

LIBERATOR

March, 1921

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Cornelia Barns

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(Former U. S. Senator from South Dakota)

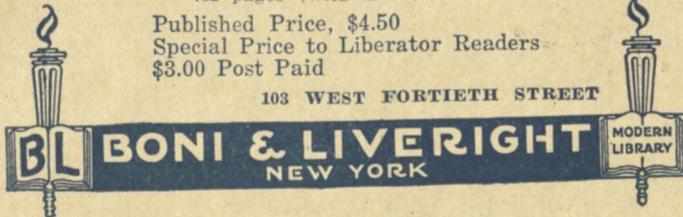
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A Letter from Scott Nearing

To the Readers of the Liberator:--

The people of the United States face a supreme crisis. With the Labor Movement on the defensive; with plutocracy in the saddle; with general unemployment; with agricultural bankruptcy; with gag laws in thirty-five states; with political trials and political prisoners, millions are asking: "What does it all mean?"

I have written a book, "The American Empire," to answer that question.

The book tells why and how the American ruling class has come into power; discusses the Great War, and the gains made by the American plutocracy because of it; gives the partition of the Earth under the Peace Treaty, the doctrine of Pan-Americanism, the relative wealth and economic position of the United States as compared with the great empires; foretells the coming conflict between the Big Three empires; states the program for world conquest that has been formulated by the American plutocracy; treats of the European Revolutions, and explains where the American worker gets off.

I know that books are luxuries in these days, yet the American people must have the information contained in "The American Empire." To make this possible, the Rand Book Store is publishing the book at 50 cents in paper and one dollar in cloth (both post-paid). We have worked like beavers to get the book out at this price, and now it is up to you to help us put it across.

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Interlingua, which was founded by the original supporters of Volapuk in August, 1887, but which now professes to have devised a language that anticipates the inevitable outcome of the complete development of any one of the ten international languages that have been attempted!

"A study of these attempts," says Prof. R. Lorenz of the Swiss Federal Technical University at Zurich, "leads to the surprising result that they often differ less than, for example, the Romance languages. If, then, one were to choose any one of these languages and to direct its systematic development according to the principles which experience and knowledge have shown to be requisite for the construction of an international language, one would in each case arrive finally at approximately the same result."

"It is this result," says my correspondent, "that the *Academia pro Interlingua* has tried to reach with a scientific method, and with good success. If we consider that a very influential committee, after seven years of study, has reported that Ido is to be preferred to Esperanto, and that Ido itself needs changes, and that the recent tendency of the followers of Ido is to adopt international words instead of the regular derivatives from the roots adopted, it will not be long before the followers of Ido will be in the *Interlingua* fold."

Interlingua is described as a "modernized international Latin without any flexion," and its principal virtue, of course, derives from the fact that Latin was for a long period an international language in Europe, and that hundreds of Latin words are common to all European languages. Of 1,700 words which are common to English, German, French, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese and Russian, 1,511 are Greco-Latin, 35 Arabic, and the others of differing origin. All those 1,511 words appear in *Interlingua* in their Latin forms. So I believe do all Latin-English words—55,000 of them in Webster's original dictionary—and that of course makes *Interlingua* very simple to an English-speaking person who has studied Latin.

For me it is as much easier to read than Ido, as Ido is easier than Esperanto. And I experience a joy in seeing Latin denuded of its "flexions," second only to that which I might have felt if I had seen the teeth drop out of the head of my Latin professor. But I am not sure that either of these facts constitutes a testimony to the *internationalness* of the language or its value to the revolutionary proletariat. I reply to my newest correspondent, therefore, that "the church door is not closed," and he can advertise *Interlingua* in the *Liberator* as much as he pleases. Indeed, if he wants to pay for the space, he can advertise Latin itself, and declare that it was endorsed by Spartacus as the official tongue of the Bolsheviks. The only language we try to protect our readers against is bad English.

Free Speech Again

A PROTEST came from Upton Sinclair because we did not choose to publish in our advertising columns the publisher's praise of Karl Kautsky's book on The Dictatorship of the Proletariat. "Freedom of Controversy," he says, "ought to be the breath of life to a radical magazine." So long as the book is not "indecent," "unlawful," or the publisher's proposal "commercially dishonest," we ought to publish the advertisement in the name of "freedom." The same protest was made by Fremont Older about John Spargo's book some time ago.

We have never closed our editorial columns to anything

Upton Sinclair had to say about the dictatorship of the proletariat, nor would anything but the cost of paper deter us from opening a general debate on that topic at the present time. But if he thinks that we have built up this magazine through eight long years of labor for the publication and sincere discussion of the truth, only in order to *sell space* in it for the publication of what we consider to be lies, he is far from understanding our character. And if his idea of "freedom" involves the indiscriminate public sale of the opportunity to propagate false statements, I would suggest that he can find a close parallel to it in a house of prostitution—or for that matter in the daily press.

SINCE the French and Italian Socialist conventions it is possible to define a "Centrist" as a man who, when the choice is forced upon him, would rather compromise his revolutionary principles and join the reformists, than compromise his "judgment about tactics" and join the revolution.

WILSON has proposed to the Allied powers that they should "solemnly guarantee" Russia against invasion by any of the surrounding armies, and we are assured by the press that this information will be conveyed unofficially to the Soviet leaders at Moscow. We hope it will, for if they ever needed to get their guns ready, it is now.

The Easter Flower

FAR from this foreign Easter damp and chilly
My soul steals to a pear-shaped plot of ground,
Where gleamed the lilac-tinted Easter lily
Soft-scented in the air for yards around;

Alone, without a hint of guardian leaf!
Just like a fragile bell of silver rhyme,
It burst the tomb for freedom sweet and brief
In the young pregnant year at Eastertime;

And many thought it was a sacred sign,
And some called it the resurrection flower;
And I, a pagan, worshipped at its shrine,
Yielding my heart unto its perfumed power.

Claude McKay.

THE LIBERATOR

A Journal of Revolutionary Progress

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Poems From Tahiti

Jonah

THROB of the engines all night long,
 Throb of the engines, gentle and strong,
 Beating like the heart of a harnessed whale
 Pushing through the sea, nosing through the gale.
 I lie in the darkness, half awake,
 And feel the great body throb and shake,
 Feel the mighty engines' reassuring strength,
 And fall asleep in the whale at length.

Bougainvillea Vine

THE grass under the trellis is covered
 With aniline-colored flowers of the bougainvillea—
 My eyes, even in the grey rain, quiver
 With reverberations of cerise and emerald!

Goats

TODAY I saw, lying in the shade,
 Four white goats silhouetted against the grass,
 Leaf-shadows lilac across white flanks;
 When I came by, they were not a bit afraid;
 Never a quiver of ears nor a flip of tails;
 Only four proud little sculptured heads
 Turned slowly in unison to watch me pass.

Dark Woman

DARK woman, how alert you are and forceful!
 How you grasp people like a wrestler
 In your dark mind—
 How relentlessly you are unkind
 So that your vanity may vaunt itself!
 Have you never been remorseful
 To see a gentle enemy laid low
 By your harsh force?
 Or do you not even know
 That there is a whole world of power
 Suppler than yours and swifter in its course?

The Town

FROM the heart of the hills I have come down
 By a long path to the heart of the town.
 O hard and invincible, brilliant and sweet,
 You weary my spirit, you weary my feet;
 I tread your street and your various ways
 And I long for the hills, yet my lips make praise.
 From the heart of the hills I have come down
 For I cannot stay long from the heart of the town.

Morning Laughter

THE small yellow room was full of yellow light,
 The muslin curtain fluttered in the morning air,
 And across the window a cherry-branch was white
 The morning in April my lover waked me there.

Never again will morning be as clear,
 Never again will I wake with such surprise;
 How can I forget him who was my very dear,
 And waked me, laughing, with April in his eyes!

Lamplit Evening

IT'S snowing outside our room
 And we are reading
 Each side of the lamp. The gloom
 Makes a golden globe of the room,
 In the corners receding.

Now and again I look
 Across at you
 So warmly deep in your book,
 And sometimes, too,
 You lift your eyes and look.

Don't let's read any more—
 Enough for tonight!
 Close the blinds and lock the door
 And blow out the light—
 We shan't need the light any more.

Lydia Gibson.

A Revolutionist to His Son

(A reader has sent us these letters from Karl Liebknecht to his son, translated from the Volkszeitung. The first letter is written from the field of battle, the second from prison.)

My dearest Helmi:

The spring storm rages in front of my window, through the narrow passage of the stone walls. It is not warm. March air. So it must also seem in your little heart, in your little head. This means the lungs expanded wide—motion and resolution in your limbs. No moping in the house! No dejection!

Your life shall be a life of toil and struggle and pain, not sunshine and ease. But just therein will lie your happiness.

You must learn that human beings are nothing more than a higher form of animal. Each full of weaknesses and strengths, full of good and evil. That they must be viewed biologically. That the task of the human being who conscientiously sets out to attain a higher goal—the human being who is driven by an inward urge to further an ideal—is to throw himself into the fray and fight with all his might for the higher development of human kind, for the liberation and the welfare of all.

The war and its attending evils distress and oppress you. Yes, this must fill every soul with gloom. But from this dark night there is deliverance: The resolve to do away with all these evils. Only that life is impossible which would let everything remain as it is. Only that life is possible which is ready to sacrifice itself for the common good.

My life so far, in spite of all, was a happy one. Especially was I most happy when I struggled most desperately and when my sufferings were keenest. And so will it be with you. This is our battle.

You must not let your own views take wing because of what I say to you. You must not listen to my words—you must sift everything down to the very bottom and fight everything out for yourself.

My dear Boy:

I have not as yet received a letter from you and to-day we are receiving mail here. But I am already writing. Through my mind surge so many memories of my youth—a youth such as yours—when the spiritual and emotional first begin to bud. . . .

You, too, shall live through these enchanting times. This is the wish which now fills me. You would be a great deal the poorer in years to come if you were to be cheated out of really living, and you must not be cheated.

. . . Have confidence in me and Sonja. You must keep nothing from us. Do nothing which you would dare not to confess. We understand everything. I have wandered, groped and crept through all the human paths of error. Nothing could befall you which I could not understand or would not forgive, as I witness your struggle to work your way through and ascend the heights to the sun—into the eternal glory of the world. Your breast shall heave high and you shall throw out your arms wide to the universe. This I want to behold; for this I am waiting. Open your heart—let all things enter in and work their blessing upon you. Be guided by the trust you have in me, by the love you feel for us all and for humanity. Then all work will be play and not drudgery—all work will be happiness and joy.

Write me, my beloved child, soon. A great deal. . . . All you have in your heart.

One Dead—Two in Danger

By Robert Minor

OUT of a window high in an office building in Park Row, a man's body took the long drop to the street below. Early morning newspaper distributors and a policeman smoothed back the black hair on the head that rolled loosely. There were the fine forehead of olive skin, the black eyes and aquiline nose of an Italian.

The body had fallen from a window that gaped open in the half-dark of dawn, fourteen stories above. Investigation of the fourteenth floor showed that this was a window of a secret prison kept by the agents of the United States Department of Justice.

Do you remember "Palmer's Revolution?" It was dated for May 1st, 1920. The Italian workman's plunge to death on May 3rd from Palmer's secret prison was its only casualty.

The secret jail, hidden away in an office building in the heart of the business district, was the headquarters for "Palmer's Revolution." In that resort, away from the restraints of regular prisons, Palmer's agents handled "reds." Andrea Salsedo was one of the working men that was being handled there. There was another man in the prison, Roberto Elia, a friend of the dead man. Elia had seen that Salsedo's head and face were a mass of bruises. Salsedo had been taken out each day three times, he said, to be questioned and to be beaten so as to make him give the answers that were wanted. Elia said that he heard Salsedo's screams while he was being tortured, and saw the agents examine Salsedo's eyes and finger nails to learn whether the beating was going so far as to endanger life. When Elia went to sleep at night, the agents pointed to the open window, saying: "Don't forget this is the fourteenth floor."

In the morning Elia was told that Salsedo had "jumped out of the window." The newspaper men and city policemen and strangers came, asking questions. The pile of shapeless flesh in the pool of blood below the window of the secret prison was embarrassing to Palmer and to Flynn of the Secret Service. Even the capitalist press stirred a little with the tang of the mystery. Did the man jump and kill himself, or was he thrown from the window? Was he thrown out alive? Or was a dead body dropped from the window to conceal the manner in which death had taken place?

The newspapers were shut off at last. The body was quickly buried without any coroner's inquest. Roberto Elia was the only one who knew anything—except Palmer's men. He was quickly deported to Italy, where he disappeared from sight. Then the Italian population of various American industrial districts began to make trouble. Agitators began to make protest meetings.

The two most capable of the agitators were Bartolomeo Vanzetti and Nicolo Sacco. Palmer's agents found that Vanzetti came to New York even before the death of Salsedo, and they shadowed him back to his home in Plymouth, Massachusetts, and further on to Brockton. At Brockton Vanzetti and Sacco were arranging to stir the Italian population to protest in mass meeting. The Department of Justice had the local police arrest Sacco and Vanzetti, with the handbills advertising their meeting in their pockets. In every detective bureau a couple of dozen miscellaneous pistols are kept for the purpose of "finding" them on the persons of anyone that the police want to hold. The police held Sacco and Van-

zetti in that manner, and questioned them as "reds."

