" would serve him throughout life, and half-consciously he began to cultivate that helplessness until to-day it is the despair of feminist wives.

A growing number of men admire the woman who has a job, and, especially since the cost of living doubled, rather like the idea of their own wives contributing to the family income by outside work. And of course for generations there have been whole towns full of wives who are forced by the bitterest necessity to spend the same hours at the factory that their husbands spend. But these bread-winning wives have not yet developed home-making husbands. When the two come home from the factory the man sits down while his wife gets supper, and he does so with exactly the same sense of fore-ordained right as if he were "supporting her." Higher up in the economic scale the same thing is true. The business or professional woman who is married, perhaps engages a cook, but the responsibility is not shifted, it is still hers. She "hires and fires," she orders meals, she does the buying, she meets and resolves all domestic crises, she takes charge of moving, furnishing, settling. She may be, like her husband, a busy executive at her office all day, but unlike him, she is also an executive in a small way every night and morning at home. Her noon hour is spent in planning, and too often her Sundays and holidays are spent in "catching up."

Two business women can "make a home" together without either one being over-burdened or over-bored. It is because they both know how and both feel responsible. But it is a rare man who can marry one of them and continue the home-making partnership. Yet if there are no children, there is nothing essentially different in the combination. Two self-supporting adults decide to make a home together: if both are women it is a pleasant partnership, more fun than work; if one is a man, it is almost never a partnership—the woman simply adds running the home to her regular outside job. Unless she is very strong, it is too much for her, she gets tired and bitter over it, and finally perhaps gives up her outside work and condemns herself to the tiresome half-job of housekeeping for two.

Cooperative schemes and electrical devices will simplify the business of home-making, but they will not get rid of it entirely. As far as we can see ahead people will always want homes, and a happy home cannot be had without a certain amount of rather monotonous work and responsibility. How can we change the nature of man so that he will honorably share that work and responsibility and thus make the home-making enterprise a song instead of a burden? Most assuredly not by laws or revolutionary decrees. Perhaps we must cultivate or simulate a little of that highly prized helplessness ourselves. But fundamentally it is a problem of education, of early training—we must bring up feminist sons.

Sons? Daughters? They are born of women—how can women be free to choose their occupation, at all times cherishing their economic independence, unless they stop having children? This is a further question for feminism. If the feminist program goes to pieces on the arrival of the first baby, it is false and useless. For ninety-nine out of every hundred women want children, and seventy-five out of every hundred want to take care of their own children, or at any rate so closely superintend their care as to make any other full-time occupation impossible for at least ten or fifteen years. Is there any such thing then as freedom of choice in

occupation for women? And is not the family the inevitable economic unit and woman's individual economic independence, at least during that period, out of the question?

The feminist must have an answer to these questions, and she has. The immediate feminist program must include voluntary motherhood. Freedom of any kind for women is hardly worth considering unless it is assumed that they will know how to control the size of their families. "Birth control" is just as elementary an essential in our propaganda as "equal pay." Women are to have children when they want them, that's the first thing. That ensures some freedom of occupational choice; those who do not wish to be mothers will not have an undesired occupation thrust upon them by accident, and those who do wish to be mothers may choose in a general way how many years of their lives they will devote to the occupation of child-raising.

But is there any way of insuring a woman's economic independence while child-raising is her chosen occupation? Or must she sink into that dependent state from which, as we all know, it is so hard to rise again? That brings us to the fourth feature of our program—motherhood endowment. It seems that the only way we can keep mothers free, at least in a capitalist society, is by the establishment of a principle that the occupation of raising children is peculiarly and directly a service to society, and that the mother upon whom the necessity and privilege of performing this service naturally falls is entitled to an adequate economic reward from the political government. It is idle to talk of real economic independence for women unless this principle is accepted. But with a generous endowment of motherhood provided by legislation, with all laws against voluntary motherhood and education in its methods repealed, with the feminist ideal of education accepted in home and school, and with all special barriers removed in every field of human activity, there is no reason why woman should not become almost a human thing.

It will be time enough then to consider whether she has a soul.

PALMER'S LAST CRIME

WITHIN a few weeks the state court at Dedham, Mass., will be cleared for the murder trials of Nicholas Sacco and Bartholemew Vanzetti, two young Italian workmen who have devoted their lives to the labor struggle. The nominal charge against them is the killing of two men who were guarding a shoe company's payroll in South Braintree, a near-by town; but the real animus for their arrest and prosecution dates back to one of the most gigantic conspiracies which organized terrorism has yet launched against American freedom.

