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October, 1921

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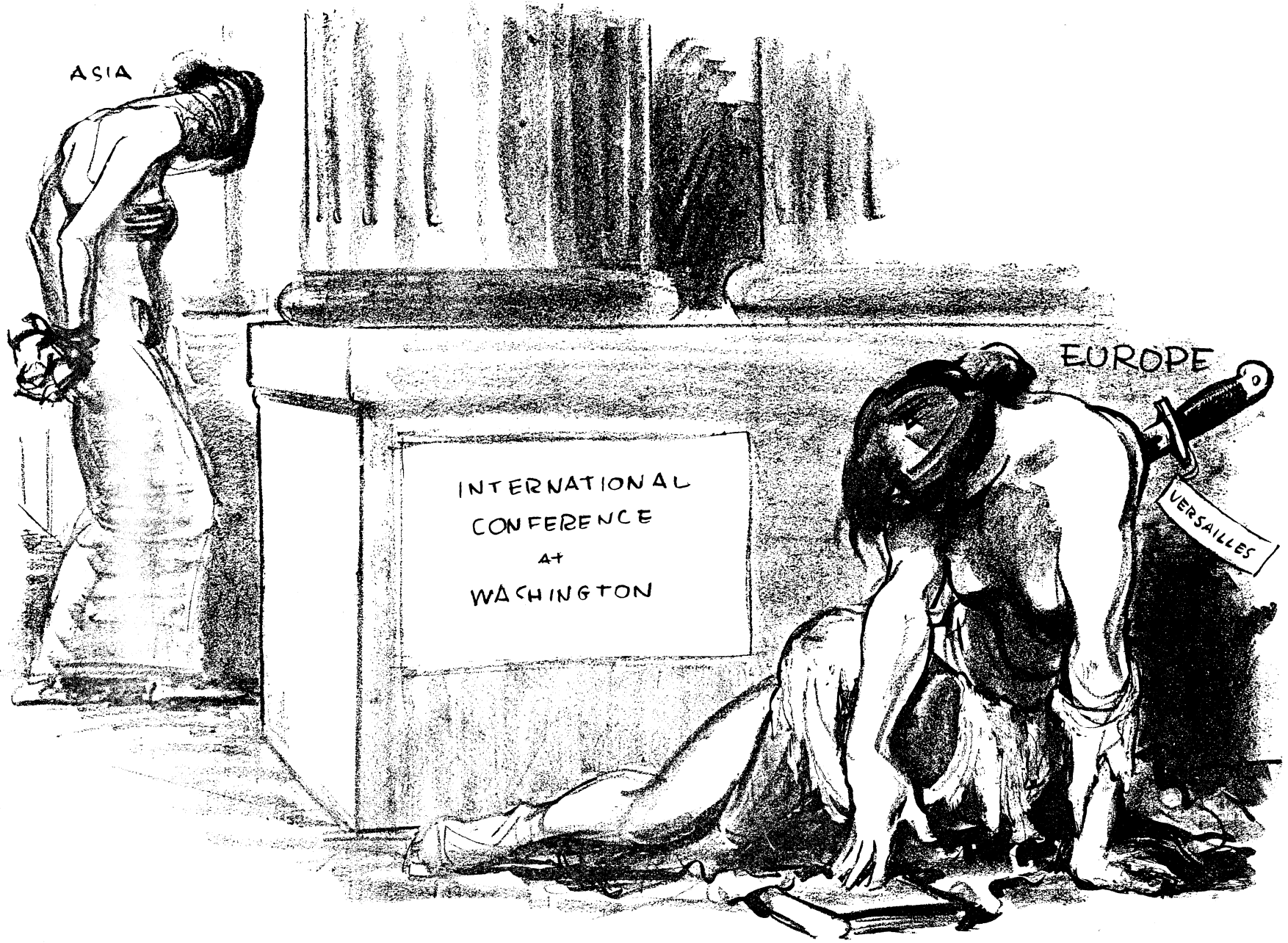
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Their Pillar of Hope

THE LIBERATOR

Vol. 4, No. 10 [Serial No. 43]

October, 1921

An Opinion on Tactics

By Max Eastman

TWO years have passed since the Triple convention at Chicago when the revolutionists in the American Socialist Party split from the political and social reformers. Two years have passed, and except for the deepening and confirming of that split, nothing of appreciable value to the cause of communism has been done by the revolutionists. A good deal has been done to the detriment of the cause. In spite of an "increasing misery" that surpasses the demands of any theory, the workers in America seem to be less friendly to communism than they were two years ago.

To my mind the cause of this state of affairs is simple and obvious. It will be remembered that the first sentence of the original manifesto from Moscow, and the premise upon which all the tactics of the Third International have been based, was that "The present is the period of the breakdown of capitalism." This statement is not true of the United States in the same immediate sense that it may be true of Europe. We are not in the period of the breakdown of capitalism, and yet we are employing tactics that could never be appropriate in any other period—tactics which have no practical relation to the period we are in—that of preliminary propaganda.

The Communist Parties have been stressing the idea of party discipline to a degree that would seem sensible to a matter-of-fact person only in an army on the eve of battle. They have been taunting the "white terror," and exaggerating it, and making it as bad as possible in reality as well as in their imagination, instead of trying to revive the opportunities that formerly existed here for a fundamental revolutionary propaganda. They have formed an elaborate conspiratorial organization excellently adapted to promote treasonable and seditious enterprises, although they have no such enterprises on foot. The folly of this policy becomes tragically apparent when members of this underground organization defend themselves in court with the eloquent and perfectly truthful assertion that the propaganda they are conducting is not in violation of the laws. It becomes still more tragically apparent, when they resort to the distribution of circulars advocating methods of terrorism—"Social Revolutionary" and not Communist circulars—for the mere purpose, so far as we can judge, of sustaining and justifying the illegality of their organization. It was something of a patriotic boast upon the part of the American delegates to Moscow that the United States is the only country in the world where the communist movement as such is an underground movement. And although America is in fact ruthless and savage, untamed either by law or culture—America is a nation of the descendants of black sheep, of people who left home—nevertheless this boast is really un-

justified. It is not so much the ruthlessness of the American capitalists, as the romanticism of the American communists, which accounts for their being underground. The majority of their leaders want to be underground. They enjoy disciplining the devotees of a rebellion, but educating the workers for the revolution is a less interesting task, and they are not fulfilling it.

A certain plausible excuse for this state of affairs is found in the history of the Bolshevik Party in Russia. It was upon the issue of centralization, or party discipline, that this group split from the Mensheviks in 1903, and from that early time the policy of the party was to attend more to the quality than the quantity of its membership. But the success of the Bolsheviks in leading the revolution of 1917 does not certify the correctness, and much less the adequacy, of all their previous policies in preparing the ground for that revolution even in Russia. Four or five other parties were helping them in that. And even so far as their policy is confirmed as a correct and adequate one for Russia under the Czar, where every manifestation of political consciousness among the people was revolutionary, and an actual revolution at least of a political nature was constantly impending, it does not follow that this policy is correct and adequate for political "democracies," where a revolution is the last thing natural to the minds of the workers even when politically alive and insurgent.

The task immediately before us is to persuade and educate the workers in America, or at least an appreciable vanguard of them, away from an habitual and fixed faith in the forms of bourgeois democracy, towards an understanding of the underlying economic facts, and a faith in the principles of the revolution. We cannot accomplish this through an organization which has to justify itself by a pretense that those forms are worse than they are. Lenin himself in his pamphlet on the "Infantile Sickness of Leftism in Communism," remarks that the Russian experience cannot be taken without reservations as a model for revolutionary policy in other countries.* There are differences. And the most pronounced of them, so far as concerns the period of preliminary propaganda, is the fact that Russia had not had a bourgeois revolution, and we have. In consequence of this, the idea of an illegal conspiracy was not peculiar in Russia to proletarians, or to those who understood the economics of history; it was, if not familiar, at least obviously sensible and practical to all democrats or libertarians of whatever class or persuasion. They were merely to follow the example of other peoples oppressed by a despot. To make that idea an essential part of the general propaganda of communism in a country as complacent of its democracy, and as far from a critical and

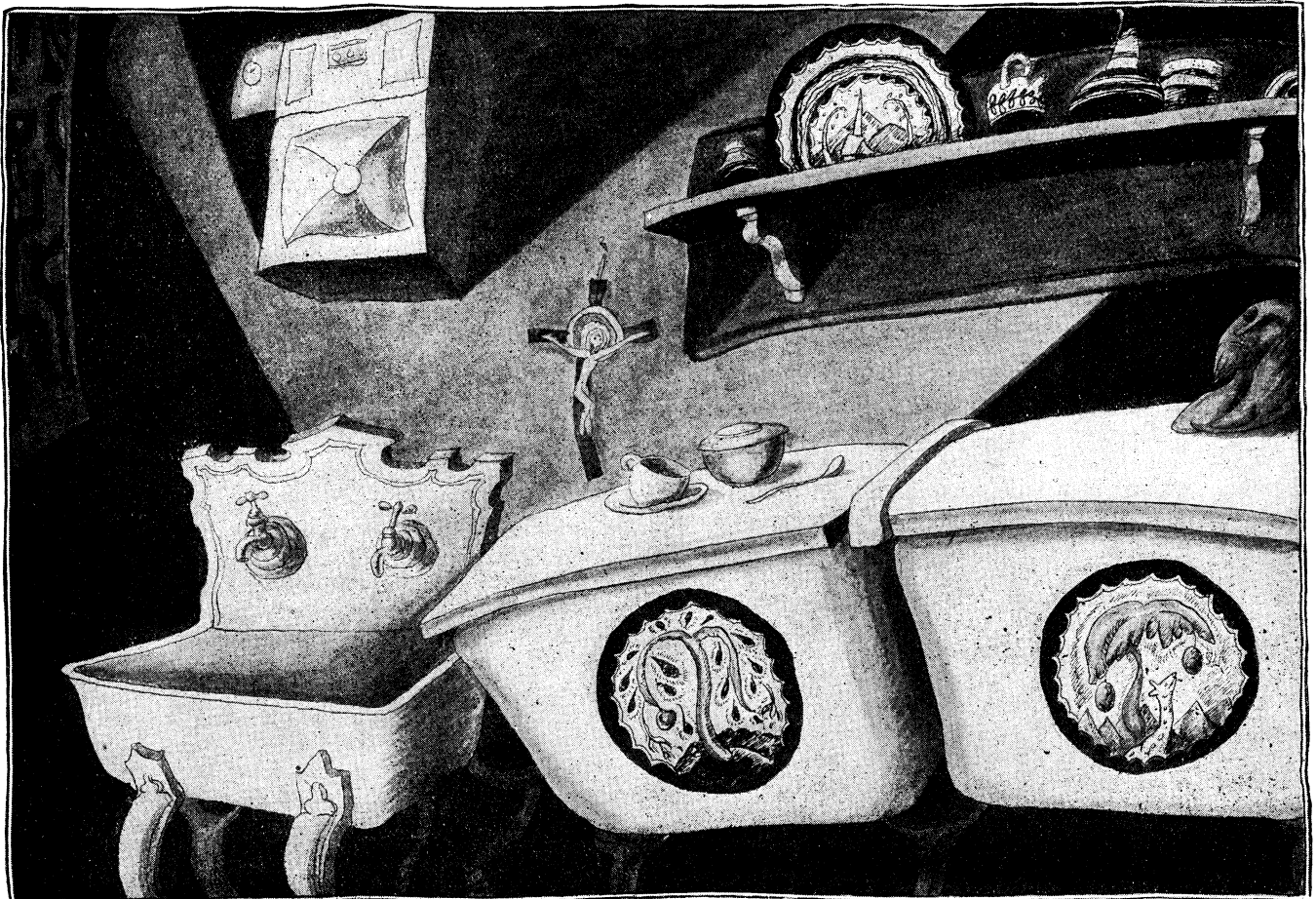
* "One must admit some fundamental features of our revolution to be of such international significance. Of course it would be the greatest mistake to exaggerate this truth; and to apply it to more than the fundamental features of our revolution." (p. 3.)

conscious struggle of classes as the United States, seems to me to ignore the essential difference between the two situations.

There were always two sides to Lenin's policy—one was to adhere loyally to the pure revolutionary truth, the other was to adhere loyally to the mass of the workers. The latter policy cannot be vigorously fulfilled by an underground organization in the United States, nor by an organization operated from underground. And with a little patience and good engineering the former policy can be fulfilled by a legal organization. That has been the opinion of a good many revolutionists in the United States, and as the party literature is now moving in the same direction, and as the executives of the Third International at least deplore what they consider the temporary necessity of an underground party in this country, it seems an opportune time to express it clearly.

It was thanks to the infantile disease of "Leftism"—not at that time identified—that the Left Wing Movement lost the Socialist Party in Chicago. It lost the Socialist Party and failed to form a Communist Party. It formed two half parties, or half-dead parties—one of them stagnant with complacency over its own theological perfection, and the other not sure enough of itself to act. And it is thanks to this same disease that these two parties in their amalgamation have produced little more than a lively underground debating so-

ciety. As I understand it the very purpose of Lenin's great pamphlet in which he isolated the germs and identified the symptoms of infantile Leftism, is to obviate the waste involved in such interminable debates. Those pure and perfect theologians of Bolshevism, whose only purpose is to establish in this country a secret brotherhood of revolutionary saints, have to be dropped aside with the same resolute practicality with which the sentimental socialists have been dropped. That is the present task. And it is to be hoped that those in the party who now evidently perceive it, will have the courage to carry it through. We shall then see the beginnings of some practical progress. The fact that we are not facing an early breakdown of capitalism will be recognized, the special requirements of propaganda in a working-class peculiarly convinced of the beneficence of an existing "democracy" will be studied, and one of the first results of that study, in my opinion, will be the development of an independent legal communist party and press such as exists in England. We are not advocating an insurrection, and there is no law against our teaching the American workers that economic and non-political forces control the operation of governments and the course of history. There is no law against our forming an organization that will save at least a portion of those workers from sinking into the swamp of laborism and yellow socialism. That is what we are failing to do.



Wanda Gág

An Interior

A Page of Sonnets

New Worlds

OUT of the lustrous dawn of the new spring
 There came one stepping lightly on swift feet
 Whose path touched mine, and touching, paused to greet
 The birth of an undreamt awakening.
 Tender as sweet, and sweet as beautiful
 Was she who took my breath; and all my blood
 Burned for her preciousness with a parching flood—
 She was so free, and yet so lovable.
 Now am I driven by winds that know no hush
 Through nights that know no langour, and through days
 That only wait for night to fall again
 And tear me, all resistless, with the rush
 Of passion I can scarcely bear to face,
 Lacking her touch to take away the pain.

Allan Lincoln Langley.

In Winter

ALWAYS before, the clear unbroken snow
 Lay from our doorway to the riverside
 Trackless and plain. Our feet had never tried
 The depth of it. We never sought to go
 Out to the water, where the narrow flow
 Wound off among tall hemlocks, bent to hide
 The upper valley meadows with their wide
 Branches snowed down, and young trees leaning low.
 Strange that we never broke the snow, my friend.
 But sought our fire, and books, and day by day
 Watched at a distance through the window-pane,
 And never knew that there would come an end
 To watching, or that eyes would seek in vain
 For untracked snow along some city way.

Bernice Lesbia Kenyon.

Baptism

INTO the furnace let me go alone.
 Stay you without in terror of the heat.
 I will go naked in—for thus 'tis sweet—
 Into the weird depths of the hottest zone.
 I will not quiver in the frailest bone,
 You will not note a flicker of defeat;
 My heart shall tremble not its fate to meet,
 My mouth give utterance to any moan.
 The yawning oven spits forth fiery spears,
 Red asphish tongues shout wordlessly my name;
 Desire destroys, consumes my mortal fears,
 Transforming me into a shape of flame.
 I will come out, back to your world of tears
 A stronger soul within a finer frame.

Claude McKay.

Unrest

BOOKS I would read, but most will go unread,
 And music be unheard, and lands unseen;
 Fragments of learning only, one may glean;
 And love itself, though brightly faceted,
 Flashes a narrow fire whose flame has led
 Each in a separate way. And this has been
 And will be for all time. There is no mean
 Nor center where all things are sung and said.
 Now in the time of youth why must I feel
 Life's narrowness, and, uncontent with you,
 Struggle to break it, searching in all lands
 For every glimpse of living they reveal? . . .
 Make me forget, and drift an hour or two,
 While the whole world lies quiet in your hands.

Bernice Lesbia Kenyon.

