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JULY 1924

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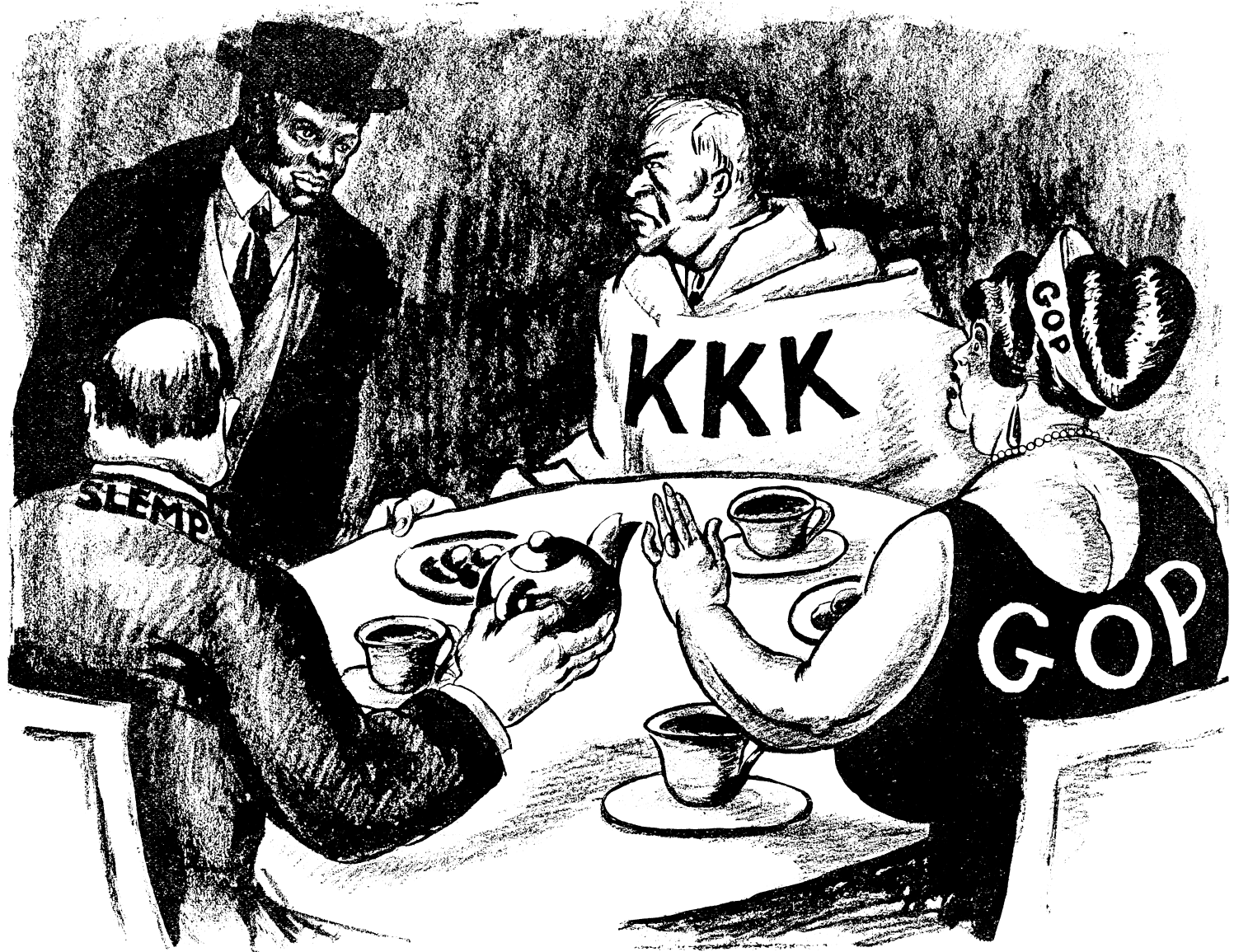
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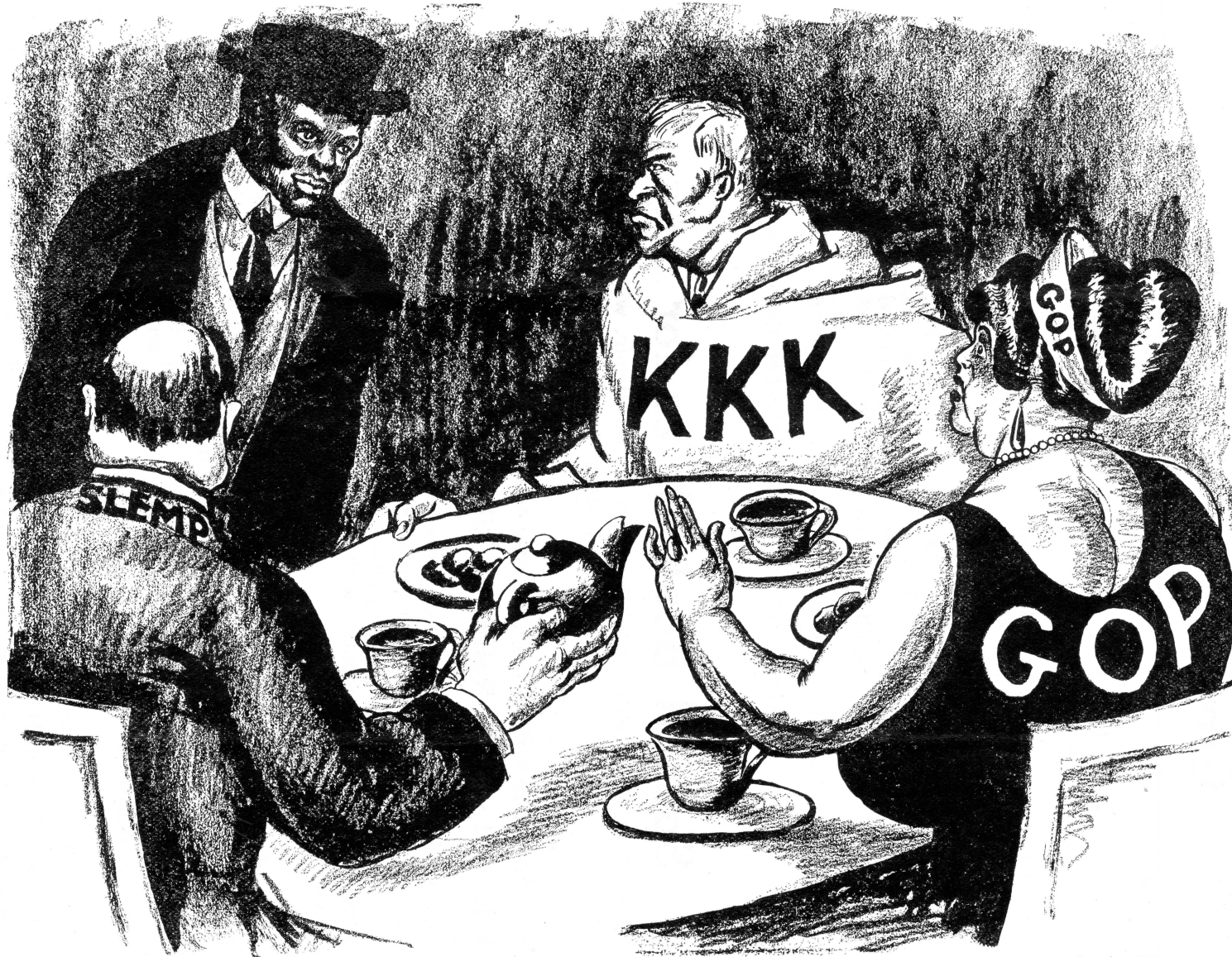
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THE LIBERATOR

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July, 1924

How the Little Brown Brother Became the Little Yellow Devil

By Max Bedacht

DANGER ahead! A race of little yellow men endangers the natural accord of the concert of nations. This race is the Japanese. Its very existence threatens the prerogative of the United States to play first fiddle in this concert. This nation is the breeder of the germ of a dangerous disease, the "yellow peril." Beware!

The noise of this warning hammers against our eardrums and shakes the foundation of reason. It creeps into the mechanism of our thinking apparatus and plays havoc with its proper operation. Resist as we may, we seem to be slated as a victim.

But the works are still intact. Dimly at first, but none the less persistent, a memory of past performances of this kind pushes to the foreground. But somehow and somewhere that past performance was interrupted, discontinued.

What was it again?—If only that noise would subside and permit a little straight thinking.

Ah! We found it, at last. You, whose reason is threatened by this noisome propaganda, please turn your ear this way.

We were at war—at war for "democracy." Arm in arm with England, France, imperialist Russia, and Japan—yes, Japan—we challenged an undemocratic century, destroyed autocracy with liquid fire and asphyxiated imperialism with the latest and deadliest creations of chemistry. We were the allies of the empire of England, of the republic of France, of Russia of Prince Lvov and of Japan of the Mikado—yes, of Japan.

What a peculiar metamorphosis: Japan, for years the source of the "yellow peril," transformed into Japan, the ally in war for "freedom and democracy," finally retrogrades to its embryonic stage of the breeder of the "yellow peril."

Slowly our mind penetrates the maze created by the noise of an irrational, but expedient propaganda and we see clearly why the ally of yesterday has become the inferior of today.

"We" are the enemies of imperialism—that is, at least of a certain kind of imperialism. Imperialism smacks too much of an emperor. And "we" do not like emperors—that is, at least not in certain countries. "We" believe in free peoples—that is, at least as far as such, freedom does not interfere with "our" own sacred rights.

"Our sacred rights" facilitates matters considerably for

the historian. He may be baffled by the many ifs and buts attached to all "our" great altruistic principles that influence our policies. But in "our" sacred rights he finds the immovable base within swiftly moving and varying events upon which he can build his interpretation of "our" acts. Define "our sacred rights" and you will find the key to unlock the door into the heaven of complete understanding.

"Our sacred rights" could be circumscribed epigrammatically. But to do that here would not serve our purpose. We must lead you, dear friend, along a more tedious way. You are not to accept our conclusion, but instead should come to the same conclusions we come to.

Primarily "we" are a nation of money makers. Not in the vulgar sense. Oh, no. But, nevertheless, money making is "our" foremost endeavor. Although wealth is not very common with "us," still we are busily engaged in increasing "our" commonwealth. The greatest part of our nation creates wealth. A rather small portion amasses it. "We" are a self-determining nation. We make our own laws. But the creation of wealth has its own laws. And we, the free, the self-determining nation, are more the slaves of these laws than we are the masters of our own destinies. The direction the lode runs determines the direction the gold digger follows in his endeavors, all phrases of self-determination not withstanding. Even our whole nation could not escape this logic. Thus "we" first subjected the many who created wealth to the dictates of the few that amass it. Then "we" established and followed the principle in all our legislative, executive and judicial acts that property is not to serve man, but that man is to serve property. Then "we" went after the natural resources of the country to exploit them. But "we" did not confine ourselves to their exploitation by transforming valuable raw materials into useful products, but "we" mortgaged dormant resources via the road of watered stock, thus chaining even future generations to the task of digging gold for the amassers of the present generation.

Then "we" invented efficiency. Efficiency is the god that can get out of those that create wealth every ounce of energy and every drop of blood.

But natural resources are limited. And so are the energies of the creators of wealth, the workers. If these limits are reached, what then?

Choose a new road, you answer. Can we do that? We could, if . . . But for the time being we, the many, those who create wealth, we, the workers, are not yet ready to choose that new road. We still acknowledge above us as master those that amass wealth. And these our masters worship at the shrine of their god and master, profit. Profit is the child of wealth and the father of new wealth. The greater the profits, the greater the wealth amassed. The greater the amassed wealth the more the profits demanded. A vicious circle in which society is whirled around like a puppet, burying millions under waves of misery, carrying a few to the heights of wealth and power.

For decades the amassers of wealth in the United States, the capitalists, were busily engaged in squeezing out of the workers and the natural resources of the country everything that was in them. Even the forefathers of our present capitalists foresaw the time when this road will prove barren of desired results. They looked for new resources and for new workers outside of the United States. They found what they were looking for at their very doors. The Monroe doctrine was to preserve that reservoir for them. America for the Americans or, to be more precise, America for U. S.

Today we have outgrown even the most phantastic expectations of the forefathers of our masters. We have outgrown the garb of altruistic phrases. That is why we are for the self-determination of peoples—if, and against imperialism—but. This is why “we” ourselves have developed into genuine imperialists. Imperialists without an emperor. But the Rome of the elder Cato and of Sulla and Marius was not less imperialistic than the Rome of Caesar and Augustus. “We” are imperialists not because we desire an emperor as ruler, but because we desire to rule an empire.

While our natural resources were not yet all grabbed and mortgaged our greatest economic problem was to find good markets for surplus products. So-called civilized countries provide a better market, as a rule, than backward and undeveloped countries. And neither military nor political domination over the country which is sought as a market determines finally its usefulness as such. This truth was driven home to Bonaparte when his continental boycott of English goods failed so miserably.

But now we have outgrown the period of mere export of products. We are now wholesale exporters of capital. The profits of our masters increase in unheard of proportion. These accumulated profits look for new fields of investment as capital. The home market is saturated and can absorb only a small quantity of that newly created capital. So foreign markets are desirable and necessary.

When our capitalists exported goods for cash or on terms as good as cash, there was little or no risk in the transaction. But when cash itself, or its equivalent in machinery and means of production is exported, then the risk begins. There is a glaring example in the French export of cash to Czarist Russia. The rouble was world renowned for its rolling quality. But of the fifteen billions of roubles that were rolled into Czarist Russia by French capitalists, none have been rolling back. And when our capitalists send roubles or dollars into foreign lands they not only expect them to come back in due time, but they want them to bear children, and many of them, and send them home regularly. To insure the welfare and eventual homecoming of those dollars sent into foreign countries, the capi-

talists desire to extend their political and military power to the territory of import. Such political and military domination would insure, at least in some measure, against the possibility of repudiation or expropriation by the people “favored” with the import.

This desire for political and military domination is facilitated by the fact that economically undeveloped countries, as a rule, supply the best chances for imported capital. Such countries have large undeveloped and unattached natural resources so necessary to unemployed capital. They are populated by backward peoples with a low standard of living, who supply cheap labor. Last but not least, they have undeveloped and weak political structures and governments which can be easily made the agencies of foreign capital, or, in case of necessity, can be overthrown without trouble.

Thus following the ever more profitable lode of capitalism we, a free, democratic and self-determining nation, are led into adventure in foreign lands. Grabbing new territory for investment becomes the greatest problem of our political government; holding it, its greatest task. Imperialism reigns supreme. In this age of imperialism there exists only one valid, one sacred principle. All others sink into insignificance. For instance, “we” are in principle opposed to inciting peoples to revolution; and our Secretary of State can write an endless thesis on that question in regard to Soviet Russia. But—when a little revolution can advance our chances of securing a new foothold in virgin territory for import of capital, we are not adverse to hiring or inciting a little revolution ourselves. We do so occasionally in Mexico. We did it in Panama. Or—“we” are in principle, opposed to military oppression of other peoples; but we establish permanent headquarters for our army and navy in Venezuela, Costa Rica and other Central and South American republics. We cannot permit such a little principle as that to stand in the way of the protection of our most sacred right, capitalist expansion. We believe in self-determination of the peoples. But when the Filipinos desire to determine their own destinies, then we remember our most sacred duty to protect the interests of the Tobacco, and Sugar and sundry other trusts and we proclaim: self-determination, yes, but not when such self-determination is against our most sacred principle: to grab and to hold.