The drive against Sacco and Vanzetti is part of the crusade which the Department of Justice led against the "reds," the crusade that culminated on May Day, 1919, with the fortuitous finding of bombs in the mails. The clumsiness of this stunt was so evident that loud laughter greeted the Department of Justice from the capitalist press itself. In time the affair grew dim in the minds of nearly all except the Department of Justice operatives whose official reputations demanded that some one other than themselves be held responsible for the May Day bomb plots.

The drag-net was cast far and wide, and at least two young

printers named Andrea Salsedo and Robert Elia were snatched up. They were taken away from their friends to the Department of Justice rooms on the fourteenth floor of the Park Row Building, New York City. Without indictments or other legal excuse to hold them, they were kept in savage confinement with the operatives, who apparently stopped at nothing in order to extort from them some statement that might be used to bolster up the official version of the bomb plot. Hidden away from their friends, with no familiar face in sight except that of their lawyer—who protested at nothing that was done to them and who did not go through the simple legal steps of securing the habeas corpus that would have released them—they were driven almost to insanity. The crash came May 3rd, when Salsedo's body fell fourteen stories to the stone paving of Park Row. Before an investigation could be made, it was hastily interred, without the formality of a coroner's inquest—buried bodies tell no tales.

Angry cries on every side were raised against Chief Flynn and the whole machinery of the Department of Justice. The Hearst papers went so far as to hint that a victim had been



Socialist Investigators: "Horrors! How crude! It's much nicer just to dream about it!"

BOOKS

Felix Fay

*Moon-Calf, by Floyd Dell. (Alfred A. Knopf). **

murdered to conceal the lawless acts of government officials. Chief Flynn made a nervous defense to the effect that Salsedo had committed suicide in order to avoid the consequences of a confession he was said to have signed; but Flynn's failure to produce the confession on demand was regarded as *prima facie* evidence that there was no such document.

Salsedo's friends pressed vigorously for action. The Department struck back quickly in self-defense. Robert Elia was threatened with a dire fate if he failed to corroborate the stories of the operatives, and upon his holding firm he was rushed through deportation proceedings. Others were seized, and on May 5th Sacco and Vanzetti were arrested.

These young Italians were especially warm friends of Salsedo, and had been the leaders in the agitation against his surreptitious confinement. Just a few days before, Vanzetti had been on a mission to New York to secure decent counsel for Salsedo and to awaken Italian fellow workers to the enormity of the case. Agents shadowed him all through the city, and in Plymouth after he returned to his home there. In Plymouth he learned of the last tragic development in Salsedo's case and received an urgent note from Nicholas Sacco telling him to come at once to Brockton, where a protest meeting was being arranged by Italian radicals. The two men met in Brockton, made some arrangements there, went over to the near-by town of Bridgewater to complete the preparations, and had just returned to Brockton with a supply of handbills advertising the meeting when they were arrested with the handbills still in their possession. The arrest occurred through the agency of the local police and they were cleverly charged with regulation criminal acts of murder and robbery instead of with "red" offences, in order to sidetrack the indignation of the powerful papers and citizens who were in arms against official lawlessness. By this means the Department accomplished its purpose and got the support of the local police, who now had scapegoats for two notorious crime mysteries they had failed to solve.

Sacco and Vanzetti were not aware of the plot that had been laid against them. They were merely questioned as to their radical views and their friendship for Salsedo, and they were astonished when they saw the Brockton Police Chief's triumphant declaration in the morning papers that he had laid hands on the perpetrators of the famous hold-up crimes. Sacco and Vanzetti found themselves charged with the robbery of the \$18,000 payroll of the Slater and Morrell Shoe Company of South Braintree April 15th and the murder of the two guards. In addition Vanzetti was afterwards charged with taking part in an unsuccessful attack on the pay-truck of the L. Q. White Company of Bridgewater on the December 24th preceding. He was brought to trial within a month, and though he had eighteen witnesses who were able to verify his movements for the entire day of December 24th, he was convicted and sentenced to fifteen years in the penitentiary.

The state is now making rapid preparations for the murder trial of the two men. Meanwhile Vanzetti and Sacco are in prison. Sacco's wife and two children, the second one born since his incarceration, are being cared for by friends and relatives who have an unflinching confidence in his innocence, which is backed up by knowledge of his actual movements on the days of the alleged murder.

