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Col. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

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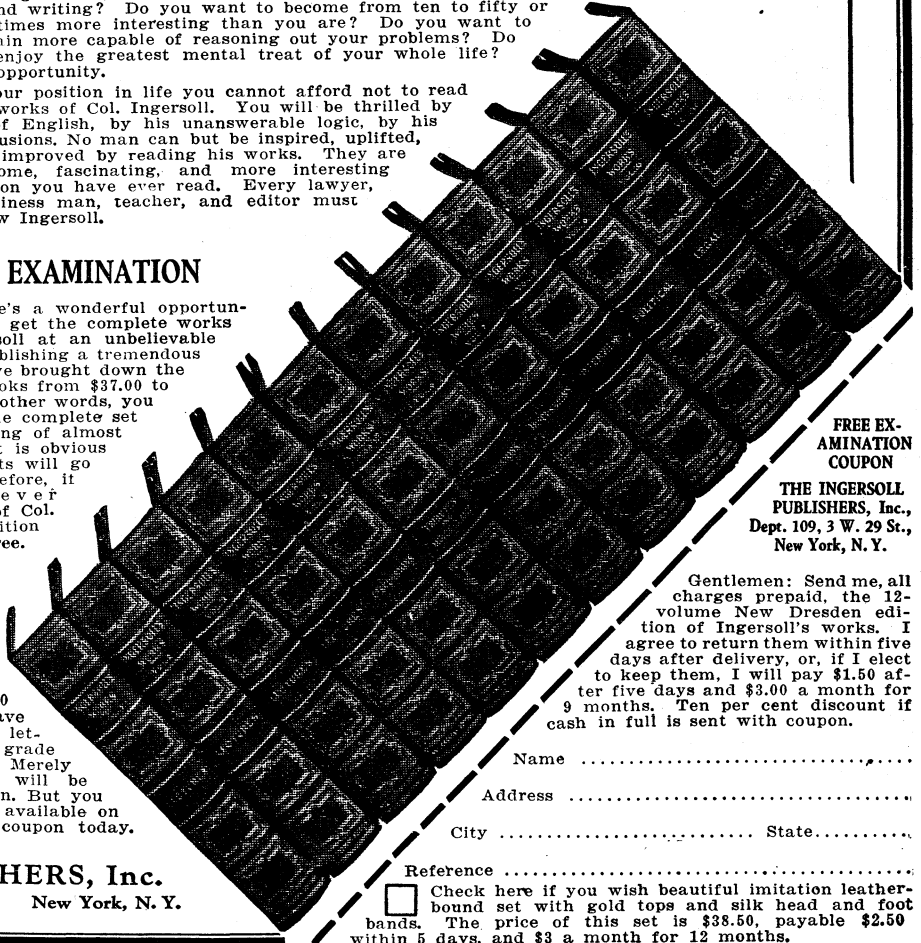
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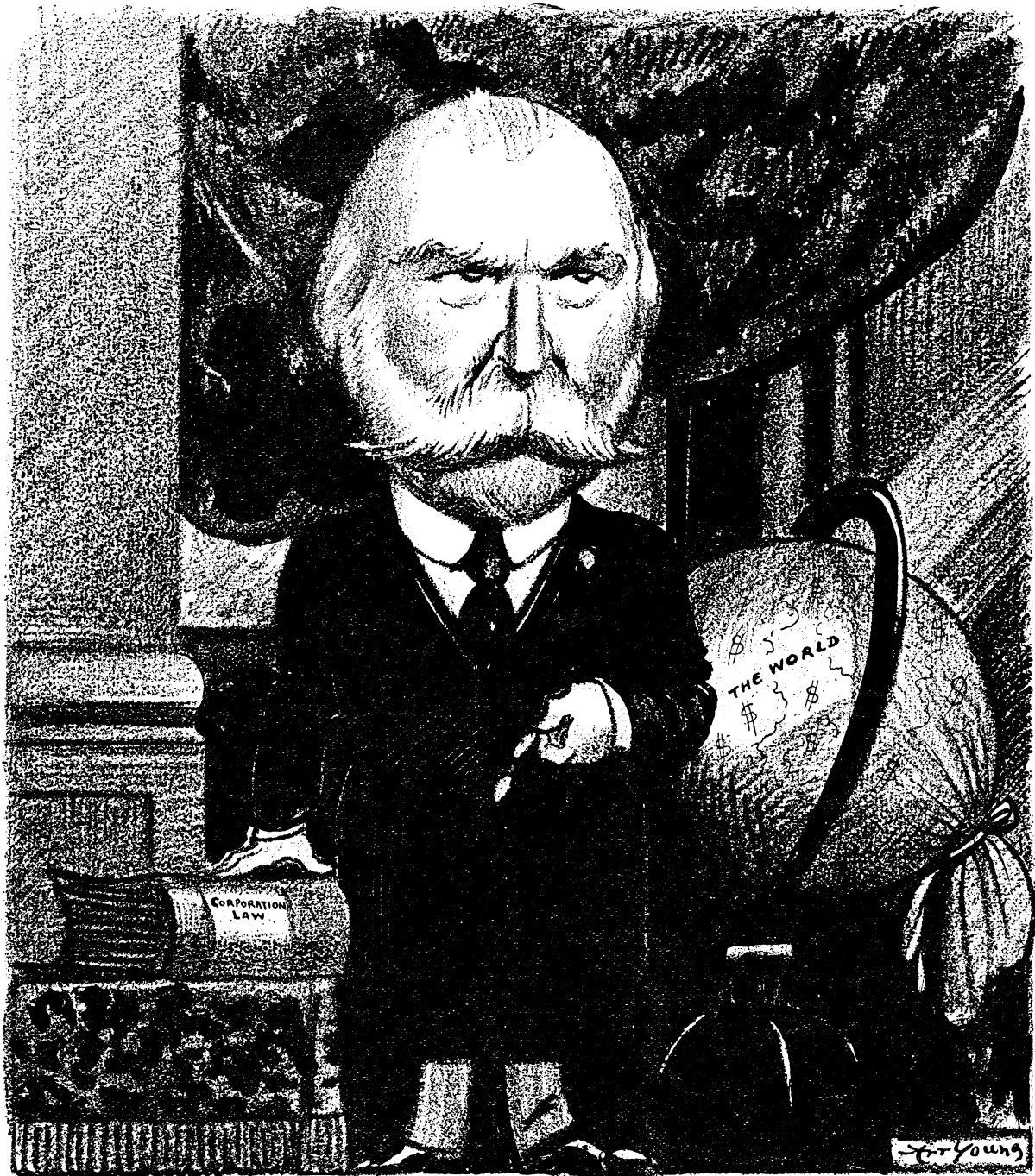
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Products of Civilization, or the Survival of the Fittest (No. 3) Charles Evans Hughes