This most sacred principle finds expression in many forms. First, that “our” country can do no wrong. Then, that we are the chosen people of God. In all cases it manifests itself by setting up certain rules to be followed by every nation, but which we ourselves disregard in all cases where the interests of the capitalists make that desirable. Thus, our most sacred principle turns out to be nothing but **profit interests**.

Having established that truth, we can return to our problem of the “yellow peril.” If we, alone—all by ourselves—had a monopoly on the principle of profit interests, the whole world would be a happy hunting ground for our profiteers. But nothing in this world seems to be perfect. So our hunting profiteers encounter competing parties in their hunts. One of those competing parties, and a formidable one, is the Japanese profiteers. Thus the Japanese became the yellow peril.

There was another dangerous competitor: Germany.

So, for some time we allied ourselves with other competing hunting parties and we showed that one competitor that hunting is an unhealthy pleasure for him. But our alliance with the other competitors was not a lasting one. It was an alliance of expediency. There is one hunting party less now, but there are still too many, far too many.

Now, our little party found game, rare game. There is China, for instance. Vast untouched and practically unattached natural resources, veritable gold mines for unemployed capital. A nation of five hundred millions, an almost unlimited reserve for cheap, very cheap labor. Oh, what game!

We do not believe in military conquest. We believe in peaceful penetration. We do not believe in hunting with the gun on our shoulders. We rather believe in taming the game and then killing it peacefully as necessity requires.

We are hunting our game. Around it we circle, sinister and relentless—but “peaceful.” China, Asia—what promising prize! Yellow people are there; yes, we consider them inferior to us. But there is also yellow gold. And we never let our hatred against a yellow race inspire us with a hatred against all things yellow. We love yellow gold. Even though the yellow gold may come out of the soil of the yellow land, even though it may be pregnant with the toil of the yellow man, yet we love it, we covet it, we strive for it. “On with the hunt!” is our slogan.

Busily engaged in the hunt, we encounter a formidable enemy, Japan. That enemy was there first. He is at home right next door. He stole a run on us and established a military and police dictatorship over part of the coveted hunting ground, Korea. Korea affords an object of exploitation for the Japanese profit hunters. And it also affords an invaluable base of operation for more extended hunting expeditions.

But our own little party of American profit-hunters was by no means idle. It, too, stole a run on the Japanese competitor. It pitched its camp in the Hawaiian Islands, the Philippines, in Samoa. With devouring eyes our competing Japanese profiteers watch our own dear American tobacco and sugar trusts fatten themselves in the pasture of those “possessions.” They see with displeasure how the outposts of our American imperialist hunting party push onward through the Pacific and raise their threatening head at the very gates of Japan.

Irresistibly our hunting party pushes forward to land the game. But wherever it steps it kicks the shins of the competing party, the Japanese. They, too, push onward without hesitation. And wherever they step, our feet seem to be in the way and our corns get injured. We smile; they smile. We cry, “excuse us;” they retort, “pardon us.” We pardon, they excuse. But inwardly we know, and inwardly they know that some day we will come to blows. Some day, when either one or the other thinks to be nice and ready, there will be a fitting and moral casus belli and for us the ally of yesterday, Japan, will become the deadly enemy of the day.

Imperialism, the longing to grab and hold the world, not only dominates the foreign policies of our and other capitalist countries. Imperialism has also its peculiar conditions at home. It has the economic power concentrated in a few hands which rule the machinery of profit through interlocking directorates. Vague expressions of class interests in politics thus give way to a consistent, conscious and relentless pursuit

of profit by means of the political machine of the state, the government. The greater the economic power attained by the ruling class, the more clearly do all political acts become only expressions and results of economic endeavors.

The ruling strata in the United States, the few that amass wealth, those that control our hunting party in the Far East, foresee the clash that is bound to come between the United States and Japan. They not only foresee it, they consistently follow a policy to bring it about. And part of this policy is the cry about the “yellow peril.”

War is Hell; and not only because Sherman said so. And very few are eager to go voluntarily to Hell. To get a nation to go to Hell a psychological atmosphere has to be created, in which reason is dethroned and the masses follow blindly into the inferno of war. To lead a nation into a war in which it has nothing to defend but the profits of its exploiters, it is necessary to drive that nation into a state of mass insanity. In that state fire and brimstone are disregarded and the nation follows willingly into the Hell of a war.

Our masters, American capitalists, are preparing for that mass insanity by creating it in a mild form even now. The cry of the “yellow peril” is the bacillus hydrophobia, with which American capitalism is inoculating the American people preparatory to the great moment when our most sacred principle, our profits, demand war with Japan. After the American worker has been taught systematically his own superiority over the “little yellow man,” after he is sufficiently incited to hatred against the Japanese, when “anti-Japanese serum” dominates every drop of blood of the American worker, it will be only the work of a deft coup de main, like a little explosion on a warship, to convince the American masses of their divine mission to exterminate the Japanese from the earth.

Yes, we do charge here and now, that the whole coterie of capitalist politicians, who cry themselves hoarse about the “yellow peril,” who clamor and vote for Japanese exclusion, are consciously gathering combustibles in preparation of the time, when it will be in the interest of American capitalism to set the world on fire anew in a war with Japan.

The government of Japan is by no means an innocent victim in this game. It is the opposite pole of the same manoeuvre. It, too, prepares for the Hell to come. It, too, prepares for that insanity among its people, which will finally hurl the two nations against each other to sacrifice the lives of hundreds of thousands upon the altar of the sacred principle of present day society, the principle of profit—and still more profit.

Danger ahead! Indeed there is. The danger of a new war. The danger of a war the price of which is our own skin. Win or lose, the peoples of the two nations will suffer in misery and bloodshed in order that those who amass wealth may forge a new chain against the workers of the world, take a new step in the direction of ruling the whole world and reducing the working millions of toilers to profit-producing robots,



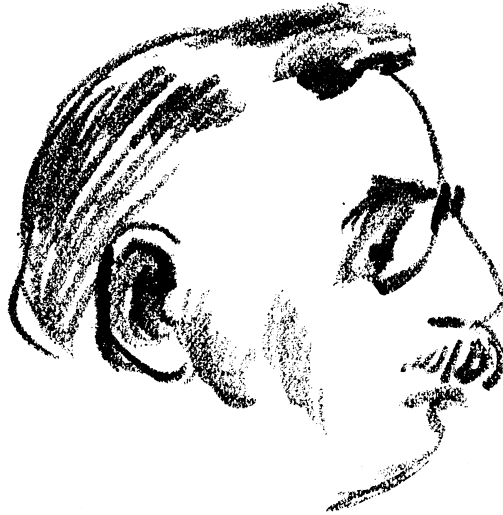
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Prosperity Blows Up

By Jay Lovestone

"Let him see for himself the families of twelve and fifteen persons, who somehow keep body and soul together on the six or seven dollars' worth of groceries they receive each week from the city or from charitable organizations. Let him see the undernourished children—poor little devils with rickets and anaemia and various other diseases. Let him 'pick up' the unemployed girls on the streets—girls who sell their souls and bodies for a square meal. Let him visit the kitchen bar rooms run by men driven to lawlessness by their inability to earn an honest living, and let him drink the concoctions sold there, which in some cases, at least, are made from distilled garbage. The facts and figures are available. They can be had for a little time and work, and there is no closing one's eyes to them if one is sincere."

THIS is Fall River, the city of more than a hundred textile mills, today, in the eyes of a painstaking observer.

The fate that befell Fall River is the fate that is now on the threshold of hundreds of thousands of families in the rural and industrial centers. Anyone who is willing to do a little lid-lifting and squarely face the grim facts of the rapidly developing economic depression cannot avoid this unsightly picture.

For months our economic professors of the chair wielded their sponges and scrubbing brushes in a vain attempt to get off, at least from the view of the masses, the ever-spreading blotch of economic stagnation darkening the business horizon.

Now, after months of such empty boasting and noisy pointing with pride to glowing business conditions, the official experts of finance and industry are forced to admit that prosperity has blown up. The question is no longer whether business is prostrate but how long it is going to remain prostrate. Undigested statistics and groundless illusions are giving way to the superior force of realities. The cold facts and chilly figures of a sweeping economic depression are busily weaving a dismal story for the great mass of our agricultural and urban population.

For some time our bankers, brokers and manufacturers have just kept going on with their business fingers on the pulse of immediate demand. "Hand to mouth" buying has been the feature of industry and trade for months. Presently, the slow process of industrial recession is accelerating its downward pace and threatening to stall completely the mammoth engine of American large-scale production.

Prosperity in Full Flight

In every corner of production, consumption, employment, manufacturing, the signs of a wide sweep of economic depression are multiplying. A survey of current business indicates the rapidity of the downward slope. The Department of Commerce tells us that: "The index of unfilled orders, a weighted average of eight commodities, relative to 1920 as 160, declined from 61 at the end of March to 54 at the end of April and may be compared with April of last year at 95."

The insolvency statistics for May show a total of 1,816 failures or an increase of six per cent over April. Since February every month of this year has piled up a greater number of defaults than occurred in similar periods of last year. According to Dun's, declines in wholesale quotations have outnumbered advances for fourteen consecutive weeks.

So eminent an authority on the commercial epitome as the Commercial and Financial Chronicle sums up the present

situation in this frank fashion: "The steel industry is said to be working at only 50 percent or less of capacity. Further curtailment of the textile trades is reported here and there. The output of automobiles has been cut noticeably. . . . The reduction of the output of iron in May exceeded anything ever before known for that month. The clothing trades are dull, whether in cotton, woollens or silks. The general merchandise price is down for the sixth month in succession. So great is the depression in the big industries that unemployment is marked."

Money rates are the lowest on the market since 1917. There are plenty of surplus funds available and idle. Brokers' requirements are small and dwindling.

Steel is today king in industry and moves in the closest relation to business. A foremost manifestation of the positive decline in business is the record of the collapse of steel production. Since March the production of steel ingots has fallen about 50 percent and is now estimated at only 50 percent of capacity. The unfilled orders of the United States Steel Corporation on May 31 were the smallest in nearly a decade. The total was 3,628,089 tons and the fall during the month was 580,358 tons. At the close of November, 1914, when business had not yet recovered from its first shock at the outbreak of the world war and when the Allies had not yet begun placing heavy war orders, the steel industry was as badly off as it is today. Then, the United States Steel Corporation had 3,324,592 tons on its books.

Business men are viewing with great concern the drop in the production of pig iron, because such a decline always comes with bad times. In May the production of pig iron dropped to 2,615,110 tons from 3,233,428 tons the preceding month and 3,868,000 tons a year ago. This was a fall of 23,423 tons a day or 22 percent lower than in April. This phenomenal collapse compares with a daily curtailment of 22,817 tons, due to the steel strike of October, 1919, and with 21,123 tons in December, 1907, in the wake of the panic in November of that year.

Furnaces in blast on May 31 totalled 184 as compared with 321 a year ago.

Iron mining operations have been drastically curtailed in the last month. On the Mesaba range the United States Steel Corporation's subsidiary has reduced operations by about 30 percent. The fall in prices has compelled some independent mines to shut down completely.

The three principal bases for full-capacity steel operations have all been rocked in recent months. Thus, we find that shipments of locomotives were smaller in April than for many months past. Only 73 locomotives were shipped from the factories in April as compared with 217 in the corresponding month of last year. Unfilled orders on hand on May 1 were 640 as compared with 2,204 a year ago this time. This decline has continued throughout the month of May.

A second force upsetting the steel industry and the economic situation in general is the developing crisis in the building industry. The New York Federal Reserve Bank's June number of the Monthly Review of Credit and Business

Conditions thus views this phase of the business outlook: "Building permits issued during April in 158 selected cities throughout the country were 29 percent smaller than in March, and about 10 per cent smaller than in April a year ago."

Then the curtailment of the automobile output is continuing apace. The recession which began in April was accelerated in May. In April production fell 3 percent compared with March. In May the drop in output was 19 percent.

A final and crushing indication of the extent of industrial and business decline is to be had in the record of bituminous coal output. Soft coal is essential to mill operation. The volume of its output adequately reflects demand and is generally accepted as a barometer of the state of trade. In January the average weekly output of bituminous coal was eleven million tons; in March it fell to nine millions; and in April it hit the low figure of a weekly average of only six million tons.

We Have With Us—Unemployment.

Little effort is now being made to conceal the fact that whatever cheer the business atmosphere had in the beginning of the year is fast disappearing. The gloom of joblessness is now hanging like a pall over the working class. The normal industrial reserve army of disemployed workers is being augmented rather quickly and is swiftly taking on the shape of a huge army of unemployed.

The depths to which the reduction of working forces is proceeding on a country-wide scale are hinted at by the latest monthly review of the Cleveland Reserve Bank in such cautious but significant language: "Employment, as a result of curtailed production, is also declining, and in some factories it has been carried to the point where corps of workers which were considered permanent are being affected. Employment bureaus report an increasing number of applicants. Factory employment throughout the country, according to the summary of business conditions prepared by the Federal Reserve Board, declined 2 per cent in April."

In New York State the official reports received from manufacturers employing 500,000 men indicate that no less than 22,000 workers were discharged during the first two weeks in May. In the last two months more than 100,000 workers were dropped from the payrolls. State Industrial Commissioner Bernard L. Shientag traces this trend when he says: "The decline in May, following a similar movement in April, has reduced employment in New York State factories over seven percent in two months. Part time is also becoming more general so that a marked reduction in manufacturing activity is evident. The number of factory workers has fallen back to where it was two years ago before the strong upward movement of 1922-23 had begun."

Illinois faces a serious unemployment problem. Many mines are closed and closing and manufacturing employment has declined in May more sharply than at any time since 1921.

According to the latest report of the Interstate Commerce Commission the number of railway employes on Class I railroads dropped 56,211 in March compared with the same month a year ago. The total compensation was 5.5 percent less than in March, 1923.

The textile industry has been especially hard hit. In Fall River, Massachusetts, there are 30,000 to 70,000 mill hands out of work. One hundred out of the 111 mills are working on part time or are completely shut down. Within the last six months the municipality has appropriated \$243,000 for the

relief of the suffering textile workers. So intense has been the hardship of these workmen and women that they have been driven to the despair of appealing for aid from Coolidge. One of the leading employers recently told a prominent newspaperman that "we have never had before such a serious period of depression, and the outlook for the future has never been blacker."