The White City

I WILL not toy with it nor bend an inch.
 Deep in the secret chambers of my heart
 I muse my life-long hate and without flinch,
 I bear it nobly as I live my part.
 My being would be a skeleton, a shell,
 If this dark Passion that fills my every mood,
 And makes my heaven in the white world's hell,
 Did not forever feed me vital blood.
 I see the mighty city through a mist.
 The strident trains that speed the goaded mass,
 The poles and towers and spires vapour-kissed,
 The fortified port through which the great ships pass,
 The tides, the wharves, the dens I contemplate,
 Are sweet like wanton loves because I hate.

Claude McKay.

The Missouri

TO her with whom I suffer love I seem
 To guard myself. It is because I give
 By instinct all I am to see her live.
 In the still music of our joining stream
 The course is hers, the glory hers, the name.
 My dark far-carried waters add but strength
 To the unswerving purpose of her length.
 I love in her this power I can not tame.
 But love is not life, and when life rebels
 I fight the selfish battle to be free,
 And she, who has drunk up my being, tells
 A very giving tale of love to me.
 We speak but when the fluent truth is broken—
 The truth is opposite to what we've spoken.

Max Eastman.

French Labor and Moscow

By Norman Matson

IT was a time shadowed over by a foreboding of vast tragedy. The heat in the turreted, glass-roofed "Palais Rameau," used customarily to house horticultural expositions, was terrific. Bearded delegates, throats and arms bare, argued passionately through sessions that began at 8 o'clock in the morning and lasted till 9 at night. Nor was there any escape in the yellow, war-scarred streets of Lille; the relentless heat that was killing crops across the face of France—the heat that was choking Red Russia—goaded men to a lasting, simmering irritation. One delegate fainted in the midst of an address and died a few hours later. The first session saw an ugly battle on the floor that began with hot words and fists and ended with iron chairs swung as clubs and pistol shots. Before the convention closed, after days of waiting for the spokesman from Moscow, news came of the Russian train wreck that killed six well-known Communists, one of whom was probably bound for Lille. Morning and night L'Umanite and L'Internationale brought from Paris the dreadful news of the advance of general famine in the Volga Valley, and the preparations for a new armed invasion of Russia, across the frontiers of Poland. Chance, or God himself, seemed to have turned White Guard. Voila, the end of the Red road! A time for losing hope . . .

But the Lille Congress of the French General Confederation of Labor, representing 2950 unions, all but voted Jouhaux down. The motion to abandon Amsterdam for Moscow was lost by the narrow margin of 1572 to 1325, and the reformist policy of the C. G. T. executive was approved, 1556 votes to 1348. (Each vote represents a union; there were no provisions for proportional representation.) In the ten months since the last Congress the revolutionary minority has more than doubled its following so that now it controls 45 per cent of the C. G. T. membership. The revolutionary movement in Western Europe rolls on steadily, irresistibly, and moving on its own feet, motivated by its own ideals—and grievances. Not even disaster in the East will halt it, not even for a little time. That, it seems to me, is the significance of the Lille Congress.

On the eve of the Congress, Tomassi, a witty, keen little Parisian in a round, visor-less student's cap, returned from Moscow where he had represented the C. G. T. minoritaires at the convention of the Red Trade Union International. He had been sent with a precise mandate to vote against any organic union between the economic international and any political organization, meaning the Communist International. Tomassi, with a great majority of the Congress, and two others of four French delegates, voted for a motion providing for effective collaboration between the two internationals by means of an equal exchange of executive committee delegates. Not subordination, but "organic liaison." The welcome Tomassi got after his record five-day trip from Moscow to Paris was such that he immediately resigned his post as secretary of the Federation of the Seine. The majority of the revolutionary syndicalists of France suspect political parties; naturally and inevitably they co-operate constantly with the Communist Party, but they'll have no permanent, formal bonds. Political parties come and go—

the syndicate remains always, and is the direct expression, the natural weapon of the proletariat; the syndicates are the bones of the new society. All of which was repeated to Tomassi, who had heard it before; and from Moscow the Central Council of the Red T. U. International (George Andreytchine signing for the United States) promptly wired an explanatory statement: "The Congress has never intended that the autonomy of the syndicalist organizations of the various countries be diminished; much less has it contemplated the subordination of one international to another. * * * We hope the French militants will not fall into the autonomy snare, set by the bourgeois governments and their faithful servitors, the reformists." But it didn't move the intransigent autonomists, and the minoritaires went to the Congress to vote for Moscow and against Amsterdam, but determined not to enter the former until a new Congress had reconsidered that liaison motion.

Jouhaux is broad and powerful in appearance, and powerful, too, as a leader of men; a fighter who will not take defeat at the hands of the minoritaires without splitting the C. G. T. Jouhaux opened the Congress by proposing in his big voice the adoption of two motions—one demanding amnesty for workers in military jails, especially for the Black Sea sailors; the other, proposing the opening of a vast subscription by the C. G. T. for the starving people of Russia. Both were passed unanimously.

The Minority took the offensive immediately, demanding a vote on the question of admitting delegates from certain local unions of agricultural and textile workers, expelled by their Federations for revolutionary activity. Doumoulin was explaining for the Majority that the motion was out of order in that it hinged upon the very question that the Congress had been convened to decide, that the Congress was not yet formally constituted, the credentials committee having not yet reported, when Monmousseau (leader of the railroad workers and, with Pierre Monatte, of the Minority) rose suddenly and declared that he had been threatened by certain other delegates. There were shouted denials. The thermometer at the moment said 96 degrees and temperatures were as hot. Monmousseau moved toward the tribunal, gesticulating. A group of majoritaires formed in his path. The Congress was on its feet. Sergeants-at-arms got into it and used their *matraques*—short, loaded pieces of rubber hose. The din was deafening. There were two pistol shots. The uproar lasted an hour. An investigating committee was named immediately, and the minority demanded and got the withdrawal of the forty sergeants-at-arms—roughnecks supplied from Dunkerque by the reactionary seamen's union to keep the Left Wing in order. The minority delegates left the hall at adjournment determined to submit to almost any further provocation rather than precipitate a split. And that was their successful tactic throughout the Congress.

The debate on the *rapport morale* began the second day and the argument continued through five days to the end of the Congress, for the motion on adhesion to the Moscow internationale was in effect precisely the same argument. The motions of the Minoritaires called for a return to the

revolutionary syndicalism of before the war, and reaffirmed that the goal of the movement is the complete emancipation of the working class by the expropriation of Capital and the suppression of the wage system. Immediate demands as to hours, wages, working conditions, etc., are declared to be an important, essential part of the C. G. T. Program, but only a part. Parallel to the work of protecting the workers' gains and steadily adding to them, the C. G. T. "from top to bottom" should prepare for taking over the means of production and distribution. Placing unity as the first desideratum the expulsions of revolutionary locals is condemned, and free speech for all tendencies is demanded. Declaring independence from all political parties, the syndicates are declared to be ready to accept aid from all other revolutionary organizations. And in conclusion: "Believing that the place of a movement predicated upon the class struggle and internationalism cannot be in the Amsterdam international, intimately bound as it is to the International Labor Bureau, subsidized by the capitalist governments—the Congress declares that the C. G. T. should withdraw from this organization of collaboration of class and adhere to the Red Trade Union International of Moscow, with the express condition that its statutes respect the autonomy of the syndicalist movement."

The Majoritaire motions begin with similar statements of the revolutionary objective, and conclude: "The Congress gives mandate to the C. G. T. to work for the realization of the minimum program, including the reconstruction of the devastated areas, the nationalization of public service industries, social insurance, workers' control, and resistance to the attempts of the employers to lower wages and lengthen the work day. Because the questions peculiar to each nation are conditioned upon international solutions, the Congress continues its adhesion to Amsterdam." The right of criticism is upheld, but the minority is "strictly obligated to submit to the decisions of the majority; under no pretext are factions and tendencies to form substitutes for the regularly constituted bodies of the C. G. T. Members of the minority cannot be tolerated when they take an attitude of public opposition to the decision of the majority. * * * Just as a man cannot belong to two unions, nor a union to two Federations, the confederated groups are prohibited from adhering to two internationals."

"You would build a bridge between capital and labor," said the first speaker for the minority. "How can you adhere to Amsterdam and the League of Nations and chatter about disarmament while the minister of war sends tons and tons of munitions to Poland, destined for use against our Russian comrades?"

Two majority speakers defended the minimum program and called for a continuation of unity despite the disintegrating influence of the Left. A docker of Brest said his union had always opposed loading boats consigned to Russian white guards, and Jouhaux intervened to suggest that the Congress reaffirm its solidarity with the Russian people. A minoritaire (secretary of the powerful Metal Workers' Federation, who was re-elected by a microscopic majority on the eve of the Congress after the Federation had voted against his "rapport morale" and adopted a Minority motion) yelled: "And end your solidarity with the criminal, counter-revolutionary actions of Merrheim!"

A textile worker, declaring himself a direct actionist, urged the Congress to keep the C. G. T. at Amsterdam to

"make it revolutionary from within," an argument that was frequently repeated. "Your revolutionary action to date," said a witty sailor to the Minority, "has come to this—you go to jail to find diplomas there. We stay in Amsterdam because Krassin is already there; because Trotsky and Lenin are themselves begging alms of the capitalists."

Thus the third day. Towards the end of it, members of the committee delegated to investigate into Monday's shooting, reported no progress and suggested that the matter be dropped lest findings prove an aid to the police. The minority objected, saying the police needn't know, but they did, and against the objections of Jouhaux, won their point, though it did them no good, for the committee went out and resigned.

On the fourth day, a day of stifling heat and suppressed excitement, for the morrow was to bring the beginning of the final duel, the vote on the *Rapport Morale* was announced. The Rights sang the International to raise the glass roof and the Left responded with "The Revolution." The Metal Workers had voted 128 to 103 in favor of the Minority; the railroad workers 279 to 175 in favor—a majority of almost 20,000 men. The textile federation went to Jouhaux by 80 to 75 votes; the building trades (shades of Olaf Tveitmo!) went Left by 108 to 96; the teachers' federation voted almost unanimously Left.

Both sides brought out their heavy artillery in the Moscow debate on the last day. Jouhaux, Merrheim, Digat, and others, for the Majority; Pierre Monatte, Monmousseau, Semard Tomassi (the railway workers' new red secretary) for the Minority. Merrheim confined his argument to an extraordinarily bitter and impressive tirade against the Soviets; others repeated essential arguments. Jouhaux ably defended himself, roaring his defiance to his would-be destroyers, but being subtle and wise, too. Pierre Monatte—leader of the Minority and editor of *La Vie Ouvriere*, an ex-school teacher, graduate of the trenches, jails, romantic socialism, and anarchism,—argued with little attempt at oratory for the Minority.

"Revolutionary action," said Jouhaux, "consists in achieving the maximum of immediate gains, that are to be considered not as definite reforms, but as preparations for the social transformation. Syndicalism is revolutionary when it obliges the employer to improve working conditions, when it inspires technical progress thus augmenting production and diminishing effort, and cutting prices, for the benefit of the workers. French syndicalism is more social than the labor movements of other lands, its activity influences the entire people. It is for this that our syndicalism is revolutionary—it is humanitarian."

His program for reconstructing the devastated regions was answer enough to criticism that he had done nothing to fight unemployment. He defended himself at length for participating in the conference at Washington:

"The conference of Washington was not so naive as to declare, as has been said, that a year was sufficient for the international application of the eight-hour law. Without a doubt there is a formidable reactionary movement against it. Is it that the reform is responsible? In that case do you recognize its revolutionary value?"

"It has been said that the Russian revolution forced the eight-hour law. I say that it was above all because the C. G. T. counted more than two million members, and this force weighed upon the governmental decisions.

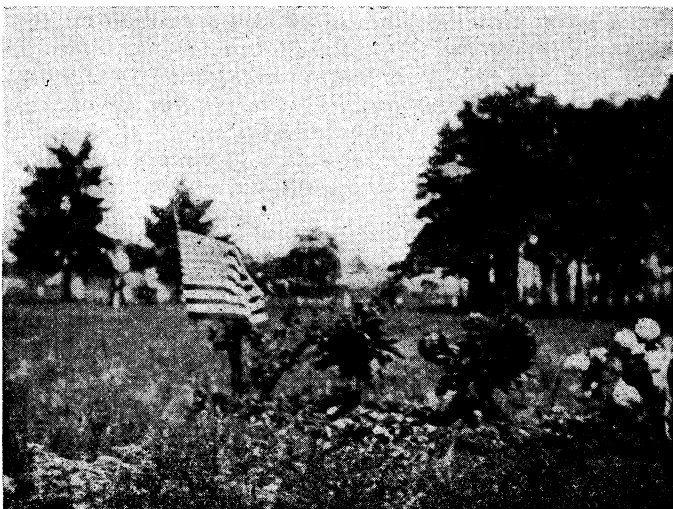
"The International Labor Bureau of Geneva opened an inquiry on world production to determine why the economic situation was stringent in the entire world. But because the scientific means employed would have demonstrated that capitalism is incapable of organizing world production, the capitalist corrupted the press and prevented the continuation of the inquiry. The conference desired to show that to organize production there was need of an international redistribution of raw materials. And the day that raw materials would be equitably distributed would mark the disappearance of an enormous capitalistic privilege."

The same reactionary opposition, he said, had hampered the project for an international conference on disarmament. He intimated that manufacturers of war munitions were ready to spend twenty million francs to prevent such a conference. He was happy to find that both extremes were against him—*l'Action Francaise* on one side and *l'Humanite* on the other.

"You can condemn me, you can calumniate me! I stand erect facing all the capitalist forces of Europe, and I defy you to prove that there is even the shadow of collaboration. I combat them! Never will I associate with them!" He shouted the words, his massive face turned upward, his arms high above his head in a compelling, impressive gesture.

"The C. G. T. is no longer revolutionary or reformist," said Monatte. "It is no more than a governmental cog, the national and international action of which is no longer inspired by the workers' point of view."

He listed the compromises during and after the war. The sacred union of the war had been succeeded by the sacred industrial union of after the war. "The hate for the capitalist regime that should have been redoubled after the war that cost us so much, is dead among you. The secretary of the confederation plays his role in the comedy of disarmament, the sole purpose of which is to thwart working class resistance to future wars. We want an international that will not fail us on the day of danger. The International of Amsterdam we cannot depend on, for it is the International of nationalisms."



The Flag Protects Him Now

(The Grave of Wesley Everest, Victim of the Centralia Massacre.)

The international eight-hour law which had been applied in fear was promptly disregarded after demobilization, disregarded because the C. G. T., preoccupied with its collaborationist activities, had failed to organize its forces to compel continued application. "They appealed to justice instead of relying on their own strength. The working class is not engaged in a law suit, it is engaged in a struggle. It must organize accordingly."

He reviewed the conversations between the Amsterdam International and the Second International—"the international of kings' ministers, the assassins of peoples."

"Ah," he cried to the majoritaires, "you busy yourselves with the war ruins of today. But are not the ruins and the deaths a little your fault in that you collaborated in the making of the war? The ruins will be re-erected when the victims show their teeth, when the North finds its Marceline Albert, and not with your parliamentary projects."

The revolutionary syndicalists, he said, were not opposed to workers' control as had been charged. But to impose such a measure there was need for a strong organization. It was impossible during this period of unemployment, during which propaganda for it alone was possible.

He disowned "insurrectionism," and reminded the majority leaders that "we were never deluded by the fantasies of Herve."

He concluded: "The international of revolutionary syndicalism can have its headquarters only at Moscow, where the revolution has been made. Amsterdam signifies nothing to the workers. We hope to go to Moscow. We are sure of going there, when we have made them understand our conception of French syndicalism. Would not the French point of view have triumphed at the Moscow Congress had the C. G. T. as a whole participated? But the leaders of the C. G. T., even those who were at Zimmerwald, were concerned lest they soil themselves with the Russian revolution because they fear the revolution in France."

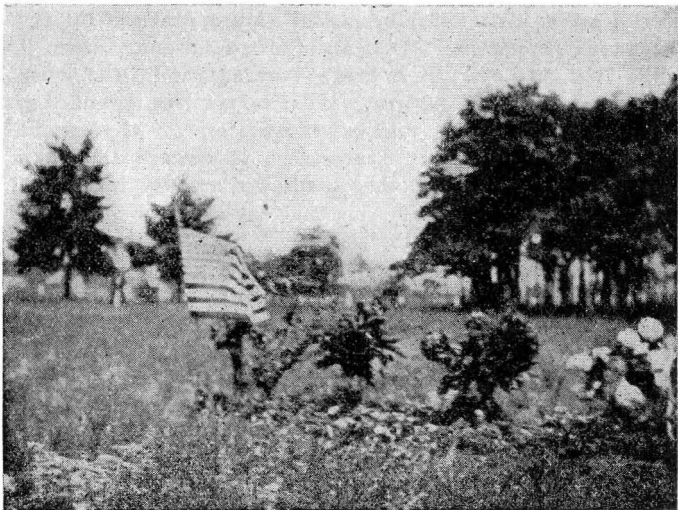
I asked Monmousseau what he thought about it all afterwards. "We would have cleaned up (*fait le nettoyage*) the syndicalism of the Union Sacre, had 750 phantom locals not been resuscitated since the last Congress to fill the needs of the C. G. T. Government. But the result exceeded our expectations." "Will there be a split?" "The present executive bureau follows a policy that shoves the C. G. T. automatically toward a split. It does not live in the same house, in the same street, in the same world with the great majority of the membership. If the English-style Labor Party, talked of by the Majority leaders is created for the next elections, then a split is inevitable."