But the grumbling was getting louder against Palmer's monstrous ways. "Red raids" were not the road to the presidency. The two Italians could not well be held and tortured as "reds."

The police, who had been holding the two men for Palmer, were evidently given permission to use Sacco and Vanzetti for their own purposes. The police needed prisoners. The "crime wave" had already struck the Boston district, and struck it hard. There had been many hold-ups there, just as there had been in New York and in every other district, and the Massachusetts small-town police had been unsuccessful in catching the criminals. They needed Sacco and Vanzetti badly. They could use Vanzetti especially well, for Vanzetti had led in a cordage works strike in 1915, and had stirred up the Italians to give money to the Lawrence strikers and the Mesaba Range strikers.

The factory superintendents brought a plenty of witnesses. Vanzetti was charged with a hold-up in Bridgewater that had occurred on the preceding Christmas Eve, and he and Sacco together were charged with another hold-up and the murder of two men in South Braintree, which occurred on April 15th. \$25,000 was offered for any testimony that would convict Sacco and Vanzetti of robbery and murder, and the witnesses came in herds. It was the favorite case of the Massachusetts small-town police. A boy had testified that he had seen a man run "like a foreigner" from the scene of a crime, and a woman had seen a couple of men talking "like Italians" across the street. Nobody identified the prisoners positively. The prisoners were forced to pose in melodramatic style as though using firearms. Still the witnesses were not sure of identifying them. But that didn't matter. Vanzetti was tried for the Christmas Eve hold-up. He had an alibi that nobody would believe, because the witnesses were "Dagoes." Twenty of them testified that Vanzetti had been selling eels in Plymouth, twenty miles away, on the morning and at the hour of the hold-up. Who would believe a "Dago"? A "Dago" selling eels on Christmas Eve! Nobody took the trouble to notice that it is a universal custom of Italians to eat eels on Christmas Eve. Vanzetti was convicted.

The jury was in doubt about it for a while, but while deliberating they got hold of some shotgun shells that were "found" in the pocket of Vanzetti by the detectives, and in the jury room they opened these shells, finding that buck-shot was contained in them. They admit now that they convicted Vanzetti on the fact that they found buck-shot in their private examination of these shotgun shells—*which evidence was not even known by the defense.*

After the jurymen had been dismissed, one of them confided in the judge, showed one of the buck shot which he had kept as a souvenir. The judge listened to this account of the jury's secret reason for conviction, cautioned the jurymen to be silent about it, and then sentenced Vanzetti to fifteen years in the penitentiary. Now that the one man is convicted it will be "easier to convict the two of them of the murder of April 15." Just as Billing's fraudulent conviction was used as a preliminary to help in the conviction of Mooney!

In a few weeks Sacco and Vanzetti will go to trial for robbery and murder. The frauds of the trial fererun the event. A woman who offered to peddle an acquital to the defendants for \$50,000 has been freed by the court, and an attempt has even been made to deport Frank R. Lopez, who was a witness of the affair. The two Italian workmen must be electrocuted because the police have to get somebody for the crime wave, and Mitchell Palmer wants to get rid of those who raise questions about the torture and murder of Andrea Salsedo. Just as we suspected that poor Andrea Salsedo was tortured to death—perhaps the third degree was carried one step too far and the body thrown out of the window to conceal the murder—so we know the motive for strangling

Sacco and Vanzetti. We are not children. We know that Sacco and Vanzetti are labor agitators; we know that without being identified positively by any witnesses, and in spite of a thorough alibi they are likely to be electrocuted. We know that their electrocution will be very convenient to the human hounds of the Massachusetts industrial district and of Palmer's secret police. That is enough. In these days when the whole rotten structure of the Mooney-Billings frame-up is tumbling about the heads of the official criminals who made it—let us decree that there shall be no more labor frame-ups! Let us raise money and send it to the defense of Sacco and Vanzetti. The address is the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee, 7 East 15th Street, New York.



"You gotta nerve, asking for a raise—suppose you were in Russia!"

"Suppose YOU were."

Niagara

No Love in All These Lands

THIS autumn day, Niagara, is old
 With color. Birds and all the crowds are fled,
 But I, though knowing yesterday is dead,
 Return alone for what this hour may hold.
 How civilized you seem, with manifold
 Equipment, turbines, wires. I see you tread
 Your wheel that men may eat their daily bread,
 A slave, a kilowatt, machine-controlled.
 But, oh, that once I might have come this way
 A thousand years ago; first heard the roar
 Of dreadful giant waters; crept that day
 With splendid fear to stand upon this shore!
 O new world's heart! O thunder-beaten spray!
 O primal grandeur through a sudden door!

Stirling Bowen.

WHAT would I give—ah, what would I not give
 Again to follow in the flaming trail
 Of melodies and visions fugitive,
 And care if I should falter or prevail.
 My heart, blown out in darkness suddenly,
 All the astonished loves that once I knew,
 The seas of gold and fire that surged in me,
 Are cold and silent dust at twenty-two.
 I am unmoved when twilights come and go,
 Or dawns roll out their colors wave on wave,
 Or lakes are hushed, or winds of evening blow—
 Dear God, I am a dead man in his grave
 Since I have found no Love in all these lands
 To take my face between her quiet hands.

Joseph Freeman.



"I don't ever expect to get a good cook again until something's been done to Lenin."

A Little Bit of Millennium

By Michael Gold

STELTON is in New Jersey, some fifty miles out on the Pennsylvania railroad. It is an uneventful suburban stop in country flat and green as a Dutch meadow, the evening alighting place of two score or more simple-minded American commuters. They turn to the right of the station, where the village clusters. But you, fellow-malcontent, walk left for two miles along a macadam road, and so come to the Ferrer colony, a strange exotic jewel of radicalism placed in this dull setting, a scarlet rose of revolution blooming in this cabbage patch, a Thought, an Idea, a Hope, balancing its existence in the great Jersey void. . . .

But I exaggerate. Most visitors sniff a little at the Ferrer colony. They come with preconceptions, dreams and prejudices. They have heard how five years ago Harry Kelley, Leonard Abbott, Joseph Cohen and others of the dwindling faithful in the anarchist movement of America, brought out a group of children and settled in an old farmhouse they had bought co-operatively.

Others arrived each year, bought land and built shacks, till now there is a big school and about three hundred of the comrades scratching out a hardscrabble living there. Visitors come expecting a rosy millennium. The colony started in that spirit, but the visitors find weird tar-paper shacks, fantastic in architecture as a futurist drawing, muddy roads, papers and tin cans littering the crossroads at the entrance to the colony; also intensely human scandals, rumors and jealousies thick as the mosquitoes and almost as plentiful as in any other closely-knit community. It is not the millennium, the visitors exclaim, as they glumly try to make a meal off the whole wheat bread and raw salads they are offered. No, it is not, a friend of the place will say. It is merely another proletarian attempt to realize the millennium in the midst of a world of capitalism. The experiment is bound to fail, as Jesus failed in his attempt to establish Christianity in a world of stiff-necked Jews and brassy-bowelled, shrewd Romans. Such experiments always leave some mark, however, and Stelton has made its own on the page of radical history here.

I lived at the colony for a few months last summer and wish to testify for it. There are numbers of such colonies scattered throughout the country, the conditions about the same as Stelton, I suppose, the same hard-pan farming, the same slim larders and ice-bound shacks in winter and gossip and internal difficulties. I knew an old house painter in Boston who had piously worked his head off in about twelve attempts at such colonies, and had seen them all fail. I know all the theories arrayed against such colonies. They are said to be relics of the Utopian pre-Marxian Socialism. They mislead as to the purpose of the revolution, which is to enter the State and capture it, not try to change it from without. These colonies, too, take lots of precious material away from the firing line, which is in the cities, in the ranks of the class-conscious workers. There are many other good objections needless to repeat; every reader of the *Liberator* has surely shied a brick at Utopianism in his time. I have; I say again that colonies are not revolutionary in the scientific sense, that whoever sees in them the way and the path has not the diamond-hard mind of the revolutionist, that the

revolution can only be fought and won by organization of the world proletariat at the centres of production.

Colonies are not scientific revolution; no, but they are a part of the art of the revolution. They are direct action by the proletarian soul. They are as spontaneous, as inevitable, as useful and as beautiful as the writing of poetry. They are the poetry created by the hard hands of inspired workmen, and whoever does not understand them, does not understand something that is in the heart of the proletarian.

Those dreamy-eyed, dear people who become desperate in the mill of the capitalist cities and who escape to colonies, go there to make themselves over in the image of the proletarian Superman. They are as sick of the slime in their souls as any great sinner entering a monastery. They wish to become free workers—gentle, creative, loving, truthful men and women, toiling shoulder to shoulder in a community of friends, envying no one, commanding no one, taking no thought of the morrow or of the individual self, living according to that divinest of rules for the conduct of life, "From each according to his ability, to each according to his need."

This is Communism, and in Russia they have made the first infantile steps towards it. It will come in time. But colonists cannot wait. They wish to live the good life in their own generation; the world revolution seems too far off. They thirst for perfection and righteousness with the thirst of Shelley and the passion of Danton; the cities hold them down.

How can they wait? Can a lover wait for the lips of the beloved? Can a poet wait years while a song is aching for expression within him? Can a race-horse wait easily for the starter's shot, or can a wobbly wait until Chicago sanctions a strike? Off they go, sinking time, money, labor, dreams and heartache into some scheme such as that of Stelton; impatient, impractical, narrow as youth, and as beautiful. It is the poetical folly of the proletariat; it must be allowed them, for God knows they have to be practical enough, most of the time; they walk the earth enough.

Of course colonies fail, as Stelton has failed, for how can you have communism with people who have been bred body and soul in the old capitalistic world, who, though they reject it with all the fervor of their conscious selves, have its dogmas in the very marrow of their bones?

But such failures are useful and good; they are experiments; they teach something. They are like the play of children, who with bits of wood and sea-shells and old bottles, build theatres and houses, and rehearse at being men and women. These colonies are little laboratories in the real Communism. City revolutionists, intellectuals, parliamentarians and apartment-house Bolsheviks—we have forgotten what the original Communism is. Anarchists have it to their glory that they have never forgotten. They can be fools; many of them are reactionaries and obstructionists just now; as guides to the politics of today they may be reliable as so many Mad Mullahs; they are rash and arrogant and dogmatic, many of them, but they have never been wrong as to what the future must bring.

Anarchists have seen more clearly than any of the other radical parties, that the revolution is a final uprising against civilization, not capitalism alone; that it will bring forth a

new man, with new desires that will transcend even that current "law" of economics that so many of us are obsessed by, the law of large scale production. They have seen that the revolution will be a bold, complete and Goth-like destruction of all the present values, the virtues as well as the vices; and that it will probably bring about the disintegration of the cities and a return to nature, simplicity, the clean daylight splendor of the free communes.

In Russia, though the military state is still necessary (as gas-masks were necessary in the trenches), there are many signs that this pure and ancient anarchist-communism is at the core of the great experiment, waiting to exfoliate in its season. There are the Communist Saturdays, days of volunteer labor, which Lenin has declared to be germs of the future week of voluntary communist toil. Peasant communes are encouraged, subsidized and given preference over individual land owning. There is Prolet-Kult, the evocation from the masses of the art and science latent in them, the creation of the workers' culture, based on human brotherhood and not on egotistic beauty-seeking in art and idle curiosity and power-worship in science. And then there is the education of the children, the Communists of the future, with the old pedagogy rooted out like a weed, and anarchist autonomy coming into its place as the golden rule in teaching. These are all symptoms of what is in growth in Russia.

Everyone does his own work about his own little shack in Stelton. Everyone lives simply; nearly all are vegetarians. Manual labor and poverty are the rule, so that whoever is good or whoever is wise is easily recognized. A learned young Jewish philosopher, a most persuasive little pessimist,



Drawing by Anna Cohen, age 13

was for months the janitor at the school, lecturing occasionally on literature when he was in the mood. A German carpenter is a student of Goethe and writes poetry. A newspaper editor washed dishes at the hotel during the summer. A poet is the best farmer on the tract, and a singer built hencoops by day—and built them well. All are equal. There is private property, but everyone thinks it a sin. There are no police, however, no thieves, and no class divisions.

But I do not wish to speak of the adults at Stelton. I have already indicated that they, like myself, and you, rapid reader, and the Pope, and Jack Dempsey, and the Sultan of Sulu, and the members of Tammany Hall, and the members of local New York and of the Socialist Party, and Julius Gerber and Louis Fraina, and Alexander Berkman, and even that battered hoary paladin of 100 per cent. Communism, Hippolyte Havel—all, all of us are warped and betrayed and flawed and spoiled, absolutely unfitted for the brotherly life of the communes of the future.

The most communistic person at Stelton is Harry Kelley, who began his apprenticeship under Kropotkin in London when he was a youth, and now, at his fiftieth year, bears still on his bowed shoulders community burdens most of us duck when we can. Harry has been true as the north star; has never lost faith, though on his devoted head has beaten many a storm; he is the mainspring of the group at Stelton. And yet Harry, generous as he is, has been warped, too, by capitalism, and has his moods, prejudices and moments of unbrotherly cantankerousness.