The Department of Justice seems intent upon killing two innocent men to cover up—what? Its own crimes?

ART SHIELDS.

FELIX FAY is not, as the jacket of this book asserts, an American type. He is that, to be sure, but he is more, for he is to be found always and everywhere in every age and clime. He is, for instance, a boyhood acquaintance of mine in Italy. I used to know him there some twenty odd years ago, when my highest ambition was to shoot an old stock gun behind the crumbling wheat mill, and he would sit under the poplars by the water locks sucking his thumb and reading a large book without pictures. (I know now that the book was interdicted and carried with it an excommunication ipso facto to all its unlicensed readers.) He was not of our type, scarcely of our class. We neither liked nor disliked him—we just tolerated him, and once in a while allowed him to lend us a nickle and to revise our homework. He didn't belong to the strictest freemasonry in the world, that of adventurous boyhood. He was never anxious to raise a mustache, smearing his upper lip with the yolks of eggs. He never attempted to smoke as the ultimate argument for wearing long pants. He never shot a gun or carried a five pound saddle pistol between his skin and his shirt. There is no record of his ever having stolen a watermelon, hung a paper tail on the cassock of the curate, or attempted to set the school house on fire. At the great age of twelve when my pals and I knew all about the town scandals and the anatomy of young girls and used to bid the time of day impertinently to the buxom Magdalens of the countryside, Felix was getting his eyes tested for glasses and reciting hard and long pieces, whenever he was not reading learned essays before the literary club of the grown ups. He was a model young man; indeed, the Felix Fay I used to know always got promoted without examinations, was vexatiously proficient in every branch and discipline of the curriculum, carried away all the prizes, got always 100 *cum laude*, and never made his mother weep, except for pride and joy.

I must admit that I never liked Felix very much, and that perhaps the chief cause of my mild antipathy lay exactly in his doing all these things so well and regularly; but why he did them, and how, and what he really was in himself, I never had the privilege of finding out, as I never entered into his confidences. At bottom I was a little afraid of him, and now I know why, for Felix Fay has dictated his autobiography to Floyd Dell, and told all about himself. And now that I know, I must count this as one of the many good fortunes I found in America. For while Felix Fay is a cosmopolitan and by no means a provincial type, only an American could possibly write him up with the literary naiveté and intellectual ingenuousness—at times actually bordering on spiritual innocence—which are absolutely essential to make him a real living being. A Latin would never have had the courage. Latins are not given to absolute self-revelations. They have priests for that, and the auricular confession (secret, direct and individual like the ballot); a dogma which has withstood the terrific onslaught of centuries of free thinking solely because it answered a psychological need, and obviated the necessity of public exposure. Latins do not get

* Reviewed by Arturo Giovannitti.

*Is this the American novel—at last?***POOR WHITE** By SHERWOOD ANDERSON

When critics speak of the American novelists who are forerunners of a native literature, they invariably mention Sherwood Anderson. The promise of his earlier work was fulfilled in "Winesburg, Ohio" which the N. Y. Times included in the six best works of fiction of 1919. Now he presents the fruit of mature art and experience in a work that many will hail as the American novel. The publisher has every confidence in **POOR WHITE**, but as the public is wary of publishers' statements he refrains from anything more than an urgent recommendation to read the book. (\$2.00.)

*The acme of literary satisfaction: Gorky on Tolstoy!***REMINISCENCES OF TOLSTOY** By MAXIM GORKY

Here is revealed, "wart and all," the human being, Tolstoy, in a unique biographical volume by one genius about another. The New Statesman says, "Sometimes by accident an untouched amateur photograph of a great personage will drop out of an album or of an old drawer, and instantly the etchings, the engravings, the portraits by Watts and Millais seem insipid and lifeless. Such is the effect of Gorky's 'Reminiscences.'" (\$1.50.)

*The other side of the Irish problem—***THE IRISH LABOR MOVEMENT** By W. P. RYAN

People commonly see Ireland bound by only one chain, political vassalage to England. The author, one of the editors of the London Daily Herald, is one of the first to deal adequately with another aspect of his country's dilemma. For Ireland has at present another burden and another chain, only English by accident—capitalistic economic organization as foreign to the Gaelic genius as the culture and language and political impositions of England are foreign. (\$2.00.)