Now Love Is Gone

Now love is gone it is as though
The empty cadence of the sea,
Flaunting its grey incognito,
Beats at my brain relentlessly.

When love was here it left no space
For the infinitude of sea;
Now love is gone there is a place
For its grey solitude in me.

Mary Mulheron.



The Flag Protects Him Now

*(The Grave of Wesley Everest, Victim of the Centralia
Massacre.)*



Boardman Robinson

A PORTRAIT

Poison Gas

WE are in receipt of convincing literature from the Chemical Foundation, pointing out the beauties of poison gas warfare and how America is destined to lead in this great work. If civilization must commit suicide why not take the popular gas route?

PERSONAL liberty can expect no quarter from the Department of Justice," declared Attorney-General Daugherty. Taft, Beck, and the Cincinnati Bar Association all promptly got aboard the Liberty Limited.

THE Association also censured Judge Landis for holding two jobs—and quite properly. There is widespread belief among the fans that Landis is besmirching his position as dictator of baseball by keeping his place on the federal bench and constantly associating with criminals and lawyers.

NOW comes Harold Bell Wright to explain how he turned from the pulpit to the novel so he could preach to the whole people. Perhaps he is not an egotist but the impression persists that he'd rather be Wright than President.

LOYD GEORGE invites us to join in a tripartite agreement with Great Britain and Japan. Save the peace of the world and get a piece of China.

THE *New Republic* says there is an "inevitable suspicion on the part of the Russian government that the power of American food will be used politically to undermine its authority." Does this mean lunch counter revolution?

MARCONI thinks we are getting wireless messages from Mars. Probably our neighbor is trying to say: "A little less noise, please."

NO doubt the people of New York will re-elect Hylan this fall. Anybody who could be mayor four years without learning anything about the city government is incorruptible.

THE Boston Superintendent of Police has forbidden a Sacco-Vanzetti parade because he fears it would be attacked by believers in good government. If they were excessively law-abiding they might even throw a bomb.

"GIVE up all thought of ever being independent," said our new governor of Porto Rico in his tactful way. "There shall be no language but English taught in the public schools." The Hon. E. Mont Reily used to live in Missouri, but Providence and Harding chose him to tell Porto Ricans what they shall think forever and what language they shall think it in.

SHIPPING BOARD LASKER admits that after "the greatest publicity campaign ever conducted," he was unable to soak anybody with the worthless wooden ships. Our Uncle Sam does not seem to be very successful as a green goods man; he is more skinned against than skinning.

ON the other hand two good pieces of news come out of Washington on the same day. The railroads have economized by laying off 300,000 workers and Harding is going to call a conference to talk about unemployment.

BUT the Secretary of the Treasury is not as happy as he was. Instead of reducing expenditures 350 millions, the department heads want more money than before.

THE Melloncholy days are come.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.

Exploitation

WHERE does the farmer get the honey?
From the hive!

Where does the magnate get the money?
Man alive!

From you and me and all of us;
The grime and sweat and thrall of us,
That toil and moil and dig and delve and dive!

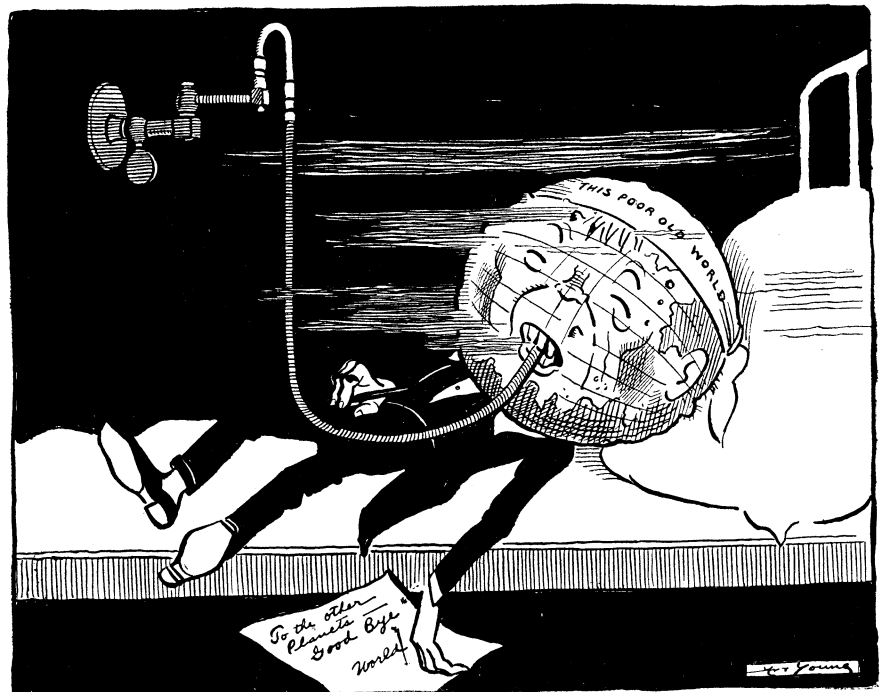
There are bees that gather money,
Baby dear;

There are hives that reek with honey,
Far and near;

And the humming, coming, storm
Is the anger of the swarm

That shall end our ancient harm, never fear!

Franklin Kent Gifford.



The Parliament of Man

By Agnes Smedley

MOSCOW is the center of the class-conscious world. From the four winds of the earth the revolutionaries are gathering here. Men and women of every language, of every color, of every race, are assembling for one united purpose, for the Congresses whose aims are to overthrow world capitalism and introduce international communism.

Every train that steams into Moscow carries its loads of delegates,—from across Siberia, from the Mohammedan countries to the south, from the north, from Western Europe, and from Africa and Asia and America. They come from Russia and from practically every foreign country. The All Russian Trade Union Congress ended the last week in May, and the All Russian Congress of Soviets has just closed. The International Conference of Communist Women starts on June 9th, International Youth immediately following. The Red Trade Union International starts in July, and the Seamen's Congress on August 1. Fully three thousand delegates have already arrived, and train loads of others are on their way.

This is perhaps the most critical moment in the history of the working class, the moment when a world proletariat, more conscious than ever before throughout the ages, is starting, or in many places has already started, the uncompromising conflict which can end only in victory. The moment is all the more critical, because Japan has begun to carry out the orders of the British Empire to initiate a war against Soviet Russia from the Siberian Side, under the leadership of another Czarist general, and because the British are starting an indirect attack upon Russia and Russia's growing influence and strength in the near and Middle East, by blockading Turkey and by using Greek forces in a war against Kemal Pasha's army. Britain has chosen the most critical moment to attack Russia from two sides, the period before the harvesting of the crops, when a whole section of the country is starving, and when the demobilized Red Army is needed for peaceful agricultural labor. The suspicion is all the more justified that Britain signed the Anglo-Russian Trade Agreement only to work from the inside of Russia for the overthrow of the workers' government.

Despite all these tragic forebodings, the pilgrims to the Mecca of the proletarian revolution keep arriving, one day thirty, another seventy, another three hundred.

In meeting the delegates, one comes to the conclusion that the world today can be roughly divided into three revolutionary groupings, representing three stages of development. The first is the Scandinavian group, Norway leading, then Sweden and Denmark, a well-organized, highly educated, cultured working class, enjoying a high standard of living. In these countries the Communist Parties work openly, with little or no persecution. The Scandinavians, very naive and honest folk, seem to understand little of intrigue or secret work. They expect that the establishment of Soviet Republics in their countries will be comparatively easy, accompanied by little or no bloodshed, unless the Entente, led by the British Empire, starts its bloody work of blockade and invasion.

The second grouping is the one which holds the center of the stage at the present moment,—the western European proletariat. There, an industrial, bourgeois-educated proletariat is repeatedly hurling itself against the huge, highly-organized bourgeois class which mercilessly beats it back time and again. It is generally recognized that this struggle will be a long and bitter one, and that before it is ended the economic life of Europe will be laid prostrate.

Then there is the third group, the reverse of the Scandinavian picture,—that great, submerged revolutionary group to which the West, and even Russia, is comparatively blind, a group which, because of its very unpreparedness, its lack of organization, and fortunately because of its lack of bourgeois education and psychology, presents the most staggering possible revolutionary problem in the world. This is Asia, and particularly India, a country similar to Russia in economic conditions and social and political outlook. Revolutionary clouds are thickening over India, India which indeed has nothing on earth to lose but its chains,—and is therefore prepared for revolution. A master hand—but the hand of an Indian only—can guide that revolution, and out of the chaos which will ensue, anything may be born, even the sublime. In Sweden and the other Scandinavian countries, it is the masses that are conscious and educated; in India it would take a thousand years to achieve that result under the present system. Therefore, today India needs a few trained leaders, educated in the most idealistic and advanced ideas of the times, men of impeccable character, men who have purged themselves of all personal ambitions, men of trained intellect. The writer of these lines is convinced that these men exist, a few in India, a number outside of India in exile.

Taken all in all, the delegates gathering here in Moscow are undoubtedly among the most intelligent, the most conscious, and the most clear thinking of their respective groups at home. Many from Asia are "intelligentsia," who must necessarily be the forerunners in the movement. Those from Europe range from the ordinary worker to the holders of degrees in the leading European universities. Norway has reached the period when she can send a college professor and a street car conductor as delegates.

The Chinese and the other delegates from the Far East have been coming in, in small batches, some robed in their long gowns, dressed in their peasant costumes much resembling the Russian, or the more educated, dressed in modern European clothes and speaking English and Russian. In five huge Mongolians—four men and one woman—who came in today, one sees the descendants of these ancient hosts who built the Chinese wall. The quick, enthusiastic Japanese delegates, speaking English and German, are very anxious to show that they intend to help in every way the Korean nationalists and communists. The Koreans watch and wait.

The Turkish delegates have come, although eighteen of their leading workers were recently stoned to death and then sunk in the Black Sea. They are thin, dark, unsmiling men, replying with unanswerable logic to those who question

their sincerity and tactics. One of them recently defended his position in these words:

"We have declared that we shall support with all our might the struggle of the nations against world imperialism. * * * By undertaking this task and carrying it out, we acted in absolute conformity with our communist convictions, for surely we need not mind if among those who were fighting imperialism, which must perish that we should live, there were men who do not profess to be communists. * * * Our comrades should understand at least that in a country like Turkey which for centuries knew Europe only from its worst side, as the land of those who exploited and betrayed Turkey, the masses have an insurmountable prejudice against all persons and things that come from abroad and that consequently the noblest ideas, the ideas which correspond most with the interests of the masses, can only be spread by individuals which belong to the people and share with the latter its hardships and sufferings, and that only an organization which has deep roots in the country itself will be in a state to carry out with success the work of social transformation and to join Europe and the East on the basis of labor and liberty."

A number of Persian delegates have come, gentle, sincere men, who meet upon their arrival the news that the British have again occupied their country. Their viewpoint is much the same as that of the Turks. To them, communist tactics must be different in the countries subjected to imperialistic nations, from the tactics in the independent western countries.

Delegates from the Soviet Republics of the Ukraine, Bokhara, Khiva, Georgia, Azerbaijan and Armenia are here. Four of the Armenian delegates are dark young women, who without shoes or stockings, and with nothing but old skirts and sweaters on their bodies, have come to Moscow after five months of ceaseless labor in the far districts of their own country. One of the representatives from Azerbaijan is a beautiful young Mohammedan woman, her head draped in a thin purple shawl. She speaks in Turkish, emphasizing her statements with a slender forefinger instead of the closed fist, as she tells of the subjection of her sex under the old regime, and of the present movement among them which has led to the discarding of the veil.

One of the Georgian delegates is an old bearded man, one a Cossack in fur headdress and decorated garments. His precious knife is carved and decorated, his shirt cut across by a cartridge belt containing long, business-like bullets.

The representatives of the Kirghiz, the Bashkirs, the Tartars and the Turcomans are here,—men and women of Mongolian feature and Russian dress. One wears bright red trousers and a gold embroidered skull cap. One wears a huge fur turban and carries a gun and a knife on his hip.

Then there are some twenty Indian revolutionaries from Western Europe and from the Indian frontier. They are unsmiling men, a few of them young men, a number who have been exiles and revolutionaries for from five to twenty years. They watch with keenness the tendency to place all faith in western Europe. At the same time they watch the British preparations against Soviet Russia, and they recall that the condition upon which the British Government would sign the Anglo-Russian Trade Agreement was that all help should be withdrawn from them. This, they know, means that India is the most important center of the British Empire.

There are two Indian groups. One is the small Communist group, the other the larger Indian revolutionary group. The latter, in matters of policy, take their stand squarely with the Persians and the Turks, the former with the British Communists. The Indian revolutionaries emphatically distrust all Englishmen, imperialists or communists. The English proletariat, they state, *vis a vis* of India, is in the same position as the English bourgeoisie. The British delegates state that neither they individually nor their party will work with any Indian group unless it is composed of simon-pure Communists. The Indian revolutionaries come back with the charge that in that respect the British Communist policy has the same effect as the policy of the British Government, since such an attitude means that the British communists are absolved from doing any work in India. For which the Indians declare that they are very glad, since the position is clear, and all Englishmen are untrustworthy in a crisis. As one Indian tersely stated when the British delegates called a "British Colonial Conference," "Years ago the British imperialists managed India; then when this became too hot for them, the British liberals took charge of the situation. When the British liberals were discredited, the British Labor Party undertook to manage the Indian revolution and keep it within bounds; now that the British Labor Party is losing its grip, the British Communist Party thinks it can manage us!"

One is convinced here that Asia has been hardly touched by Communist propaganda emanating from Russia. Nevertheless, Asia is largely communistic in thought, social customs and philosophy. As one of the Indians said, "The Russian folk music is exactly like our own; these singing women might be Indian women singing as they grind their corn. Their language is strangely familiar and near. I can often understand entire sentences, and the language is filled with words identical with our own. My study of languages has given me a strongly developed linguistic Aryan consciousness, and I often feel here that I am living through the history of my race."

The delegates from western Europe are here in great numbers. The two German Communist parties are represented by about one hundred delegates, all fresh from the fields of actual proletarian warfare. The Communist Labor Party of Germany refuses to adopt parliamentary tactics, or to enter the trade unions, while the United Communist Party accept these measures for propaganda.



Lundean

"Just what did we get out of the war?"

"Well, my man, we got the American Legion."

Practically the entire Finnish Red Government of some time past has come. To some of us uneducated ones from America it is news that they belong to the same race and linguistic group as the Esthonians, Hungarians and the Turks, — the Uzro-Altai language group. There is undoubtedly close relationship between the economic conditions and the temperament which created a red Finnish Government and a red Hungarian Government.

Thirty huge, blonde Swedish men and women delegates have arrived, representing a party of 45,000 out of a total population of five millions. The Norwegians, huge, handsome "blonde beasts" like the Swedes, confidently state that Norway is the next Soviet Republic in order. They have an organized disciplined party of 97,000, out of a total population of three millions. Before the split caused by the 21 Demands, their party numbered 130,000. In many respects, they appear here to be the elite of the world's working class.

The Icelanders,—a pure Aryan type, descendants of the original Vikings, are here, representing six thousand peasant Iceland Communists, out of a total island population of one hundred thousand. They tell us in passing that the bourgeoisie of their independent little island now harbors imperialist designs against the Greenlanders, most of whom are Eskimo!