All of us are spoiled. The adults have been able to accomplish little at Stelton, beyond escaping, in their own persons, the fever and mechanistic hell of the cities. They are a group of workers who have returned to nature, and have found a little peace. Perhaps this is something. But it is the children at Stelton who make the place a spot of revolutionary importance. The cause is lost and must die with us who are grown-up; we are what we are, instruments of hatred and tears. We have adapted ourselves successfully to life under capitalism, and therefore would be failures under communism. It is the children we must look to in hope. Even though the revolution should burst tomorrow, we should have to begin training the children, as in Russia, for the life of the future. They alone, in an atmosphere free of fear, can learn to work and create and love in true equality; we have too little faith for that.

The education of the children; this is the true revolution; this is what Ferrer taught and was killed for teaching by the capitalist class in Spain. Children are first in everything in Russia, and at Stelton, where the adults have fled from the class struggle, instead of following the more heroic method of winning it, the children, too, are the centre of all the communal life, and the one great good that has come from the experiment there.

The children! They are everywhere one turns in the colony, dotting the place with color so that one comes upon them with joy as upon blue flowers under the corn-rows; The whole green tract is their school, and they absorb that universal education that comes to man only through all of his five senses, and that he misses if he reads only books and knows only abstractions.

They are in the barn, helping milk the cows, or currying old Fred, the horse, whom they love. They are working in the fields with Sherwood, each proud of his little garden, each planting seeds and marvelling at the mystic chemistry of Nature, that turns loam into vivid flowers and clean, sweet vegetable food. They build little houses of their own, and



Lunacharsky—Scholar and Poet—
Soviet Commissar of Education

write plays and act them, and they dance and sing, and draw, and edit and set type for their magazine, and raise chickens, and sail rafts on the pond, and fly kites and wash dishes. They do as much useful work every day as the average man, and they learn more, and yet you would think it was all play. They do it with noise and barbaric exuberance, and it is like a constant hymn of joy sung in the worship of life.

At the beginning the children at Stelton were taught reading, writing and arithmetic by the regular academic methods—from books, in class rooms. But last summer a final test of faith was made, and all compulsory classes abandoned. The children come from proletarian families, and the proletariat still has the outsider's reverence for book culture, so that the school lost many children when this plan was dared.

I saw how it was working. A big hand-press and many cases of type were set up in the basement, and Paul Scott was put in charge, a shrewd, genial, philosophical tramp printer and ex-agitator, who among a thousand other adventures was once run out of Mexico with Benjamin De Casseres for publishing a revolutionary labor paper Porfirio Diaz didn't like.

The children saw him print a few leaflets, and it would have taken all the chariots of hell after that to prevent them from learning how to print. Uncle Scott's was the most popular resort on the colony. He is not a professional teacher, but he is an easy-going, wholesome person, wise as good fathers and able workers are wise, and he just gave all of

them printer's sticks, showed them the fonts, and let them find out the rest for themselves.

Day after day I came into the printing shop and saw the busy youngsters happy at their task. They printed cards with their names on them, they printed little poems they had written, they published their magazine. Uncle Scott told them stories of his travels between times; also he corrected their grammar; also he gave the youngest of them private tips as to what grown-ups meant by a and b and c, when he was asked anxiously. Thus, when the practical need arose, out of their own inner necessity, the children learned reading.

The children learn reading at Stelton, because they want to work in Uncle Scott's printing office. They learn writing and arithmetic for similar practical reasons. Every day they make raffia baskets and weave carpets and other things on a hand-loom, and before they can get the material they must present a slip asking for the quantity they will need. So they learn to write; they plead, beg, fight, and commandeer one of the teachers into teaching them this little knack.

Also a group of the boys built a number of miniature shacks near the farm-house, and Jimmy Dick, the arithmetic teacher, had to come down and work out fractions and other measurements for them, and teach them how to estimate the amount of wood needed, and how to fit the angles of a roof. Thus they acquired arithmetic.

These houses were interesting affairs—two being small, private dens where several cliques of poets came for that high solitude (away from girls and "kids") that is so necessary to the art. Another was a more pretentious affair, with much room, and fancy burlap wall paper, and a coat of red paint. This was intended as a guest chamber for parents, and the boys were saving their pennies to buy a cot. And the other structure was a post-office, with wire netting, and a desk, and pens—everything. The children spent long afternoons here writing letters to all their friends, and those who could not write were generously taught by the others.

How it flows! What a lesson this all is to those dolts who are perpetually asking us the terrible questions: But who will do the dirty work under Communism? But how are you going to get people to keep active without competition?

The need for work, for expression, is as much a need of the human organism as is bread. Without work men decay. These children, unhampered, with no class work, with no punishments, examinations or competition, learned because it is useful to learn, worked and built things because there is something in the body and spirit of man that demands this. Capitalism has become a monstrous, evil dam that blocks the wide flowing of all of man's instincts for work and creation.

And capitalist civilization has been successfully reared on one fundamental lie: that nature is not our home. Civilization is another name for the artificial, for cities, for intellec-



By Billy Pogrobitsky, age 15

tual castes occupying themselves with their phantom studies, for sickness and jails and wealth and poverty.

I loved to watch the children at Stelton growing up in the midst of the true reality.

Let all who love art practice it; begin as the cave man began, without technique, without precedents and masters. Technique has made cowards of us all.

The children at Stelton learned to draw in such a simple direct and beautiful way that I never tired of watching them. Hugo Gellert was their teacher. He would come down in his bare feet, an old cotton shirt and corduroy trousers, and sit down at a big table on the school porch and start to draw something. Ten or twelve kids would grab paper and crayons and follow his example. They would draw anything they wanted to. Some would draw the trees standing on the lawn; others would sketch Hugo, or their pals; some would sketch Fred, the horse, from memory, or Mike, the poor old hound who had attached himself to the school; or they would just draw imaginatively, from the emotions, innocently, with the primitive sweetness and truth we all have forgotten in this tangled age.

"Hugo," they would cry, "is mine good? Is this good?"

"Yes, fine, peachy," Hugo almost invariably said, and it is strange how this easily-won praise stimulated them. Indiscriminate praise may be bad, but Hugo loves art as William Morris loved it, and when he praises a thing it is for the joy, the sincerity and the truth that went into it. Children still have all these virtues in whatever they do.

The children, last summer, took to writing poems when the printing press came and the magazine was started. Here is one of them:

AN ODE TO RUTH

By Samuel Pearl

*Ruthy is a lollypop, with big round staring eyes,
And all the time she's out of doors she gazes at the skies;
She gazes at the birds that fly, and at the sky so blue,
But just the same I do believe she's a lollypop, don't you?*

I drove the milk wagon for some time about the colony, while the regular milkman was working on his shack, and I always had a crowd of the kids with me. Work was a picnic, life a perpetual riot. One of my assistants was a young, pugnacious tough-nut named Herbert Spencer Goldberg, who always dodged school and hated lessons. But he was caught in the wave of poetry that swept the school when the magazine was started, and I was surprised to find three of his



By Sasha, age 6

efforts in the last number—in free verse, as might have been expected.

The one that follows is a symbol to me of our whole society at the present moment. We fear Communism, we fear the new order where even artists and intellectuals may have to work, we fear equality and freedom. But let us not fear. Let us trust in men's instincts. Happy and great days are ahead for humanity.

THE WOODS

By Herbert Spencer Goldberg

There was a time that I used to live in front of a great wood. I used to think I would never go into the woods, but a day came that my father said, "Come into the woods and help me chop wood." I said all right, and I went. And I was so happy.

THE VAST HOUR

ALL essences of sweetness from the white
Warm day go up in vapor, when the dark
Comes down. Ascends the tune of the meadow-lark,
Ascends the noon-time smell of grass, when night
Takes sunlight from the world, and gives it ease.
Mysterious wings have brushed the air; and light
Float all the ghosts of sense and sound and sight.
The silent hive is echoing the bees.

So stir my thoughts at this slow, solemn time.
Now only is there certainty for me,
When all the day's distilled and understood.
Now light meets darkness: now my tendrils climb
In this vast hour, up the living tree,
Into the leaves of night where sleep is good.

Genevieve Taggard.



A Woodcut by J. J. Lankes.

The Split in Italy

By Norman Matson

LIVORNO, Italia.—This morning a corps of young men plastered the pink and tan walls of this sun-drenched town of the Riviera with great placards announcing the first mass meeting of the Communist Party of Italy, section of the Third International. It is the opening gun of what promises to be a bitter struggle between the Socialists and the Communists for the leadership of the organized workers and peasants—that is to say between the leaders actuated by the ideology of antebellum socialism and those who accept post-bellum bolshevism.

The outstanding dramatic fact of a dramatic convention was the duel between youth and age. Literally and not only philosophically, Amadeo Bordiga, Umberto Terracini, Francesco Misiano, Antonio Gramsci, Bruno Fortechiari, are all in their early thirties or younger. Bombacci is forty. These with Egidio Gennari, until this convention general secretary of the Socialist Party, and who is past middle age, lead the Communist faction. The Centrists and Rightists (now the Socialist Party) are led by Giacinao M. Serrati, Filippo Turati, Guiseppe Modigliani, Castantino Lazzari, Claudio Treves, etc., old veterans all of them. Their oft-repeated epithet, "You are boys only! Excitable boys who would smash the unity we have built with years of unceasing labor, of prison, of sacrifice!" was natural and understandable. In reply the young men read the orders of the Third International and retold the story of Moscow, Berlin, Budapest, the facts of which some of them got at first hand—behind the barricades.

The party that died in this convention was, I suppose, the strongest Socialist party in the world. A year ago it had 1891 *sezioni* (Locals) with 81,469 members; 47 members in parliament; controlled 350 municipal administrations. Today it has 4,367 *sezioni*, 216,327 members, 156 deputies in parliament, controls no less than 2,200 municipalities and 25 provinces.

It had, in a word, across 25 years of hard, consistent, intelligent labor, won to the position of the strongest single political power in the nation, set for the last easy sprint to the ultimate goal of social-democracy—the formation of a social-democratic ministry. But the rank and file had gotten ahead of its leaders. The peasants and workers had gone

into the trenches, menshiviks, social-pacifists; they came out bolshevists. In the first great industrial struggle they took over the now famous 500 factories, and holding them, turned to their previously unconsulted leaders for advice. Out of the maze of contradictory, ambiguous accounts of that tense moment, one remembers the story of the night of waiting. In the factories of Turin and Milan not a red worker slept. Would their political and industrial advisers—Serrati, D'Aragona & Co.—tell them to hold the line or retreat? The order—formulated by the men who now lead a party purged of bolsheviks—was "Retreat—evacuate!" A young Torinese told me: "The disappointment crushed us. Some of us wept that night!"

From Moscow, Zinovieff in the name of the Third International—to which the Italian Party had affiliated—thundered condemnation of the retreat, and beleaguered Russia, hoping for respite with the coming of revolution in the West, knew again the taste of bitter disappointment. Then the "twenty-one points"—kick out the reformers, submit yourself wholeheartedly to the discipline of the International of which you are a part, change your name to Communist Party, etc.—all of which were "accepted" by the Rights, the Centrists, the Lefts—by the first two with emasculating reservations and ambiguity, by the latter, flatly, completely. The three factions (the Rights are the Concentrationists Turati, Treves, Modigliani, the Socialist "old guard," and D'Aragona and the other bosses of the General Confederation of Labor, which though it does not include the railroad workers or the seamen, is the industrial power of the land; the Center is Serrati's "Communist-Unitarians"—the name explains them—communist-social democrats, so to speak; the Left, the "pure" communists,—these three factions held conventions some months ago in preparation for the Congress of Livorno, adopting "orders of the day" expressing their attitude toward the 21 points. The Center and the Right, avowing allegiance to the International, stood pat in their refusal to oust the Reformists, contending that they could control them by discipline. The *Ordine Nuovo* (until taken over by the Communists, the Turin edition of the *Avanti*) printed Zinovieff's letter recognizing the Left as the true representatives of the Third International in Italy.

When the three thousand delegates gathered in Livorno January 15th it was generally agreed that a split was inevitable. After six days of oratory and tumult the delegates cast the votes of their constituents as follows: 98,029 for Serrati, the Third International and unity; 58,790 for "pure" communism; 14,212 for the right.

Serrati heads a party built on compromise between communists who, accepting the larger facts of the Third International, are not yet ready to commit themselves to the demanded international discipline and to decisive revolutionary action, and socialists of the type of Snowden in England, or, better, of the Independents of Germany. He bought this unity by splitting the communist, the revolutionary, strength of the party. The split was to the right, not to the left. Had Serrati, swallowing his resentment at Zinovieff's attacks upon him, bowed to the will of the International to which he had pledged allegiance, the numerically inconsequential Right would have been forced out, as the



Teatro Goldoni.

Social-patriots were forced out in 1913. As it is, like it or not, under the offensive of the new Communist party backed by the Third International, he will be forced to take up a defensive line **further to the right than his philosophy** and his conscience dictate; the Communist Party must occupy itself with the task of building a new party and with the greater task of fighting for dominance in the breast of each economic organization.