In the Southern textile centers the situation is as critical. From the following official declaration of the mill workers of Charlotte, North Carolina, we can gather the status and temper of the exploited masses: "For many months the textile mills have been curtailing, running only a very small part of the time. This long slack period has resulted in depleting all the savings of the textile workers and, in addition, has caused nearly all the workers to go into debt, some to an alarming degree.

"Now, it happens, as it has happened in the past under similar conditions, that many mills have announced their intention of reducing wages of the textile workers when full-time operations are resumed. This reduction of wages is not only wrong but it is an outrage. We do not intend tamely to submit to it. If necessary, we are going to use our only weapon, the strike, against any reduction in wages."

The latest and most authoritative survey of the extent of unemployment in the country is the April issue of "Employment in Selected Industries," published by the Bureau of Labor Statistics of the Department of Labor. An examination of these findings discloses many instructive facts, among which we quote: "The decrease in employment in the twelve-month period was exceptionally large in a majority of the thirty-three industries which lost in employment, as shown in the following list: Steam railroad car shops, 19.7 percent; agricultural implements, 18.2 percent; foundry and machine shops, 18 percent; men's clothing, 16.5 percent; automobile tires, 15.9 percent; cotton goods, 14.7 percent; carriages, 13.7 percent; leather, 13.1 percent; shipbuilding, 12.4 percent; shirts and collars, 12.2 percent; sugar refining, 11.8 percent; woolen goods, 11.6 percent; stoves, 11.4 percent; millinery and lace goods, 10.8 percent; and boots and shoes, 10.3 percent. In six of these industries the decrease in payrolls was even greater than the loss in employment, the greatest decreases being 22.5 per cent in men's clothing, 20.7 percent in cotton goods, and 19.6 percent in automobile tires."

From the index numbers of employment based on the above figures we learn that the number of unemployed today, in the manufacturing industries alone, is greater by at least 400,000 than in the corresponding period a year ago. These figures do not take into consideration partial employment. They deal only with the totally unemployed. No less than twenty-two per cent, or about one out of every five, of the workers employed in 1920, on the eve of the last great depression, are now out of jobs. At most, the unemployment of the worst period of the 1921 depression was approximately ten per cent in excess of the present unemployment. The tendency now is distinctly towards a continued collapse in employment.

What Stopped Prosperity?

Hearsay and hasty conclusions interwoven with occasional deliberate misrepresentation are the basis of most of the explanations given for the present economic depression.

Our Secretary of Commerce, Herbert Hoover, would have the world believe that there is no "fundamental economic reason" for it. Mr. Hoover ascribed the sharp decline in pro-

duction to a purely psychological condition. But even an amateur can see through Hoover's transparent efforts. We are now well down on our way from the peak of prosperity passed by us in the spring of 1923. To the economist the spurt of March, 1924, was merely a foothill on the slope down which we have been moving.

Many editors of our well-kept press have been blaming politics for the collapse of industry. None of these explanations is tenable. The fact of the matter is that much as the new tax measure and the so called bonus measure were condemned, the reaction of Big Business to these was not unfavorable.

There is a legend in many circles that Presidential years are necessarily bad business years. This contention will not stand up in the face of facts. Examining the market movements and economic trend of presidential years since 1884, we find that five presidential years have been years of falling security prices, four were years of advancing prices and that one presidential year was characterized by an advance offset by a fall. There is no denying the fact that politics influenced the course of economic development. Yet there is nothing in a presidential year which condemns it organically to be one of economic breakdown.

The primary reason for the present decline in economic activity is the fact that "the business situation itself had become top-heavy." The world war lent great impetus to the development of American industry. The present disturbed state of the world market coupled with the declining economic consumptive ability of the American working and farming classes does not measure up in demand to the over-built industries of the United States. Our industrial system is "over-producing" to-day. There is not much prospect of relief in the outlook for foreign trade.

The economic decline which we are experiencing at this moment is an integral part of the process of industrial readjustment following in the wake of the world war. One of the reasons America recovered so rapidly from the serious crisis of 1921 was the urgent need of the country for certain immediate fundamental necessities. This condition has been met. Thus we find the Magazine of Wall Street viewing the present situation in the following interesting light: "The fact is that for several years we have been going along smoothly, filling out the post-war demand for sundries, such as new housing, railroad equipment, automobiles to ride in and many other essentials and non-essentials. That demand has to an appreciative extent been satisfied."

Furthermore, economically speaking, the United States has for the last five years been like a house divided against itself. Our agricultural system, being far less developed than our industrial system, was severely undermined by the war. The casualties of economic derangement were much greater in agriculture than in industry. Since 1919 American agriculture has been in the throes of an acute economic crisis. The development has proceeded from bad to worse. We are now heading for the worst. Without delving at length into the critical conditions in the rural conditions we may cite the fact that since the first of the year more than 325 banks have failed in the Northwest in spite of the establishment of the Agricultural Credits Corporation and the extension of the life of the War Finance Corporation. The breakdown of the world market and falling grain and land



The Flag Still Flies.

Maurice Becker.

prices are the primary causes for the ill trade winds in the agricultural areas.

With almost half of the country economically depressed, it was naturally only a matter of time when the other half, the Eastern industrial section, would be affected adversely. Mr. Parker Willis, a student of finance and banking, pointedly summed up the fears entertained by the captains of industry over the certainty of this disease spreading East. Said Mr. Willis: "The place where danger is now to be most expected appears to be in the small banks of the cities which have become considerably involved in real estate loans based in property at inflated prices, or which have been sustaining industries that have been largely "overboomed" by buying their paper in large quantities."

What is The Outlook?

It is yet too soon to estimate the duration of this period of economic depression. All we can say at this time is that industry is due for a downward movement and that there are no signs of an early upward swing in the trend of our industrial development.

The pitch blackness of our immediate future is reflected in a marked tendency toward wage reductions. According to an analysis made by the Standard Daily Trade Service, "it is not to be expected that there will be a further general increase in wage rates and industrial leaders say the trend is against it. . . . It is the conclusion of students of the financial situation that, instead of increases, there very probably will be decreases because of reduced production schedules." This general tendency may, however, be punctuated now and then by weak upward fillips.

Wage reductions have already occurred in the southern cotton mills, the Connelsville coke region, the New York and Philadelphia carpet mills, the New England shoe and textile factories, the Rhode Island rubber products industry and in some steel car manufacturing companies of Pennsylvania.

The Republican nomination of Dawes for the vice-presidency indicates the determination of our employing class to



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force the adoption of the Dawes plan to turn Germany and Europe into an American sweat-shop. Such a foreign policy can have only a detrimental effect on the welfare of our working class. Bache's Review brings this point home rather forcibly when it says: "Labor, as well as capital, must take into consideration the fact that when the Dawes report is accepted and put into operation, Europe will begin competition in the world's markets which will grow more and more aggressive and at a labor cost of production considerably below American standards. This must affect American prices and wages, and would tend to make them gradually smaller."

Steel Rails

STEEL rails,
Straight runners ahead,
Swift runners into the future.

Take the wise strength of them
In the sure fixing of clean parallels,
Running ahead into a dream of merging.

Take them,
Let the meaning and the secret
Clutch a hold of you,
A sure strong hold
Under the heart.

Herschell Bek.



Flivver Fancies

Maurice Becker



99 YEAR
LEASE

PRESIDENTIAL CHANCES

MUSCLE SHOALS

Milton Beckley
'60

Leading the World Revolution

By Alexander Bittelman

THIS should be understood literally. The Communist International is actually leading the revolutionary struggles of the working class in every corner of the world. It is leading these struggles much more truly and effectively than any general staff has ever led an army on the field of battle.

A child of our time, the Communist International is fast becoming its master. Because of all the human forces that are operating within the frame-work of present-day society, none is more creative, none more consciously purposeful, none more truly international in every one of its deeds, none more alive and determined than is the party of International Communism.

And in this lies the secret of its power. It never loses sight of its objective. It never permits extraneous considerations to dim or blur the glowing image of the central aim of the proletarian struggle for power. Through the maze, temptations, and complexities of the everyday struggle the Communist International steadily and persistently pushes ahead and ever forward to the final realization of the dream of the ages—the society of Communist Brotherhood.

Think of the 21 Points.

What comes to our mind most vividly just now is the period of the so-called 21 points. Ridiculed, maligned, resisted and fought against by the adherents of the Second International in company with the straggling army of the Second-and-a-half, these 21 points stand out as an eternal monument to the far-sightedness and determination of the founders of the International Communist party.

Where would we have been by this day, if not for the 21 points of admission which served as an iron brace of union for the young family of Communists and at the same time as an impregnable fortress of defense against the penetrating influences of social-patriotisms, half-and-half socialism and communism, milk and water revolutionism, etc., etc.

It seems at times as if ages had passed since that period when the conditions of admission were the burning issue in the life of the Communist International. And yet it is only four years since the Second Congress of the Comintern, held in July-August, 1920, has laid down these conditions, thereby insuring the young Communist movement against all possible dangers of being swamped by opportunism and centrism.

An International Party.

Now it is a party. One international party of Communism with disciplined sections in every corner of the world. In this party of the proletarian revolution, the decisions of the world congress are law, to be taken as such by every section of the Communist International that is affected by the decision and immediately put into life.

And the Executive Committee of the Communist International is a real executive organ. Between world congresses, and enlarged sessions of its own body, this Executive Committee has unlimited authority and power over the policies and actions of each affiliated organization. In communist ranks, there is no questioning its sphere of competency or the extent of its directing power. Its word is law, to be taken as given, and carried out with the maximum of efficiency.

Does it strike you, then, as an army of blind soldiers, kept in subjection by some supernatural terrible power? If it does, then you have got something to learn yet about the true nature of the Communist International. In fact, nothing is farther from this organization, nothing more foreign to the spirit of its life than blind unquestioning obedience.

Just take a glance, when opportunity permits, at even an ordinary branch meeting of the Party. Or—at a meeting of a City Central Committee, local conference, etc. Or—follow carefully the communist press, particularly the letters to the editor and the discussion sections. Do this, reflect a little over what you have seen and heard, and then tell us whether you know of any other organization that is seething with as intensive an inner life, with as high a degree of self-criticism, intelligent creation and independence of mind of its membership as the Communist party.

Blind obedience?! Tell it to the rank and file of the Communist International and watch what will happen. Resentment? No! Such emotions they reserve for more useful occupations. Besides, the charge of blind obedience directed against a Communist is so incongruous, so totally incompatible with the spirit of the organization that it cannot be taken seriously. It simply cannot cause any hot feelings. A shrug of the shoulder and a good-humored smile would be the most probable reaction.

The force that keeps together the army of international communism is loyalty to an ideal, devotion to a principle, belief in the competency and ability of its leadership, and, finally, the ever-present readiness to forego and sacrifice in order to enhance the day of victory.

The Fifth Congress.

The highest governing body of the Communist International is its World Congress. It is held annually in Lenin-grad, or Moscow, or both. Moscow is the seat of the Executive Committee, and will continue most probably in that capacity until a successful revolution by the European workers will make it possible for the Comintern to move farther west. We have no doubt that upon the success of such a revolution, every European capital will vie for the honor of being the seat of the Communist International.

For the present, Moscow is the place. It was the good (and deserved) fortune of the workers of Moscow to greet again the leaders of the Communist International on the occasion of its Fifth Congress, which came into session in that city on the 15th of June, 1924.

This congress was unique in the sense that it was the first one to be held without Lenin. He was not there to enlighten, to inspire, and to instruct. And it is altogether futile to try to minimize the loss or to build up one sort of an illusion or another which should apparently serve as a compensation.

He was not there. But there is still in the Communist International the living memory of him, of his teachings, his methods and his general way of leadership. There is a whole group of communist leaders who have known Lenin's personal influence and direction. These men and women have



1918 - 1924.

A Cartoon from "Pravda." The documents accumulated on the Bayonet of the Red Soldier are marked "Recognitions."

grown to revolutionary maturity and have become leading veterans in the Communist movement under the personal guidance of Lenin.

These men and women have now a serious service to perform. They have got to transmit their intimate knowledge of Lenin's ways of revolutionary leadership to the entire Communist International. They have got to make the experiences of Lenin himself, and their own derived from association with him, the property of every living communist.

It was, therefore, perfectly appropriate, and in answer to the real need of the hour, to place at the top of the agenda of the Fifth Congress the question: **Lenin and the Communist International.**

"Leninism" they call it, and it's a good name, Max Eastman to the contrary notwithstanding. It is true, as Eastman remarks (*Liberator*, June, 1924) that Lenin's judgments "were characterized primarily by their mobility and reference to a changing state of facts." But it is not true that because of the above there can be no such thing as "Leninism."

In Lenin's judgment there was **method**. In his way of handling revolutionary problems there was a **certain ap-**

proach. And it is this that they call "Leninism" and which we all must know, understand, and master.

What Are We About?

The usual way of getting down to business at a communist congress and particularly at an International Congress, is by first propounding the question: **What Are We About?** What is the precise or approximate location on the map of the world revolution that we find ourselves fixed to at this particular moment?

And, by the way, this, too, is a characteristic trait of a revolutionary mind which never loses sight of its final objective. It always asks the question: How much have we moved ahead? How far have we yet to go to reach our final destination?

The formal way this "locating business" is done at the world congress is by discussing a proposition on the agenda (usually the first or second point), which reads something like this: "The World Situation and Our Immediate Task," or "The Outlook of the World Revolution."

And this locating business came before the Fifth Congress through two points on the agenda. Point 2 provides for a report by Comrade E. Varga, on "The World Economic Situation." Then point 3 begins with a report by Comrade G. Zinoviev on "The Activity and Tactics of the Communist International." In this way—the old, tested out Marxian way—the Congress first got a picture of the present-day economics of the world. It ascertained the basic factors and their inter-relations as they exist and operate at this moment. And then it proceeded to politics. With the help of Comrade Zinoviev's report, the congress weighs and measures the comparative strength in the class-struggle of the various classes and social groups, the policies and strategy of the enemy, and on the basis of such an analysis, decisions are formed as to where we are at and what should be our next step.

Our Next Step.

This is a composite problem. It includes questions of strategy and tactics for the whole International and specific problems of application of these general policies to the particular conditions of each individual country.

Also separate **phases** of the general strategy as, for instance, the National problem, Colonial problems, Trade Union Tactics, problems of organization, etc., etc.

With the Communist International it is always this way: First, the final aim and then the next step to it.

The First Congress (March, 1919) proclaimed the formation of the Communist International, formulated the principle of the proletarian dictatorship, and laid down as the next step: War against the Second International and the formation of Communist parties in every country in the world.

The Second Congress, July-August, 1920, adopted the now famous 21 points, formulated the precise role of a Communist party in the proletarian revolution, passed a number of decisions on the attitude of Communists toward parliamentary action on Trade Union Tactics and laid down as the next step: Intensive preparations for the seizure of power.

The Third Congress, (July, 1921) found the world situation somewhat changed. The capitalist class all over the world was on the offensive while the working class, due to the betrayal of the social-patriots and trade union reactionaries was retreating and demoralized. The tempo of revolu-



1918 — 1924.