*What do the Sinn Feiners really want?***THE EVOLUTION OF SINN FEIN** By ROBERT MITCHEL HENRY

Ireland is always a burning question, but Sinn Fein is a blazing one; a bonfire within a bonfire, not to be put out by machine guns or the soft words of British imperialists. Professor Henry, of Queen's University, Belfast, tells the story of this conflagration with the ironic insight and the judicial impartiality common to few historians. For the first time the ultimate aims of the movement are clarified and given utterance. "Sinn Fein," he says in his conclusion, "aims at the complete political, the complete economic and complete moral and intellectual independence of Ireland." (\$2.00.)

*Randolph Bourne is already a legend--***THE HISTORY OF A LITERARY RADICAL**

By RANDOLPH BOURNE Edited with a preface by VAN WYCK BROOKS

Readers of the "Liberator" are familiar with Randolph Bourne's essays, limpid, beautiful, singularly profound and thoughtful. Van Wyck Brooks says of him in his preface to these collected essays: "He was a wanderer . . . the child of some nation yet unborn, smitten with an inappeasable nostalgia for the Beloved Community." This volume includes essays on Newman, the Middle West, The Puritan's Will to Power, and discussions of Dreiser and Dostoyevsky. (\$2.00.)

*What imperialism means to the black man---***THE BLACK MAN'S BURDEN** By E. D. MOREL

This study of conditions in Africa by an acknowledged authority may aptly be described as a modern "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in which imperial capitalism plays the role of Simon Legree. Mr. Morel presents the new spirit which must prevail in the white man's relations with the black man in the future. (\$1.50.)

Obtainable at bookstores, or from the publisher, C. O. D., or by adding 10% for postage to your remittance.

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up at prayer meetings to denounce themselves *coram populo* previous to the howling out of the sacramental, "I am saved by grace." If they speak of themselves at all, they must brag; if they confess to misdeeds in the public square, it is to boast of them. Besides, they will never reveal venial sins, the petty misdemeanors that are more important to truth than the epic derelictions. The sign of the cross, as the Church teaches, is full and sufficient castigation to wash them out unconfessed. And that's why, it seems to me, while we have Benvenuto and Casanova and De Brie and what not, we have not and shall perhaps never have a biographical literature that will transcend the relative importance of fiction and entertainment.

There is only one exception—that of Jean Jacques Rousseau; but every Frenchman, Italian and Spaniard will tell you that Jean Jacques was a fool. And anyway, Pepys had gone him one better, and Floyd Dell, barring any insulting comparisons to the superiority of his style and the deliciousness of his narrative, has gotten considerably ahead of both.

All of which goes to explain why I cannot fairly review this book; indeed I could no more review it than I could give an off-hand opinion on a set of old daguerrotypes of my boyhood and college days in which all my chums and mates appear in the foreground in their Sunday best, and I peep out from behind the shoulders of the hero where I had managed to sneak for the sole purpose of watching the photographer's antics.

But there is another reason. This book is the most disturbing thing I have ever read about youth, and the importance and the uselessness of being young. It has wiped fully twenty years off the history of my life. It has made my first score utterly insipid and futile so far as my future autobiog-

raphy is concerned. It has proved to my entire satisfaction, and dissatisfaction, that Felix Fay was a much more important youngster than I was; that he knew more about everything through reading books than I ever found out by employing my time otherwise; that he grew up quicker than I did, in spite of his glabrous lip and contemptible knickerbockers; that he fought harder and suffered more exquisitely in his upward and headlong charge towards purposeful manhood; and that—this is the most grievous thing to admit—he was more respected by the gang and stood a far better chance with the girls than I ever imagined I did. And on top of all he has now written a book about himself exclusively, that is more exciting, more thrilling, more fundamentally interpretative of the stern solemnities of youth than all the silly bluster, the piffling braggadocio, the ridiculous gesta and the sterile precocities of the now humiliating rhodomontades of his school fellows.

And so it is with a keen sense of loss that I read this book, with a sharp feeling of regret and a dismal realization of irretrievable waste for my not having been able to enter into the inner life of this quiet, pale, introspective youth, who loved books more than play and ideas more than battles, not because he was not interested in realities, but because books and ideas, being after all a direct communion with the most articulate and mature interpreters of life, are a higher form of social endeavor, a super-passion and a super-action.