The Unitarian leaders, so they say, will bide their time. A Deputy told me: "It is likely that in five or six months—in June, perhaps—there will be a general election. We can wait. The Communists will elect half a dozen deputies. Moscow will see then its mistake. It will yet ask us to return." It is rumored that Serrati means to send representatives to Moscow, a rumor that is emphatically denied. The Unitarians, I mean the Socialist party, will be an international party without international affiliation. Ejected from the Third, it cannot possibly join with the so-called Second. The Communists will launch, have launched in fact, a vigorous propaganda campaign. In the nature of things they must hereafter take the brunt of the attacks of the *Fascisti*, Italy's volunteer white-guard, and perhaps of Giolitti's government. They hold with Moscow that the heterogeneous composition of the Socialist Party will split again, the majority coming with the Communists.

The Socialist administration of Livorno (Leghorn) turned over to the Party the Teatro Goldoni, the municipal opera house, an old structure, with a low pit and four tiers of boxes instead of balcony and galleries. On the stage behind the speaker was a gigantic picture of Karl Marx, draped with red flags. To the left of the president's table in a second tier box Bordiga, Gramsci (editor of the *Ordine Nuovo*, a little, humpbacked fellow of 28); Missiano, a deputy, badly beaten up a month ago by fascisti in Bologna, and against whom D'Annunzio has declared a vendetta to the death; Terracini and others of the Communists. Directly opposite them on the other side of the theatre, the patriarchal beards of D'Aragona, Turati, Modigliani, of the right. The chairman's opening statement: "The Italian Socialist Party was the first to adhere to the Third International, and it has stayed in the vanguard of the defenders of Soviet Russia; there may be a split, but this glory will remain a common patrimony," was received with a tremendous, sudden burst of applause from Right and Left. Above the tumult repeated cries of "Free Malatesta!"

Paul Levy, representing the Communist Party of Germany, was the first speaker—tall, lean, bald, with deep-set eyes and a powerful voice, dressed in neat gray and a hard collar.

(Some days later I saw him in motion pictures of the Second Congress of the International. Serrati was explaining the film to a hallfull of sailors and laborers. "Next to Comrade Levy," he said, "is Comrade John Reed." It was Jack, plain enough; out of the press of the Moscow crowd he looked quizzically at his comrades of the Mediterranean.)

When Levy mounted the high speakers' platform, the delegates shouted: "*Fuori Dittman!*" "*Throw Dittman Out!*"—and the new tumult was not stilled until the Secretary explained that Dittman, who indeed was in the theatre, could not take part in the deliberations; that only members of the Third International might speak or in any other way participate.

Levy said: "Two years ago to-day Scheideman and Noske murdered Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg. Their death is proof enough that unity is not always desirable.

There are moments in which we come to realize that our brothers of to-day can no longer be brothers. Too long we were united in Germany, and now we curse that unity and the assassins whom we forced from our midst. Only now after two years our proletariat has an organization capable of leading it to victory—the Communist Party. All the world moves to conscious revolution. See that at this congress you fashion arms capable of bringing victory."

The day belonged to the Left, and even the reading of a curt telegram from Moscow, the text of which follows, was listened to by the Right attentively and with little comment:

"Dear Comrades: The attempts of our representatives, Zinovieff and Bukharin, to participate in your Congress have not had the results hoped for through no fault of ours [they were barred out by the Italian Government]. Moreover, Comrades Serrati and Baratono, who had declared their intention to come to Russia, have not come. Therefore we send to you with this telegram our fraternal greetings and the following message:

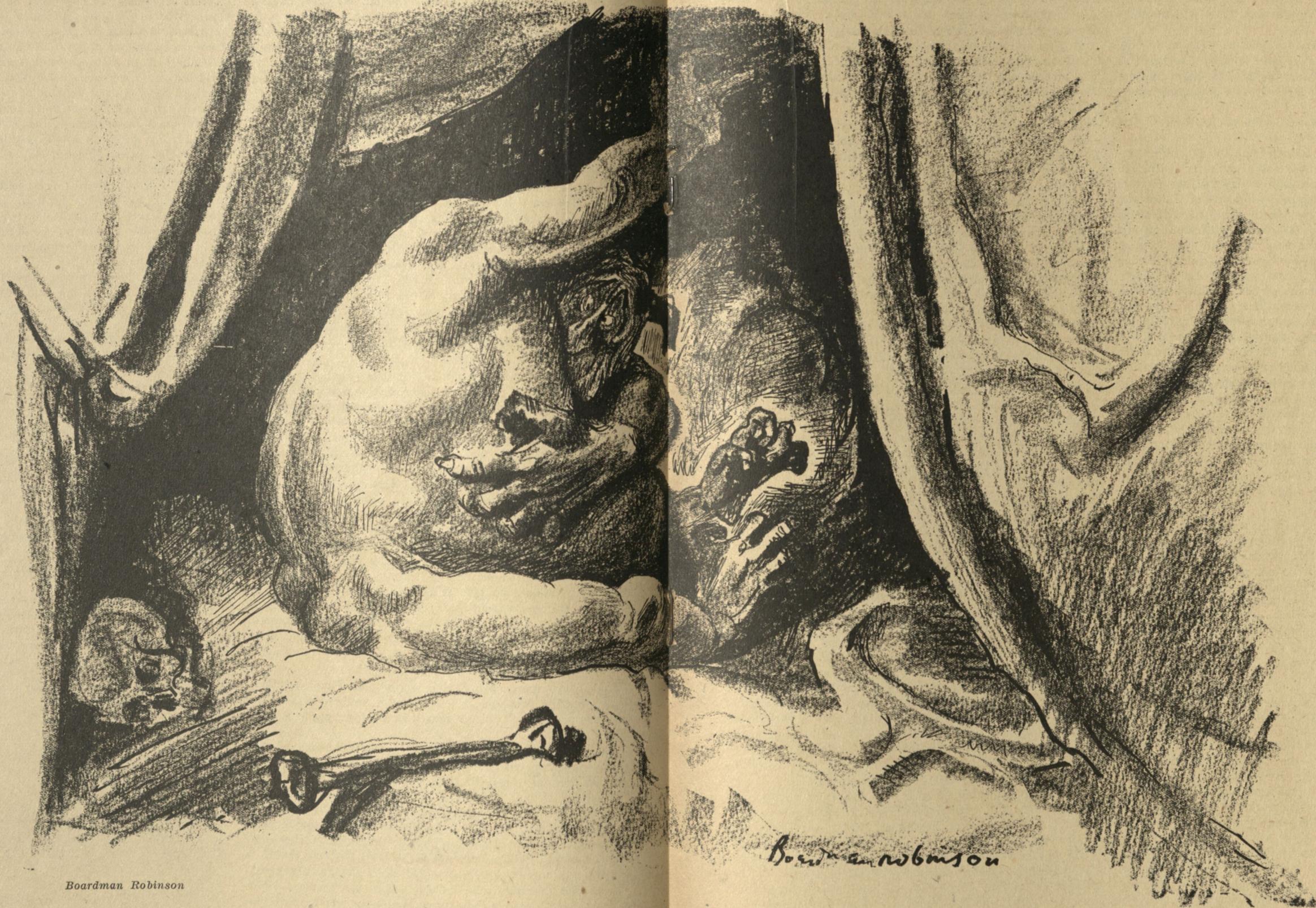
"We have followed through the columns of your journals the struggle of the last months between the diverse tendencies of your party. Unfortunately the actions of the Communist Unitarians, at least the actions of the heads of the faction, have confirmed our most unfavorable expectations. In the name of unity with the reformists, the unitarian leaders are as a matter of fact ready to separate from the communists and also from the International.

"Italy is crossing at present a revolutionary period, and it is for this reason that the reformists and the centrists seem to be more to the Left than those of other lands. Day by day it has appeared more clearly to us that the faction headed by Comrade Serrati is in reality a faction of centrists, to which only the general revolutionary circumstances give the external appearance of being more to the Left than the centrists of other lands.

"Before knowing how the majority at your Congress will be constituted, the Executive Committee declares officially in an absolutely categorical manner: the decisions of the second world congress of the communist international obligates adherent party to break with the reformists. They who refuse to effectuate this schism violate an essential law of the International and put themselves outside the ranks of the International. All the unitarians in the world cannot convince the International that the editorship and the inspiration of that arch-reformist review, the "*Critica Sociale*" (Turati's journal), are favorable to the dictatorship of the proletariat and to the Communist International. No diplomacy will convince us that the faction of the concentration



Bombacci.



Boardman Robinson

Boardman Robinson

Capitalism Investigating Itself

Dedicated to the Lockwood Committee, the Whitman Commission, the Shipping Board Inquiry, the Investigation of the Meat-packers, and all other solemn attempts to find out if there is anything the matter.

is favorable to the proletarian revolution. Those who wish to bring the reformists into the International wish in reality the death of the proletarian revolution. They will never be of us.

"The Italian Communist Party must be created at any odds (*in ogni modo*). Of this we have no doubt, and to this party will come the sympathy of the proletariat of the entire world and the warm support of the Communist International.

"Abbasso il riformismo! Viva il vero partito comunista italiano!"

Antonio Graziadei, deputy, a little man with a high, precipitous forehead, a snubbed nose and a smile as dental and as wide as Roosevelt's, spoke this first day for the fraction that might be described as the Left wing of the Unitarians. He has striven in these last months to swing Serrati to the Left, and failing at this Congress, went with Bordiga and Bombacci. He was one of the best minds in the Socialist Party, though he is a Count, and will no doubt take a leading role in the new organization.

His argument is the argument of the Italian bolsheviks. "Do you prefer national to international unity?" he asked. The gigantic capitalist international, headed by Great Britain and the United States, is on the offensive. It prepares a new war. In its ranks is discipline and efficient organization. To fight it there must be international organization, international discipline. In the present revolutionary period in Italy the first task is to capture political power. "In this period we must either disarm in the face and in the favor of the bourgeoisie, or we must have the courage to make the working class ready materially and spiritually to conquer all power. The Third International is not social-pacifist. It knows well that the last word will be said with arms. Social democratic concepts might have had their value before the war, but now have no excuse for existence.

"An accord is impossible between those who wish to utilize every minute to win political power and those who wish to aid the bourgeois to resolve the questions of the present. . . .

"The comrades of the Right do not wish to collaborate—neither do they wish to arm in preparation for the final struggle, and so they block the path of revolution. The Party of the Unitarians will be Left only in words, because in Italy words are always more to the Left than facts. The party must inevitably divide itself, one part going with the Communists, and to these I say: Come now and save valuable time!"

Kabaktchieff of the Bulgarian Communist Party on the second day spoke for the Executive Committee of the Third International. He said that only reformists could deny that Italy is crossing a period definitely revolutionary. The organization of white guards—the fascisti—and the Royal Guard, the gigantic issues of paper money, unemployment, dear living, all these point to the bankruptcy of the bourgeois regime and revolution. The workmen must occupy the factories, must arm against the white guard.

But Serrati says that this is not a revolutionary situation, that the occupation of the factories was a purely labor-union tactic, that the occupation of lands by the peasants in the South is an anti-revolutionary phenomenon.

The Bulgarian's criticism of Serrati threw the Congress into angry tumult, and then Serrati, at precisely the politic moment, entered the theatre and got the ovation he sought. It grew into a bedlam, the Left and the Right crying against each other, and lasted half an hour, until Kabaktchieff finally could demand: "Do you, or do you not wish to listen to the

words of the Executive Committee of the Third International?" The belligerent question started the storm anew. The Party was splitting under one's eyes. Each speech widened the chasm between the Socialists and the Communists. And over the meeting always, every minute of the deliberations, the shadow of the hand of beleaguered Moscow. The process was impressive—the uncertain, the bewildered, the disingenuous, the procrastinators going to the Right, out of the Third International.

The Unitarians, continued the spokesman of the Executive Committee, justify their opposition to the International by demands for "autonomy." This has always been the demand and the ruse of reformists, and it was precisely this that wrecked the Second International. We must have a discipline of iron, imposed not by Russia, mind you, but by the Executive Committee of the Third International, on which are represented all the countries of the world. Each party can discuss its own domestic problems, but the struggle against the opportunists is not a local question. The most dangerous enemies of the revolution are the Unitarians, who avow their allegiance, but who in the decisive moments—as in the case of the seized factories—paralyze the arms of the workers. It is not for nothing that the bourgeois press of Italy manifests sympathy for the Unitarians. To-morrow these Italian centrists will act as did the centrists of Germany.

The charge threw the majority of the Congress into a fury indescribable. They cried out that it was a lie. Who had written the message—the speaker perhaps, or Bordiga? The Communists shouted in a chorus that finally rose above the clamor: "Tra-di-to-re, tra-di-to-re!" a grim chant that set Serrati to pacing the stage, waving his arms and shouting in rage.

Kabaktchieff began again: "Those who do not understand the new revolutionary terminology must get out. The Italian bourgeoisie, without an organized plan of resistance, profited by the paralysis of the Party, and now organizing white guards, creates terror and bewilderment in the proletarian masses.

He quoted Lenin as follows: "To-day for a victorious revolution in Italy it is absolutely necessary that the Party become truly Communist, incapable of doubt, audacious, determined. The Italian comrades must not forget the lessons of Russia and Hungary. Upon discipline depends the victory of the Soviet Republic of Italy. The tergiversations and the doubts of the participants of Reggio Emilia (Turati, etc.) would force the Party to lose all opportunities for Revolution. There is no other way to success but the way of the Soviet. There are those who dread the cost of revolution, but would not the victims of the war being prepared by the bourgeoisie be more numerous? Russians have learned how to suffer and how to meet the restrictions of revolution."