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tionary development had slackened. There was the actual danger in a number of countries, of the Communist parties getting too far ahead of and becoming isolated from the masses.

Analyzing the then prevailing situation, the Third Congress defined the next step: To the Masses! Participate and lead the everyday struggle of the workers. Penetrate with a revolutionary ideology their mass organizations. Transform the Communist parties into mass parties.

Between the Third and the Fourth Congress, i. e., between December, 1921, and March, 1922, the Executive Committee of the Communist International and also the Enlarged Session had formulated the tactics of the United Front. This tactic was a more concrete expression of the general policy, "To The Masses," laid down at the Third Congress.

The Fourth Congress (November-December, 1922) registered a revival in the spirit of the working class who had then begun taking the offensive in a number of countries, and decided to continue the United Front policy as the best means of developing mass Communist parties.

The Fifth Congress, opened in Moscow, on the 15th of June, 1924, found the revolutionary situation considerably improved. The rate of development is picking up again and so is the fighting spirit of the working class. The next step is: More organization and more aggressiveness.

One Program.

The outcome of this Congress will show one program for the whole International with special additions for the individual national sections. The work of preparing such a program had begun prior to the Fourth Congress. It was the universal opinion that the time has already arrived for the Communist International which has become in fact, as well as in name one International party, to have one program. A special Program Commission, headed by Comrade Bucharin, had been charged by the Fourth Congress with the duty of preparing such a program in co-operation with similar commissions that were to be established by each national section.

With the amount of preparatory work done in the last eighteen months, the Fifth Congress had little difficulty in finally disposing of the matter by giving the Communist International one program for one party.

A Few Special Problems.

As was the case with previous congresses, so the Fifth Congress, too, had to deal with specific problems involving particularly certain individual sections of the Communist International. This time there were Russia, Germany, Italy, Bulgaria, England, the United States, and Japan.

Russia claimed the attention of the International, first, because it is the home of the first successful proletarian revolution, and second, because of the recent controversy in its Communist party, which, by the way, has already been settled by the Russian Party Congress.

Germany is the country next in importance to Russia. Events in Germany are moving fast now-a-days, and German Communists are confronted with highly complicated problems.

Not so very long ago the German party was shaken by a serious internal struggle over questions of policy that arose out of the political crisis following the breakdown of "the passive resistance situation" in the Ruhr and the offensive of the German monarchists. This internal struggle has been practically settled by the last German Party Congress.

However, the issues that have been raised are of such importance to the future of the world revolution that the Fifth Congress carefully examined the situation and delivered its opinion on the future tactics and strategy of the German Communist party.

Italy—because of the Fascisti-regime, Bulgaria—because of the serious mistakes committed by its Communist party during the overthrow of the late peasant government, England—because of the new problems before the British Communists arising out of the "Labor regime," the United States—because of the advice asked by the American party on the policies to be pursued in the present complicated political situation, and Japan—because of the unique nature of the struggles of its working masses which must carry on a two-fold struggle against the existing regime of the feudal monarchy and against the bourgeoisie which is rising to power—all these countries present to their Communist parties problems of great complexity which only the expert advice and instruction of the Communist International can assist in solving correctly.

The congress is over; another milestone has been passed on the road to final victory. The revolutionary movement in Europe, America, Asia, Africa, and India has received a fresh impetus and a new inspiration to move onward, to struggle and to conquer.

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Workers and Farmers on the Mark

By C. E. Ruthenberg

THERE is developing today in the United States a mass movement which has as its objective the overthrow of the capitalist system. This is the important fact emphasized by the June 17 Convention—the Farmer-Labor Convention.

There were more than 500 delegates who sat in this convention. These delegates came from the farms of the Northwest, from the agricultural lands of the West and the South; they came from the Pacific coast and from the industrial states of the Middle West and East. These delegates unanimously adopted a platform which declares that it is the purpose of the Farmer-Labor Party to take over the government in the interests of the farmers and industrial workers and “to end the existing system of exploitation and the rule of the privileged class.”

The convention adopted an organizational plan to build up a mass Farmer-Labor Party to carry on the struggle for the achievement of that goal.

The Convention at Work

Delegates from twenty-six states sat in the Convention. In sixteen of the twenty-six states from which delegates came to the convention Farmer-Labor Parties have been organized. On a national scale there were represented the Workers Party of America, the Federated Farmer-Labor Party, the World War Veterans, the Young Workers League and the Amalgamated Metal Workers; and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers sent five delegates to act as observers for that organization.

William Mahoney, chairman of the Arrangements Committee, opened the convention as temporary chairman. The reception given his keynote speech showed clearly from the beginning what this convention wanted. Every reference to the organization of a strong Farmer-Labor Party was enthusiastically applauded, while the mention of Robert M. LaFollette as a possible candidate for the presidency was greeted either by profound silence or a scattering applause which indicated even more clearly how small was the support for LaFollette in this convention.

The issue raised in Mahoney's opening address as to whether the convention had assembled to organize a strong party to fight the battles of the industrial workers and farmers or whether it was merely to be some sort of appendage to LaFollette's campaign for the presidency was the outstanding issue of the convention.

The first struggle over this issue took place in the election of the permanent chairman of the convention. Charles E. Taylor of Montana, known as a staunch supporter of the Farmer-Labor Party, and William Mahoney were nominated for permanent presiding officer. Mahoney had made clear both in his opening speech and in preliminary negotiations before the convention that he laid more stress upon the convention endorsing and supporting the presidential aspirations of LaFollette than upon the organization of a national Farmer-Labor Party through this convention. After first declining to stand as a candidate for permanent presiding officer, he allowed his supporters to place him in nomination against Taylor. The result was over 700 votes for Taylor, with 161 for Mahoney, the vote being by states, each state



William Bouck
Farmer of Sedro-Woolley, Washington

casting the number of votes allotted to it by the call for the convention. Even Minnesota, Mahoney's own state, cast the majority of its vote for Taylor.

Three committees were to be elected by the convention; one on organization plan, one on platform, one on candidates. The cumbersome method of voting in the convention by allotted state votes made the elections of committees by the convention as a whole very difficult and a motion was carried to have state delegations elect one member of the committee. In order to permit state delegations to caucus and make their selections the convention was adjourned until the next day.

The Second Day

The center of struggle on the second day moved from the floor of the convention to the sessions of the three committees which were considering separately the questions of platform, organization plan, and candidates. Each of the committees found a difference of viewpoint among its members; the platform committee had to deal with those delegates who wanted a platform satisfactory to Senator LaFollette; the organization committee had to deal with the proposal that the convention take no definite steps toward the organization of the national Farmer-Labor Party, but carry on its work as a coalition and endeavor to organize the Party elections; the candidates committee had to face the question whether the convention should stamp itself as a LaFollette convention and merely endorse his candidacy as an independent candidate or whether it should nominate its own candidates and go into the fight definitely as a Farmer-Labor Party.



Franklin Shomaker



Alex Howat



Frank Starkey

Early in the second day's proceedings a newspaper correspondent furnished the convention with one of the most enlivening incidents of the whole three days' proceedings. Some twenty-five correspondents sat on the platform. They petitioned the convention, saying that inasmuch as the convention call provided that a group of twenty-five voters might send a delegate, they asked to be represented and announced that they had elected Robert Minor, correspondent for the Daily Worker, as their delegate. The convention voted to seat Minor and called upon him for a speech.

The joke of the correspondents, if it was intended as such, was quickly turned against them. Probably no group of newspaper representatives have sat through such an excoriation of the capitalist press as that which these correspondents and the delegates listened to during Minor's speech. Beginning with an apology for the men of his profession, he pictured the whole machinery of misrepresentation, lying, distortion, etc., as illustrated in the treatment of the convention by the local press. The delegates responded by the stormiest applause of the entire convention, while the press correspondents sat shamefacedly on the platform.

The convention passed the day in listening to speeches while the committees worked. It was not until the evening session that the first committee report came in. This was from the committee on platform. Chairman Joseph Manley stated the committee, with a membership of some twenty-five, brought in a report agreed to by all but one member. Had the chairman put the question to a vote immediately after the report of the committee, the platform would undoubtedly have been adopted with practically no dissenting vote. However, E. R. Meitzen, of Texas, secured the floor to protest against the clause calling for the abolition of all Jim Crow laws directed against the Negroes. Meitzen stated that he was for political and economic equality for the Negroes, but that the clause in question would arouse great prejudice in the

South and make organization there very difficult. He was ably answered by J. Stanley Clark of Missouri, who supported the report of the committee, and by Otto Huiswoud, the only Negro delegate in the convention, who spoke at length for the committee report and was loudly applauded.

The discussion of the Negro plank gave the delegates who had had "pet planks" which they desired to incorporate in the platform the opportunity to get their second breath, resulting in a demand that the committee continue its session before the platform was adopted and that the document be printed so that all the delegates could have copies. Walter Thomas Mills made a demand for a brief platform on immediate issues in place of a document dealing with fundamentals, such as the committee had brought in. While the great majority of the delegates stood for the adoption of the platform as it was reported, it was considered best to permit the widest discussion and opportunity to amend, and the motion to print, and to hold another session of the committee was unanimously adopted.

Organization Plan

The report of the committee on organization followed. It was presented by William Mahoney and represented the unanimous viewpoint of the entire committee. Two plans had come before the committee; one providing for a detailed statement of the organizational structure of the Farmer-Labor Party and the other for a loose form of coalition for the election campaign. The report of the committee represented a compromise between the two viewpoints.

The opening paragraph of the document placed the convention on record as declaring for the formation of a national Farmer-Labor Party. A National Organization and Campaign Committee consisting of two delegates from each state and two delegates from each national organization, was provided for. This National Committee is given power to elect a National Chairman and Secretary and National Executive



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St. Paul

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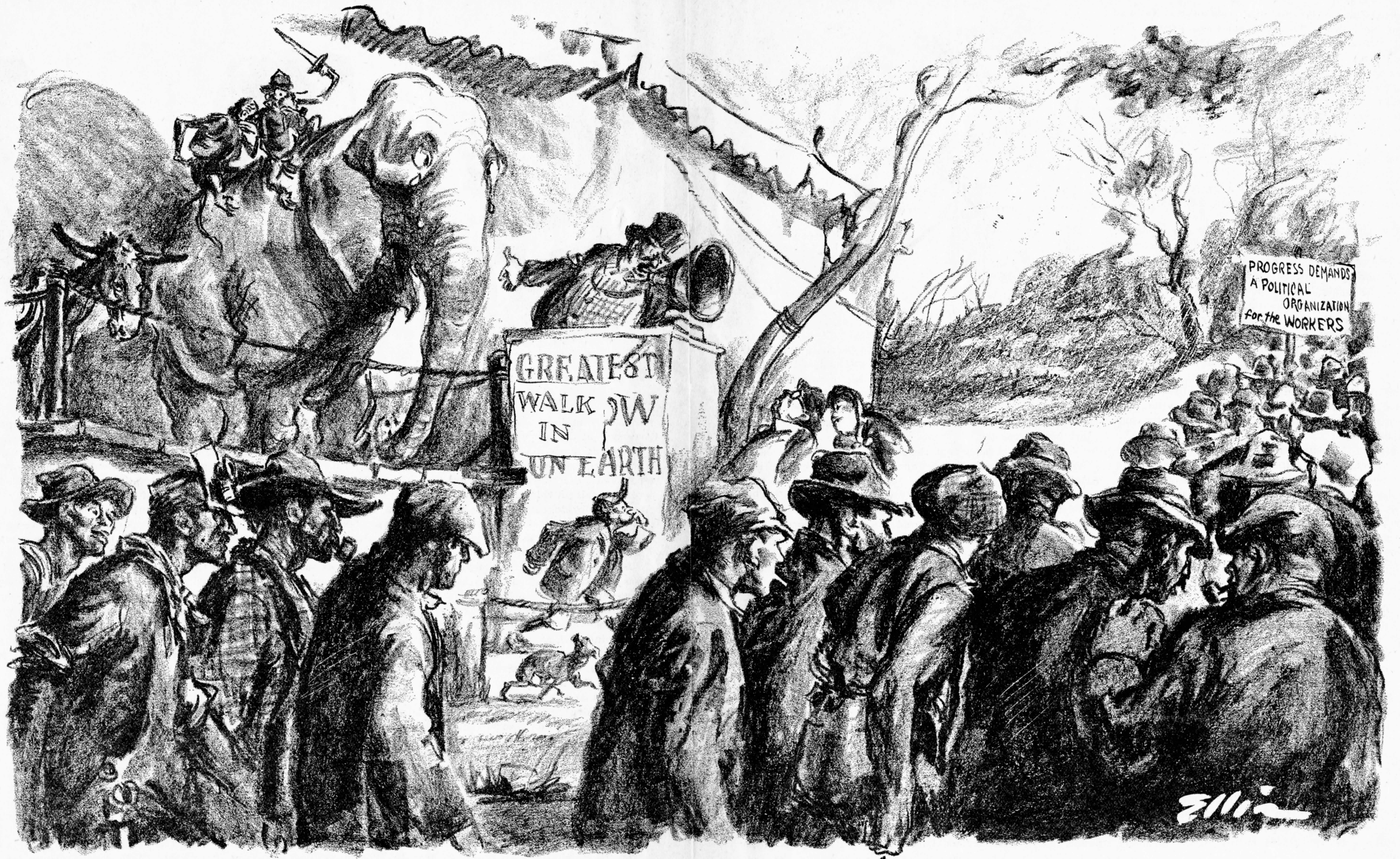
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Frank Starkey



Barnum Was Wrong

Committee consisting of five members besides the National Chairman and Secretary. The National Committee is also charged with the duty of conducting the 1924 presidential campaign and with the work of organizing state Farmer-Labor Parties in all the states of the union.

The final clause of the organization report read:

"The National Organization and Campaign Committee is authorized to carry on negotiations with any other group which favors the organization of a National Farmer-Labor Party with a view of uniting upon a single set of candidates and a platform and to give such groups representation upon the National Organization and Campaign Committee."

The organizational plan was adopted by the convention by a unanimous vote and the second day's session adjourned.

The Third Day

Delegate Froelich took the floor to make the report of the majority of the committee on candidates. It consisted of a three-line declaration that the convention immediately proceed with the nomination of candidates for President and Vice-President. Delegate Taylor, better known as "Crook-Neck Taylor" of Nebraska, presented a minority report calling for the endorsement of Senator LaFollette for President.

Delegate Clark of Missouri submitted an amendment as a substitute for the majority and minority report putting the convention on record as declaring that the National Committee to be elected was authorized to support the candidacy of Senator LaFollette if he ran on the Farmer-Labor Party ticket, accepted the platform adopted by this convention, and accepted the control by the National Committee of the campaign and funds.

The big issue of the convention was out in the open. The other issues had been but preliminary to this, the dominating question, whether the convention was a Farmer-Labor convention or a LaFollette convention. William Mahoney took the floor to state that he had received a request from the personal representative of Senator LaFollette that his name should not be presented to the convention and that he did not want an endorsement or any action by the convention on his candidacy. Delegate Taylor of Nebraska, however, refused to withdraw his minority report for endorsement of LaFollette.