All the Western European and American delegates have not yet arrived. The French are here, true revolutionaries. An Algerian expert on the colonial question has accompanied them. A few Poles have crept in, despite the terror against their party in Poland. Delegates from the Baltic States are here. An Albanian in picturesque pantaloons and an expansive bent, has put in an appearance. The Red Hungarian Government is, of course, here, including Bela Kun. The Bulgarian delegates, as one other delegate stated, "look like majestic, bearded Barcelona anarchists," but instead they are the most uncompromising Marxists, who are said to hold the key to the entire Balkan situation. Austria has sent among others a splendid girl from Vienna, and Spain is represented by a flashing Spanish girl and two blonde men. Italy is well represented, and Seratti is said to be coming with his unitarian communism; the prospects are that the Italian situation will be discussed with tropical heat. It remains to be seen how Clara Zetkin, whose age seems not to have dimmed her revolutionary fire, will stand on the Seratti question.*

Canadians and Australians and South Africans have come. An Irishman is here, occasionally overhearing phrases from the English delegates which he calls the "unconscious imperialism of the Englishman." Recently, when some films were taken of delegates, it was proposed that Great Britain and Ireland should pose together. The English delegates responded, but the Irishmen—two Communists and one Sinn Feiner,—withdrew and sat together beneath a cannon which was conveniently near.

True to their national speed, many Americans were the first on the scene. Some are a little over-fed! After addressing a Russian peasant audience on conditions of the working class in America, one of them was confronted by a little Russian boy, who said, "I don't believe things are so bad in America, otherwise you would not be so fat." Another American,—a thin I. W. W.—remarked, "Bill, here—after you must not speak; the social revolution is more important than your stomach."

The Americans come from the east, the middle west and the far west, as is shown by their accent and phraseology. Some of them are political refugees, one a half American Indian, who has crept into the country with nothing but the clothes on his back,—seeking refuge from the land of the free!

Of course, the inevitable spies are here. One wonders how many British and American spies have come as delegates, and how many Japanese agents there are among the Koreans and Chinese. Or how many of the Americans, the Japanese, or the Koreans themselves are British spies.

Most of the delegates are making their initial trip to Russia. The Red Flag of the Soviet Republic waves triumphantly on the frontier, and there are many dimmed eyes among the delegates, roll slowly across the border. At such a moment, there is generally the spontaneous singing of *The International* in a dozen different tongues.

Passing under the Red Flag, a new life begins. The Red Soldier becomes a reality. Everywhere the emblems of Soviet Russia, the sickle and the hammer, or the Soviet Star, are seen on caps of soldiers, on the hats of men and women everywhere. Here is the beginning of racial and political internationalism. The inhumanity of the industrial West ends, and the slowness and patience which have made, and are winning a revolution, begins.

Here the American delegate who says,

"Say, this is great! But what you need here is scientific management of industry, what you need is efficiency, what you need is a thousand lumberjacks from the northwest, what——" is met with the reply,

"Yes, we know that. But what you need is a revolution."

Your Gifts

YOU open wide your tender, lavish hands
And pour forth all your beauties over me,
A flood of stars, and little laughs—and dreams
That heal the bruised and broken dreams in me.

Each laugh ends in the cadence of a prayer
That winkingly ascends, mad-winged with bliss,
To gods more gracious and more happy far
Than any conjured by a Grecian kiss.

Gladys Oaks.



A Woodcut by J. J. Lankes.

*The reader will understand that this article was considerably delayed in transmission.



A Woodcut by J. J. Lankes.

The Battle of Logan County

By Art Shields

"THESE are our hills and we love 'em. We had to fight for them long ago, against the bears and the panthers and the wolves and the rattlesnakes, and now I reckon Don Chafin's thugs ain't a-goin' to scare us out."

A sturdy old mountaineer of more than three score and ten voiced these sentiments as we stood together on one of the loftiest peaks of Blair Mountain and filled our eyes with the surrounding magnificence of giant shaded valleys and mighty ridges, tossed in forested glory against the sky. It was a garden of towering wonder that blinded my eyes for the moment to the shallow trench at my feet, where thousands of empty shells were ugly reminders that Don Chafin's machine gunners and automatic rifle men had been nesting there a few days before.

We were tramping over the southern end of the fifteen miles of wilderness where twenty-thousand men had been contesting the right of the thug system to exist in the mining fields of West Virginia. The battle had lasted through an entire week, during the closing days in August and the first ones of September, and it ended with the gunmen giving way along more than half their line after sustaining losses second only to those of the Paint and Cabin Creek campaigns. Two thousand federal troops came none too soon to prevent the miners from sweeping on through the mountain barriers, through the terror-haunted scab lands of Logan county, and on to the protection of their fellow union men under the heel of a bloody state martial law in the Mingo fields beyond.

Ten thousand labor volunteers with high powered rifles leaving work and wives and rushing to the defense of their fellow union men nearly seventy miles away from the scene of mobilization! For an injury to one is an injury to all among the union miners of West Virginia. By their organized solidarity they have pulled themselves out of an industrial tophet that passes description. Mother Jones told me of miners working fourteen hours in the olden days in the state, and my veteran mountaineer friend smiled at this conservative statement, saying it was nearer eighteen. But step by step conditions have been lifted half way out of the mire. Desperate fighting has marked the unionization of each succeeding field of the high grade industrial coal which makes the state so desirable in the eyes of the great steel interests. But slowly and surely the organization has gained ground till today the operators are keeping Logan, McDowell, Mercer and Wyoming counties non-union only by the aid of several thousand deputized thugs, most of them drawn from the Baldwin-Feltz agency. In these counties murders are so common that the formalities of the coroner are seldom attended to. A year ago the United Mine Workers organized the men of Mingo County, which produces some of the best coking coal in this country. The operators locked the union men out and dispossessed their families from com-

pany houses. A strike was the counter-attack of the union and in the rough and tumble-fighting which took place hereabouts between the two sides the thugs fared badly, especially in the battle of Matewan which was graphically described for the Liberator readers a year ago. So the operators called in the state constabulary and state militia and since then, the Mingo miners, still standing by their strike that has crippled production nearly two-thirds, have been living under a murder regime that is excelled only in number of casualties by Logan County itself.

Miners have been shot down and tent colonies have been raided again and again. The United Mine Workers have kept the locked-out miners alive with weekly payments taken from dues and special assessments, but the rank-and-file of the West Virginia miners have been demanding more vigorous action than that given by their purses. "Nothing will do but that we go down there and set that place to rights ourselves," they said among each other.

But ten thousand armed miners—the number needed to overcome resistance on the way, are not easily pulled away from work and wife for a military campaign. It takes something tremendously dramatic and horror-raising to get such a force moving. The attacks on the Lick Creek Tent Colony and the steadily increasing murders did not have quite the necessary dynamic effect. Had the union officially called for volunteers, or had it sanctioned such a move, the miners might have gone flying; but something terrific that would shock all their working-class love and dignity had to happen before they would start on their own initiative.

It happened on July 31. I will let Mrs. Sid Hatfield tell the story as she told it to me in Matewan, in the little apart-



The Unemployed demand work and he gives them a conference.

ment over the jewelry store, where she has been living since Sid was murdered.

"Sid never knew what killed him," she began. "Those Baldwin thugs were all hiding up there in wait for him on the top of the court house steps. I had begged Sid to take his guns along, but he said he wouldn't need them, and it didn't look nice to carry guns into the court house.

"They indicted Sid, you know, for shooting at Mohawk in McDowell County. Sid never knew anything about it. He hadn't been away from Mingo County or even from Matewan since we were married fifteen months ago, except that time he went to Washington to testify before the Senate Committee. It was just a trick to get him away from his friends and kill him.

"I guessed they were fixing to kill him, but the high sheriff of McDowell County, that's Bill Hatfield, a distant kin of Sid's, said he'd give him protection if he came on to the other county to answer the indictment. I was still nervous about it, but Sid went, anyhow.

"Ed Chambers and his wife Sallie came along with us. We went down on the night train, but the thugs knew all about it, for that fellow Lively got on twenty-five miles this side of Welch, the county seat of McDowell County, where we were going. That is the fellow, you know, that testified against Sid at the other trial. And next morning at breakfast there he was again, sitting next to us in the Busy Bee restaurant in Welch.

"Mr. Van Fleet, our lawyer, told Sid to be careful about going to the court house, for he didn't like the idea of this fellow following us, but Sid just laughed. He wouldn't take his guns but left them in the suit case.

"That Welch court house is up two flights of steps. Everything looked all right as we started. Ed Chambers and Sallie in front. Sid had one foot on the second flight and was waving a hello to one of the other defendants in his case, who was standing near by, when a bunch of men stepped out of the doorway and began firing. Sid wheeled around and tumbled, and so did Ed. I ran up the steps, passed eight men shooting from the hip—like this. I don't know how they missed me. I ran inside calling for the sheriff, but he wasn't there. Then they told me that Sid wasn't killed. When I got out Sid had been taken away."

Mrs. Hatfield was devoted to Sid, but she is a mountain girl and knows the uselessness of bewailing the sudden death of her man, so she told the story quietly and without tears. Another witness took up the narrative where she left off and told how Lively had pumped his revolver into the body of Chambers, while most of the others concentrated on Hatfield. The first two shots hit Sid in the arm and a second later a gunman put his revolver to Hatfield's back and shot three times.

So died these lion-hearted, laughing young men, the salt of the earth. And they died, not fighting as they would have chosen, but murdered in cold blood by sneering deputies, right on the threshold of the mocking temple of the law, and the murderers were allowed to go at large under bail. "Well, I'm glad that's over now," a high official of McDowell County is reported to have said that same day. Two practical opponents of the thug

system were gone and Tom Feltz stood avenged of the deaths of his brothers Albert and Lee, who fell in the Matewan battle of May, 1920. Shortly after, this same gentleman complacently registered as a candidate for congress on the Republican ticket in Galax in Old Virginia.

Success seemed to be smiling on the dual vested interests of coal operators and gunmen, and the prospects of wiping out all semblance of unionism in the rich coking coal fields of Mingo County, appeared better than ever. And if in Mingo, why not all over West Virginia?

The funeral of Sid Hatfield, held a few days later from Matewan to the old Hatfield cemetery across the Tug River in Kentucky, might have given them pause. They might have noted the delegations that came from far and near while mining camps shut down for the day. They might have seen six hundred railroad shopmen coming from Huntington with an immense bower of flowers sent by their two thousand railroad workers there, who had closed down the shops for the day in memory of the passing of their brave fighter.

"It will blow over," was the comforting sentiment of the operators when their stools brought them word of the indignation flying like a fiery cross through the central and northern counties of the state. "It will blow over as these things have been blowing over for years," they reassured themselves.

But the workers were shaking with a fury that was boiling and not blowing over. The murder of Hatfield and Chambers in that premeditated fashion on the court house steps was the dramatic event that focused their eyes on the crisis before the whole labor movement of West Virginia. It was now or never for the cleaning up of Mingo County.

Up and down a hundred mountains where men delve deep for coal and even in the black diamond fields of Kentucky and Virginia, men began reaching for their high power rifles for the big hunt again, as in Cabin Creek days. Organization for the purpose was hastily improvised, outside of the United Mine Workers, which did not allow its district ma-



Becker

The bankrupt railroads demand \$500,000,000 and he gives them the key to the Treasury.



The Unemployed demand work and he gives them a conference.



The bankrupt railroads demand \$500,000,000 and he gives them the key to the Treasury.



Boardman Robinson

Boardman Robinson

West Virginia: The Same Old Line-up

chinery to be used, and shortly after the middle of the month thousands of men began to move for the gathering place of Marmet. They came by train or car to this little town and its surrounding fields, there on the border of Boone and Kanawha counties, just sixty-five miles, as the bird flies, or more than a hundred by road, to the Mingo coal fields. The route led straight across the union grounds of Boone County and the thug-ridden lands of Logan.

Thousands of miners, black and white, came at the call: railroad men were there, atoning for the stain cast by the men who were transporting machine guns and thugs into Sheriff Don Chafin's Logan County lands; building trades men came who knew that the powerful miners' union held up all organized labor in West Virginia, and machinists and farmers' boys gathered with the rest. Among the lot were more than two thousand who had taken post graduate lessons in shooting "over there."

They moved on from Marmet on the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth of August, some six thousand strong, with thousands more coming on behind. Auto trucks loaded with provisions went on ahead and came behind. They were a formidable force when they arrived in the little Coal River Valley town of Madison in Boone County near Logan on the twenty-sixth. But here like a wet blanket on their enthusiasm fell the discipline of the United Mine Workers. President Frank Keeney of District Seventeen, with a record of consistent hard fighting, economic and otherwise, nevertheless ordered them to go back. What President Harding's ultimatum could not accomplish the hand of their union did.

They slowly started back, but they had not scattered far when the murderous Chafin's forces galvanized them into a return charge that no mere orders or persuasions could have halted, had they been attempted. Four hundred Baldwin-Feltz thugs had dashed into the little mining town of Sharples, seventeen miles up the valley from Madison, Saturday night, and killed two miners, wounded two others, generally shot up the town and gotten away with four prisoners before the miners, taken by surprise, could come together from the neighboring hamlets.

The miners tumbled back into the Coal River Valley, thousands of reinforcements coming to avenge this latest insult,

and the battle of Logan County began. Fighters rushed up to the front on each side, miners taking special trains on the little Coal River Railroad line and Chafin rushing in hundreds of state troopers, a thousand "killers" from McDowell County with Sheriff Bill Hatfield, recruits from Mercer and Wyoming, a few Legionnaires and other volunteers from elsewhere, and two or three thousand Logan people, volunteering through fear of submitting to a conscription that was enforced with threats of death, threats backed up by at least one jail murder.

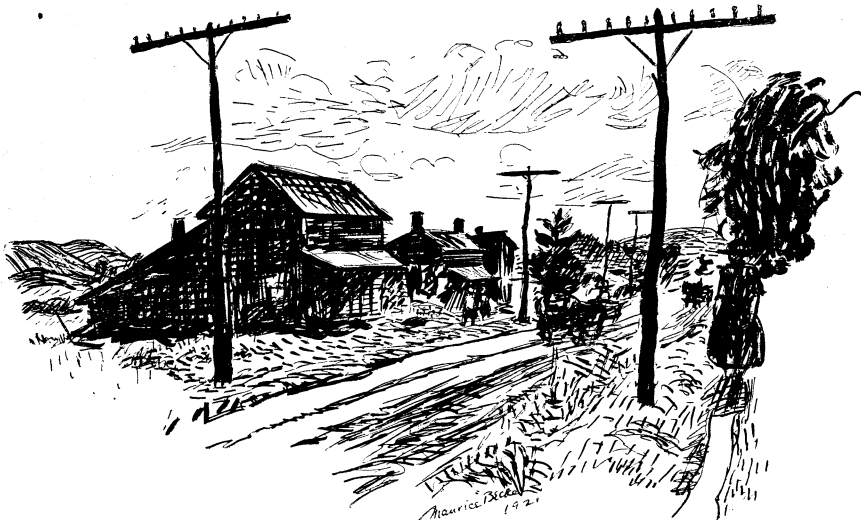
It was a battle on the miners' part to break through the hills that cut off Boone County and the little unionized strip from Logan, from the domain of the Baldwin-Feltz that was to furnish highway on their march to Mingo.

Machine gun nests guarded the fifteen miles of serrated mountain, and outposts of riflemen and automatic riflemen flanked out to protect the artillerymen. During the delay in the miners' march the other side had had time to dig themselves in and set their guns to command the mountain passes.

Cleaning out these machine gun nests and dislodging snipers was the imperative job of the miners' forces from the start. Out of the ten thousand men the best shots were picked for long distance elimination work while telescopes searched out the machine gun centers.

Sometimes one of the rapid fire mechanisms was placed so carefully that snipers had no chance to get results, and the gun had to be taken by storm, or not at all. If you will climb the mountains some miles from Sharples you will come across a small field of corn that has been mowed, as by a scythe, by machine gun fire. A squad of volunteers from the labor army dashing up the hill found that the gunner was unable to depress his weapon below a certain angle, and by bending double the shot went over their heads harmless to everything except the mountaineer's corn patch. This machine gun and four others near by were captured, and two more elsewhere. Others were dragged back to second bases as the fire became too hot in the last days of the battle. All along the line, from Hewitt Creek at the lower end of the valley, up through the mountains till within a few miles of the extreme end line, the workers' forces crowded their enemy back. Whenever the holding of the line depended on the conscript forces that line was not held, as in the mid-section of the line where fifty conscripts with a few Baldwin men mixed in hurriedly deserted an abandoned house in which they were camping for the night, at the rumor that the miners were coming. When the miners came they found a medley of trousers and socks and shirts left behind by some who fled too hastily to dress.

But it must not be supposed that most of the regular gunmen and the state troopers were of such weak kidney. "Give the devil his due," said one of the worker-fighters in telling me of their desperate resistance. "Our boys got within twenty yards of a trench near George's Creek there, and those thugs stood their ground. Some of them couldn't shoot well, or our men wouldn't be alive, but they were game all right."



A Drawing by Maurice Becker



WATCHING THE
ARMY PLANES.