Concluding, Kabaktchieff said: The danger of an economic blockade and of a counter-revolutionary war against Italy is not imaginary. But the Italian proletariat can guard against the danger only by fashioning tighter bonds between itself and the revolutionary forces of other lands, of France, the Balkans, Austria, Germany. The guaranty of the proletariat against attacks of the counter-revolutionists is an ever tighter connection with the Third International and in the development of the Russian revolution into the World Revolution.

The Unitarians did not get over their anger at the Bulgarians' brusque phraseology. When he spoke the second and last time on the day before the end of the Congress,

some wag—Deputy Vincenzo Vacirca (he who wrote of Russia last year, and who lived in America a number of years) had a hand in it—released a white dove from a box in the rear of the theatre. When the Pope speaks on certain occasions, as everybody knows, a white dove, symbol of the Holy Ghost, flies out. *This* Holy Ghost flew immediately to the Left, but, to the hilarity of the Unitarians, was captured by one of them.

It was Vacirca, too, who started the biggest fight of the convention. He spoke for unity, denounced violence—sustaining his argument by citing the I. W. W.'s official disavowal of violence as a tactic—and warned the Communists that in France and England and elsewhere recent events indicate the disproportionate strength of the reaction. When he cited *fascistic* outrages in Bologna as symptoms of the first uneasiness of the Socialists for tactics of violence, the communists rose against him.

The picturesque Bombacci—whose spade beard and wide black hat are caricatured in every white journal of the country, and who is perhaps a less important figure here than is popularly supposed abroad, leaned far out of his box, almost directly over the speaker's stand to shout a reply to one of Vacirca's statements. The Congress was in an uproar at the time. Vacirca, calm in the face of a storm of denunciation, smoked a cigarette. He made an impudent gesture toward the Communist leader and then pulled a penknife from his pocket and held it for Bombacci and the Congress to see. Bombacci drew an automatic in reply. A true riot gripped the pit. There were half a dozen fights on the stage. Chairmen and secretaries left their posts. Three thousand men shouted and brandished their arms for almost an hour. Calm came finally, however, and no one was badly hurt.

The exhibition of the penknife was as good as a chapter of invective. Bombacci has been called the "penknife revolutionist" because once in Bologna during fascisti riots, so the story goes, he told a bourgeois journalist that he was incapable of wounding a man even with his *temporino*. In reply to Vacirca he simply drew his revolver to say, without words, that he was, on the contrary, a "revolver revolutionist," so to speak. Excitable delegates had thought he drew it for a more serious purpose.

Serrati's defense—for it was that—was a curious one, an argument already familiar here and in other lands, for he has written copiously since that brusque reception given him at Moscow. Italy is not ready for revolution; you ask us to throw out our reformists, but the International permits reformists to stay in the French Party. Our war record, our record in relation to Russia and the Third International is unimpeachable; the heads of the Third International are badly informed as to conditions in Italy. To support this—documents, quotations from reviews, and speeches of Lenin, of Zinovieff, of Longuet. The new offensive against Russia is being prepared. If we are a strong, united party we can give maximum aid in this new crisis; if we split we will be impotent.

Constantino Lazzari, who has worked for Socialism for forty years, respected and loved by all factions, his old eyes glowing under shaggy brows and his hands trembling, pleaded for unity on the morning of the day that Terracini, youngest of the Communist leaders—he is 27—made the principle argument of his faction. The Communists listened to Lazzari, but they could not forbear a groan when he repeated some of the more familiar rallying cries of the 19th century. He condemned violence, saying that the injection of that issue was the real reason for the split.

Terracini: The Second International completed its task—

that of organization—before the war. The war so accelerated the social process that the proletariat is now confronted with the necessity of taking over all power. We can't "make" the revolution. When the Government created its huge militia (the Royal Guard), when the workers took over the factories, when the peasants forcibly seized the land and held it, the revolution came to Italy. It is here now. Therefore, we must arm. We Communists will never create a schism in the Confederation. Our tactics are to capture the Confederation as a whole, not break it up. Turin, with its factory councils and its communist management groups, has been a field of experiment, and the Turin leaders will come to the next congress of the Confederation of Labor (Feb. 28, also in Livorno, the first in seven years, a fact that suggests a reason for the wide divergence between the ideal of its Gomperses and its rank and file) determined to capture it. We wish the division of the Party but the unity of the syndicates.

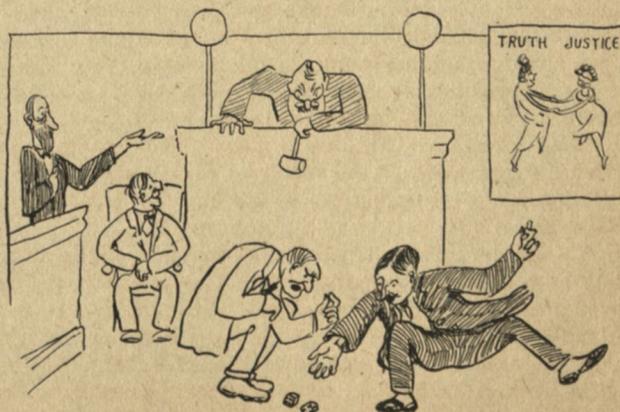
The day following Abbo, the Peasant, elected last year to Parliament, made an emotional appeal for unity. Abbo is a good "story." He is young, powerful, with a long, handsome face. He does not smoke, he does not drink; he is famously true to his wife. . . . San Abbo, they call him.

A delegate next to me said dryly: "Ecco, Abbo! Presently he will weep!" In a land of orators—for who cannot orate, eloquently, copiously, in Italy?—he is an unusual speaker. He raised his huge hands high above his head and cried to the comrades not to bring bewilderment and sadness to the hearts of the *contadini* by dividing the great Socialist Party, that "my people have come to know and love. Aye, my comrades of the fields believe in you," he cried. Honest tears streamed down his brown cheeks. The Congress was still, listening, moved—when some one said, coolly and clearly: "Rhetorical!"

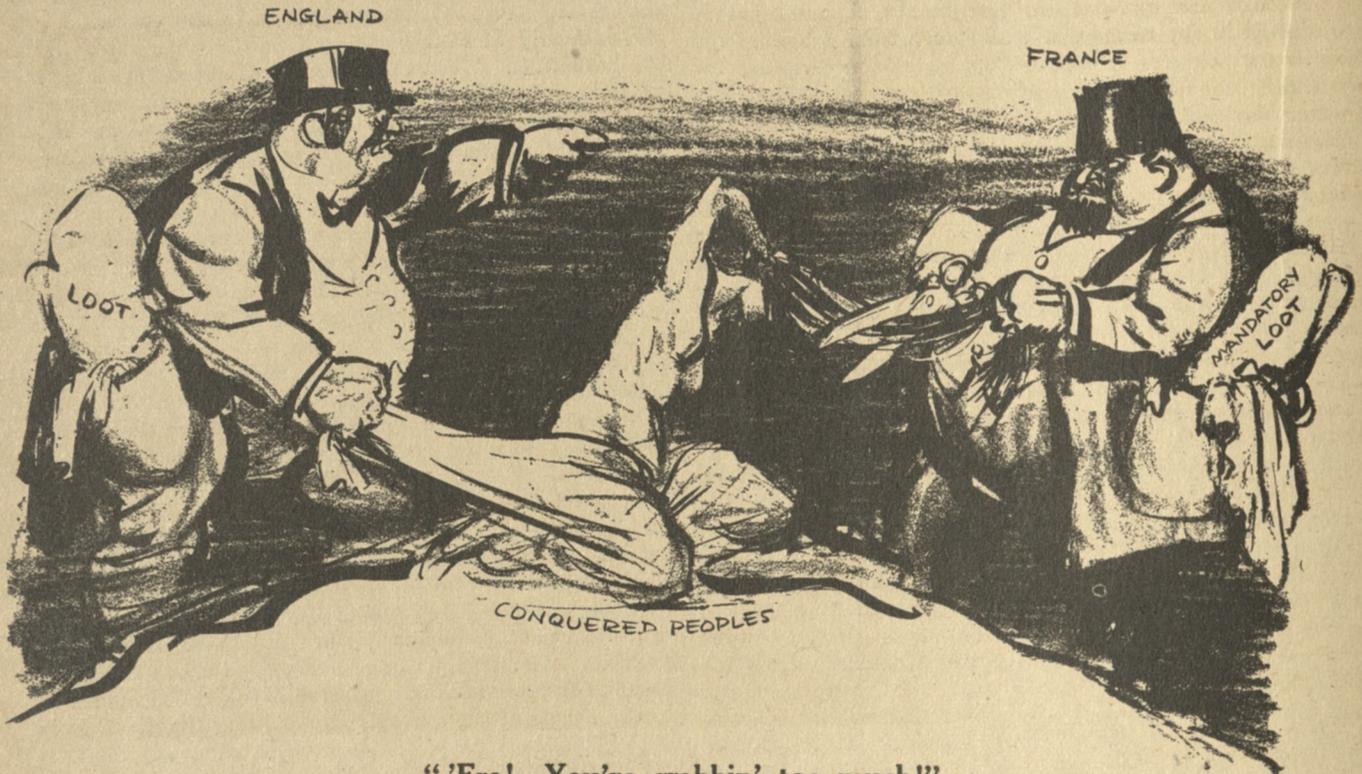
Abbo turned passionately to the Left. "Don't laugh at my tears, you destroyers! I and my people are Socialists not in our heads, but—he struck his breast—in our hearts!"

"He will come with us," Deputy Caroti, Communist, an ex-citizen of West Hoboken, told me confidently afterward. "At the crisis Abbo will be ready".

Turati spoke, and Bordiga and Bombacci and half a dozen others—six days of argument, of passionate oratory, of science and history, and a strikingly small amount of platitude. And every speech deepened the split. Finally on the sixth day the vote was announced, and the Communists rose in a body singing the Internationale and left the Teatro Goldoni to hold the first meeting of the Communist Party of Italy in the Teatro San Marco, across the town. This morning the 2,000 soldiers Giolitti sent in to watch the 3,000 Socialists, marched to the station to the music of the national hymn.



A Suggestion to Simplify Court Procedure



“Ere! You’re grabbin’ too much!”

Patriotics

THE fact remains that a lot of those dollar a year men were grievously overpaid.

IT is clear now that Farrell was not aeronautical but merely a balloonatic.

AFTER this, balloon adventures should be plainly labeled: “For the honor of the navy and all serial rights.”

“INTRIGUE, Untruth, and Friends Aloof, Make Harding Sad.” One headline writer has not been carried away by the free verse movement.

ACONNECTICUT trolley company makes public a glowing report showing that the increase of fare to ten cents has proved highly satisfactory, with only one slight drawback. The public has stopped riding on the cars.

THAT Illinois woman who fasted and prayed forty days in an effort to bring her husband into the church, might have had better luck if she had adopted the method now in vogue in many industries. She should have done the praying and let her victim do the fasting.

LENIN’S denial that he is dead is received everywhere with suspicion. It is a settled principle that no reliance can be placed upon his word.

POLAND is starving, according to a Warsaw despatch. “Except for its big army, it is as badly off as Austria.” Why a big army of regular eaters is counted an asset, the cable does not explain.

SMALL countries, new and old, are issuing postage stamps for the express purpose of selling to collectors. Leichtenstein has printed enough to paper that 2x4 country. Poland has turned out 150 varieties, including a southern exposure of an eminent pianist looking west.

THE indemnity decision is charming and whimsical romance in a world of stern realities. The Allies kill the goose and then gravely threaten to fine it if it attempts to lay any golden eggs.

MEANWHILE *Die Walkure* has been presented by the Paris Opera without loss of life or government subsidy. “Thus the war comes to an end”—again. In fact, it seems to have had as many ends as beginnings.

MUSTAPHA KEMAL ironically thanks Lloyd George for forty thousand rifles and other trifles received from the surrendering Armenians. Not so long back Soviet Russia was quite set up in business by Kolchak’s British munitions. It’s a poor war that doesn’t work the British both ways.

THE bottom has dropped out of the Kentucky market, and tobacco lately sold for a cent a pound which once brought thirty. Our cigar dealer has not heard this depressing news. None of our tradesmen ever seems to read anything but uplift literature.

THE same Supreme Court which upheld the conviction of Debs reversed the Berger sentence on the ground that the judge was suspected of prejudice. The law is another subject that we have given up trying to understand.

TWO - GUN - WHITE - CAPS now appearing in motion pictures will be remembered, says the press agent, as the model of the Indian head on the nickel. Yes, and the nickel will be remembered as a coin formerly useful for buying something.

"IT'S a big idea," said Harding, salamandering with the proposal of a national referendum before going to war. This discovery brought the startled senator into the twentieth century but he soon discovered his mistake and slipped back.

THE President-elect, we are told, goes around Chevy Chase course in about 95. Par is 71, dub 119, normalcy 95. It is only fair to say that Mr. Harding did not waste his youth playing golf. He wasted it playing the trombone.

LAATEST reports from the white house boat indicate cabinet jobs for Harding's little playmates, Fall, Daugherty and Hays. The incoming president is on firm ground here. A country that would stand for Palmer, Burleson and Daniels would stand for anything.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.



E. Grieg

She: "But I don't believe in sex, you know."