Benjamin Gitlow secured the floor and launched into an attack upon LaFollette, showing by his record in Congress and his record in Wisconsin that he was not a representative of exploited farmers and workers and had not fought their political battles. He was followed by C. E. Ruthenberg. Mahoney had stated in his speech that the Organization Committee report in authorizing the National Committee to agree with the other Farmer-Labor groups upon candidates and platforms left the way open for the nomination of LaFollette after July 4th. Ruthenberg answered Mahoney on this point, calling attention to the fact that the clause in question read Farmer-Labor groups and that it was inserted in order that an agreement might be reached with a group which might split away from the Conference for Progressive Political Action after July 4th and not for the purpose of leaving a loophole for the nomination of LaFollette.

At this point the convention adjourned for the luncheon recess.

At the opening of the afternoon session, Delegate Clark, who had made the motion authorizing the National Committee to accept the candidacy of LaFollette on condition of his running on the Farmer-Labor ticket, accepting its platform and



J. O. Bentall

control of the National Committee, withdrew his amendment. It had evidently been decided by those who opposed the candidacy of LaFollette that it would be better to vote down the Taylor minority report for an endorsement of LaFollette and adopt the majority report of the committee to proceed with nominations, and thus make a clear record, than to have the Clark motion carried.

Taylor of Nebraska took the floor at this point and made a long harangue against the Communists in the convention. After his speech, Delegate Cramer of Minneapolis moved that both the Clark amendment already withdrawn and the Taylor minority report be laid on the table. This motion was carried with practically no opposition and the majority report, providing for immediate nomination by the convention, adopted. During the final discussion of the question William Mahoney again raised the point that the Organization Plan made possible the withdrawal of the candidates nominated by the convention and the endorsement of LaFollette's candidacy, and in order to make clear the position of the Workers Party, William Z. Foster made the following statement:

"In view of the statement just made by Mr. Mahoney relative to the candidacy of Mr. LaFollette, I feel it incumbent upon me to state the position of the Workers Party of America on this matter. In the coming negotiations between the National Committee of the National Farmer-Labor Party and other groups relative to combined action upon a Presidential candidate, the only basis upon which the Workers Party will accept LaFollette as a candidate is that he agree to run as a Farmer-Labor candidate, to accept the party's platform and its control over his electoral campaign and campaign funds."

Candidates Nominated

The convention proceeded to consider the nomination of President and Vice-President. Alexander Howat of Kansas nominated Duncan McDonald in a speech outlining his services to the working class movement, as a member of the Illinois mine workers' union and an official of that organization. The nomination of McDonald was greeted with a demonstration which lasted five minutes or more while the delegates cheered for the Farmer-Labor Party and its working

class candidate. Upon the vote being taken, the nomination was made unanimous.

Delegate Kennedy of Washington nominated William Bouck, president of the Western Progressive Farmers' organization, as a candidate for Vice-President. Bouck was nominated unanimously, no opposing candidate being placed in nomination.

With the nominations completed, the Platform Committee report was again taken up. Chairman Manley of that committee again reported the platform as brought before the convention on the previous day, only a slight change having been made in the declaration for Negro equality so as to make it of a general character against all discrimination. A number of farmer delegates took issue with the section of the platform dealing with unemployment and calling upon the government to take care of the unemployed during the period in which no work was obtainable. Max Bedacht took up this question and explained it from the standpoint of the industrial worker, pointing out that the reason the government was called upon to maintain the unemployed was because this was the only way of bringing pressure to bear upon the government and the employing class so that they would provide work for the unemployed. He pointed out that the workers were loafing not because they wanted to loaf, but because there was no work to be done.

Delegate Starkey of the St. Paul Trades and Labor Assembly at this point tried to create a diversion by a statement in regard to Communist activities in the convention, but was ruled out of order by the chairman and walked out of the hall amidst the "boos" of the delegates.

After some further debate on the platform the question of adoption was put to vote and the motion carried without a dissenting voice.

One of the interesting manifestations during consideration of the platform was the fact that the greatest applause was given to those sections of the platform dealing with American imperialism, demanding recognition of Soviet Russia, freedom for the Philippines, withdrawal of American marines from all South and Central American territory, and refusal to spend a single dollar in support of Wall Street investments in loans in foreign countries.

The state delegations, after the adoption of the platform, announced their selection for members of the National Committee, and the convention then adjourned.

Meeting of the National Committee

The National Committee met on the following day at the Hotel Ryan and took up the question of the election of the officers and the National Executive Committee. Those elected were: Chairman, Alexander Howat; Secretary, Clarence A. Hathaway; Members of the National Executive Committee, the above two, and William Mahoney, Alice Lorraine Daly, Scott Wilkins, Joseph Manley and Alfred Knutson. The National Committee authorized the National Executive Committee to attend the Conference for Progressive Political Action at Cleveland and to conduct any negotiations under the clause of the Organization Committee report authorizing same.

Victory Against Great Odds

The fact that the June 17 Convention was able to maintain its unity and to end its work with the great mass of delegates united upon a common platform, organization plan and candidates, is a great achievement for the Farmer-Labor movement of this country.

Probably no greater effort was made to destroy a convention than the attacks made against this gathering. The press of St. Paul and Minneapolis daily published broadsides against the convention. Every sort of misrepresentation and distortion was resorted to in order to frighten the delegates. The bogey of Communist control and Communism and Moscow direction was on the front pages day after day. Vicious lies as to statements by various delegates tending to disrupt the convention were in every story published. In spite of this the convention was able to come to a unanimous decision on candidates, organizational plan and platform. At the end it stood as a unit against all enemies of the Farmer-Labor movement.

This fact is the best evidence that the Farmer-Labor Party movement as it is manifesting itself today is not something ephemeral which is to be quickly destroyed. It springs out of the needs and experiences of the masses of exploited farmers and industrial workers. It expresses the protest of the advanced section of these masses against the existing social order. Behind it there is the determination to create a fighting organization which will challenge the continued rule of special privilege in this country.

The St. Paul Convention has laid the ground work for the permanent organization of a Farmer-Labor Party on a mass scale. In the candidates nominated and the platform adopted there is the basis for a nation-wide struggle against the capitalist order in this country.

To build upon this foundation, to bring into existence a Farmer-Labor Party representing the industrial workers and exploited farmers in every state, to win for this party the mass support of the workers and farmers—this is the new work before us.

When the history of the Farmer-Labor movement is written, the St. Paul Convention will stand as a historic landmark in its development. It will mark the permanent crystallization of the Farmer-Labor movement in a Farmer-Labor Party and the beginning of a period of growth and development which will not end until the Workers' and Farmers' Government is achieved!



Charlotte Anita Whitney

What Michael Said to the Census-Taker

By James Rorty

THE Census-taker of the Skies

*By day, by night, in gray and sunny weather,
By moonlight and by starlight goes his rounds,
Counting the young of the field mouse, calling them
out by name,*

*Counting the seeds of the milk-weed, anxiously watch-
ing each seed where it blows,*

*Fluttering lightly the leaves of the poplars that bend
on the ridge 'till each leaf has been numbered,*

*Exulting in harvests of corn, where each kernel is
known and recorded,*

*Noting, recording, nothing forgetting, nothing despis-
ing, finding nothing strange,*

*By day, by night, in gray and sunny weather,
The Census-taker goes his rounds and comes at last
Even to a town of Human Folk,
Even to a street, and in that street a house,
And in the house a room, and in the room he sees
Michael the poet, desperate, clamoring, alone. . . .
"What's this?" and "Who are you?" the Census-taker
asked*

And Michael answered stoutly what he could not know.

If you want to know who I am, I shall tell you.
I am the yellow dog, yapping on the roadside of the
world; .

I am the yellow dog, immortal, yap-yap-yapping,
Hunting for something, hunting for something, hun-
gry and curious;

Bitter, derisive, adoring; not a chariot has gone by
but I have bitten a spoke out of it;

Not a princess or concubine has passed but has given
soft words and a bone for the gleam of my teeth
and my tail wagging gallantly.

If you want to know who I am, I shall tell you.
I am the yellow dog, yap-yap-yapping on the road-
side of the world.

When Cheops built his pyramid, I was there;
Circling, barking, sitting and casting dung;
Nipping the heels of the oxen, tongue out and slaver-
ing in the heat of the sun;

Sleepy beneath a palm tree, blinking at the Nile;
When Cheops built his pyramid, I was there.

Homer sang to me, sitting beneath an olive tree, when
Greece was young;

Homer sang to me, parted his beard and sang.
In his blind eyes the blue sea foamed, and the white
blades flickered and gleamed,

And his gnarled hands plucked hard at his lyre, and
his old voice bellowed and cracked;

Homer sang to me, and I cocked an ear, sitting be-
neath an olive tree, when Greece was young.

Jeremiah was my brother—I was the prophet's dog,
yap-yap-yapping;

"Woe!" cried the prophet, and "Yes, that's right,"
I yapped, "Woe, woe, woe!"

"Woe unto the sinful people who have forsaken God
and whom God hath forsaken."

Jeremiah was my brother—God's terrible old man,
with red eyes and a long beard, screaming at a
cross-roads in Jerusalem,

Bitter as Dead Sea brine, bitter as the desert wind,
bitter as Truth;

Jeremiah was my brother—I was the prophet's dog,
yap-yap-yapping at a cross-roads in Jerusalem.

When the moon rose over Calvary, I was there;
I saw the cruel lips of the priests, and the rabble that
gibbered and spat and lusted and drank his
blood, and grinned and went away;

I heard the soldiers and the centurions clank off into
the city;

I saw the torches sway and go out.

I saw the Son of Man, His task complete, twisted
upon a cross between two thieves upon a hilltop
in Palestine;

Three crosses on a hill, and the cold moon shining.
"Is there no mercy under the moon?" I cried, and
Mary Magdalene, seeing that love was dead,
wept beside me, watching under the cross;

And the moon, seeing that love was dead upon the
earth, was cold;

And day's breath was stopped, and it could not dawn;
And a cold wind blew over the hill; the crosses swayed
and creaked.

Fearing the moon and the stars and the barren earth,
I crept to the breast of Mary, and nuzzling close,
sought shelter from the cold.

I did not consent to that death, I have never consented;
You, if you listen, can hear me howling
Beneath each barren moon, on every hill,
Hungry and howling, death's stark rebel, gaunt be-
neath the cross of my desire,

On every hill, beneath each barren moon.
When the moon rose over Calvary, I was there.

The Pope said to John Huss: "Recant!"
I was there; I saw the yellow-cheeked cardinals like
mummies in their robes,
And the arch-bishops, and the bishops, and the thin
priests, and the fat priests.

The Pope said to John Huss: "Recant!" Somewhere
a tom-tom beat—
There was a cannibal look in the eye of the eldest
cardinal.

A red glow flushed the cheek of the saint in the
stained-glass window;

I heard the sharp crackle of the flames outside.



Murvin W. Gilbert.
Midnight Moonlight.

John Huss looked at me, and I grinned back at him,
yap-yapping "There you are!"
And John Huss knew that he was alone, and the end
of the road was near, and the world was like a
grain of dust in his hand,
And I saw John Huss smile and put life from him as
one puts a cloak.
John Huss burned clean; the sun rejoiced that day,
and a cool wind trailed the blue smoke over the
land;
And I went crying down the road of time, yap-yap-
ping "God, O God, John Huss burned clean!"
The judge said to Gene Debs, "Be reasonable!
"You're an old man, you ought to know better,
what's the use?"
"Everybody's doing it,—speak easy, you can't do
any good."
I was there; the court-room was full of infidels, broth-
er, and I heard the buzz of ten thousand trapped
infidels the world over, buzzing for a way out,
And I saw the gleam of ten thousands picks, poised
in the air, waiting for a word;
And I heard a world-whisper of hunkies, rough-
necks, broken-toothed wobblers—"Jesus Christ,
Gene, what do you say?"
I saw the shine of the old man's head, I heard the
click of the old man's jaw;
I saw the judge shrivel to a pin-point, and the court-
room too, and I heard the old man say:
"From the crown of my head to the soles of my feet,
I'm Bolshevik!"

Ten thousand picks struck granite then, ten thousand
gleaming picks,
Laughter and cursing in ten thousand brown and
corded throats,
A gleam in the sky, and a tremor in the earth,
A joyous rumor rippling the wheat fields of far off
steppes,
A new voice crying in the market place of time. . .
Down in Atlanta, there was I, squatting in the court-
yard, grinning at the jailer,
And the jail's open door flapping, flapping in the
wind.

If you want to know who I am, I shall tell you;
I am the yellow dog, yap-yap-yapping on the road-
side of the world.
I am the yellow dog, homeless, masterless, disloyal.
Lifted lip and yellow fang, raging heart and burning
head,
Bristling hair and quivering haunch, stretched lungs
and baying throat—
My world is not your world, O Census-taker,—See,
I swim in tides that are not your tides;
Death is in my heart and life, and the past for me is
like the present and the future.
There is not one of your laws that I have not rejected;
There is not one of your gods whose idol I have not
mud-bespattered in broad daylight;
There is not one of your goodnesses that has not
broken my heart;
There is not one of your sins that I have not tried and
found wanting;
There is not one of your sanctities that has not sent
me forth baying under the moon.
If you want to know who I am, I shall tell you;
I am the yellow dog, yapping on the roadside of the
world,
Homeless, masterless, disloyal, hunting for some-
thing, hunting for something, hungry and
curious,
Bitter, derisive, adoring—I am the yellow dog, yap-
yap-yapping on the roadside of the world.

The Census-taker of the skies
By day, by night, in gray and sunny weather,
By moonlight and by starlight goes his rounds,
Counting "One!" for each apple that thumps on the
ground in November,
Counting "Two!" for each star that flares and falls
in the night;
Calling the roll of the creeping things under the sod,
each answering shrilly in its turn;
Counting the waves of the sea, and the eyeless fishes
under the sea, and the coral cells that strive and
multiply in the depths.
Aeons of time for the counting—casual, scrupulous,
unpressed,
See, where the Census-taker goes his rounds.

The Wisdom of Lenin

By Max Eastman

CHAPTER II.

The Background of Bolshevism.

TO the American lyrical socialist—a child of Walt Whitman reared by Karl Marx—these practical wisdoms of Lenin will probably seem a little intellectually “aristocratic.” Lenin not only recognized the supreme importance of revolutionary ideas, but he realized that the people in whom such ideas constitute a predominant motive, are comparatively few. He set these scientifically idealistic people—the Marxian intelligentsia—off against the “unconscious mass” in a way that shocks our democratic modesty. To us in America the very word “intelligentsia” is almost unknown, and if we do use it, we do so with an apologetic or ironical smile, as though to say, “Of course, there is no such thing, we all belong to the ‘Divine average.’” In order to understand Lenin, it is necessary to abandon this honorable sentimental inheritance, and recognize the following fact: There is a struggle between two classes, and then there is a third and independent factor, the “revolutionists” who understand that struggle and who desire the victory of the working class, not because they belong to it (whether they do or not) but because they have a socialist ideal.