Drawn by Forrest Hull

Some of them could shoot, too. I saw a tall tree whence a sniper had done execution till a rifle bullet tumbled him ninety feet to the ground.

Sheriff Chafin lost one of his chief aides in the fighting near Blair, a veteran gunman named John Gore, who earned several paragraphs of eulogy from the newspapers when his death was announced. Gore fell with a bullet in his head while he was leading an outpost near George's Creek behind Blair Mountain, just after he had sent a ball through a chestnut tree killing a Negro.

In the same section

of the fighting zone another bullet nearly clipped that very C. E. Lively who murdered Ed Chambers on the court house steps, if the eyes of a miner who knew him well did not deceive him. This miner was in charge of a body of men that had just fallen back to shelter after an attack on a trench, when he suddenly shouted, "There's that scoundrel!" and drove a chunk of lead through the bark of a tree behind which a man was operating with an automatic gun.

The Chafin forces were about as numerous as the miners, but composed of assorted gunmen, volunteers and conscripts, they were not nearly as effective as the miners, in spite of superior equipment. Consequently they lost many times more men. The miners have a record of eight known dead and several missing on their side, whereas the reports of refugees from Logan who counted stacks of dead brought back in truck loads from the front, make it evident that one to three hundred lives were lost on the other side.

Apparently it was the disaster that was overtaking his forces that caused Chafin to lose his two borrowed planes as bomb droppers. For the first few days they had been doing scout duty only, but Thursday, September 1, hastily constructed bombs, made of powder and iron nuts stuffed into thirty inches of six-inch gas piping were supplied to the aviators. Bottles with chlorine gas were carried in addition and the mechanical hawks shot over the hills to the mining villages. The first bomb, dropped near Jeffrey, fell between two women washing their clothes, Mrs. Sallie Polly and Mrs. Lizzie Oxley, her married daughter. Like most of the others it was made so clumsily that it struck wrong and failed to explode. For three days bombs dropped on all the little mining towns in the valley, from Jeffrey, south to Blair. Mrs. Dula Chambers, the wife of the village blacksmith of Jeffrey, was gassed by a bursting bottle as she was rushing on a Red Cross automobile to the emergency hospital in a school house six miles up Hewitt Creek from Jeffrey, and she was sick for two days. But for the most part the bombs represented only the most futile bungling as well as brutality of intention.

The arrival of the federal troops, whom they summoned, saved these latter day West Virginia beasts from the hands of the men they had wronged. Don Chafin still rules and lives by murder in his stronghold in Logan and the coal operators of the southwest counties are getting out their non-union coal at half wages and without the usual safety appliances. Nevertheless all is not well with them. The effect of the battle of Logan County has been to inspire the miners of the union counties with greater spirit and determination and it is tending to bring the whole labor movement of the state into closer co-operation.

Two Fables'

The Husband

A SPARROW, grey, dull, and father of six young children, surprised his wife as she ecstatically listened to the song of a young nightingale. The melting tenderness of her glances could not be misunderstood. . . .

"Shameless woman!" cried the irate husband. "Is this how you repay me for all my loyalty and toil? Am I not busy from dawn until night collecting food for you and your ravenous brood? It is easy enough for an idler like that to sing beautifully. If I had not married you—no doubt I also would have become a nightingale!"

The Thing That Hurts Most

AN old used-up mare and an old dried-up cow were harnessed to a plow together. For many months they toiled and lived in perfect harmony.

One day, for some trifling reason, they began to quarrel. Growing more and more heated, their arguments became more and more personal. Finally the mare forgot herself so far as to neigh into her companion's ear: "You old cow!"

Beside herself with rage, the cow retorted: "You old mare!" After that, they were enemies for life.

Andreas Latzko.

The Skyscraper

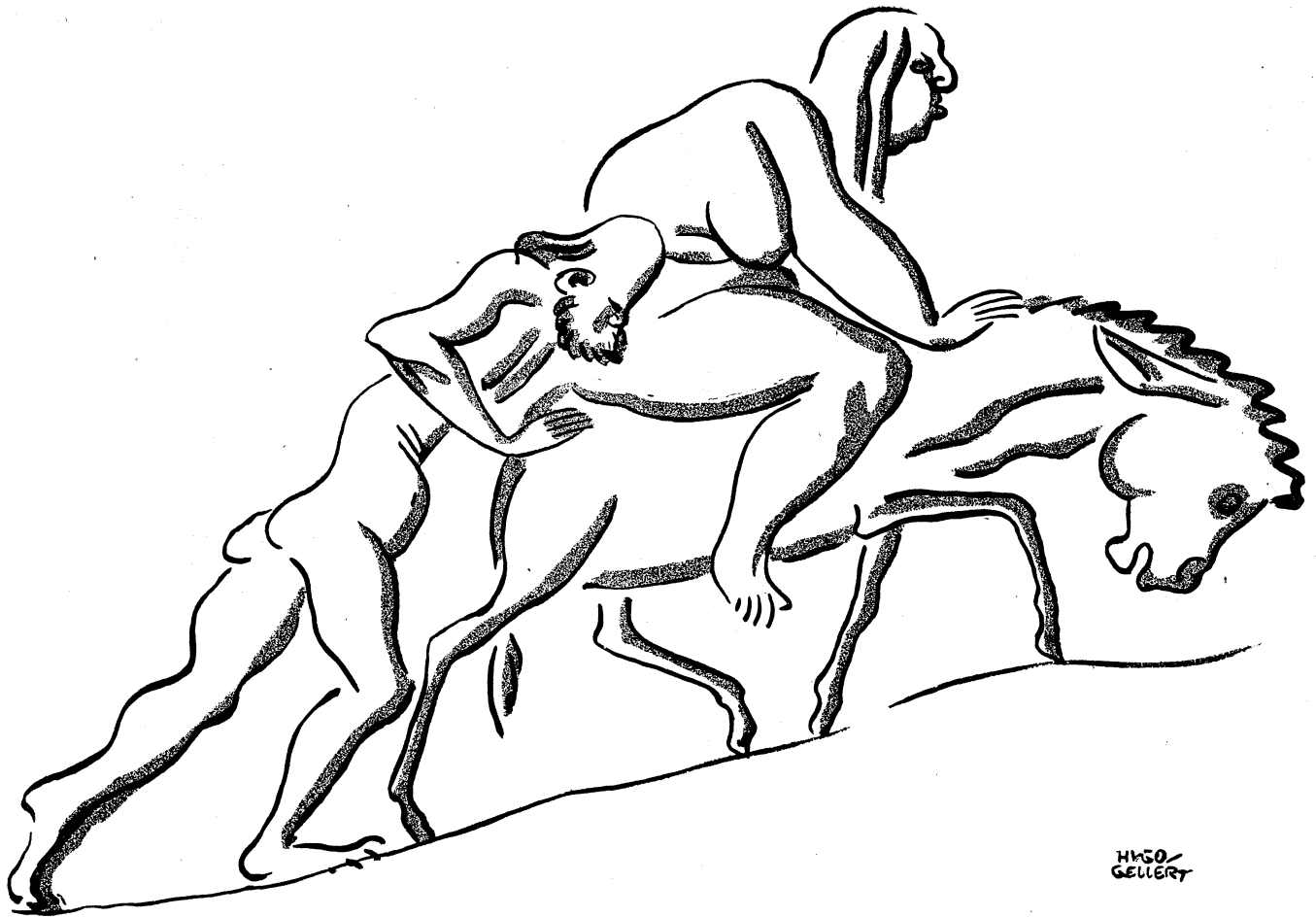
TALK about beauty — Why, boy,
That scene would fill a blooming sphinx with joy!
All that steel frame-work bristling in the sun
Is something we have done.

We are creators, man,
We sweated, plugged, and built it, span by span
And every rusty beam that skyward towers
Is ours—we built it—It is ours!

Sure, buddy, sure, I know
The boss has got it now—he'll have to go;
When we form our Industrial Parliament—
We'll can him subsequent—

But, say, bo, watch them clouds,
They seem to stand still while that eye-beam strouds
Across the sky.—She's pretty, ain't she, son?
That piece of work we've done.

Raymond Corder.



Marriage and Freedom

By Floyd Dell

III

THIS is the sad tale of my friend, Egbert Smith. Egbert was an advanced thinker. I call him so in no spirit of vulgar derision. Thought of any kind is precious, and advanced thought all the more so. I am not one of those selfish persons who do not enjoy hearing about other people's good fortune. It comforts me to know, in the midst of my own miseries and anxieties, that the people of 2120 A.D. will be happy and free.

I remember once when I was particularly unhappy. My sweetheart had just turned me down for another man. I felt very bad about it. To say that is scarcely to do my emotions justice. I had not slept for three nights. I had been unable to eat, unable to work, unable to think of anything except the hideous treachery of Arabella. My Arabella—in the arms of Bill! The idea overcame me. I threw myself on my couch and wept, as a strong man weeps.

It was at this point that my friend Egbert came, and laid upon my fevered mind the cooling touch of advanced thought.

I admit that I did not appreciate it at first. I only thought of him as a heartless, unfeeling, unsympathetic wretch.

"Do you know why you feel so bad?" he asked.

"Of course I do!" I answered. "I just told you. She——" and I started to tell him all over again.

"No," he said patiently. "That's merely what happened. It doesn't explain your reaction to it."

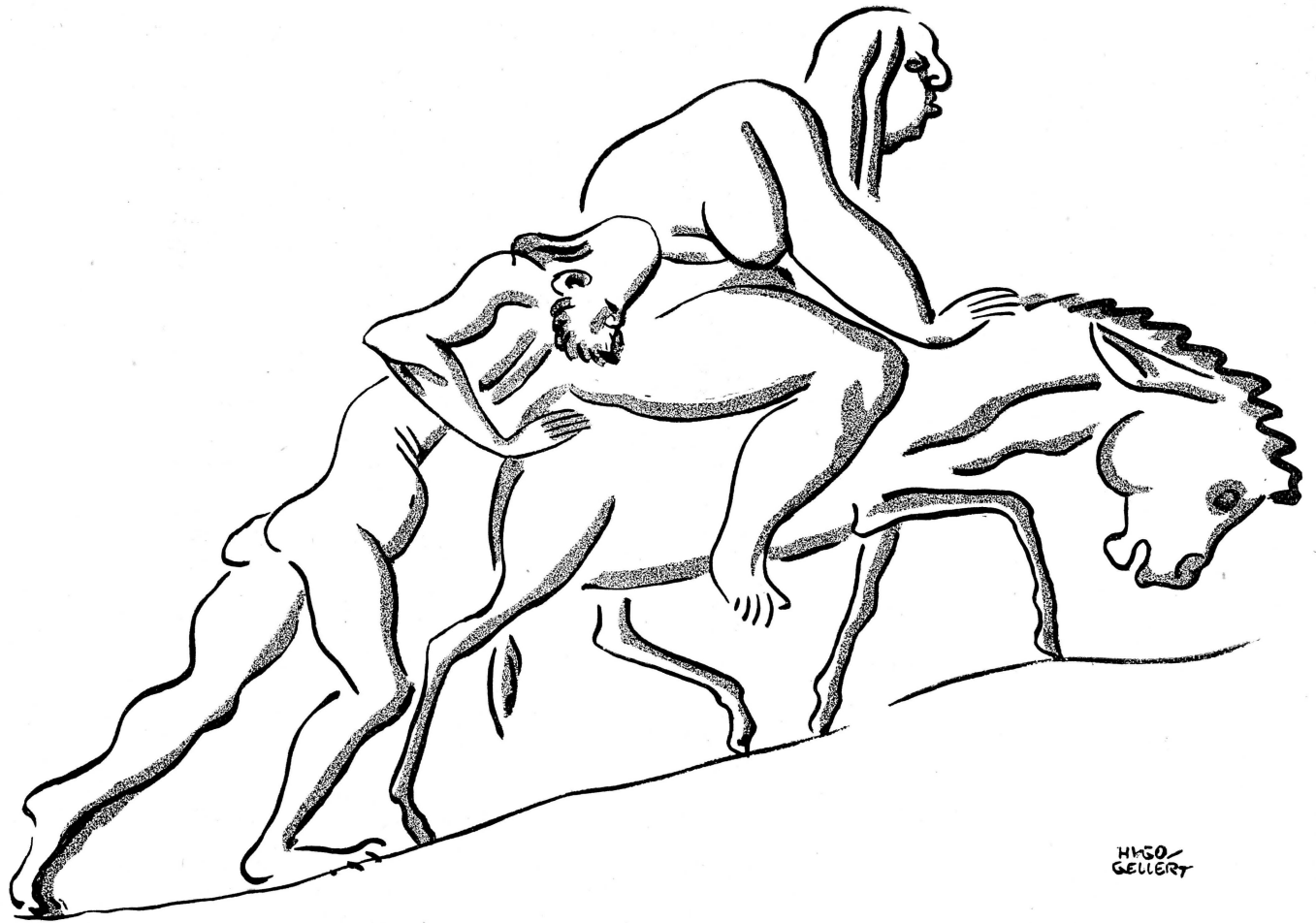
It seemed rather cold-blooded to call my despair and anguish and heartbreak "a reaction." But it sobered me.

"Well," I asked, "why do I feel this way, then?"

"Because," he said, "of a wrong education. You have been taught—by sentimental fiction and poetry—that this is the proper way to feel under such circumstances. You are living up to the conventions of your time. If you were a Turk, you would feel, perhaps, just as bad if your favorite wife had exposed her face to another man. You would probably tie her up in a sack and throw her in the Bosphorus—or you would be angry enough to, at any rate. You would feel as deeply wronged. And why?"

"Well, why?" I repeated.

"Because your property rights had been infringed upon.



HMSO/
GALLERY

Marriage and Freedom

By Floyd Dell

This woman, you would have said, 'belongs to me.' How much, may I ask, did you pay for Arabella?"

"Don't be absurd," I said. "I'm not a Turk. And she's not a Turkess. I didn't pay anything for her. The idea is disgusting."

"And yet you think you own her."

"No," I protested. "She belongs to herself. She can do as she pleases."

"So long, that is, as she pleases to remain in love with you. When she pleases to fall in love with somebody else, she is a wicked creature. Isn't that the way you feel?"

"I know it's illogical," I said. "I know I've no right to blame her. She couldn't help it, I suppose. Women are fickle creatures."

"And how about men?" he inquired.

"Oh," I said, amazedly, "I suppose you mean me. I suppose you are referring to the case I had on Araminta. It's true I did treat her rather badly."

"You fell in love with somebody else. So has Arabella. What have you to complain of?"

"Nothing, I suppose!" I said gloomily. "No doubt it serves me right. But it hurts me, just the same."

"Why?"

"Because, confound it, I'm in love with her!"

"Are you quite sure you aren't confusing love and the property-sense?"

"No—why?"

"Because if you were really in love with her, you would want her to be happy. You would rejoice in her happiness."

"Oh, I would, would I!"

"On the other hand, if you felt that you owned her, you would be outraged and grieved and angry at her running away. You wouldn't think anything about her feelings, you would only think about your own property loss."

"It's all very well," I said, "for you to talk like that. But I'm not so noble."

"Obviously!" he said. "And why not? You accept the ignoble customs of your time, which are not far removed from those of savagery. A few hundred years ago, instead of wanting to kill Arabella and then being ashamed of such a feeling, you would have killed her in dead earnest. And if you lived a few hundred years in the future, you would be shocked at the idea of going on as you are now."

"Tell me," I said, "how I would feel if I lived in—let's see—2120 A.D., three hundred years ahead. I'll try to imagine it."

"In the first place," he said, "the ridiculous notion of people owning one another would have been forgotten. Men and women would be free."

"Don't generalize," I said. "Take me and Arabella—and—and—and Bill. Three hundred years in the future. Go on."

"You used to like Bill, didn't you?"

"He used to be my best friend, till—till Arabella came between us."

"And yet you begrudged your best friend his happiness!"

"When it took mine away, yes."

"You mean that Arabella had to choose between you?"

"Of course. You don't suggest—!"

"I don't suggest anything. I merely suspect that Arabella was in love with both of you. She had to choose between you—because, while one can love more than one person, one cannot be owned by more than one without offending our current sense of private property. But in 2120 I imagine that,

in the absence of any such sense of private property in love, Arabella would not have had to make any such painful choice."

"This," I groaned, "is horrible!"

"Oh, well," he said, "if you prefer your present emotions to the calmer, saner, wiser, happier state of affairs that will exist in the year 2120, you can thank your lucky stars that you are living now instead of then. If you like to be jealous—if you like hating a beautiful girl and wanting to kill her—if you call that romantic love—why, take it; here it is; make the most of it. Rage, and weep, and call her names. Maybe there is some beauty in it which I can't see. I must confess that I think the men and women of the year 2120 will be happier than you are—that's all."