M. T. SACKIN

The Counter-Revolution

Natural Light

COMMUNISM is the Soviet Power plus the electrification of the whole country. Our victory will be final only after we have electrified all Russia, when our manufacture, agriculture and transport will be organized on the technical basis of big modern industry.

From the reports of the State Commission on Electrification you can see what tremendous work has been accomplished in this sphere. A number of the best specialists of the Supreme Council of Public Economy, over 100 men, have entirely devoted themselves to this task, and for result we see a printed volume of their investigations. In my opinion, this book should become the second programme of the party.

I have been to the Volokalamsky country and was in a village during the opening of an electric station. One of the local peasants who spoke at this celebration said: "We have been living in the dark, and now we have been given unnatural light, that will illuminate our peasant life."

Of course, it isn't the light that is unnatural, but it is unnatural that the peasants have lived for centuries in darkness and oppression. We must make it our task that every factory and every electric station shall become a hearth of enlightenment. And when Russia is enveloped in a dense network of electric stations and powerful technical plants—then our Communist economy will become an example for the future Socialist Europe and Asia.

NICOLAI LENIN.

ANATOLE FRANCE has announced his adherence to the French Communist party—which adds one more great name to the short list of literary idealists who had been hard enough in their heads to face facts, to think scientifically, to comprehend the terms of practical action.

Wilson's Style

By Max Eastman

IT may break the heart of the world to learn it, but President Wilson is one of the worst writers of English that ever possessed a style. It is possible to assert this categorically now, because that suave and unctious stream which flows so easily out of his mouth has been submitted to a chemical analysis, and its elements and their proportions accurately determined and tabulated. For this small but crowning contribution to the process of "breaking up the transference" of the yearnings of a neurotic and afflicted world upon the person of this queer professor, we are indebted to William Bayard Hale, formerly his intimate friend and biographer.*

Mr. Hale begins his book with the information—startling even to those of us who always sickened at the fluid he is analyzing—that the president uses, in a fairly typical passage, 30 adjectives to one pure verb, whereas twenty of the acknowledged masters of English prose style use, in a passage of the same length, an average of 13 pure verbs to 4½ adjectives. Mr. Hale infers from this that Wilson's interest in action is slightly sub-normal, and that seems legitimate, but I believe other and more subtle references can be drawn from it.

Not only does Wilson never dare to let a noun stand up unassisted by an adjective, but he very rarely neglects to shore up his nouns with two or three of these sustaining members. His adjectives do not come singly or concisely as though he were really choosing the salient attributes of an object in order to present it to the imagination, but they come in twins and vast Latin triplets, the one adding little to the other but a kind of sonorous and long-tailed rythmical reinforcement.

Careful, painstaking.

Severe, distinct and sharp.

Best and only effective.

Thorough, exhaustive and open.

"What is added to the thought," says Mr. Hale, "by sticking in 'careful' before 'painstaking'? What kind of painstaking would not be careful? 'Exhaustive and open discussion' would be complete; why expend another breath to make it 'thorough, exhaustive and open'?"

Why, indeed? And then why also that other peculiarity of the Wilsonian uncton, that everything is automatically intensified. It is always "the most so and so," "the very," "the supreme and final," "the veritable," "the cardinal fact," "the essential function."

"infinite pains'

'infinite difficulty'

'infinite weight'

'intolerable indignity'

'immemorial habit'

'immemorial privilege'

'endless procession'

'utter want'

'utter destruction'

'complete mastery'

'vastly preferred'

'beyond measure dismayed'

'beyond measure fortunate'

'whole variety'

'whole energy'

'whole face of affairs'

'whole mind and energy'

'the full proofs'

'the supreme test'

'utterly forgotten'

'every precedent'

'every principle'

Mr. Hale gives many long lists, and I am sure any newspaper reader in the civilized globe would recognize the source of most of them. For the few monotonous traits and fixed habits which give character to the style of Woodrow Wilson, are so continual and so unrestrained in their operation, that its character is indeed unique. "If this study has not been all wrong," says Mr. Hale, "a large factor in the explanation of Mr. Wilson lies in the astonishing measure in which he indulges his few tricks of style—the extraordinary length to which he allows his addictions to run, the unparalleled audacity with which he endlessly repeats his verbal feats, drones his generalities, reëchoes his mystic phrases, learning nothing and forgetting nothing through the years, but working on with the tireless, unabashed monotony of a machine."

If Mr. Hale knew as much about psycho-analysis as he does about Woodrow Wilson, he would draw a more illuminating inference than he does from the predominance of adjectives in the output of this machine—an inference that would explain many things. As I remember the classification of neurotic types that Jung makes on the basis of his Association Tests, the ones who continually respond with adjectives—the predicative type—are found always to be suffering from a poverty of feeling. They are trying to cover up an emotional vacuity of which they would otherwise be painfully aware. And that this is the true explanation of Wilson's addiction to the adjective, is borne out by the additional fact that his adjectives are almost pathologically stressed and intensified. They "protest too much," as a greater psychologist than Jung observed, and nothing is farther from organic passion than the weak cerebral sentimentality in which they swim.

Many literary critics of standing, not only in America but also in England, have mistaken for the real eloquence of emotion, this over-correction of an inward vacuum with a standing temperature of absolute zero. But on the whole, and in due course of time, the simple and ordinary grown-up boys and girls who constitute the main part of the world's population, have seen through it. They do not understand all about what Wilson has done or failed to do—they have no particular reasons to give—but they *don't like him*. And they don't like him with the same force, and for the same fundamental reason, that they do like Abraham Lincoln.

Abraham Lincoln was not the great, courageous emancipator he is supposed to have been. Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison were the great and courageous men. Lincoln was a master politician, but a weak and dilatory emancipator as every honest historian knows. But Lincoln felt the days he lived through to the depth. He felt life—its tragedy, its comedy—as the greatest poets feel it. That is why he lives in history. He lives in our hearts. We can not help it. We

* "The Story of A Style," by William Bayard Hale. B. W. Huebsch.

love him. And we despise Woodrow Wilson because, in a conspicuous and representative place, he lived through the supreme tragedy of civilization and never felt it at all.

Romantic Snobbery

In addition to the total immersion of his verbs in a sea of imageless but extreme adjectives, there are, according to Mr. Hale, four other important elements in Wilson's style. The first one he calls "Aristocratic Affectations"—and to this category everyone will be able to contribute something, I imagine, out of his own memory. The "proud punctilio" with which we were at first urged to keep out of the war, and the "gallantry of the United States" which was advanced as a reason for staying in after the war was over—are examples which come to my mind. But no one who has not read Wilson's book on "George Washington," or read Mr. Hale's incredibly funny quotations from it, can have an idea to what a degree these phrases express the actual depth of Wilson's idealism.

Mr. Hale describes this book as "a romantic rhapsody about a handsome ghost, 'bravely appareled,' 'born a gentleman and a man of honor,' 'a Virginia gentleman,' 'if you please,' who struts through three hundred pages among a gallery of lay-figures in knee-breeches, wigs and ruffs, snuff and dignity, every one of whom was 'bred' to honor or fashion, unless he happened to be 'an honest yeoman' (vulgar, laborer), 'prone' 'shrewdly' to 'take counsel' or 'perchance' 'for the nonce' to 'give free leave to opinions' in a day 'quick' with—I forget what. One 'made shift' to do something or other; another 'flouted' somebody or other; others were not 'daunted a whit'; all of them were 'generous,' and 'frank,' and most of them 'very frank.' Those who did not possess 'vision,' in compensation had a 'lofty mien.'

"Pride,' 'prestige,' 'honorable peccadilloes' crowd each other from paragraph to paragraph. Washington 'fared forth' 'very bravely dight in proper uniform' described in punctilious detail. His 'haughty carriage' is noted repeatedly. When the Legislature failed to treat the youthful officer with consideration due 'a Virginia gentleman of breeding,' he resigned, because 'it was no part of the tradition of his class to submit to degradation in rank.'

"The Puritan is always 'hardy.' The immigrants are always 'out of England.' They always prosper 'shrewdly.' The 'breed of noble public men' 'touched' with 'simplicity' or 'consideration' or 'dignity' or what not, 'had leave' 'in their independence, to be themselves.' If they left their shanties, it was because they liked to be 'quit of the house and free of the genial air.' A frontier cabin is a 'rough rural barony.' Success in an Indian fight is a 'largesse of good fortune.' When Washington went West to stake out land, he 'turned away for a space from the troublous affairs of politics.' When Hamilton did what the President wanted, 'his measures jumped with Washington's purpose.'

"George's brother did not die of tuberculosis; 'a fatal consumption fastened upon him.' Anne Fairfax was 'daughter to,' not of, her father. The Fairfax settlement was 'within the Blue Ridge.' Nobody stayed; they 'tarried.' Nothing looked like something; it 'showed for' something. A habit or quality did not reveal itself; it 'discovered' something.

"More than a hundred sentences begin with "'Tis,' 'Twas,' or 'Twould.'

"The Hudson is 'Hudson's River'; Barbadoes, with equal impressiveness and inaccuracy, 'the Barbadoes.' 'Gentry' are 'fain to believe' 'withal' 'not a whit' more than 'was their wont,' and 'for the rest'—whatever you like that is gallant

and ruffled and peruqued and gives out a scent of an age concerning which we can pretend and romance.

"What we are getting in all this," says Mr. Hale in conclusion, "is evidence of a mind detached from contemplation of the fact, too often indifferent to the compelling charm or categorical necessity of truth, too much engrossed in the idle assembling of conventional locutions designed to throw a spell of pseudo-romance around the subject."

In addition to this romantic feudal snobbery, Wilson appears to have had another ideal strong enough to contribute a quality to his style, and that is the ideal of being lofty-learned and sounding out with a kind of scholarly pomposity. Mr. Wilson is not in the least scholarly, and the tricks with which he manages to appear so—the "Learned Addictions," as Mr. Hale calls them—are not so many in number as the prides and punctilios.

Chief among them are the words *process* and *counsel*, both of them used continually on all occasions, especially on those occasions when they are a little unexpectedly out of place, and used with an increasing frequency for over fifty years.

"All we can do is to mediate the *process* of change."

"The year has been crowded with great *processes*."

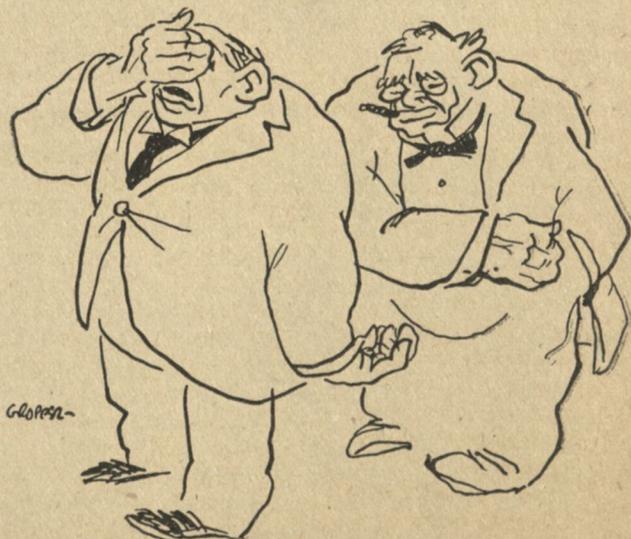
"It became evident that some part of Government itself would be brought to a stand-still by the *processes* of the Virginia resolution."

"The ordinary *processes* of private initiative will not . . ."

"Nobody must interrupt the *processes* of our energy; nobody has a right to stop the *processes* of labor."

I gave but a hint of the illuminating lists which Mr. Hale has compiled. Sometimes these two words *process* and *counsel* get mixed up together and simply wallow all over a paragraph. Here is a passage Mr. Hale quotes from a White House bulletin of July, 1914:

"It seemed wise to substitute for the hard *processes* of the law, the milder and more helpful *processes* of *counsel*. That is the reason the Federal Trade Commission was established—so that men would have some place where they could take *counsel* as to what the law was and what the law permitted; and also take *counsel* as to whether the law itself was right. The *processes* of *counsel* are only the *processes* of accommodation, not the *processes* of punishment. Punishment re-



"For God's sake, don't tempt me!"

tards, but it does not lift up. Punishment impedes, but it does not improve. Therefore, we ought to substitute for the harsh *processes* of law the milder and gentler and more helpful *processes of counsel*."

Among learned addictions Mr. Hale classifies the "May I not," and those other elaborate forms of address which have made Wilson the butt of so much popular ridicule.

"I am privileged to say that . . ."

'I am bound to say that . . .'

'I undertake in all candor to say that . . .'

'I need not tell you that . . .'

'I take it for granted that . . .'

'I welcome the opportunity and the occasion to say that . . .'

'I particularly invite your attention to the circumstance that . . .'

'I am sure it is not necessary for me to remind you that . . .'

'I once more take the liberty of recommending that . . .'

'I have only to suggest that . . .'

'Will you not permit me once more to say that . . .'

'I count myself particularly fortunate in being able to say that . . .'

The world has laughed a good deal at the affectation of a kind of erudite archaic gentlemanhood which Wilson conveys in these formalisms. There it is obvious. But Mr. Hale makes it plain that this same affectation is a prevailing element throughout the whole egregious hoax that is known as Woodrow Wilson's "magnificent command of language."