THE Premier of these United States was born in Glens Falls, New York, in 1862. He became a lawyer. Appointed to investigate insurance companies in 1905, he got a lot of fame by the adroit way he handled books and figures and wrung confessions from high insurance officials. But just as adroitly he stopped investigating when exposure was beginning to expose too much. It was the publicity at this time that caused the young lawyer to be groomed by Republican politicians to run for the Governorship of New York against William Randolph Hearst. Mr. Hearst called Mr. Hughes "an animated feather duster," a pseudo-comic slam at his beautiful whiskers which Mr. Hughes then parted symmetrically, east and west. He was elected as a "man of the people." Gradually he began to soft-pedal the "people" stuff. After two terms as Governor Mr. Hughes was a corporation attorney for a few years, and then was nominated for President. "When the smoke of battle cleared away" Mr. Hughes was appointed by Mr. Wilson to the Supreme Court. He was appointed by the late President Harding to the Secretaryship of State.

Art Young

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EDITORIALS

Coolidge

THE claim put forth by certain liberals that President Coolidge is not Wall Street's God-sent strikebreaker, is a foolish one. It is based on the ground that Coolidge acted in the Boston police strike, not as a bold, Pershing-jawed bruiser, but as a very hesitant weakling. False basis. A weakling makes the best kind of strikebreaker. Any coward can sit behind a mahogany desk and send a telegram to a military officer, as Coolidge did during the Boston strike:

"I wish that you would hold yourself in readiness to render assistance from the forces under your command."

That is all that is required. Gary will furnish the decisiveness and the nerve. Coolidge's strikebreaking job is not one of initiative, but of obedience. Weak men are the strongest obeyers.

When Calvin Coolidge was Governor of Massachusetts, it is said, he charged to that State his expenses for moving picture shows, photographs, lunches at his club, and handkerchiefs. This shows truly the business man's instinct, on a picayunish scale. A little more boldness in the man and he would have directed these acquisitive instincts into the channels of big business. He would not have been a job-begging politician, but a captain of industry, a giver of jobs and a commander of politicians. With Cal as he is, he is better fitted to obey big business men.

"There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, at any time."

This is the philosophy that Capitalism loves Coolidge for. All rich people agree that a railroad or coal strike is a "strike against public safety." As one railroad president remarked: "If I had a dispute with my men and Coolidge was the arbitrator, I would be glad to have the men be represented by any lawyer that they chose; and I would be willing to leave my side of the case in his hands without making any plea at all."