And so he left me. And although I am a creature of my time and would not be otherwise—no, not even to escape the pains of unhappy love—yet I do admit that the thought of those strange creatures of the year 2120, who could call themselves men and women and yet never have to taste the bitterness of love, gave me a queer solace. And I remembered them later—about a year later, when I had got all over my emotions about Arabella, and I happened to run into Bill downtown. We greeted each other eagerly, like old friends, and he told me that he and Arabella, who were now married, were living at such and such an address, and invited me to dinner. I came, and found them quite happy—and I enjoyed their happiness. I was glad for Arabella and glad for Bill.

"Why!" I thought to myself, "this is just the sort of emotion that I said was too noble to expect of me a year ago. I never thought I would feel this way—but I do. And if I can feel this way a year later, maybe a man in the year 2120 might feel this way the next day."

I began to believe—a little—in that future Egbert was always talking about. Not altogether, you understand—but somewhat. Within reason. . . .

And feeling that way, I could understand the impression that Egbert was making upon the public. From being an advanced thinker he had become by a natural course of development an advanced talker, and was making his living at it—talking before women's clubs and other groups at a hundred and fifty dollars per talk. He gave up the law, which had been his profession, altogether, and made a very respectable living touring the country during the lecture season telling people about the future.

He was a very handsome young man, with a touch of picturesqueness in his appearance which did not compromise his dignity. He was, or so it was said, the most eloquent speaker of the woman's club circuit, and every inch an idealist as he stood on the platform and tossing back the lock of black hair which fell negligently over one eye, began to speak of the beauty of Freedom. . . . It would not have been strange if more than one young woman who listened to him had formed in the depths of her unconscious mind the project of taming and domesticating this beautiful wild bird.

It was at the very height of his remarkable career when it appeared that Egbert had a rival. And yet not exactly a rival, for this other advanced thinker who was beginning to be the rage among the intelligentsia was a woman.

She was an even more advanced thinker, if possible, than Egbert. She was an apostle of freedom for women—not in the future, but here and now. For, as she insisted, it was an emotional bondage which prevented woman's freedom;

and from that emotional bondage a woman might, if she wished, release herself in an instant—just as, to use her own illustration, women were joyfully throwing away their corsets—glad to be rid of them! The emotional bondage to which she referred was the bondage of—yes—romantic love. Precisely that. It was because women were so foolish as to surrender themselves to the slavery of romantic love that they became the slaves of custom, of men, and of domesticity. Let them, she said, retain their spiritual freedom, let them take all that life offered, but not surrender their soul's integrity to a passing emotion, and they would find true happiness.

It was a hard saying for the women's clubs, but curiously enough it found great favor among male auditors. It would seem that men had grown weary of that utter and abject spiritual surrender which is the common habit of women in love; they wished their own wives and sweethearts were more like Perilla Jones—for that was her name. It was especially easy for them to idealize Perilla, because she was young—in the bloom of her early twenties—and a very fine-looking girl.

It would not have been strange if some of the young men who appeared to enjoy Perilla's passing fancy had formed hopes of arousing in her the very emotions which she so earnestly abjured; it would have pleased the masculine egotism to exhibit this young tigress purring contentedly on the hearthrug! There is in both men and women a perverse desire to tame the untamable, to seize the unseizable. But these plans and projects failed. Perilla, like Egbert, retained her spiritual freedom. She had never been subject to the stultifying spiritual bondage of romantic love.

It was a piquant thought, whoever was responsible for it, to get these two flaming champions of freedom to talk on the same platform. They perhaps inspired each other to new heights of eloquence. At all events, the Twentieth Century Club of a large Western city arranged for an extended course of lectures on "The Future of Marriage" to be delivered jointly by Egbert and Perilla.

If any of their audiences thought that these two were going to fall in love with each other, they should have been disabused of that notion by the denunciations of romantic folly which they heard from the impassioned lips of these two orators. It seemed that they vied with each other in denouncing the morbid passion. And, to those who, in the seal of a perhaps unworthy curiosity, kept tabs upon their comings and goings, it was discouragingly apparent that they had no personal interest in each other. At least they were never seen together. As if to advertise their indifference to each other, they cultivated each the society of some one else—Perilla that of a professor of sociology and Egbert that of a young woman who was active in settlement work.

And this makes it all the more remarkable that, when midway of the lecture season, they did by chance encounter one another—in a little restaurant where they happened to come for breakfast—their conversation should have taken the turn it did. I should first tell that Egbert was finishing his coffee when she came in, and that she came straight to his table and sat down. Indeed, if she had anything to say to him, it would have been unworthy of so modern a young woman to have been shy about communicating it to him.

But all she said was, with a kind of sigh of relief, but quietly enough, "Hello, Egbert!"

And he said, "Hello, Perilla!" and turned to the waiter and ordered another cup of coffee. Perilla ordered an omelette

with peas—from which, if you are intent upon a conventional happy ending to this story, you can see that you are wrong. Perilla was not in love.

The waiter went away, and Egbert and Perilla looked at each other with a smile that broadened into a jolly laugh. I don't suppose they could have told what they were laughing about; but it seemed to do them good. They laughed heartily, and if there were some joke implicit in the circumstances it must have been a good one.

Then Perilla said: "It is funny, isn't it!"

And Egbert said: "Very!"

"Of course——" said Perilla.

"Yes," said Egbert.

"What?" asked Perilla. "I know it—but you say it."

"It's too ridiculous," protested Egbert.

"Well, say it anyway," she insisted.

"From a realistic point of view," he went on, "it's perfectly absurd. There are doubtless many women in the world who are as admirable—er—biological specimens as you are——"

"Oh, not so many at that!" she said. "I'm very nice, Egbert!"

"At least," he went on doggedly, "there must be several among the world's millions of female population who have eyebrows like yours, and your inflection of voice—and—and so on. At any rate, you are not absolutely unique. And as for myself, reason as well as modesty tells me that in all essential respects I must be merely an average person. That is why. I say, it is so absurd that we should have this obsession—this conviction beyond all doubt—this profound and intoxicating revelation——"

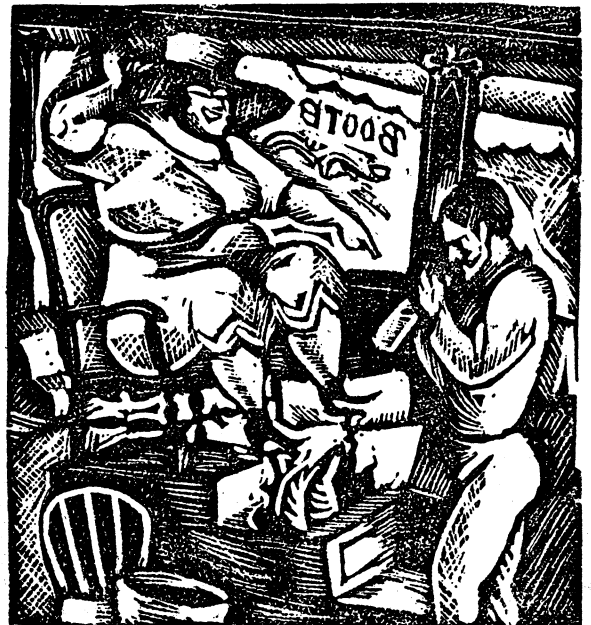
"But how do you know I share it, Egbert?"

"Don't interrupt.—This unshakable knowledge, as I was about to say, that we were made for each other.—Share it? Of course you do! I've known it for a month. By the way you avoided me!"

"You avoided me, too, Egbert."

"Cowardice, pure and simple."

"Are you afraid of me, Egbert?"



Reginald Marsh



Reginald Marsh

"Terribly." And to prove it, he took her hand, and after contemplating it, raised it to his lips.

"Well?" said Perilla.

"Well," said Egbert, "I think— What do you think?"

"I think," she said, "that we're being very silly."

"No doubt of it," he assured her. "I feel like a fool."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," she said.

"Well, I'm not," he told her. "I like it. There's something utterly new in this experience. . . ."

"Not really, Egbert?"

"Yes. I've been in love often; and I've always been ashamed of that. Because I knew perfectly well it wouldn't last. And it didn't. Never more than a day or two—or a few weeks at most. You may think this is love—what people call love; but it isn't."

Perilla looked up from her omelette. "I'm so glad to hear you say that, Egbert," she said. "Because I've had so many men fall in love with me, and it was very dull. The nicest men ceased to be any use after that happened. They just mooned around and were jealous.—You aren't going to be jealous?"

"Of course not," he assured her. "Not that I take seriously your interest in that pop-eyed old professor. . . ."

"He's not old, Egbert. But he's betraying symptoms of jealousy, so I think I'll have to drop him. People who are in love are just a total loss, aren't they? I've never been, and I hope I never shall be. It would be dreadful to carry on the way people do when they're afflicted that way. Jealousy!" She shuddered. "Ugh! It gives me the creeps. . . . What is this Miss Perkins of yours like?"

"The usual thing," he said carelessly. "You know the settlement type."

"Oh, no, Egbert—you do her an injustice. She's really quite beautiful."

"Yes, in a way—but it doesn't appeal to me, I must say."

"I read such an interesting book the other day," she said irrelevantly. "By one of the new French writers. It tells the history of a menage a trois—quite sympathetically. I think I'll refer to it in my next talk at the Twentieth Century."

"It's a pity," said Egbert, "that such arrangements are not better understood. It is terrible to think of people breaking their hearts over a situation which might be quite simply and sanely resolved. I think we are doing good work in opening people's minds to these new ideas. . . ."

"It's this idea of possession that's the trouble," said Perilla. "Egbert, where do we go from here, far from the madding crowd?"

"To the mountains?" he suggested. And they went to the mountains. They did not return to civilization until the day of the following week set for their lecture. And in the meantime, in a little town on the other side of the mountains, there had occurred a quiet wedding of two people whose names were registered on the official documents as John E. Jones and Mary P. Smith.

If those parties were our friends, Egbert and Perilla, they gave no sign of it to any one. They came separately to the lecture hall, greeted each other with their customary cool courtesy, and spoke—not less eloquently than usual—of Freedom.

But do not hastily reproach them for inconsistency. They still retained their former ideals of freedom—as indeed they do to this day. You must remember that Egbert had never said that we could, in our present stage of barbarism, live

up to the morality of the year 2120. And as for Perilla, she had asserted that spiritual freedom was all that was necessary. It was the bondage of romantic love that she had abjured. You may imagine that she had fallen vulgarly and romantically in love with Egbert, but you have no proof of it. She had merely married him, which proves nothing at all.

I might go on to tell many other things about Perilla and Egbert, to show how they continued to believe in Freedom. I might tell you the episode of the Other Man, in which they demonstrated, to their own satisfaction at least, that they were free from vulgar prejudices and did not "own" each other. But it would take a great deal of space, and it is a very sad story—at least as far as concerns the Other Man, who was very badly trampled upon by both of them in their stampede back into each other's arms. Poor fellow, he did not know that he was merely the unconsidered medium of an intellectual experiment designed to prove that Egbert's and Perilla's was no vulgar love. He thought Perilla liked him! Poor devil!

But I will content myself with one trivial incident, which will, I think, serve to prove my point. I told you at the beginning that this was a sad story. It is the story of how Egbert lost his freedom. Egbert did not think so—he does not think so yet. But marriage and freedom are incompatible, as we all know. Egbert says that his is not a conventional marriage. But I know better, as I shall show by the incident of the Burglar.

I am going to tell the Burglar joke.

Sure enough, just as you have read and seen pictured a thousand times in the comic weeklies, Perilla awoke Egbert from a sound and peaceful slumber, and in a thrilling whisper communicated to him the news that she heard somebody moving about in the kitchen. And, as always, Egbert unwillingly but instantly arose, and went to see, and returned with the news that it must have been a mouse. That is all. But consider: Perilla really thought it was a burglar; and so, in his half-awake state, with fear struggling with reason, did Egbert. Now Egbert was, as regards property, an anarchist-communist; as regards the use of force, a Tolstoyan pacifist. And if he had been a free man, he would have said, "It would be foolish to risk my life in defence of a dozen spoons, darling, and they only silver-plated at that." So would a free man have spoken; and so would all of us like to speak upon similar occasions. But do we? Not if Perilla is at our side.

For Perilla, mind you, has just been frightened awake. She is not in full possession of all those modern and civilized ideas which constitute advanced thought. No, she is, at such a moment, a Cave Wife. I do not say, a Woman. For a woman, living alone, would either go to sleep again, or go down and investigate. But with a man beside her, she undergoes a transformation into an utterly helpless and dependent creature—a creature, moreover, who can afford to be utterly helpless and dependent because she has at her side a glorious man-hero, capable of slaying dragons and giants and dinosaurs and pterodactyls—one who will rush at once to the defense of their Cave! No other thought occurs to her; and it is in utter confidence that she sees her husband, clad only in his pajamas, and unarmed, go forth to battle with a band of burglars armed with the latest scientific implements of death and murder. She has no fear of the outcome.

And he, her husband, must live up to these outrageously romantic notions. If he failed her at such a juncture, he

knows what would happen. She would lose all her respect for him. She would be disillusioned.

So you see Egbert, half asleep and in mortal fear of his life, but giving no evidence in his manner of anything but the most reckless bravery, leaping from bed and going into the unknown terrors of the dark. And what is he, I ask, but a slave? His not to question why, his but to do and die! A slave to marriage. Alas, poor Egbert! How have the mighty fallen.

One more glimpse of Egbert, and I am done. The Smith infant, born shortly after Egbert's book appeared, is a success of which they are prouder even than of that literary achievement. Egbert, Junior, is really a splendid child. But, as sometimes happens with the finest infants, Junior had the colic, and for a time kept his parents awake all night. Upon such occasions Egbert, Senior, might sometimes be seen walking up and down the floor with the child in his arms, trying to put it to sleep by chanting Vachel Lindsay's poem, "The Congo." You can imagine, from the pictures of such incidents in the comic papers, how ridiculously funny a spectacle it is. Imagine Egbert, that Free Spirit, walking a sick baby all night. Could anything be more amusing? A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed one too like us, tameless and swift and proud!

A sad tale, this, as I promised you. It only proves once more that there is no freedom in marriage, nor any peace, what with burglars and such like; nor any quiet, what with babies. Marriage is, as Egbert and Perilla so often said, a terrible institution. . . . But I comfort myself with the thought that if there is no freedom in marriage, there is very little freedom outside it. We are all slaves—if not to prejudices or drugs, at least to the necessities of eating, sleeping and breathing. We are all prisoners—if not of our jobs, at least of these houses of flesh which we inhabit. Prisoners and slaves from birth to death! No wonder that the newborn infant greets life with a cry of protest. Life is pain. The curious thing is that we find it so interesting. There

is no rest, no peace, no quiet—and when we take unto ourselves wives and husbands and babies, we merely increase the difficulties of which life is already composed. Man is born into trouble as the sparks fly upward. I sometimes wonder if he really wants Freedom—if after all he is not so unreasonably, so romantically constituted that he enjoys this prison-slavery of life, of food, of sleep, of breathing, of hope, despair, anguish, love, hatred, jealousy? As for me, I should be afraid of Freedom, for I cannot conceive it except in terms of Death:

"Why, if the Soul can fling this Dust aside,
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
Wer't not a shame—wer't not a shame for him
In this Clay Carcass crippled to abide?"

Maybe so, maybe so. But me for this Dust. I like this old Clay Carcass of mine. I like life. I like Trouble. And Marriage seems to me merely the most highly organized form of our troubled human emotions—a complex and exciting and delightful kind of Difficulty. . . . There was Peace before the world began its tumult, and there will be Quiet when the final night sets in.

A Wife

WHEN you are dead
If I, by chance, am there
I shall bring newspapers,
Great heaps of them
To cover you.
In your crossed hands
Extras with flaming headlines,
Under your head the Sundays,
I'll close your eyes with spitballs
Made of rolled-up clippings:

Thus, thus will I leave you
Knowing that, at last,
You are content!

Anne Herendeen.



Gropper.

"I Like Trouble" -- F. D.



"I Like Trouble" -- F. D.

Gropper.

What Makes the Business Man Tired?

By Charles W. Wood

"HONEST! I didn't do anything with him in the hay-mow that I wouldn't have done with my own husband."

So confesses Dorothy Mackaye, playing the part of the young wife who has set out to get herself compromised, in "Getting Gertie's Garter" at the Republic Theatre.