Indolent Repetitions

A third characteristic element in this performance is the perpetual automatic repetition of letter-sounds and rhetorical refrains. Says Dr. Hale:

"Turn to any speech, state paper, lecture or book ever composed by Mr. Wilson, and you may depend upon it with absolute certainty that you will find him talking like this: 'We are here . . . we are here . . . we are here.' 'I remember . . . I remember . . .'" 'It is not . . . It is not . . . It is not.' 'The thing they did was to . . . The thing they did was to . . . The thing they did was to . . .'" 'America asks . . . America asks . . .'" 'A message of . . . a message of . . .'" 'Think of the

. . . think of the . . .'" 'Never before has . . . never before has . . .'"

I think everybody will remember that this statement is true, as soon as his attention is called to it. But some will be surprised to find this same tendency to echolalia expressing itself in such debauches of alliteration as the following:

" . . . conduct our operations without passion, and ourselves preserve with punctilio the principles of fair play we profess . . ."—Washington, April 2, 1917.

'It would be an unprecedented operation reversing the process of Runnymede; but America has before this shown the world enlightened process of politics that were without precedent.'—*Constitutional Government*, 53.

' . . . part of the familiar process of popular government. We have learned that pent-up feelings are dangerous; whispered purposes that are revolutionary; that covert follies warp and poison.'

Emotional Receptacles

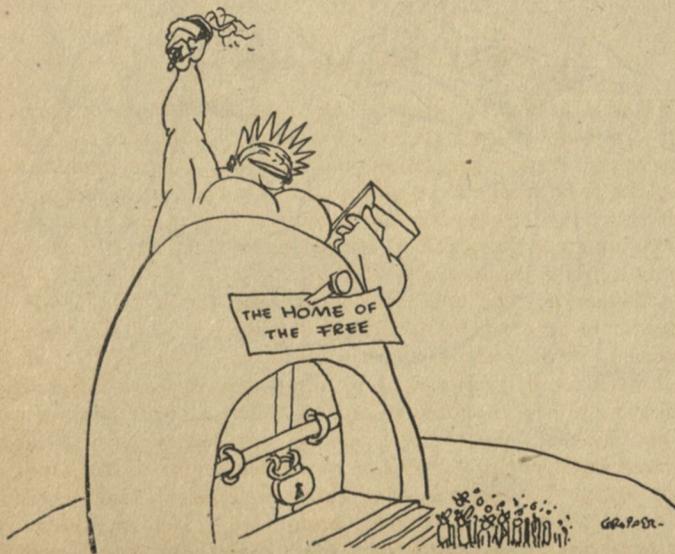
The fourth general element that makes the wonder of Wilson's style is described by Mr. Hale as "Symbolism." He means by this the use of certain vague words of "large connotation" as a kind of magic formulae, to take the place of any actual meaning or specific identifiable emotion.

"They ordinarily represent the merest residuum of definite thought, and are effective only as vessels into which indefinite emotions may pour themselves. The effect of their employment is to lull and stupefy the reasoning mind and summon phantasms from the vasty deep."

Voices, visions, concert, hearts, tides—Mr. Hale assures us that no speech or chapter of Woodrow Wilson is regarded as complete until all of these five magic vocables have been duly harped upon. And he proves with chapter and verse practically everything that he says. Indeed his entire analysis of Wilson's style was verified in a peculiar and unanswerable way, after he had finished it. It seems he was holding it ready for publication when the president started on his famous speaking tour for the League of Nations, tired out and bewildered. It would be expected that whatever habitual tricks and automatisms could be justly attributed to him, would appear in exaggerated form in the speeches he then made. And Mr. Hale concludes his book by showing that every one of his indictments of Wilson's style was sustained, and the evidence multiplied almost to the point of lunacy in these last desperate attempts to make words play the part of feelings and of deeds.

Mr. Hale sums up the general character of President Wilson's diction, if not indeed of his moral character, in the title of one of his chapters, "The Flight From Fact." He thinks that Wilson is inwardly irresolute, doubtful, incapable of decision, and that the quality of his style, as well as most of his queer behavior, can be explained as the attempt of such a character "to prove in high action his possession of the qualities which he secretly knows he lacks."

"If such a character were to write," he says, "we should expect a long story of irresolutions, cloaked with protestations of positiveness, but betrayed by the habit of endless debate—not of the questions actually disturbing, however; a confirmed practice of flight from reality, the substitution of words for facts, with every refinement of reverence for the substituted symbol; pleasure in mimic representations of struggle, betrayals of psychic disturbance in concealed hesitation of speech, vagueness, errors, contradictory tendencies to exaggerate and to qualify, aboulie tendencies, and frequent retreat to the infantile stage of thought.



"In his character as spread for the perusal of history, we should expect an endless series of contradictions, which, however, would probably each and all be carried through, with, in each case, the entirely sincere conviction of the semi-personality which at the moment ruled; expect a series of apparent ingratitude towards friends, one by one discarded as the settled convictions of their own less disturbed minds failed to vacillate with the trepidations which agitated his own; of implacable enmities born of suspicion of those who were able to continue in opinions unshaken by the doubts which he was constitutionally doomed to experience. . . ."

That is an interesting hypothesis, and as Mr. Hale has been intimately acquainted with his subject, it is probably as good as any that could be devised without a personal analysis. It seems to me there is evidence that Wilson's whole real energy of life is absorbed in the image of himself. He can not feel any external thing, because his feelings are all secretly occupied with the question of his own position in relation to it. Whether it be a delegation from the Railroad Workers, or a World War—the paramount question is "Am I going to be affronted or is my glory to be enhanced by this new combination?" However, I am not of the school who believe in psycho-analysis by absent treatment, and I am content to leave unsolved the pathological problem raised by Mr. Hale's book. Whatever the latent condition may be, the prevailing symptom is accurately described as a *Flight From the Fact*. That much is unquestionable.

In view of that, how strange it is that Mr. Hale should conclude his book with a perplexity over the question why Woodrow Wilson rose to the pinnacle of greatness in the period of history that is just past! He perceives that the man's literary style is the only remarkable trait he possesses, and he has shown that style to consist of an automatic and smooth-running system of escape from the confrontations of reality. And if he can not put those two things together, and tell us why Wilson was the great man of the World War, he certainly does not know as much about history as he does about language. Facts would have stopped the war. Facts would have overthrown the governments. Facts adequately known and believed in, would blow this whole social and political system that chopped up and slaughtered thirty million human beings, into limbo. Facts are the ammunition with which Soviet Russia defeated the world. A man who could and must automatically, and with the "perfect sincerity" of the hysteric, conceal facts under sanctimonious locutions, was obviously the man of the hour.

Distinguished Madmen

DISTINGUISHED madmen, in epaulettes or frocks,
 Distributing their ceremonial smile,
 Bellow their eloquence and wind their clocks
 And bolt away in rumbling motors: while
 In many lands, where quiet waters flow,
 The battle-grasses, saturated red,
 Rustle the shadows of the night, and blow
 On the immobile faces of the dead,
 Who lie to crumble in the wind and rain,
 Never to cry their wonder at a star,
 Touch friendly hands, be comforted for pain,
 Feel music and perfume drifting from afar,
 Or worship in high monuments and rhymes
 Distinguished madmen of remoter times.

Joseph Freeman.

The Muttonheads

I ASKED a lamb: "Why do you wag
 That innocent white tail
 At yonder wolf whose slavering jaws
 Should make a lamb turn pale?"

He turned on me in wrath and scorn,
 That lamb, but now so meek,
 And bleated: "That's our shepherd dog!
 Bah, bah, you Bolshevik!"

I asked a sheep: "Why do you rear
 Your innocent white lamb
 To be the prey of yonder wolf,
 Along with you, his dam?"

She opened wide her wondering eyes,
 And witheringly hissed:
 "Why, don't you know our shepherd dog?
 Bah, bah, you Bolshevik!"

I gave it up and went to dine
 Where festal bottles pop;
 And when the waiter asked for mine,
 I ordered mutton chop.

Franklin Kent Gifford.



The Financial King

INASMUCH as the years ahead of us look stormy for financial kings, they may be called upon like the kings of old to appear before the people and explain. I here present a speech that I feel can be used to advantage. The speech was delivered by a well-meaning capitalist before one thousand striking employees, and it worked quite satisfactorily—with only a few setbacks:

"Fellow citizens and loyal Americans (brick hits a window), the interests of capital and labor are identical (mob hisses). What's mine is yours. (voice: "Like hell.") We all want to see justice done to labor—but we have different ideas as to how it should be done. (silence). Our books are open to you. We are not making any money now or we might meet your proposal half way (mob begins to feel sorry for him). I haven't been sleeping well lately (mob sheds a tear). Money doesn't bring happiness. (Mob disperses—king retires to his banquet-hall for a champagne supper with selected friends.)"

Art Young.

BOOKS

An Early American Revolutionist

Margaret Fuller: A Psychological Biography by Katherine Anthony. (Harcourt, Brace & Howe.)

THE second decade of the last century, from 1840 to 1860, was an important one for American thought and literature. In that period the great minds of rebellion that were sweeping through Europe touched our shores, too. Because the spirit of revolution took a local color in America, because it came to center about the local issue of slavery, the significance of that period has been obscured for us. Sometime, when the history of American literature is written in the light of nineteenth century world-history, we shall begin to understand our literary background. In the meantime, here is a book which lights up for us, in the flaming figure of Margaret Fuller, the early part of that period.

Margaret Fuller was an American revolutionist. She is almost forgotten now, but she deserves well to be remembered. And she was one of a group of American revolutionists. This, it must be remembered, was before the days of "scientific" revolutionism. These were utopians all. They were, as we would now say, muddle-headed. But they were thorough-going—cranks, perhaps, but certainly not the cautious modern reformers. They were engaged in trying to see the world anew—to see in imagination, and with the help of reason, what it might become. Their views represented a fairly indifferentiated mass of anarchism, communism, feminism, and republicanism—but all of an extreme kind, and hence entitled to our respect. There was nothing intellectually timid about these early American revolutionists. They merely did not know where and how to begin.

One of them was described by John Quincy Adams as a young man who "after failing in the everyday occupation of . . . preacher and schoolmaster, starts a new doctrine . . . , declares all the old revelations superannuated and worn out, and announces the approach of new revelations and prophecies." This, comments the author of this volume, was "the voice of the elders, condemning an upstart cult, and it was mild by comparison with that of the plain business man of Boston. 'You know, we consider those men insane,' one of them said to Margaret [Fuller]." They told stories about how this radical young ex-preacher had gone to a dinner-party in top-boots, and other stories to prove that another one of the group was a maniac.

The young ex-preacher wrote of his group, "We are all a little wild here, with numberless projects of social reform." (Social reform was a really wild word then, with a decidedly Bolshevik flavor.) "Not a reading man but has a draft of a new community [i. e., communist colony] in his waistcoat pocket. I am gently mad myself, and am resolved to live cleanly [i. e., unbesmirched by business or politics]. George Ripley is talking up a colony of agriculturists and scholars, with whom he threatens to take to the field and the book. One man renounces the use of animal foods; and another of coin; and another of domestic hired service; and another of the State; and on the whole we have a commendable share of reason and hope."

This young Socialist, whom you may or may not have recognized as Ralph Waldo Emerson, was one of the crew. His Socialism—or Anarchism, if you like—is usually well concealed under the current nickname of "Transcendentalism; but it was, as Katharine Anthony says, "a reaction against

Puritan orthodoxy in every department of life,—politics, economics, religion and education." And Margaret Fuller, another of this early Bolshevik band, "reacted more strongly in certain directions than did her fellows; she revolted primarily against the aesthetic starvation and the kind of devil-worship which stamped the Puritan morality of her ancestors."

I am not going to rehearse the whole fascinating story of her life—that will be found in this biography, which I am happy to commend to all Bolsheviks, feminists, Freudians (there is much in it for these upon which I shall not touch here), and those who are interested in discovering the true history of their country. Suffice it to say that after writing the first American book of revolutionary feminism, "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," and editing a revolutionary organ (The Dial), she became the European correspondent of a Socialist daily newspaper with a circulation about equal to that of the Liberator (The New York Tribune, edited by Horace Greeley, the Fourierist Socialist.) While abroad she entered into a revolutionary plot with Mazzini which had as its object the overthrow of the established government of Italy. She went through the abortive Roman revolution and saw it end in the usual massacre conducted by the forces of law and order. And while in Italy, she—the prim Bostonian bluestocking as she had been considered—entered into a love affair with a fellow-conspirator, an Italian nobleman and "the handsomest man in Rome," and bore him a child. After the failure of the revolution, she took ship with her lover and her child for America. . . Here I must leave the story to Miss Anthony, who has done full justice to the tragic beauty of that final scene in the storm on the sand-bar off Fire Island, just outside the port of New York. A wonderful ending to such a story!

FLOYD DELL.



Arthur Marschner

Out of Kansas

Dust: By Mr. and Mrs. Emanuel Haldeman-Julius.

A MONTH or two ago I received a letter from the editor of the "Appeal to Reason," saying that he and his wife had written a novel which was shortly to be published by Brentano. Would I be interested to offer it to the buyers of my books? My heart sank, because I have learned by previous painful experience that whenever a friend sends

Appeal's Pocket Series Adds 32 Titles in One Month

During 1920, we thought we did a great deal when we printed and distributed 2,000,000 books. During the month just passed we broke all previous records. The Appeal's Pocket Series was increased by 32 titles, bringing the total up to 205 titles. During this month we issued 32 books of editions of 10,000 each, making a total for the month of 320,000 books. We think that is a good month's work, though we hope to do more in the future. If we keep up this record, 1921 will show that we have printed 3,840,000 books, which will make us the largest book publishers in America.