Will I ever make up for the time lost? Will I, and thousands like me, come up to Felix Fay again to-morrow, or next year, or before it is too late for both? I don't know. The book leaves him off at the dubious age of twenty, on his way to Chicago. I was on my way to New York then. Like Felix, I ran away from the greatest defeat in the world. Like Felix, I started again to do battle. I won many times over, and so unquestionably did he. But I have been nursing ever since an unhealing cicatrice, and trying in vain to smash into splinters the entire universe to get a few drops of the miraculous salve. Will he find it? Has he found it? Again I don't know. But I know that there is another book coming, and I know that this second book, the second journey of this American Jean Christophe is going to be as poignantly and unbearably keen with manful pain, and quiet smiles, and stark thought, as this one which I shall never adequately praise.

For Moon-Calf, in spite of its rarefacted literary title, is not a book and much less a mere story, so far as the established standards of book-writing and story-telling go. It is infinitely more. It is an act of faith, the fulfillment of a vow, the solemn and brilliant acquittal of a social duty and a high spiritual mandate. The man who wrote it assumed a magnificently hard and ungrateful task. He undertook the telling of the truth about himself from the recorded date of his birth—bearing true testimony against himself, even in absence of a complaining party, setting his conscience in the place of the state and his unbelievable egotism as the plaintiff. And he tried himself fairly, with the impartiality of a self-respecting jury, who has no conventional standard of ethics, but considers honesty from the sternest viewpoint of all—that of aesthetic values. Though matricide be punished by the furies, still there is a difference between the hired pignard of Nero and the heroic sword of Orestes. And so with the slaying of love and the starving out of one's own youth as an offering to one's own egolatory.

Felix Fay is only responsible to that. We, or at least I, shall earnestly look forward to what he will do with it in the next ten years, in the next book. Whether he fills it up with

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ARTURO GIOVANNITTI.

The New Adam

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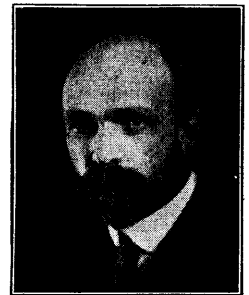
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Now turn to page 26 and read Arturo Giovannitti's review.

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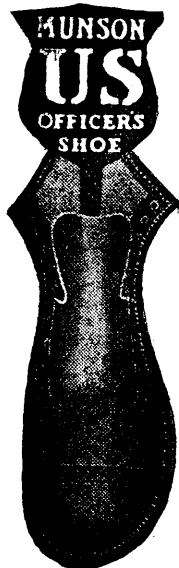
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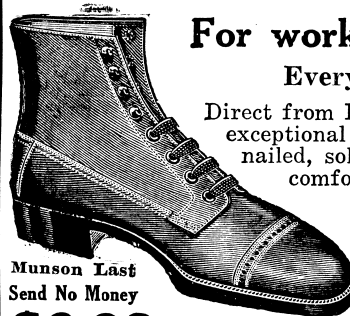
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The world gasped in amazement! Society was shocked at his merciless exposures. The guilty, branded with their infamy, hung their heads in dishonor! They cried out to stop him—they invoked the powers of earth to silence him. Alone he defied the world! Was he master of the passions of men that he could craze with hatred and hypnotize with love? What was his strange magic that held hundreds of thousands spellbound? Why did one man give his own life to take the life of Brann the Iconoclast?



Brann, the Iconoclast, of Whom Elbert Hubbard said:

"He saw through the hollow mockeries of society and religion. He was an Iconoclast—an Image Breaker. He unloosed his tongue and pen in denunciation of all and everything that appeared to stand between the sunlight and his ideals. He was the Wizard of Words—the Master of our Language. He took the English language by the tail and snapped its head off for his own delectation and the joy of the on-looker."

12 Beautiful Volumes

BRANN

Over 3800 Pages

The Iconoclast!

HE tore off the sham draperies of Virtue—snatched away the purple cloak of Hypocrisy—threw aside the mock mantle of Modesty—laid bare the blinding nakedness of Truth!

With the fury of an avenging angel he hurled himself upon every fake and fraud in Christendom. With a boldness that outraged convention, struck terror to the hearts of the timid, blasted the lives of the guilty, he revealed the shame of the great and mighty, the rich, the titled, the powerful.

He Made The World BLUSH FOR SHAME

No money, no influence, no human agency was strong enough to encompass his downfall. For Brann wielded the power of words! He wove a pattern of words and it breathed with life, shone with beauty, scintillated with satire. At his touch cold type kindled into fire, glowed with the red heat of wrath, blinded with the white flare of passion. With the genius of his pen he ruled the emotions of men, played upon the heartstring of humanity. Under his inspiration his pen became an instrument of destruction that wrought the crashing havoc of a cyclone—again it became as a source of scorpions that flayed to the raw—or again it was a gleaming rapier that pierced swiftly, cleanly, fatally.