"Getting Gertie's Garter" is Al Woods' latest guess as to the sort of entertainment demanded by the tired business man. Al is some guesser. Let the intellectuals howl. Let the respectable critics protest that the humor of these bedroom farces is broad and low and coarse. The box-office gives a sufficient answer. For Al Woods not only knows the tired business man but he knows what makes him tired.

The public has grievously misunderstood the business man. The public has supposed that he got tired making money. Making money is tiresome to artists, but not to business men: and if one fully digests this statement, the whole problem will be simplified. You never hear of a play for tired artists, for the simple reason that artists are such an irresponsible lot of imps that they refuse to do anything which makes them tired. But the business man recognizes his responsibilities. He eternally disciplines himself. Most of his activities, outside of money-making, are things which he does, not because he wants to, but because he thinks he ought.

Making money is the one thing which he doesn't do out of a sense of duty. That comes natural. Leave him alone and he will grab all the money in sight; and instead of complaining about it and yelling for help, he will stow it away with the utmost nonchalance and stick out his mits for more. If it weren't for his duties, the business man would never show the slightest sign of fatigue: and his duties have nothing to do with money-making.

Take church, for instance. Neither artists nor business men *want* to go to church. But business men go and artists don't. And looking at art exhibitions—does anyone suppose a business man looks at an art exhibition because he wants to? It tires a business man to look at art as much as it tires an artist to make money. But artists don't make money. They simply won't. Business men, on the other hand, scout around from exhibition to exhibition—wishing to Christ they could tell what it's all about, but never for one moment flinching from the task.

Literature, also. Did you ever see an artist wade through a book that he didn't want to read? Did you ever hear of an artist resolving to "cultivate his mind"? An artist may *review* a book, if he is very hungry, but he won't *read* it unless the book does all the work. But the faithful business man reads everything which he is once convinced he ought to read.

If the business man had anything to say about it, it wouldn't be so bad. If he could hire his own convicers, to convince him that he ought to do some agreeable things occasionally, he wouldn't have this perennial conflict between love and duty. But he can't in the nature of the situation do anything of the sort. He is afraid that he will betray his ignorance and give himself away. And so we find him constantly pursuing culture without the slightest notion of

what culture is. In art, religion, literature and even the drama, he is dependent upon the authorities; and the authorities lead him a merry chase.

The authorities aren't business men. They are high-brows, people of recognized culture. Some of them are almost artists. Let a sufficient group of real artists agree upon a certain point and they become a sort of an authority. If they proclaim, for instance, that a certain play sets a new standard in dramatic art, you may depend upon the faithful business man to give it a run. The artist trade by itself means little to the theatrical manager. There aren't enough real artists in town to fill a theatre for a week, and most of them couldn't raise the admission price. But their say-so goes. Convince the business men that a certain show will send their culture up half a point, and you bet that they'll stand in line.

They've already been convinced concerning "Liliom" and the Molnar satire has scored a big success. The audience hasn't yet learned just when to laugh, but it will get that, too, in time. Watch the theatrical news closely and you will doubtless see other first-rate dramas failing to fail. It can not be charged against New York business men that they do not patronize such productions. They do—when they are once convinced that they owe it to themselves to mop up another quart of dramatic culture.

But, oh! how tired they get! You'd be tired, too, if you devoted yourself so rigorously to things you didn't want to do. Suppose you didn't know just when to laugh. Suppose you had to keep your wits about you when you didn't have any wits to keep. Suppose you were a Chinese or some sexually sane person, but didn't want anybody to find it out, and you were to go to "Getting Gertie's Garter" with the grim determination to catch on to every joke.

If you were sexually sane, you simply couldn't see anything funny in the piece. There were two Chinese in the row behind me, and they hadn't the slightest idea when to laugh. They were trying, it seems, to become Americanized, but they were always a jump or two behind. They went to it, in a way, as manfully as do the business men when they are trying to get civilized, and the strain was telling on them in much the same fashion.

"I always like to see young people enjoy themselves," was Walter Jones' comment, whenever a gentleman was discovered hiding with some other gentleman's undressed wife. This, I maintain, is not funny to the sexually sane, but how it does make New Yorkers laugh! The sexually sane, conceivably, might ask how come; but the typical newyörsthenic dissolves in giggles and lets it go at that. When Miss Mackaye is pulled from her hiding place in the haymow, and comes out dressed in a handful of hay, the giggles are precipitated into shrieks of joy.

I giggled and shruck with the others; not because I want to be a low-brow, but because, like the business man, I have so often tried to be a high-brow and can't. But I was glad I didn't know the Chinese: they might have asked me what I was laughing about, and I would have been hard-pressed to tell. Sex, I should have to explain, isn't permitted in

America. It can't even be talked about; and anything which can't be talked about is always a good joke.

When Hazel Dawn starts to ask questions from time to time and does not finish them, all the tired business men set up a roar. Every business man, however uncertain he may be when real drama is concerned, is on 100 per cent American *terra firma* here. He knows that such questions can not be finished.

"Do you think that Mabel——?"

"No, it never occurred to me that Mabel——?"

This joke, used in all bed-room farces, is excruciatingly funny. But there would be nothing humorous in the least if one were to ask: "Do you surmise that Mabel and Jack have been having sexual intercourse?" Such a line would never be allowed except in super-cultured drama: and then the business man wouldn't know whether to laugh at it or not.

Such uncertainties are exhausting; and I, for one, believe that we should not begrudge the business man his bedroom farce. Above all, we have no right to say that his brand of humor is lacking in subtlety. The big roars in "Getting Gertie's Garter" follow sentences that are never finished: if that isn't subtlety, I don't know what is. And when Miss Mackaye comes out dressed in that hasty handful of hay, she doesn't have to say a word to get a laugh.

A large number of New Yorkers, however, are angry at this and similar performances. They think them too delicious, perhaps, for anybody to see. Or maybe they are angry because it was given such a name. Named as it is, few people who don't want to hear a lot of sexual "insinuations" will pay good money to see this show: while a perfectly innocuous name might give anybody an excuse to go. After they had seen it, then, they could tell how horrified they were. As it is, they are in the predicament of the expectant woman in some of the "stricken territory" during the late war—left totally un-outraged when the soldiers passed through.

Now, after my masterly defense of the tired business men, the least they can do is to listen to me. There is another show in town, utterly "onobjectionable" from the most conventional point of view, which is still one of the finest comedies I have ever seen. It made me laugh much more heartily than any bedroom farce has ever done.

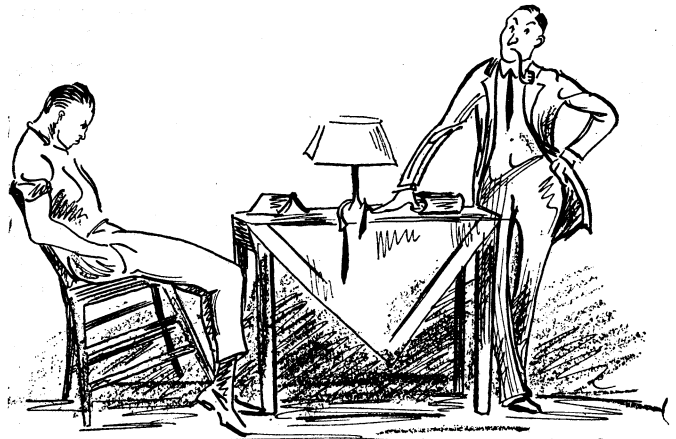
It is called "March Hares." It is at the Punch and Judy Theatre. It is a satire, a satire on the "temperamentals," so fast and snappy in its fun that you will have to keep fairly awake to get it all. The plot is as crazy as anyone could wish for and the humor is, to the best of my knowledge and belief, absolutely new.

It is barely possible, at that, that "March Hares" will be pulled off before this announcement is in print. Not because of its inability to draw, but because it met with a couple of accidents at the start. In the first place it opened at the Bijou Theatre, where the acoustics proved faulty. And then, for some reason or other, the tired business men have not yet been informed, as they should have been, that they must see and appreciate this comedy if their sense of humor is to get a decent rating. Without such an introduction, the bourgeoisie may be at a loss to know just how to accept this play. With the humor once certified, however, they will be free to laugh their heads off, and they probably will: It is my guess that if "March Hares" lasts till Christmas, it will run all winter.

A lot of folks will say that the humor of "March Hares" is clean, while the other sort is revolting. I make no such distinctions. I laugh, generally, at whatever makes me laugh, and I can't see that one giggle is more sanitary than another. I have been rather amused at the attitude of several friends who confessed that they were ashamed of themselves for laughing at the hay-loft farce and told me with enthusiasm of seeing "The Bat."

"The Bat" has nothing to do with sex: therefore it is "clean." Its thrills come only from murders and assaults and bank robberies and sanitary things like that. And ghosts. Ghosts are such decent folks that they are still allowed in the moving pictures by Governor Miller's Society for the Suppression of Other People's Sins. Honest, I can't see why it is any more decent to get all fussed up over a stage murder than over the more agreeable kinds of sin.

"Lightnin'" has gone, after four years' steady run, and with it went many editorial preachments to the effect that the public likes clean and moral drama best. But "Lightnin' Bill Jones," the greatest stage hero of our generation, was neither clean nor moral. He was a bum. He wouldn't work and he let his wife shoulder all the household responsibilities. He was, however, as chock full of goodwill as he was of booze: and that, providing everything turns out all right, is about all that anyone not a moralist demands of anybody. On the stage, of course, it does turn out all right. The playwright intervenes to save him from the consequences of his irresponsibility, just as most people off-stage wish that God would do with them. Thrift, steadiness, hard work—these are not virtues, and subconsciously we all recognize that they are not. At best they are necessary interferences with our dreams, and keep us from demonstrating our benevolent impulses toward the whole neighborhood! Our hero, then—the character we most want to be—will dispense with them all, but he will bubble over with sentimentality and harmless humor. He will love his wife instead of feeding her: and since she must be fed—oh, well, leave that to the playwright. Everything, however, must turn out all right, even to the editorial certificate that the play is moral.



Lundean.

"What's the matter, old boy?"

"The Math. Professor flunked me."

"Shall we sic the American Legion on him?"

Three Poems

Home-Coming

WHEN I stepped homeward to my hill
Dusk went before with quiet tread;
The bare laced branches of the trees
Were as a mist about its head.

Upon its leaf-brown breast the rocks
Like great gray sheep lay silent-wise,
Between the birch trees' gleaming arms,
The faint stars trembled in the skies.

The white brook met me half-way up
And laughed as one that knew me well,
To whose more clear than crystal voice
The frost had joined a crystal spell.

The skies lay like pale-watered deep,
Dusk ran before me to its strand
And cloudily leaned forth to touch
The moon's slow wonder with her hand.

Leonie Adams.

The Return

SHE has returned, she who went singing forth—
Holding aloft her sheaf of splendid dreams.
She has returned to her beloved hills;
And walks with silent lips beside their streams.

And stolidly the hills look down at her—
And in their same rough course the streamlets go.
That life was stronger than her dreams of life,
The hills, by all their ancient wisdom, know.

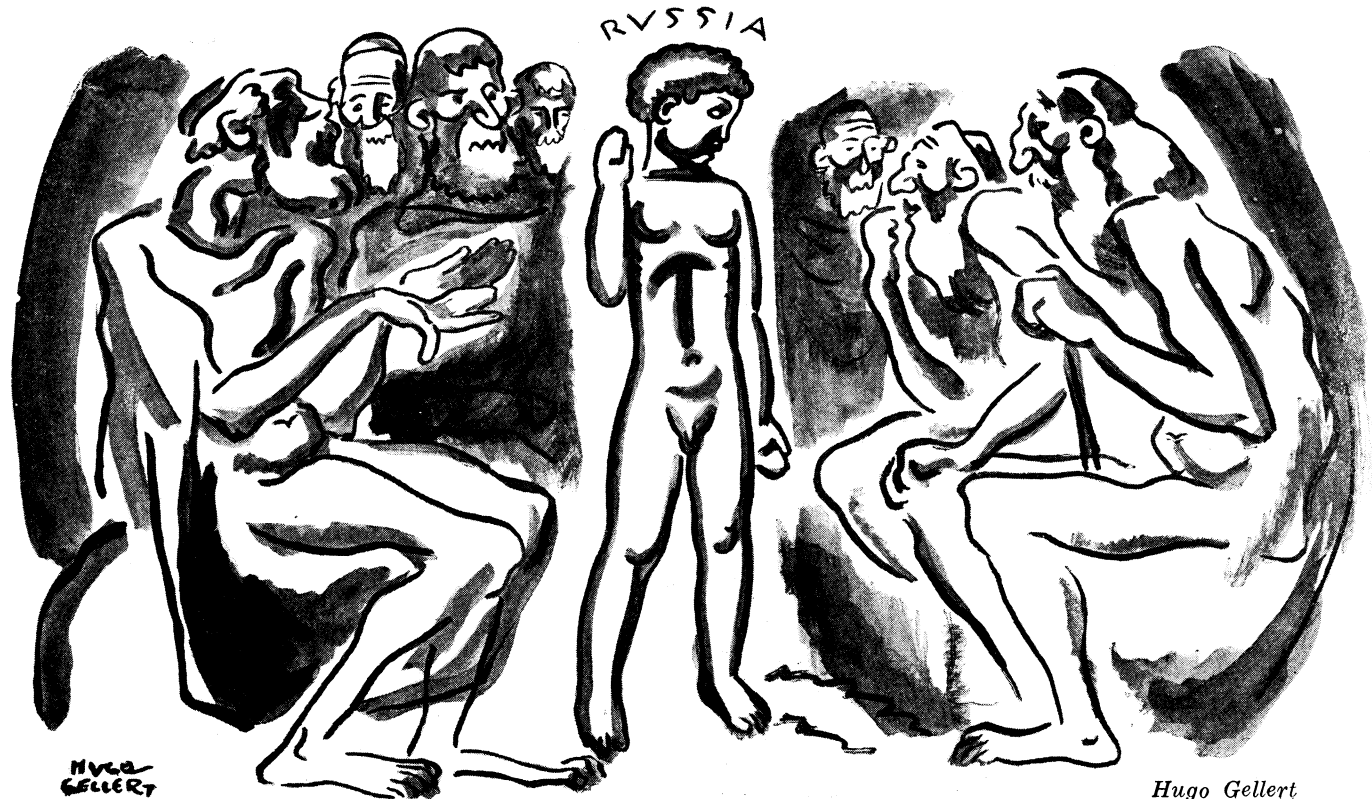
Gladys Bryant.

The Golden Children

WHAT golden children you have made me,
Autumn lover with amber eyes,
Children with round brown legs and tawny hair,
And clear young spirits that are very wise

In all the secrets of laughter and summer,
Wise in the streams' secrets and full of magic lore,
The golden beautiful children you have made me—
The amber-eyed children that I never bore.

Lydia Gibson



Among the Elders

In Defense of Clarté

By Henri Barbusse

MY Dear Max Eastman: I have just read the article which you devote to Clarté in the *Liberator*. I think that article is unjust and it describes our movement inexactly. I think that in the circumstances you have a little abused that rigidity of purpose and doctrine which in other respects makes you a man whom all our comrades justly admire and respect, in order to enclose Clarté in a line of argument more rigid than exact. You give to the word "intellectual" a meaning which decidedly transcends the meaning we give to it as measured by our action. If we say that our movement is an intellectual one, that means simply that we assign to ourselves the mission of testing the current ideas of our contemporaries, and the notions they have of historic facts both past and present, in order to rectify them and present them in a true light.

Long ago, my dear Max Eastman, we abandoned that distinction of a past age between the intellectuals and the manual proletarians. The understanding of things, the just and clear comprehension of principles and of their practical realization, is not the monopoly of those who by trade or instruction can be called intellectuals. The true distinction that exists among men upon this point is that which divides them into conscious and unconscious, intelligent and stupid, whatever be the kind of work by which they live, manual or intellectual.

Our Clarté movement seems necessary to us, because there is in the present world an enormous and fantastic disaccord between the will and opinion of the masses of men, and the rational truth about the interests of those masses. For reasons which we both know, all the ignorant and intoxicated multitudes oppose social change with a terrible inertia, and that inertia is for the time being stronger than the revolutionary force. We have here a monstrous anomaly which it is essential that we find forces and resources to remove. Our purpose, then, is to release in the face of public opinion the truth in all its multiform manifestations, and to correct immediately everywhere and on every occasion errors and lies. We think that this work of rational propaganda ought to be carried on outside, and so to say beyond, the political struggle of the parties, and this for the simple reason that the ceremonial of a party turns many people away without even a preliminary discussion of principles. The essence, in fact, of all sensible propaganda is not to begin at the end. If it be found that the human mind, by a sincere and free conception of things and theories, can arrive at an ideal corresponding with that which the International Communist Party expresses and defends, it is because there is but one truth and one morality, and honest people, if they are at the same time intelligent people, cannot finally differ in opinion. But that need not be the result of a previous entente with the parties.