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Here are the thirty-two titles which we added to our Pocket Series during last month:

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9. The Subjection of Women, by John Stuart Mill.
10. Plutarch's Rules of Health.
11. One of Cleopatra's Nights, by Theophile Gautier.
12. Oliver Cromwell and His Times.
13. Constitution of the League of Nations.
14. Has Life Any Meaning? A debate between Frank Harris and Dr. Percy Ward.
15. Epigrams of George Bernard Shaw.
16. Epigrams of Thoreau.
17. Steps Toward Socialism. A brilliant analysis of evolutionary forces. Shows why and how Socialism is coming.
18. Artemus Ward, His Book. The best selections from one of America's best humorists.
19. Title Deeds to Land, by Herbert Spencer. This is the famous chapter which Spencer himself tried to suppress. This book also contains "The Money Question," by C. B. Hoffman.
20. Primitive Beliefs, by H. M. Tichenor. A valuable book containing extremely interesting data about the beliefs of early man.

21. Psycho-Analysis: The Key to Human Understanding, by William J. Fielding, author of "Sanity In Sex." This book was written especially for the Pocket Series and promises one of the most complete expositions that it is possible to get in any other form for eight or ten times the amount asked.
22. Realism in Literature and Art, by Clarence Darrow.
23. The History of Printing, by Disraeli.
24. How I Wrote "The Raven," by Edgar Allen Poe. A most fascinating essay.
25. The Humor of Whistler.
26. How Voltaire Fooled Priest and King, by Clarence Darrow. This is an extraordinary analysis of the great satirist's character. It goes into the question frequently asked: How did Voltaire "get away with it?"
27. Eugenics Made Plain, by Havelock Ellis.
28. The Evolution of Love, by Ellen Key.
29. Evolution Versus Religion. An essay that will interest all students of science and religion.
30. Four Essays on Sex, by Havelock Ellis.
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32. Three Lectures on Evolution, by Ernest Haeckel.

Take your pick of any of the titles listed above at only 25 cents each. That is the regular price for single copies. However, we have a special proposition to make you, because we want you to order ALL of these new books. If you ordered the entire list of 32 books at 25 cents each the price would be \$8.00, and that wouldn't be a penny too much; it would really be a good bargain. But we are not going to charge you \$8 for these 32 books listed on this page. As a special inducement, in order to win your friendship to the Appeal's Pocket Series, we will let you have the 32 books for only \$2.90. Can you resist this? Don't you feel a tug? Of course you do. Well, that tug means you want to use the blank below so that you can get this library of 32 good books for the price of one or two books issued by the profiteer publishers. And the Appeal pays the postage. Given your choice between ordering a few at 25 cents each and the entire list of 32, for only \$2.90, we feel certain that you will prefer to order the whole batch. Thirty-two books for \$2.90 means only 9 cents per volume. Now you know why we printed 2,000,000 books in 1920, and 320,000 books last month.

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me a new book I risk another friendship. Literature and friendship do not make good bedfellows, and it does not follow that because a man is a capable and hustling editor of a revolutionary newspaper, and also manager of a book-publishing business, and of a big dairy and a State Bank, that therefore he may be a writer of worthwhile novels.

So when I received the proofs of "Dust," I examined them with no little trepidation. First, I noticed they werè short—only 200 pages—so I knew that at least I would have one good thing to say about the book—and a thing which Julius has not always been able to say about mine! Then I began to



Arthur Marschner

read, and a blissful feeling stole over me. You know how it is when you find yourself reading a real novel. All the troubles of life, all your cares come to an end; the other fellow is doing the work, and all you have to do is to settle back and float along—

"And thy soul a river, flowing
Swiftly over golden sands,
With the singing of the steersman
Stealing into wonder-lands."

Mr. and Mrs. Emanuel Haldeman-Julius (for the book is a joint product) have written a novel of life in Kansas. I venture to guess that neither of the authors has ever read "The Wind Before the Dawn," by my friend, Dell H. Munger, because this is a novel which did not get anything like the attention it deserved from the radicals; but here is the same life on the Kansas prairie, and here is the same farmer's wife struggling against the blind selfishness of the male animal. Ellen Glasgow has told the same story in "Virginia," but then she has taken a long book in which to do it, while here it is packed. Sometimes nature does a perfect job of packing something into a very small space, and then we call it a jewel. If you have read Edith Wharton's "Ethan Frome," you know how a human tragedy which wrings your heart can be packed into a few book pages; and when I say that this novel, "Dust," is as great a work as "Ethan Frome," when I say that the feeling of pity, grief and tenderness which it stirs in your heart reminds you continually of "The Old Wives Tale"—why then, if you know anything about worth-while books, you will be prepared to

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In the hope of saving the good name of our country by obtaining the release of one of its greatest men from prison, Ruth Le Prade has collected and we have published a little book entitled

DEBS and the POETS

We ask you to read the following review of this book, taken from the "New York Evening Post." It covers all that we have to say about the matter:

"This small paper-bound volume with a simple black and white cover that somehow suggests the penitentiary garb of the great national figure to whom it pays tribute is not to be considered primarily as literature, but as a vital historical document. The publisher says, 'This book is edited and published for the love of a great man. The editor receives no royalty and the publisher no profit from the sales. Everything above cost will go to advertising the book, so that others may know of it.' Eugene V. Debs is confined in the Federal Penitentiary of Atlanta, Georgia, as a convicted felon. In this book more than two-score poets and men of letters pay him tribute. The names are memorable. They include Henri Barbusse, Edward Carpenter, the late Eugene Field, Laurence Housman, Helen Keller, Edwin Markham, John Cowper Powys, the late James Whitcomb Riley, Siegfried Sassoon, George Bernard Shaw, Horace Traubel, H. G. Wells, and Israel Zangwill.

"Of those paying tribute, Witter Bynner is not a Socialist or a radical, Edmund Vance Cook is not a Socialist, Percy MacKaye is not a Socialist, the reputations of Wells, Shaw, Barbusse, Carpenter, Zangwill, Sassoon, Field, Riley, Powys, etc., are established internationally, above any mere political creed. We choose to quote Percy MacKaye's expressed attitude toward the imprisonment of Debs as the attitude of the vast majority of liberal minds that cannot accept Socialist doctrine and did not agree with Debs' attitude toward America's entering the war. To our mind no better-balanced comment has been made on this subject:

"As to the political philosophy of Debs, many of his opinions are not held by me; but the human kindness of his great personality and the integrity of his beliefs are characteristics which I would admire whether I agreed with him or not. Especially in regard to the war I did not agree with him; for I was one of those who believed—and believed ardently—that we had no other possible alternative, as Americans, than to undertake it.

"But the intolerant passions it has engendered in our midst have been unworthy of the high motives we professed, and which I, among many, professed with all sincerity. Except for these unpoised passions Debs could hardly have been imprisoned. In the white heat of conflict some intolerance may well have seemed to be moral; but now—in the cold light of the cosmic disillusionment the world has suffered—now, if ever, our imaginations should be touched to value only a redeeming tolerance, for if there be any left alive who are no longer cocksure, surely they are only the incorrigible. Unless they are many, Debs will soon be free again.

"Politically I am of no party: simply an American, which has always meant to me (whatever it may mean to others) a lover of human liberty, anywhere on this planet.—Percy MacKaye.

"No American but should take these words to heart. That the imprisonment of Debs should have aroused such noble and stirring verse as Bynner's '9653,' Untermeyer's 'The Garland for Debs,' Powys' 'To Eugene Debs,' William Ellery Leonard's 'The Old Agitator,' Charles Erskine Scott Wood's remarkable dramatic fragment, 'Debs Has Visitors,' and such words as Wells, Shaw, Zangwill, Barbusse, Sandburg, Laurence Housman, Sassoon, and others have spoken, is deeply significant in itself. As H. G. Wells says succinctly: 'Liberty Enlightening the World—and behind it Debs in prison.' And in this connection with, as James Whitcomb Riley summarized the man:

'As warm a heart as ever beat
Betwixt here and the judgment seat.'

"It is time that our pride in America be stirred to generous and honorable action by such a speaking witness as this book."

We think that the liberals of America should need no urging to get this book and make it known to their friends. It is available in two bindings—paper, 60 cents postpaid, 3 copies, \$1.50; 10 copies \$4.50; cloth, \$1.20 postpaid; 3 copies, \$3.00; 10 copies, \$9.00. In addition there is a special autographed edition of 500 numbered copies, for sale at \$5.00 a copy, to furnish an advertising fund for the book. Three hundred copies have been subscribed, and this advertisement is a part of the result. The Warden of Atlanta Penitentiary refused to permit the autographing of the book by Debs, but the Attorney-General overruled this decision, and the 200 books remaining await the first orders received.

without asking any permission from the hired men of the capitalist newspapers and book reviews. In the last few months America has welcomed with acclaim two Socialist novelists out of Greenwich Village. Sinclair Lewis has made a hit with "Main Street," which is one of the most charming jobs of muck-raking ever performed; and Floyd Dell with his "Moon Calf" has shown us how an artist's soul can be keen and strong, and at the same time sensitive and tender. And now here is one more novel from a Socialist who used to live in Greenwich Village!

You may be surprised to find that there is no propaganda in it. But then perhaps you will look more deeply into what the reading of the book has left in your mind, and you will realize that the greatest of all propagandists is life. The authors have portrayed life as they have seen it in this new Kansas country. Their story is carefully wrought, with swift, vivid incidents which give you three generations in a few pages. They have shown the elemental American, the son of the pioneer, who lives to make money, and who drives ruthlessly ahead, crushing the lives of the people he touches. He is a farmer, and makes his wealth out of the dust, and in the end he sees it all turning back to dust in his hands. Yet he isn't an ogre, a figure dressed up for soap-box purposes; he is a living human being. He is an American, and his mind is keen enough to see what is happening to him; but he doesn't know what to do about it, because he is an instinctive atheist, a skeptic, not merely as to religious superstitions, but also as to the fundamental ideals of man as a social being. So you perceive how very American he is!

UPTON SINCLAIR.

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One of our artists has made a generous offer to the readers of the Liberator.

J. J. Lankes—whose wood-cuts have been appearing in the Liberator for the last two years—has given us fifty numbered prints of the lovely drawing, “The Tavern” (reproduced in miniature above). The prints are on hand-made Japanese paper and were printed on an old-fashioned Washington hand-press. Every part of the work—the original design, the cutting and preparing of the blocks and finally the printing,—was done by the artist himself. (Similar prints, signed, sold for \$7.50 before Christmas.)

This is the offer: If you will send us two Liberator subscriptions—at \$2.50 (total \$5.00), Mr. Lankes will give you one of these numbered prints, free. One of the subscriptions may be your own renewal. But the other must be new. Or, if easier, send four half-yearly subscriptions, \$1.25 apiece (total \$5.00).

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A VERY fine novel could be written on the theme of the intrusion of some of the horrible evils of the world into the most sheltered and guarded life. Perhaps that was what the author of this book supposed himself (or herself more likely) to be doing. But what this book really sets forth is: that Germany is a very bad place for an English mother to go traveling with a beautiful daughter; for, mark you, there are wicked doctors in Germany who experiment on human beings instead of on guinea-pigs in order to discover the secrets of certain horrible diseases, and you may run across one of these. Of course, ordinarily, we are given to understand, it would only be working people’s daughters that would be experimentally victimized in the name of science; but a mistake might happen, and a beautiful middle class young woman (right on the eve of a rich marriage, too) might stray into the Herr Doctor’s clinic and be inoculated by mistake. In that event—but I really should not give the plot away. I am surprised, however, that somebody did not give the heroine poison earlier in the book.

F. D.

The poor have sometimes objected to being governed badly; the rich have always objected to being governed at all.--G. K. Chesterton.

History of the Supreme Court

By Gustavus Myers

describes in a vivid style and with solid evidence for each assertion, an American Institution by which the rich of this country avoid being governed in a fashion quite superior to anything Mr. Chesterton could ever have seen at home. The Supreme Court is composed of nine men chosen from the business, political and professional world. It has absolute power; from its decisions no appeal can be taken. And these decisions, from the Dred Scot case to the recent Duplex Press case have been consistently and uniformly against the working class. Mr. Myers has filled the 800 pages of this book with convincing proof that the Supreme Court has always been and still is a powerful weapon in the hands of the capitalists for the oppression of the workers. Teachers and professors, if they know the facts in this book, dare not tell them. Every intelligent worker should read them for himself. Cloth, \$2.50

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By Jackson Boyd

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The Universal Kinship

By J. Howard Moore

A wonderfully clear and attractive summary of the proofs of evolution, showing man's kinship, both physical and mental, to other animals. Mark Twain, just before his death, wrote: "The Universal Kinship' has furnished me several days of deep pleasure and satisfaction. It has compelled my gratitude, at the same time, since it saves me the labor of stating my own long-cherished opinions, reflections and resentments by doing it lucidly, fervently and irascibly for me." Jack London said: "I do not know of any book dealing with evolution that I have read with such keen interest." Cloth, \$1.25.

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