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Is Civilization a Sham?
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A Sacred Leg Show
Satan Loosed for a Season
The Wickedness of Woman

A Voice From the Grave
The Mouth of Hell
The American Middle Man
A Disgrace to Civilization
Some Cheerful Liars
From the Gods to the Gutter

The Children of Poverty
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Evolution of Revolution
The Cat
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The Seven Vials of Wrath
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The Professional Reformer

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The Locomotive Engineer
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Rainbow Chasers
The Social Swim
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edged to be the greatest war-correspondent in the United States when the war of the world began in Europe. You can imagine the opportunity that this offered to him. And he was not only a war-correspondent, he was not only a journalist. He was also a poet and a writer of fiction and drama that was recognized beyond the popular magazines, in those more solemn institutions that are supposed to preside over the literary art of the period. There was no single point or phase of success or profit or contemporary applause in the literary world, which John Reed could not at that time have legitimately aspired to, and claimed for his own.

But during these same years there had been growing steadily in his breast a feeling of revolt against the contemporary world, against the conditions of exploitation from which our journalism, and what we call our art of literature, springs, and which it justifies, and over which it spreads a garment of superficial and false beauty. There was growing in his breast a sense of the identity of his struggle towards a great poetry and literature for America, with the struggle of the working-people to gain possession of America and make it human and make it free. And so all through those years when the offices and the drawing-rooms and the coffers of the magnates of capitalist journalism were opening to him, and his name was becoming a synonym for bold romance and light-hearted adventure all over the country, Jack Reed was faithful to our little revolutionary magazine that paid him nothing and gave him about ten thousand readers. He never failed with his contribution. Wherever he went, he never forgot to give us a story that was better than the one he sold to his employers. In that way he kept those two contrary streams of achievement running together as long as he could.

Then, almost at the same moment, war came to America, and the active struggle for a proletarian revolution began in Russia. And John Reed was confronted, as every man of free and penetrating intelligence was confronted, with the choice between popular and profitable hypocrisy in the capitalist journals, and lonely and disreputable truth in the revo-

lutionary press. And he chose the truth. Way over the heads of the American proletariat, and beyond any vision that they had in their eyes, he chose to identify his interest with their interest, and his destiny with their ultimate destiny.

John Reed sacrificed a life to the revolution, not only in Moscow in 1920, but in America in that winter of 1917. And if there is any special tribute I can add to that of these other friends who were active with him at a later time, it is a testimony to the splendor and gayety and wealth and magnificence of the life he sacrificed. All that this contemporary world has with which to tempt a young man of genius, he renounced, when he fell in with the humble ranks, and accepted the bitter wages of a soldier of the revolution.

I should be sad if I thought that John Reed's memory as a poet would die altogether, because he chose to make a great poem of his life. But I do not think it will. I always used to tell him, when he felt a little sad because he was not doing any creative writing, that, whatever he might do in the future, he could be happy in the thought that he had already written one of the few real poems in American literature. And I fully believe that, side by side with the memory of his magnificent gift of life to the cause of freedom, there will abide in the minds of thoughtful men and women in the free world that is to come, his beautiful poem, which he called "Fog," but which is almost a poem about his own death.

I cannot say anything half so beautiful about John Reed's death as what he has said in that poem. And I do not want to say anything more. Those magnetic words will remind you that it is not only a great laughing, lion-hearted fighter for truth and the revolution, that lies buried among the first heroes under the wall of the Kremlin, but it is also a true genius, who could have done almost anything else that he pleased.

(From a speech by Max Eastman at the John Reed Memorial Meeting in New York on October 25th.)

FOR JOHN REED

(Died October 17, 1920)

THE winds of the East
Blow across the bitter seas
Laden with mournful tidings,
And wail unceasingly through the tall pines
That bend their heads in sorrow . . .
In the western sky
The sun weeps blood-red tears
Until weary with bitterness
She hides her face in the hair of night
And the darkness comes . . .
The moon lifts up her face swollen with anguish

And the stars wander through the sky
Disconsolate.

The darkness comes . . .
But the night is not darker than our hearts . . .
The moon comes forth with light
But no light enters our hearts
As our tears fall silently
For John Reed, whom we loved
And who lies dead . . .
For John Reed, whom we held high in our pride,
And who lies low in death . . .
For John Reed, who glowed like a torch,
And who is now drowned in darkness . . .