I should like to point out to you, not in glorification of my personal attitude, but because it is true, that the evolution of Clarté has not given, as your article seems to imply, a spectacle of hesitation, of confusion, of going and coming. Clarté was constituted from the first with the greatest possible eclecticism. The necessity of carrying our theories and principles through to the end, has compelled us to narrow more and more and make precise the expression of our ideal. There have resulted some eliminations of our first collabor-

ators, but also, I must say, still more conversions among our less illustrious comrades. But all this should give to no one to whom Clarté appeals—to people of good faith and good sense, whoever they are—the image of a perfection which was completed and decided upon without deviation. You seem to distort the actual position of Clarté, picturing it as having suddenly become a sort of annex to the Communist Party, which in fact has no need of such support.

Clarté, I repeat, does not duplicate Communism any more than does the International Association of Veterans, which, because of its recruiting and its originally anti-militarist viewpoint, tends by the same logic as Clarté, to stand as a powerful enemy of the established order, in consequence clearly revolutionary, and in accord with the purpose of the Communist Party, without there being between the two an official fusion, which would add nothing either to the one or the other, but quite the contrary.

Believe me, faithfully yours,
Henri Barbusse.

The Moon

THE low moon holds her liquid silver bowl
Above a world whose rivers and whose lakes,
Whose pulsing seas
She dabbles in with wanton fingers,
Turning them into laughter.
Even the meadows and the hills
Brushed with her bloom
Across their breasts
Know in their haunted dreams
An influence more persuasive
Than a million stars.
She walks across celestial meadows
Turning the golden arrows of the sun
To this white beauty.
And yet, she also feels
The blackness of the pit—
Her sun averted face
Tonight half turns to earth
And me.
What silver glory does our garnered light
Pour through her frigid valleys
And across her barren plains!
With what clear splendor must we stride
Athwart her mistless sky!

Gertrude King.

In the Golden Age

A ROUND a green jade obelisk,
They raised upon an April eve,
The dryads whirl and sway and weave
A dance for Tempe's odalisk;
Blithe forms whose laughing limbs conceive
All grace, whose lips all Spring's naive
Desire.
With startled cries away they whisk,
For Pan-pipes querulously grieve,
Too near . . . To Pan the dryads leave
Soft trampled grass, green obelisk,
Desire.

Stirling Bowen.

BOOKS

Shallow Soil, by Knut Hamsun. A. A. Knopf.
Pan, by Knut Hamsun. A. A. Knopf.
Sworn Brothers, by Gunnar Gunnarsson. A. A. Knopf.
Jenny, by Sigrid Undset. A. A. Knopf.
Grim, the Story of a Pike, by Svend Fleuron. A. A. Knopf.
The Song of the Blood Red Flower, by Johannes Linnan-
 koski. Moffat, Yard & Co.

"LITERARY creation," says Maxim Gorki, "is the international of the spirit," and we in this land-of-too-much-printed-matter might have more opportunities to join in that International if our translators and publishers were animated by the noble ideals of the Russian "World Literature" group of which Gorki is the head. Lacking anything like the Russian group, we must, perforce, be satisfied with the dole that commercial publishers hand out to us from time to time. But that doesn't bother us greatly, for we are a race of spiritual plodders, and must guard our stodgy New England soul lest it be seduced by alien beauty. And if we are usually a generation or two behind the European procession, warming our hands at the pale campfires of the past; why, so much the better.

There is one golden exception. A number of publishers, Alfred A. Knopf at their head, have dedicated themselves to the task of keeping up with Scandinavia. They are still quite a few laps behind. Pontoppidan, Denmark's greatest novelist, is inaccessible in America, and Martin Andersen Nexø's work has been served to us in pretty bad hash. But there is an improvement. We have got Hamsun. And for him we are grateful.

The latest Hamsun books to issue from the publishing house of Alfred A. Knopf differ in mood from "Growth of the Soil" and "Hunger," and are proving rather trouble-

some to American reviewers. Just when they had their man so neatly pigeonholed too! We like our writers to have specialties, and to stick to them. It lightens the critic's hard lot. My friend Michael Gold, I believe, still thinks Hamsun the grand old man of proletarian fiction. Others are beginning to hurl at him the awful word "romantic," and to call him a belated northern Chateaubriand. That is really too bad in a day when psychoanalysis and Prof. Babbitt are saying such mean things about romanticism. But there is consolation in the fact that the word "romantic" as used by the average American reviewer is about as significant as "radical" in the mouth of Archibald Stevenson.

The work upon which some of our bright young men have fastened the word "romantic" is "Pan." Hamsun wrote it in 1894, as a lyric to the wild splendor of the Lofotens, the island home of his youth. These islands are situated north of the Arctic Circle, and form part of the *amt*, or county, of Nordland, Norway. They are of granite formation, rising precipitously from the sea. Bjornson called them "a drama in granite." The jagged peaks of the Lofotens, fantastic, almost grotesque, make one of the most striking views on the Norwegian coast. The channels between the islands are narrow and winding, and remarkable for the strength of their tidal currents. The most powerful of these currents is the famous Moskenstrom, or Maelstrom, with which Poe took imaginative liberties in his "Descent into the Maelstrom." Tempests of epic violence sweep over the Lofotens and through these tortuous channels, and loss of life at sea is a thing of everyday occurrence. The midnight sun makes summer in the islands one continual glory. Winter is a time of solitude and gloom. In the summer fishing season, thousands of fishermen from all parts of Norway flock to the islands, turning each little fishing village into a smelly hyperborean metropolis. When the fishing fleets depart the islanders are left alone to await the brooding solitude of the Arctic winter night. The spiritual landscape of the Hamsun of "Pan" is much like the landscape of the Lofotens, wild, fantastic, full of deep channels and violent tidal currents, but strong to endure the tempests of a thousand years, where brooding calm succeeds the furious tempest, and the Arctic night yields to the glory of the northern summer which is one long midsummer day.

A popular Norwegian edition of Hamsun's works has a picture of him on the cover, growing out of the soil, "as much a part of it as are the mountains and the trees, dominating the landscape with his rugged features and his far-seeing, contemplative gaze." He loves the crude, naked earth as a place to be made fruitful by man. He rhapsodizes about nature in "Pan," but it is never nature as escape from life, but nature as nourisher, lover, and friend of man. That is why I think the critics fall into profound error when they call Hamsun a romantic. The fact is that he will not stand still long enough for these ready labellers to put one of their neat little stickers on him. He is baffling. William Archer, who cannot walk through any new work without a cane or two, finds it impossible to read Hamsun without comparing him to Emile Zola and J. M. Barrie, alternately. Leonard Cline, the Spanish shark of the *Detroit News*, informs me that Angel Guerra, writing in *El Sol*, of Madrid, spills a great deal of ink about Hamsun's "crude realism," "quintessential idealism," "bitter pessimism," and his "optimistic faith in the inherent goodness of the human stock." But let that pass. Criticism has fallen upon very bad ways



Intellectuals

when it cannot look at creative work except it be fitted to one of its narrow little stalls.

"Shallow Soil" is a study for that splendid proletarian epic, "Growth of the Soil." It is the reaction of Hamsun, American working stiff of the 'Eighties, to the Greenwich Village of Norway. The soiled wax blooms of that shoddy Northern bohemia do not fascinate the man who has followed the reapers on the burning harvest fields of Dakota. He knows that only good, honest earth can bear the flowers of the human spirit, and he rejects the soil of literary and political Christiania as shallow and sandy. Christiania is a long way from Sheridan Square, but surely, we have met these poets, and novelists, and painters of "Shallow Soil"—Paulsberg, the novelist who knows everything; Ojen, always prepared to inject a poem of his own into any conversation; Irgens, who knows exactly how to guide Pegasus to the doors of convenient boudoirs. The translation of Carl Christian Hyllested is particularly good.

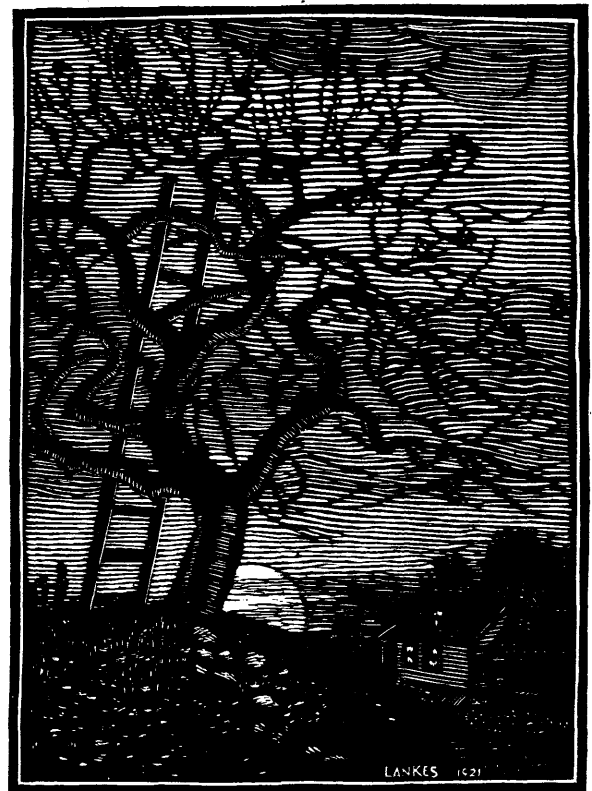
After Hamsun we go downhill a distance before we come to the work of Gunnar Gunnarsson, Sigrid Undset, Johannes Linnankoski, and Svend Fleuron. The most interesting of the group is Gunnarsson, not so much for his work, perhaps, as for the position he occupies in Scandinavian letters. He is a sort of Danish Joseph Conrad, an outsider who has walked in and seated himself at the banquet table of Denmark's Parnassus. Gunnarsson is an Icelander, and first wrote in Icelandic, then made himself master of Danish to capture the larger Danish reading public. And he did it in the space of a few years. That may or may not mean anything to the readers of the *Liberator*. But if they will stop to think that Icelandic is as different from Danish as Latin is from French, they may come to appreciate the nature of Gunnarsson's feat. Icelandic is the ancient languages of Scandinavia. Very few Danes have ever learned to speak it correctly, and Icelanders, also, have a great deal of trouble in mastering the guttural Danish.

Gunnarsson was born in Iceland in 1889. His first published work, three volumes of poems and stories in Icelandic, appeared in 1906. In 1907 he went to Denmark, attended the Askov High School until 1909, and in 1912 began publishing the series "Borgslægtens Historie" which won him a prominent place in contemporary Danish letters. "Borgslægtens Historie" was published in English last year under the title of "Guest of the One-Eyed." Gunnarsson is prolific. Up to 1919 he had published sixteen volumes, among them "Edbrodre," which is now made available for American readers, in the Knopf format, as "Sworn Brothers." It is a tale of the colonizing of Iceland, and of the Viking rebellion against King Harald Harfagri, feudal lord of Norway. Gunnarsson has inherited the tradition of the Icelandic sages, but he is not quite able to catch the hard glitter of Snorri Sturluson's battle stories in the "Heimskringla." But his tale is good reading, and gives a fairly accurate picture of Iceland's Viking days. Gunnarsson is one of the coming men of Denmark. His work shows steady improvement, and they are saying over there that his latest novel, "Blessed Are the Meek," is his best, and one of the most popular novels in all Scandinavia this year.

Someone was complaining the other day that women novelists do not tell us what we most want to know, the how and why of their falling in love. When I picked up Sigrid Undset's "Jenny" I thought for a moment that this frank young Norwegian would tell us something about it. But

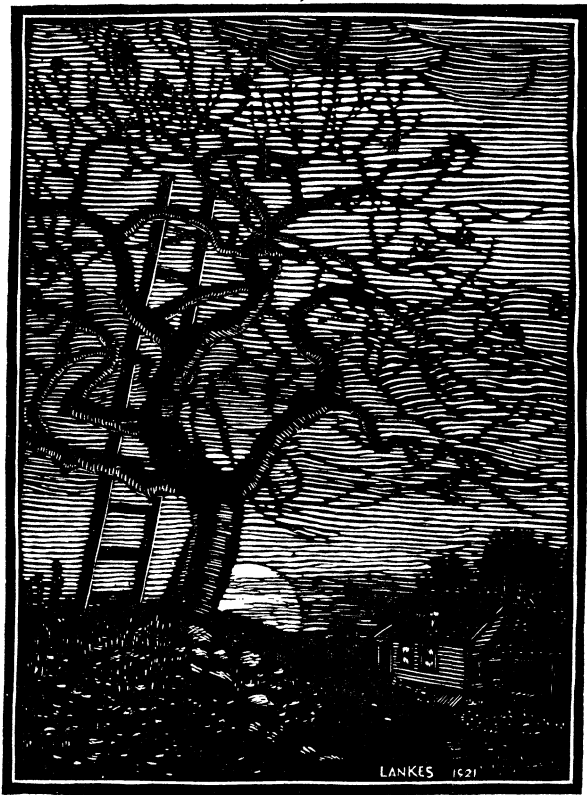
she doesn't. Or if she does, Heaven help us! Her women are like still white statues in the cold half-light of the museum, warmed for a while by the noon-day sun, but growing cold again with the early afternoon. The noon-day sun cracks the statue which is "Jenny." There is material for a love story in the book. The story, in essence is that of Turgenev's "First Love," of the girl who becomes the mistress of her first lover's father and then kills herself when her first love comes back to her. The novel has a cosmopolitan air, and is full of odds and ends of various "modern ideas," but it is developed with the clay-coldness and the pedantry of a Ph.D.'s thesis. I am afraid Sigrid Undset has spent too much time in her father's archaeological museum (she is the daughter of Ingvald Undset, the well-known Norwegian archaeologist). It is said that she is popular in Norway. Perhaps. The Norwegians may have become inured to her special brand of frigidity.

In Johannes Linnankoski's "The Song of the Blood Red Flower" we hear the voice of Finland's youthful literature. Though Finland's folk-poetry is among the oldest and the richest of Northern Europe, her literature is younger even than our own. Seven hundred years of Swedish, and more than a hundred years of Russian bureaucracy, were not conducive to the development of native Finnish letters. Finland still has a long way to go. She is now in the hands of the "Whites" and bourgeois respectability is in the ascendant. It is bourgeois respectability that hangs like a blight over the work of Johannes Linnankoski. It is a pity. For the man's heart was in the right place. He loved the sturdy,



J. J. Lankes

October Evening



J. J. Lankes

October Evening

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And now, when the body of humanity lies without twitch or tremor, the imagination, the intelligence is groping desperately for LIGHT. The thinking men and women of all lands are reaching forth to their fellows, whether black, brown or yellow, Turk, Greek or Briton, to tie them with the bond of brotherhood.

Yet, even where the stables of economic falsehood and theologic humbuggery have been washed clean away, there is yet left behind the massive Chinese Wall of all times up to the present—THE INTERNATIONAL BARRIER OF LANGUAGE!

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WHAT IS ONE TO DO? Attempt to master the tongue and its utterance of each of these tribes of Men?

WHERE BEGIN, AND WHERE END? IS THERE, AFTER ALL, NO MEETING-GROUND FOR THE ANXIETY-BITTEN SOULS OF ALL CLIMES? Are they all to die for lack of the one quickening, the one LIBERATING WORD OF HOPE?

"And the WORD shall go forth among the Sons of Man, and all shall listen and hear. Verily shall they all rejoice, and be glad of heart, for the WORD will have been spoken unto all eternity!"

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honest toilers of Suomi, with their gentle melancholy, and their hearty rustic merriment. And he was a poet, who knew how to hymn the ardors of love, licit or illicit. The early chapters of "The Song of the Blood Red Flower" are a hymn to illicit love. But in a bourgeois world that sort of love must be atoned for. One must marry a "respectable" girl in the end, and offset the wild oats harvest by public spirited deeds, such as contributing to the local post of the American Legion. Olof, the rustic Don Juan of the "Song of the Blood Red Flower," follows the prescribed ritual and his reward is everything that is dear to the bourgeois heart.

Svend Fleuron, the least ambitious of these minor Scandinavian writers, is by no means the least interesting. His story of "Grim," the insatiable, monster pike, is a very readable naturalist's tale, fictionized. It is not in the great tradition of Henri Fabre, of course, but it has overtones, and one cannot help identifying Grim's life rule, "To devour others and to avoid being devoured oneself, that is life's end and aim" with that of our human society. It is not Grim's world alone that is a "little world of malice, cannibal cruelty, and good, healthy egoism."

—HOLGAR CAHILL.

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