In order to realize how natural this assumption was in Lenin’s mind, it is necessary to know a little of the history of Russian socialism. It is necessary to know at least that Lenin’s predecessors, the “Friends of the People,” were far more “intellectually aristocratic” than he was. In fact, Marxism, when it first arrived in Russia, was violently resisted just upon this ground, that it was disrespectful of the “personalities” of the intelligentsia. It seemed to deny them any function in history whatever.

Peter Lavrov, the intellectual father of the Narodniki, the Friends of the People, had described in the following words his view of the method of historic progress:

“The seed of progress is indeed an idea, though not mystically existing in mankind; it is born in the brain of a person, it develops there, afterward it passes out of that brain into the brains of other persons, expanding qualitatively in the increased moral worth of those persons, quantitatively in the increase of their number, and it becomes a social force when these persons are conscious of their agreement and decide upon a unanimous activity; it triumphs when these persons, penetrated by it, translate it into social forms.”*

This view point of Lavrov’s had been developed by his more shining successor, Michaelovsky, into a whole system of sociology. Michaelovsky made it seem probable—and more-over made it seem scholarly—that the very essence of progress, both in nature’s evolution and in human history, was the development of “individuality.” And thus those “morally worthy” individuals of Lavrov’s—the revolutionary intelligentsia—became with him the goal of progress, as well as the power that carries it forward.

Marx seemed to have an exactly opposite idea of the relation of ideas to progress.

“It is not the consciousness of men,” he said, “which determines their existence, but on the contrary, their social ex-

istence determines their consciousness. At a certain stage of their development, the material forces of production in society come into conflict with . . . the property relations with which they had been at work before. From forms of development of the forces of production, these relations turn into their fetters. Then comes the period of social revolution. With the change of the economic foundation, the entire immense superstructure is more or less rapidly transformed. In considering such transformations the distinction should always be made between the material transformation of the economic conditions of production, which can be determined with the precision of natural science, and the legal, political, religious, aesthetic or philosophic—in short, ideological, forms in which men become conscious of the conflict and fight it out.”*

The intellectual contrast here is sufficiently sharp, but in order to appreciate the emotional force of the conflict, you must remember that the Russian revolutionary movement up to the advent of Marxism, had been one long story of great personal deeds of sacrifice—sacrifice of love in order to “go to the people,” sacrifice of life in order to murder the tyrant. Michaelovsky stood at the intellectual head of this movement, a brilliant journalist, who had built up a whole science and philosophy of man and nature in order to glorify it. And this western European doctrine of Marxism seemed to step in just before the climax of the inspiring story and say: Well, all your idealism and your “critical thinking” and your devotion to the revolution is futile—just let capitalism develop, and the working class will automatically overthrow the czar and establish social justice.

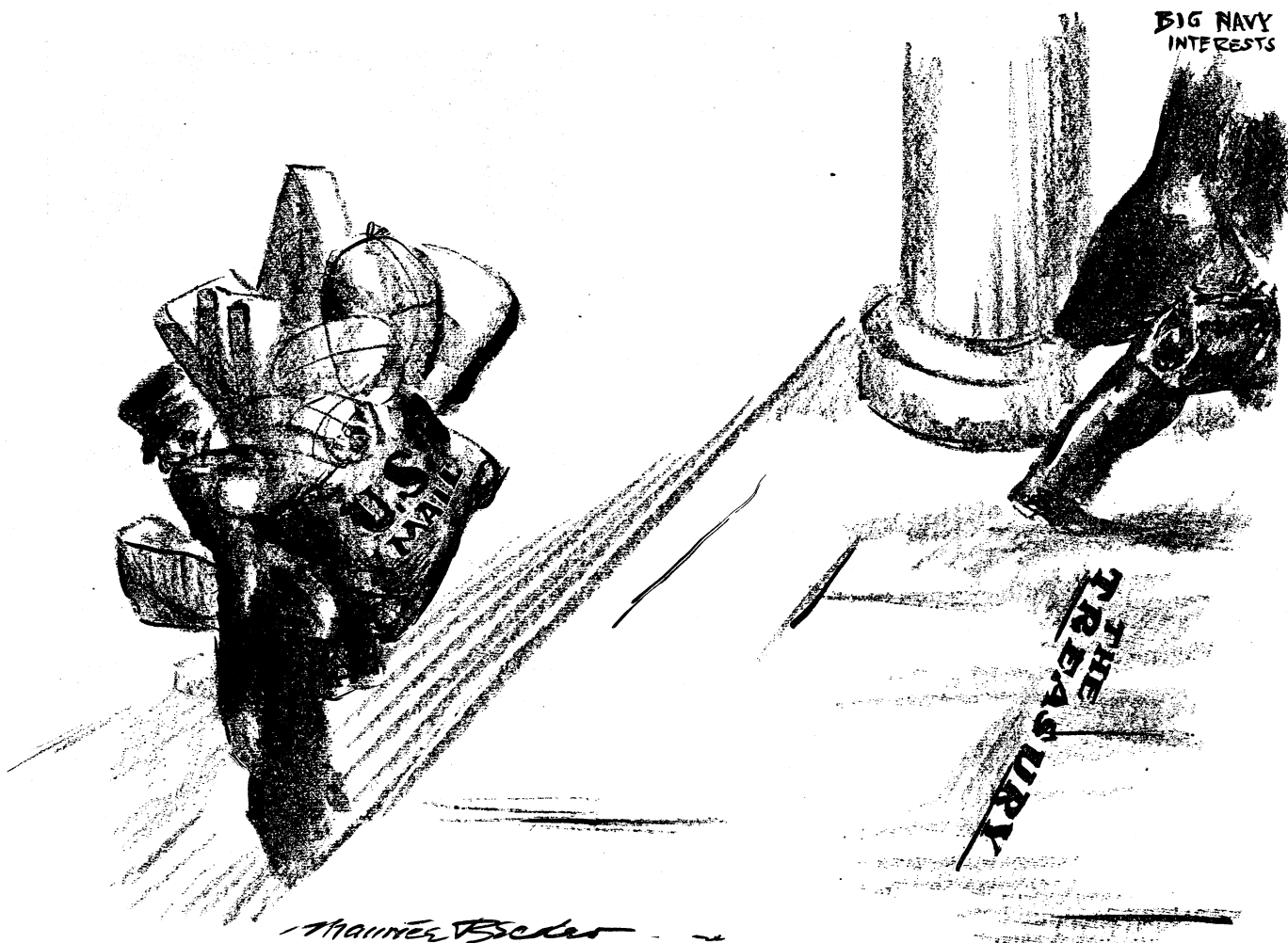
To this soul-destroying proposition Michaelovsky cried: Russia at least is different. Whatever may happen in western Europe, Russia has her own destiny. The peasants in Russia own land in common, and that is the beginning of communism. Only let us who believe in the idea carry on a sufficiently fervent evangel among the peasants, and Russia can dodge the evils of industrial capitalism, avoid the creation of a working class, and step right over into the co-operative commonwealth.

The conflict was intense, and full of violent scorn and enormous erudition. It came to an end only two years ago in the trial of the Socialist Revolutionaries, who are the modern remnant of this peculiarly plausible kind of utopian socialism—very high-brow, and very insistent at the same time upon the superior rights of the peasant in the matter of conducting a revolution. And it was in the heat of this conflict that Lenin forged his weapon of Russian Marxism. He emphasized the role of the exploited peasant in the revolution. He also defined the role of the intellectual, the Marxian himself, and drew the practical consequences of that definition.

Lenin knew that his activity was determined, and its possibilities were limited, by historical economic conditions, but he also knew that his activity was creative. He knew that its creativeness was only increased by the knowledge of those economic conditions and limitations. He never lost sight of this fact, and he never let it appear

* “Historic Letters.”

* Introduction to the Critique of Political Economy.



Maurice Becker

Maurice Becker

He Didn't Get That Raise.

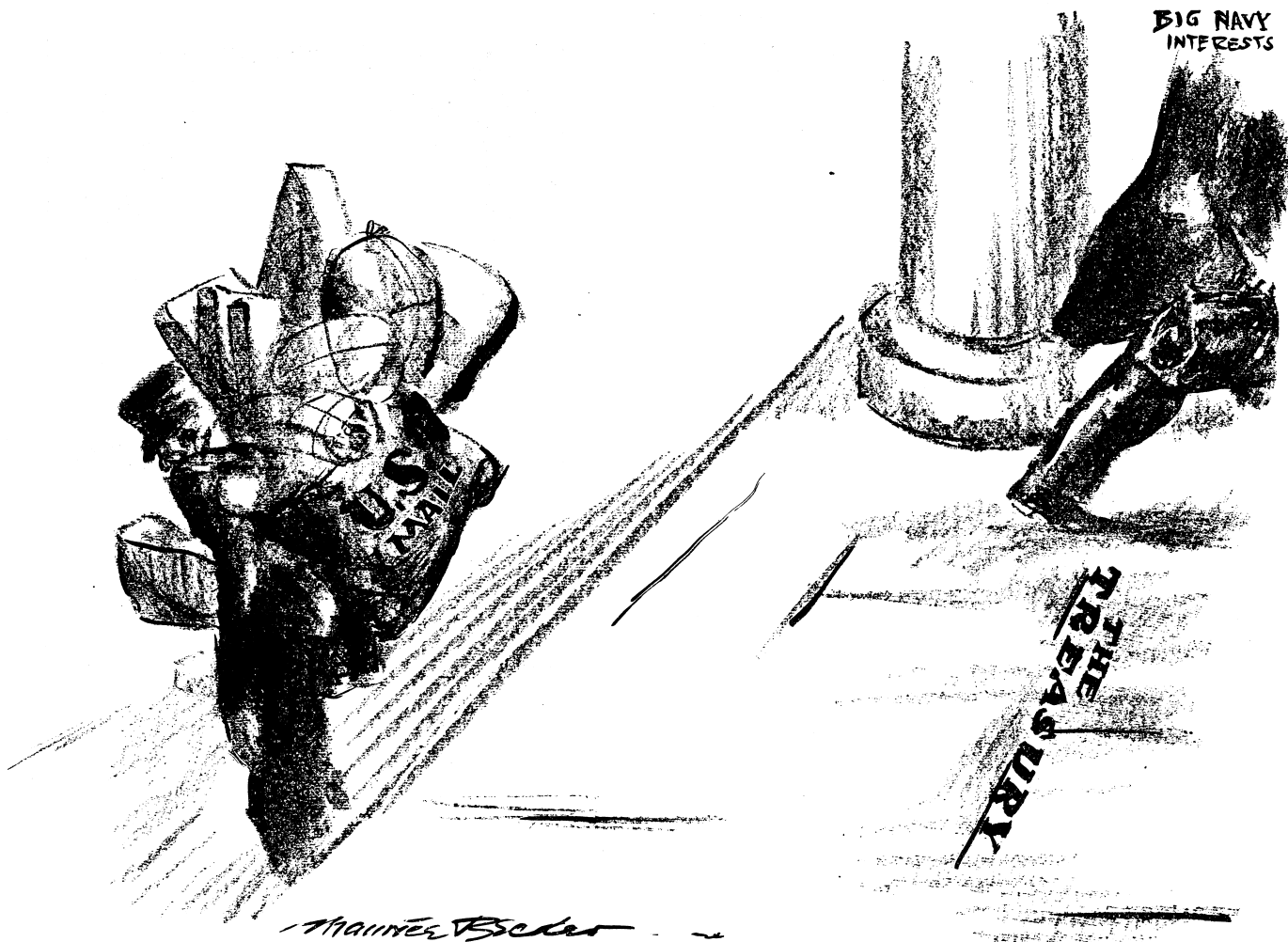
that he had lost sight of it. Nobody could ever derive from Lenin's writings the impression that "personalities" play a negligible role in history. And indeed, I know nothing more characteristic of his whole mind and temperament, than his answer to the Narodniki upon this very point. He told them that they played a role in history—yes—but they could play a successful role, only if they became Marxian engineers instead of remaining mere Narodniki "intelligentsia."

"The idea of historic necessity," he said, "does not in the least undermine the role of personalities in history. History is all made up of the activities of persons, representing in themselves indubitable agents. The real question that arises in evaluating the social activity of persons, is this—under what conditions is the success of such activity guaranteed? Where lies the assurance that such activity will not remain a single deed drowned in a sea of opposing deeds? That also is the question which divides the Social-democrats (Marxians) from the other Russian socialists—In what way can activities aiming at the realization of the socialist order, attract the masses so as to produce serious results?"

The Narodniki realized in the eighties that they had failed to solve this problem. They had failed to attract the Russian peasant to any serious action and organization in behalf of the socialist ideal. And in consequence, a great

dispute had arisen in their ranks—a dispute about whether one ought to act for the interest of the masses, even when the opinion of the masses is against one—when the opinion of the masses is, perhaps, that one should be hung for his activity. And the Narodniki in general, with Michaelovsky at their head, had decided this question in favor of action. The opinion of the masses, they said, is of "secondary importance." One ought to devote oneself to the socialist ideal without the consent of the masses, and even in opposition to their conscious wish.

That was the state of pessimistic aristocratic loyalty to an ideal, at which the Russian intelligentsia had arrived, when Marxism made its appearance among them. And Marxism—although it seemed so detached and mechanical in its Hegelian dress, and so scornful of their sacred personalities—Marxism in reality offered them a most sympathetic solution of their problem. It showed them the way out of their moral dilemma. It said: If you will turn from the peasant, whose economic situation makes him individualistic and unorganizable, to the industrial proletarian—whose labor is already social, and for whom private property is already abolished, and who is already organizing—you will find a very different response. You will find here that the opinions of the masses, and their interests as understood by the intelli-



He Didn't Get That Raise.

Maurice Becker

gentsia, are not so rigidly opposed. They can be brought into gradual agreement by propaganda and agitation. It is possible in this field, if you have the passion for the masses in your heart, and the passion for the idea in your head, and if you are flexible and dexterous—it is possible to unite with the masses and at the same time be loyal to your idea. That was what Marxism proposed to the disheartened revolutionists of Russia in the eighties and nineties. And that was what Lenin did.

I dwell upon this historic background of Bolshevism at length, because I think the difference of intellectual background is the chief reason why the Bolsheviks have found it difficult to make themselves understood by some western, and particularly by some American and some English, revolutionists. The emotional obstacle which Marxism encountered in our countries, was the ideal of "democracy." In Russia, Marxism encountered almost an opposite emotional obstacle. There a struggle of classes, an armed insurrection of the oppressed was taken for granted by all radical-minded people—the only question being a practical one, which class is the important one to agitate, the workers or the peasants. But the emotional obstacle to Marxism was the moral pride of the revolutionary aristocracy, the intelligentsia, who thought that Marxism, in resting all hope upon capitalism and the automatic development of an industrial proletariat, denied the importance of their class.