The kind of service the new President will give in public institutions is indicated by his choice of a secretary in Mr. C. B. Slemp—sometimes known as Mr. B. T. L. (Burn This Letter) Slemp, recently introduced to the public through his profession of selling United States postoffice appointments at \$50 a shot.

But that is of little consequence. The big point is that we have come to the stage where a man who symbolizes strikebreaking and nothing else takes the office of President. It is time for this to happen. It forces the office into its true light. But we are in for a storm. Coolidge will try at every opportunity to keep up his name as a strikebreaker. Roosevelt was obliged to maintain a strenuous grin per-

petually after the newspapers gave him a reputation as a champion grinner. After the newspapers fixed Taft's reputation as the fattest of men, it is said that Taft grew fatter and fatter. Coolidge will live up to his reputation, earned or unearned, as the classic strikebreaker.

If Coolidge is a flabby cotton glove, the iron fist of Gary will fill him out.

And Coolidge will be a candidate in 1924 on the record which he'll try to make meantime at strikebreaking. All capitalist presidential candidates from now on will be candidates for the office of National Strikebreaker for the great strikes that loom ahead.

The Ku Klux Candidate

AFTER his celebrated interview given to *Collier's Weekly*, it is possible without hesitation to say that Henry Ford is the Ku Klux Klan candidate for the presidency of the United States. It had previously been evident that Ford's support was drawn from precisely the social type that makes up the Klan.

Ford's expressions run a peculiar parallel to the Ku Klux Klan philosophy:

"When the Jews take hold of anything, it goes down... The Jews are ordained by God to clean up things that are ready to disappear... These Jew financiers are not building anything. They wait until things begin to decay; then they get into them..."

"You probably think the labor unions were organized by labor, but they weren't. They were organized by these Jew financiers. The labor union is a great scheme to interrupt work. It speeds up the loafing. It's a great thing for the Jew to have on hand when he comes around to get his clutches on an industry.... I want to tell you that we are not going to have any foolishness to take place of work on our railroad. I have told the labor unions and the brotherhoods that the only thing we will deal with is labor; and the only organization we will recognize is the organization of work..."

This is the most popular candidate for the presidency of the United States.

Then compare some of Mr. Ford's philosophy to that of Mussolini. Ford says:

"There might be a war, or some crisis of that sort, in which legalism and constitutionalism and all that wouldn't figure, and the nation wanted some person who could do things and do them quick." Knowing Ford from his other expressions, is there any doubt that "some crisis of that sort" means a big mass strike "in which legalism and constitutionalism and all that wouldn't figure"?

Hiram, the Poor Man's Friend

BUT in view of the discontent that is raging among the farmers and workers, it might be necessary for Wall Street to present among the candidates it offers the public in the coming election, at least one strikebreaker with a "radical" reputation. If so, there is Hiram Johnson. Hiram has been preparing feverishly. Hiram has the unique experience of twice having been offered the vice-presidential nomination under a presidential candidate who later died before the term in question was up. In 1920 Senator Penrose, on behalf of the Standard Oil Co., expressed the intention of making "my little man Knox" the Republican candidate; and at the same time he offered the vice-presidency to Johnson. Because a member of his family vigorously objected to his playing second fiddle, Johnson refused; and the Knox-Johnson combination fell through. Later in the convention the Old Guard offered Johnson the vice-presidential nomination to run with Harding; and again Johnson refused. Before the four year term had passed, both Knox and Harding were dead. Under either one, Johnson, as Vice-President, would have become President.

It is hard luck to have guessed against fate twice. But Johnson was determined to be president or nothing. He was afraid his reputation as a radical and laborite might be taken seriously, so Charles Stetson Wheeler, a fellow-Californian, addressed the convention in behalf of Johnson:

"Ten years ago big business men in California and our conservative millionaires were fearful of him; they feared that his ideas were too radical and they fought him bitterly; but when the power was in his hands he used it so sanely and the reforms for which he stood and which he put through were so humane and so just that today he has no supporters in the land more outspoken and enthusiastic in his praise than the bankers and the big businessmen of his home state. Big business, if it is honest, will have nothing to fear from him though it measures its capital in millions and tens of millions.

"You doubtless do not know it, but in the California delegation are men who represent practically every big business interest on the Pacific coast. Among them are men who dominate great electric light and power interests and the presidents of three of San Francisco's largest banks—banks whose deposits aggregate more than \$240,000,000."

Johnson is trying to retrieve his fortune. The call of the West for "radicalism" stirs his old memories of 1912, when Roosevelt rough-rode through the West with Hiram in his train. Johnson thinks these times have returned and that Wall Street can use a "radical" candidate for 1924. It must be a man with a radical public reputation and a conservative private reputation. He thinks he has both. He started his boom by going to Europe to get a running jump, and then landed back in New York with "opinions about Europe" calculated to get publicity. His remarks at his welcome-home banquet could have been read in any one of twenty Hearst editorials a month before he went away.