For this reason the Bolsheviks never feel obliged to explain those features of their system which emphasize the role of the intelligentsia, and the "conscious" revolutionists. The fact that the dictatorship of the proletariat can be realized only through the political party of the revolutionary vanguard successfully leading the proletariat, is to them an entirely obvious thing which every intelligent person took for granted from the beginning of the discussion. To us it was a surprise; it knocked our nicely arranged system of Marxian emotions all to pieces. And we still find it difficult to escape a feeling that there is a kind of hypocrisy, or impromptu political expediency, in calling the dictatorship of the Communist party a dictatorship of the proletariat. There is so little hypocrisy about it, and it has lain so long and so solidly at the bottom of the whole development of Russian Marxism, that Bolsheviks are entirely unaware of the necessity of commenting upon it.

Those who are not reconciled to Lenin's view by these prehistoric considerations, ought to know that Lenin expressed himself as willing to be called an "anti-democrat," if that were necessary, in the cause of practical revolution. Lenin was never afraid of any idea when he was engaged in facing facts. And the facts he faced in defining the relation between the socialist ideology and the working class, are too complex to be summed up in any label. He distinguished a series of definite grades of diminishing socialist consciousness, and diminishing authority and organizational responsibility, starting with the scientifically and executive trained revolutionists ("It is no matter whether they are students or workers.")—then the "conscious element" of the working class—then a semi-conscious element—and so on down to the worker who is engaged without any political consciousness in a struggle for bread. I quote from a debate



Art Young

Mr. T. Potts Doughbelt views with alarm the vulgar modern tendency to inquire into Affairs of State.

with Martov on the question of organization, a passage which will reveal the complex realism of Lenin's thoughts upon this question:

"According to the degree of organizedness in general, and conspiritiveness in particular, we may distinguish approximately the following categories: (1) the organizations of revolutionists; (2) the organizations of workers, as broad and various as possible (I limit myself to the working class, assuming it is understood that certain elements of other classes enter here under certain conditions). These two categories compose the party. Further: (3) organizations of workers adhering (not belonging) to the party; (4) organizations of workers not adhering to the party, but as a fact submitting to its control and guidance; (5) unorganized elements of the working class, who in part also submit, at least in the event of large-sized manifestations of the class struggle, to the guidance of the Social-democracy. There you have the thing, approximately, as it appears to me. With Comrade Martov, on the contrary, the limits of the party are entirely undefined . . ."

Whether you are reconciled or not, you will at least find in that quotation some hint of what I mean by saying that Lenin abolished utopianism out of the practice of socialism.

* "One Step Forward, Two Steps Back," p. 34



Art Young

Mr. T. Potts Doughbelt views with alarm the vulgar modern tendency to inquire into Affairs of State.

Literature and the Machine Age

By Floyd Dell

XII.

THE literature of the early twentieth century, so far as it influenced us, did so chiefly by an unconsciously adroit emphasis upon the incidental beauty of the essentially homeless and childless and migratory life to which capitalism had largely condemned us.

It would doubtless be a surprise to that protagonist of old-fashioned virtues, Rudyard Kipling, to learn that he was one of the chief spiritual begetters of this kind of romanticism. But such is the case.

"For to Admire and For to See,"

The Kipling who came along beating his drum and calling us to the wars, had but the slightest influence upon our young American idealism; such influence as he had in that direction had been expended and dissipated in the brief delirium of our Cuban rescue expedition. That was about the size and strength of our benevolently-imperial impulses; and when we found that we had the Philippines on our hands, we of the younger generation were not particularly gratified. We did not feel like taking up the White Man's Burden. We understood well enough the practical commercial aspect of colonial enterprise, but we were too near the pioneer stage, we had too many undeveloped possibilities of exploitation here at home, to be particularly ambitious in that direction. Our imperialist and expansionist tendencies, which had won us Texas by force of arms, had been scotched by the Civil War. Slavery had wanted more territory; capitalism had all it needed for the present. Even the remnant of Mexico, that splendid prize which lay at our doors, must wait until there was some pressing practical reason—say oil—for its conquest. While as for Kipling's belligerent loyalty, it was a reflex of a political state of affairs which we could not appreciate. We were no far-flung empire, anxiously foreseeing and preparing for the day of a death-grapple with our enemies. We had nothing in particular to lose, nobody in particular to fear. We did not want to brace ourselves to a Spartan discipline in the service of the Mother. We did not have to. Uncle Sam was keeping safely out of trouble, by the familiar and traditional expedient of attending to his own business. There was no emotionally warm complex of patriotic ideas to appeal to in us, since at the very core of our national pride was the Washington doctrine of keeping ourselves to ourselves; at the utmost, it was the defiant "Hands off!" of Monroe. But we did not believe that it was our sacred mission to go out and civilize the rest of the world. We were not, in short, Britishers.

So it was that the appeal to "wait in heavy harness on fluttered folk and wild" met no great response among us. We didn't want to wait in heavy harness on anybody. We were harnessed enough right here at home. But we did want to go and take a look at the fluttered folk and wild. We were wishful of being a little more fluttered and wild ourselves, than our civilization gave us a chance to be. When Stevenson had discovered the Southern Seas, we were delighted with an extension of our imaginative geography which made it no longer necessary for us to seek relief from the present in the medieval past in poetry and in "historical novels." Here was

a Past right here in the present, which we could go to look at as we went to a Wild West Show. It revived our childish enthusiasm—put away before we had got tired of it—for cowboys and Indians. And when Kipling brought us his magnificent pageant of Oriental and African barbarism and savagery we were enchanted. We sailed the earth joyously with him, but it was not as Servants of the Queen or as servants of anybody or anything save our own pleasure. Our restlessness, the symptom of a discontent which dares not dream of revolution, had solaced itself in side shows, in tours—the peaks and chasms which Byronism needs to comfort its despair having been set apart for our benefit, by a thoughtful government, as National Parks. But here was the Grandest Tour of all, around the globe with Kipling—"for to admire and for to see, for to be'old the world so wide!" It turned the earth into a magnificent playground. In the waste places, among strange childlike peoples, and on the sea, we could forget capitalism and what it was doing to us. So heigh-ho, and all aboard!

"In the blazing tropic night, where the wake's a welt
of light
That holds the hot sky tame,
Where her steady forefoot snores through the planet-
powdered floors
And the scared whale flukes in flame"—

there, indubitably, was where we homeless children, emotionally nationless and futureless ones preferred to be. It was the great compensation for our poverty. We had lost the whole world, and gained it back in a dream of world-wide adventurous wandering.

"Her plates are scarred by the sun, dear lass,
And her ropes are taut with the dew,
But it's down, hull down on the old trail, our own trail,
the out trail,
It's down, hull down, on the long trail, the trail that is
always new!"

The Joys of the Road.

The cult of vagabondage had begun. In the series of boyish lyrics in which it flowered, the "Songs from Vagabondia" and its successors, by Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey, the zest for being somewhere else—the "wanderlust," as it began to be called—was divorced utterly from any form of political idealism, and reunited with the romantic tradition of homeless but happy poets and artists.

These books of song, with their hearty gusts for accidental and irrelevant experience, touched all youth to the quick. Their influence was immediate and profound. They were a gathering up of the last shreds of belief, no matter how contradictory and incongruous, by which the world could be made to seem for the moment a pretty fine place to live in. Deeper than these ideas, of course, and giving them a freshness that still endures, is the natural delight of youth in being alive. But this delight, as expressed, was a jocund melange of Rousseauan Nature-worship in its

wildest and most anarchic form, and an ultra-Wildean assertion of the superiority of the artistic to the ordinary kind of life. "Make me over, Mother April"—and in the next breath, "We are ourselves!" Your true Bohemian was the Last of the Mohicans and the First of the Greenwich Villagers. He was also Omar and Walt Whitman in one.

But both Omar and Walt have undergone a transformation before they emerge in this jejune form. The Persian philosopher has become young again, and does not spend quite all his time in the tavern; when he does go there, it is for Whitmanesque camaraderie rather than for the drink that brings forgetfulness of care. He is not afflicted by care, partly because he is robust, and partly because he is simply young and reckless. He practices what the older Omar only preached—he ignores the quarreling of the sects. He does not think about the problems of life and death; in fact, he does not think about anything that might hurt. It is a Rubaiyat without the salty flavor of tears in it. And it is a Song of the Open Road, but of an open road that leads nowhither in particular. The "manly love of comrades" is no longer an emotion conceived as sufficient to weld these states together into a greater and more glorious Republic. It is the casual and easy affection of wandering poets and artists who happen to frequent the same bar, or who are thrown together for the season in some interesting little seaboard town as yet unspoiled by bourgeois tourists.

"For it's always fair weather
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table,
And a good song ringing clear!"

Tomorrow, perhaps, they will drift apart, but there will be other good fellows to drink and talk with; it is not the specific personal relationship, but the facile capacity for such relationships, that counts: the "comrade heart" it is, and not the hearty comradeship, that shall endure—and shall, incidentally, "outlast art." For the younger generation of idealists has passed beyond the stage in which it asks the public to forgive its conduct because it is incidental to the production of high art; it is almost in the position of asking the public to forgive its art because it is incidental to the production of high jinks. At any rate, it brooks no criticism of its conduct from the bourgeoisie.

"What's that you say?
You highly respectable
Buyers and sellers!
We should be decenter?
Not, as we please, inter
Custom, frugality,
Use and morality
In the delectable
Depths of wine cellars?"

"Midnights of revel
And noon days of song:
Is it so wrong?
Go to the devil!"

"I tell you that we—
While you are smirking
And lying, and shirking
Life's duty of duties"—

And what may that be, from the point of view of Vagabondia? Not, by any chance, the creation of a world in which lovers of beauty will have a respected and useful place? What is life's duty-of-duties?

"Honest Sincerity—"

To wit, one of the two things which a vagabond idealist, however robbed of his social patrimony, however disgraced and outcast, can still do—tell the truth. But the truth about what? About the theft? Not he! He doesn't even know that he has been robbed. . . . Proceed.

"We are in verity
Free."

Free—to what, precisely?

"Free to rejoice
In blisses and beauties,
Free as the voice
Of the wind as it passes,
Free as the bird
In the weft of the grasses,
Free as the word
Of the sun to the sea!
Free!"

Exactly. The other thing which capitalism cannot take away from its vagabond idealists is the love of beauty. Their stake in the world has shrunk to that.

"But what care we? Linger
A moment to kiss—
No time's amiss
To a vagabond's ardor—
Then finish the larder
And pull down the curtain.

"Unless, ere the kiss come,
Black Richard or Bliss come,
Or Tom with a flagon,
Or Karl with a jag on—
Then up and after
The joy of the night. . . ."

Et cetera. But before we put the volume back upon the shelf of the college fraternity house from which we have so unkindly removed it for inspection, let us note that it furnishes an innocent transition to the stage of masculine idealism in which woman, and the love of woman, as serious realities, are eliminated from the scheme of living.

Playing at Life.

We have seen in these songs a blithe insurgence of the Play spirit, which is one of the finest elements of young idealism. But we have seen here also a blithe confession of the restricted sphere of life in which this play spirit cares—or dares—to manifest itself. There is no desire to play with machinery; to be sure, it is forbidden to youth to approach machinery except on terms of slavery—but there is here no protest against those terms, no curiosity even, as to the nature of the forbidden toy. There is no desire to engage in what might be the great game of politics, nor any protest against the depressing rules with which that game has been spoiled for free men. These things loom large and dangerous; and they are let alone. The trouble is not that these idealists are children, but that they are unenterprising children. They are content with little toys.

Their play is not the beginning, but the renunciation of endeavor. It is a prolonged holiday away from life. Its essence is a breezy and hearty triviality. And just as their work has become a playful thing in this sense, so has their love. Both have been cut off from tragic issues. One takes what one can. And what one takes, in the way of woman's love, is already being called something else. It is being called comradeship. It is being put with the casual and hearty relationships which subsist between man and man. And it is put there because it is beginning to belong there. It is becoming—not in fanatic exemplification of some beautiful and terrible ideal of freedom, but in mere unprotested adaptation to the exigencies of migratory existence—the freely affectionate relationship of those who happen to be thrown together for the time being: a relation of erotic good fellowship.

Tomorrow, perhaps, they will drift apart. But there will be always good fellows to drink with and talk with and linger a moment to kiss:

"For it's always fair weather
When good fellows get together."

But this last development of the theory of the relationship of man and woman was not sung by the joyous poets of Vagabondia. It was sung, a little later, with a sad satire, by an English and real vagabond:

"I have been faithful to thee, Cynara, in my fashion."

(Continued in August Liberator.)



Adolph Dehn

Viennese Street Minstrels.

REVIEWS

Adventurous Man

"The Long Journey." By Johannes V. Jensen. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. Vol. I. "Fire and Ice." Vol. II. "The Cimbrians." Vol. III. "Christopher Columbus."

NO more fascinating story can be imagined than the story of the long road travelled by northern Man since the earliest times, told in the three volumes of this great book by Johannes Jensen. Any one of the volumes can be read alone, and it is hard to say which is the finest, but if you read one, you are sure not to stop at that. In "Fire and Ice" the tropic jungle surrounds us, ruled over by Gunung Api, the great volcano, which threatens destruction and at last gives fire to the hero who dares the heights. Then begins the long ice age, winter after winter lengthening until at last there is no more summer, and most of the people flee southward. But it is with the stubborn ones who remain behind, little by little conquering the cold, that the author is concerned. They learn to build houses of stone, and at last to tame horses and build ships.

"The Cimbrians" begins with the birth of Norne Gest in Jutland in the stone age, and carries him, like the Wandering Jew of medieval legend, through centuries of travel. In a fisherman's boat he slips unnoticed down the coast, up the Tiber, up the Nile, across to Mexico, and after long ages, back to the far, far Northland. He sees the Cimbrian people driven from Jutland by the great floods and thrust southward, gathering up other peoples, and descending in Barbarian hordes upon the Roman Empire. He sees them slaughtered at last and enslaved by Rome, until Spartacus, a slave of Cimbrian descent, leads his great rebellion. And at last the candle of Norne Gest's life goes out, in King Olav's Hall in Norway. It is an epic of incomparable richness, beginning cold and humble in the stone age camp, and rising to a great splendor of gold and bronze and blood in the battle of the Raudian plains between Marius and the Cimbrians.

In the third volume, "Christopher Columbus," the barbarians come down into northern Italy; and the red-haired Genoese is their son, restless to continue the long journey begun by them in the far past. It would be hard to find a more stirring story than this of Columbus' voyage; one lives again the terror of the superstitious sailors, sailing over the edge of Ocean into Hell; one lives again the dogged bravery of Columbus, cajoling, browbeating, scoffing, praying, anything to keep these unbelievers at their posts. This journey becomes the symbol of all revolutionary causes, of all leaders who believe because they cannot do otherwise, because their reason leads them on and on. And at length the despair of Columbus, who finds naked savages instead of Rajahs, and tobacco instead of gold, and who was to die not knowing how much more he had found than he had sought! And finally his death, blind and alone, fretting to the last to be at sea again, to be at his work, to find the passage to India. There is interpolated in this volume the story of Norne Gest's voyage to Mexico, centuries before, when he left behind him the legend of the White God, Quetzalcoatl. The White God's return in the person of Cortez, and the conquest of Mexico, is told in a gorgeous and terrific chapter.

L. G.



Adolph Dehn 1923.

Adolph Dehn

Viennese Street Minstrels.

Missing Wheels

"The Philosopher's Stone." By J. Anker Larsen. Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

HERE is an extraordinarily rich and beautiful book, by an author little known to American readers. It is a very good example of a quality that I feel in many of the translations from the Scandinavian languages; I mean the almost uncanny power of expressing very subtle emotional meanings through the most every-day "bread-and-butter" symbols and situations, and thus touching our most intimate and living feelings. "The Philosopher's Stone" is the story of several people who have grown up together, restless and unhappy seekers for the philosopher's stone which shall transmute their lives. Larsen has very beautifully developed the tendencies in the childhood of his characters, which drive them to their restless fates.

A quotation will give, perhaps, the pungent wisdom of the book, and its humor and robust quality. Old Kjellstrom is a shoemaker, who quarrels with his wife and with his life; they seem too coarse for him, he seeks "the spiritual life." He builds a perpetual motion machine; it outgrows his room, and then outgrows a shop that is loaned him, because he must continually add "one more wheel." Finally, a young friend, himself discouraged and confused, comes to see him, and asks as usual, "How goes it?"

"It's going well," he said. "What!" exclaimed Dahl, "Does it go?" Kjellstrom smiled calmly. "No. It does not go. It cannot go. That is the secret I have penetrated." He gave a little clucking laugh. "I am the missing wheel."... He must find his place.

The author writes from the point of view of each character as his struggle is dramatized; this, perhaps, is what gives the book much of its contrast and vitality. As far as I can see, this use of the religious, mystical or superstitious language of these confused and struggling people, is the reason why various reviewers characterize "The Philosopher's Stone," as the "great religious novel" and so forth! To me it is the great novel of healthy irreligion, of breaking away from the other-worldly fantasies that compensate for a feeble or ineffectual grip on life. From the missing wheel to the breaking in of the mystic Barnes to western ranch life; from the ecstatic religiosity of Mrs. Sonne to Holger's tragic acceptance of his guilt, this book is full of subtle and sympathetic mockery at the attempts of human beings to blind themselves to reality.

A book packed full of wisdom and understanding and humor, by a man who knows well the great ebb and flow and interplay of the emotional life of humanity.

L. G.

Once Over

"Fraycar's Fist." By Mary Heaton Vorse. Boni & Liveright, New York.

AS the toastmaster would say, the work of Mary Heaton Vorse needs no introduction. Mrs. Vorse has long been known as a genuine artist, whose special medium is the short story.

"Fraycar's Fist" is a selection of fourteen short stories, the first of which gives the book its title. It's about "A Slavish fella named Fraycar."

Fraycar had left the green fields of his native land as a youth and had come with his wife to America, the land of

golden promise. When he reached America, the steel mills got him. He and his wife and children lived under the heavy smoke pall of the steel giant. No green thing ever met their eyes, and the gold of the sun and the blue of the heavens were always dimmed by the steel giant's black breath. Every morning the mill opened its jaws to receive Fraycar and every evening it spewed him out.

When Fraycar was drunk he would stand in the streets of the town, his body big and menacing, cursing the mills—slag and slack, fire and steel, men and bosses. He would lift his huge fist and roar, "I am stronger than you!"

And now Fraycar was dying. He was tortured because he could not remember why he cursed the mills when he was drunk. Then he remembered.

"When I was drunk I thought the machines were alive. I thought we were owned by the cranes—I thought we were slaves! I thought they kept us here. . . . When I was drunk I thought the mills were eating me. I cursed at the machines that owned me. It's not them—it's not the mills keeps us! I have nothing—I die as I was born. I have only one thing. I leave you my anger." He lifted up his fist. "I leave you this!" he shouted.

I wish that this first story had struck the keynote of the book, and that the thirteen stories following were just as significant of the life of our America. Most of the stories following "Fraycar's Fist" are beautifully written tales of strange loves among the Portuguese in the Provincetown section. In these stories there is sometimes a touch of mysticism that makes one feel a little uncomfortable. But every one of the stories is colorful and swift-moving.

For me, these stories are one—and thirteen. The first is in a class apart.

Ida Dailes.

"Leonid Andreyev, A Critical Study." By Alexander Kaun, B. W. Huebsch, New York.

MR. Kaun presents here a faithful study of Andreyev, one of the Great Russians, who drank the sour milk of Schopenhauer until his mind was filled with curds of scepticism.

Strangely enough, Andreyev at one time protested against Lunacharck's criticism of "Tzar Hunger", which the bolshevik leader attacked as a defamation of the revolution and the working class. In an interview Andreyev denied that he was the doubter, maintaining that he had been, if anything, too optimistic. Disbelief? 'Sdeath.' He was as staunch a believer in the revolution as anyone!

The war and the revolution swung them all into the enemy's camp. Andreyev aligned himself with the blackest in the holy war against the sacrilegious Hun. His voice rose above even those of Purishkevitch and Gutchkov. The bolshevik revolution completed the disillusionment of the masses, if not of himself. From Finland he addressed raucous appeals to the Allies to intervene and save holy Russia from the infidel red.

Andreyev was the Russian epitome of the literary tendency which prevailed among his contemporaries: painting huge canvases of life, darkening them with symbolism, chilling the air with resignation, doubt, acceptance of evil. To him, the light of the new day was anathema; to the last moment of his tragic life he fumbled with his sceptic's beads and muttered, "Vade retro, Sathanus."

Max Schachtman.

"Satan's Diary." By Leonid Andreyev. Boni and Liveright, New York.

SATAN'S DIARY is Andreyev's last book and was published just prior to his death. The subject and its treatment are unique and in accord with the literary reputation Andreyev has established. Satan decides, out of curiosity, to visit this earth in the guise of an American billionaire. But the God-like human beings outdevil the devil and after robbing him of his money, morals, and devilish self-respect, send him scurrying back to Hell.

The entire work is of course deeply symbolical and cuts with a subtle, sharp satire throughout.

Abraham Resika.

"Buddenbrooks." By Thomas Mann. Alfred E. Knopf, New York.

THE detailed story of the lives of four generations of a prosperous German merchant family, which dies out through sheer wasteful conservatism. While the revolutionary floods of '48 sweep Europe, the stolid Buddenbrooks sit high and dry on the perch of their social superiority, with the result that all possibilities of constructive living are denied them.

No one who has not himself experienced the hideous boredom, the wasteful pettiness, the wearing stupidity of middle-class life, can appreciate the feeling of hollow futility which is the sum and substance of the lives of the Buddenbrooks. An inarticulate rebelliousness stirs Hanno, the dreamy musician of the fourth generation, but it never occurs to him to break the bonds with which he is fettered.

E. B.

"The World's Trade Union Movement." By A. Losovsky. Workers Party of America, Chicago.

A masterly bird's-eye view of the union movement by the secretary of the R. I. L. U. The three tendencies shown before 1914—the "pure and simple" unionist, syndicalist and socialist—are carefully traced. During the war the organizations had only one aim—to win the war! The Russian Revolution introduced a new policy, embodied in the program adopted in 1920. The bulk of the book is devoted to a discussion of the R. I. L. U. and the Amsterdam International. Their records are contrasted. The R.I.L.U. is militant, class-conscious and has an aggressive program on war, fascism, and for the conduct of the economic struggle. The Yellow International longs for class collaboration and is capable of any sacrifice to get it. The final chapter discusses the strength of the two internationals in the different countries. A valuable book.

Geo. McLaughlin.

"Thy Neighbour's Wife." By Liam O'Flaherty. Boni and Liveright, New York.

A biting picture of life in a small secluded Irish village, where the priest is Czar. His curate is a self-conscious intellectual and poet. He abandoned his sweetheart rather than give up his easy life as a priest. She is now the bride of a tired rake and detests him for his cowardice. The struggle goes on, his conscience and his pocketbook fighting his heartache and loneliness. He celebrates mass—burning with desire for her sitting so near. He hears confessions—speculating whether there is a hell, and concluding that, if there is, the company there will be splendid! A book of delightful portraiture.

G. McL.

"Poems." By J. E. Spingarn. Scribner and Sons, New York.

THE damnable impudence which is the salt of Spingarn's poetry stings your palate with a new and a biting flavor of freedom. Something of the startling simplicity and breathtaking charm of Housman is in these rhythmic verses, but there is none of Housman's undertone of sadness. The Shropshire lad is always dimly and sorrowfully aware of facts on the horizon of his fancy; Spingarn's cavaliers recognize no facts that would put them out of countenance.

"May will be fine next year as like as not," cry the frequenters of the tavern where Housman's youthful rebels gather. And immediately afterwards:

"O ay, but then we shall be twenty-four!"

Spingarn's lads would never have thought of that at all. They are much more in sympathy with one of their own cavaliers, who, fleeing with another's wife, sings out:

"O ho! Who fears a jealous eye?"

And as nonchalantly as he runs his pursuer through with a sword, just so nonchalantly do all of these boys dispose of disconcerting facts.

It is a new kind of impertinence, this—an impertinence that seems brazen simply because it sees nothing to contend against. It embodies a devil-may-care attitude that is untainted by any feeling of "wickedness,"—the attitude of a vagabond who has never been anything but a vagabond, and who is therefore untroubled by the consciousness of revolt so common and so distasteful in the parvenu of the cult.

E. B.

"The Color of a Great City." By Theodore Dreiser. Boni and Liveright, New York.

IT was a young Dreiser who wrote the series of sketches, character studies and mood impressions, gathered between the covers of this book. But it was a Dreiser with an ear delicately attuned for the song of the city, an eye expressive to its many varied colors, and a youthful soul, leaping and buoyant in its reactions to the poetry and music and tragedy found everywhere within a great city.

These sketches, being short in structure and written in an intimate style, do not possess that ponderousness so commonly associated with Dreiser's longer novels. But, in common with his novels, they lack in that one quality so essential to universal greatness in an author. There is no humor in Dreiser's studies.

Abraham Resika.

MR. Fulton Oursler writes us that the notices on the jacket of his book were not written by "hirelings," as stated in the last issue of *The Liberator*. We apologize for the inaccuracy. "Contributors" would perhaps have been more exact and courteous.

L. G.

Full name and address of contributor must be plainly written upon each separate manuscript and upon each drawing sent to The Liberator. All contributions must be accompanied by postage for return.

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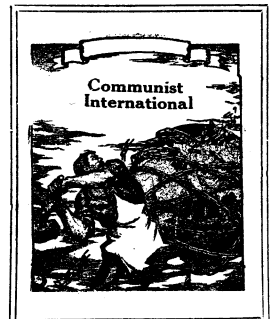
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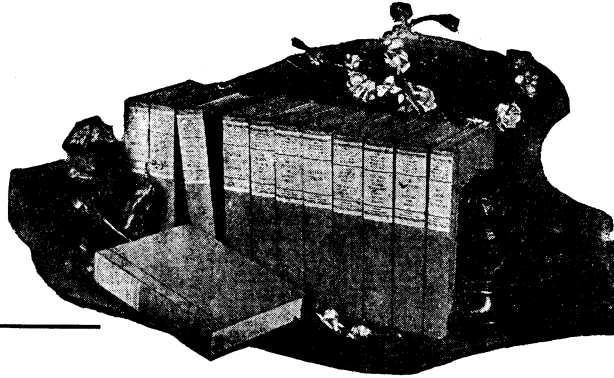
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A FEW FACTS ABOUT Oscar Wilde



HE was a London dandy who startled society dinner-tables with his wit and conversation.

He was an Irish aristocrat from an ancient titled family, who dressed in velvet clothes that made people gasp. He was a daring dilettant, and an intimate friend of Sarah Bernhardt and of all the intellectuals. But this dazzling man was hurled suddenly from the heights of brilliance and popularity into the depths of despair and suffering. The delicate, white hands were bleeding from tearing oakum in a criminal's prison. And what did he write?

"Vera, or the Nihilists"—this is probably the greatest story ever written concerning that group of anarchists in Russia known as "The Nihilists". It is in the form of a play in outspoken clear-cut language. The climax when Vera enters the palace at Petrograd in order to murder Alexis, the Czar—and what happened is as unexpected as it is sensational and leaves you gasping.

"The Soul of Man Under Socialism"—This is the most remarkable exposition of the doctrine of Individualism that has ever been printed. Some of the most striking passages deal with the part played by Pleasure and Happiness as opposed to Sorrow and Pain.

"De Profundis"—This is the revelation of a man's soul who is suffering intensely in prison. It was written by Oscar Wilde when he himself was in prison. It is called the most pathetic confession in literature!

"The Ballad of Reading Goal"—A prisoner is condemned to die because he had murdered the woman he loved. Wilde watched his final days and the execution—then with his fiery pen and his burning heart he wrote this vivid picture of the condemned man and what the other prisoners thought and felt and finally the execution—it is admitted on all sides that this is the greatest ballad in our language. It is the most unforgettable thing you will ever read; and this one ballad alone is worth several times the cost of the entire set of books.

And besides these Oscar Wilde created that amazing novel "The Picture of Dorian Gray, a story of London High-Life and Low-Life; The Decay of Lying; The Truth of Masks; Lord Arthur Saville's Crime; A Woman of No Importance; Salome; Russian Novelists; and countless plays, poems, essays and stories. All these are included in this offer.

No more vivid or sensational writer ever lived than Oscar Wilde. Such a career as his is one of the wonders of the world. All of his works contained in a single beautiful uniform edition is

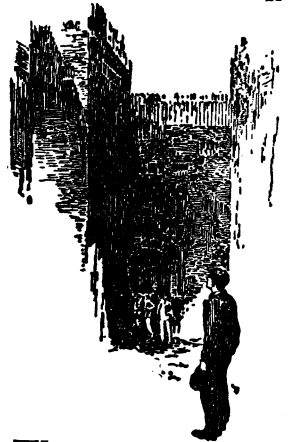
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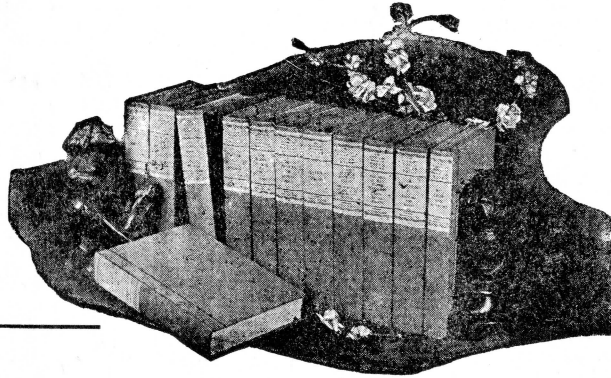
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