If he gets the Republican nomination, Johnson will be passed off as a "friend of Labor and of the hard-working farmers." His candidacy will doubtless be given as a reason why a farmer-labor party is not necessary. So let's look into his "radical" record.

Apparently Johnson has never found any service too crude to perform for those who can pay. And things come crude in California. It came to attempted murder, and Hiram didn't draw back. The whole crude system of direct-action, rough-neck Big Business of California that is Hiram's background, which rules with slung-shot and the dynamite frame-up and which has only recently abolished jury trials in labor cases, decided in 1916 that one Thomas Mooney had to be hanged. Witnesses were hired to swear away the life of the organizer of the street railway strike. Hiram Johnson was an accessory after the fact to the frame-up and attempted hanging of Mooney. He permitted Mooney to be put into the death cell and the gallows to be prepared; it was his expressed intention to let Mooney die. An underling-successor of Johnson's was at the time Governor of the State, who took orders from Johnson and would have saved Mooney at his word. Johnson's intention to let Mooney hang, though Johnson knew him to be innocent, was only altered because the revolutionary sailors of Petrograd notified President Wilson, who in turn notified the Governor of California, that whatever might be done to Mooney would be done to the American Ambassador in Petrograd.

Johnson would be the best possible candidate.

Go West, Young Revolution!

WHETHER the August upheavals in Germany subside into many months of quiet, or whether they lead directly into real civil war,—one thing is certain: the German revolution is the next big historical event.

The German revolution will shake the world again as the Russian revolution did. It will force a revaluation of all things in all countries. It will especially profoundly affect the labor movement, political and industrial, everywhere.

The Communist-led general strike in the middle of August was successful. It overthrew Cuno; but it did more than that. It made of Germany a giant stage, upon which the Social-Democratic leaders were forced to parade at last without their masks and to perform their allotted parts before the eyes of the masses. The flocking of their own members by tens of thousands to the Communist Party frightened the Socialist leaders into withdrawing from "passive" support of Cuno—only to flop into active support of the militarist monarchist Stresemann whom they give four flunkies of the Socialist Party as his assistants.

The outstanding feature of the present situation in Germany is that nothing can now save the German Nation as a nation except a proletarian dictatorship. To the astonishment and dismay of the capitalist and Social-Democratic parties, the Communists proclaimed to the whole German people, middle class as well as workers, that a working class government is the only means of preserving the life of the German nation and that the Communists declare war against the Treaty of Versailles.

The Social-Democrats, who are now in coalition government with Stinnes and who have never failed to cringe before Poincaré, who supported the Kaiser's nationalist war and who have never failed to cultivate the meanest bourgeois-nationalism in the working class, now denounce the Communists as "nationalist-bolsheviks." To this, Radek of the Communist International replies:

"And is it not our duty to carry on a struggle against the enslavement of Germany through the Versailles treaty? The Vorwaerts cannot deny that it is. But as to how we are to duct this struggle the Vorwaerts vouchsafes no reply, because it does not know of any. Anyone who attempted to-day to persuade the masses that Wilson or England will do away with the Versailles treaty would be laughed at, and the Vorwaerts knows of no other way. And the German bourgeoisie which speaks of a policy of fulfillment knows of no other way either. Neither can we Communists ignore facts, any more than anyone else. And we do not promise the masses that if a workers' government is established in Germany today, it will be in a position to remove the burden of Versailles from Germany in a twinkling. But one thing we do know, and that is that we should try and remove this burden from the shoulders of the poor and the toiling, and to place it on the shoulders of those capable of bearing it. And another thing we know, that we should and could fight against the Versailles peace, as the Russian people has fought and is still fighting, against all attempts to enslave it. Not only would the mere existence of the workers' government set free latent powers in other countries, which would aid in combating the Versailles treaty, but the workers' government would courageously prepare to carry on an armed conflict against the Versailles Treaty! We declare this openly to the broad masses of the petty bourgeoisie and thereby show them the lines along which they have to fight. Social democracy has merely shown them how to endure every form of oppression and slavery which it cannot conceal under pacifist phrases. Pacifist phrases in the mouth of representatives of an oppressed and dismembered people are cowardice or lies, and must arouse every healthy instinct in the people against them. If we cannot succeed in awakening confidence among the petty bourgeois masses in the capability of the working class to shake off the national fetters, then these masses will become an instrument in the hands of the jackals of the battle field, who misuse the justifiable national feelings of the people for establishing the rule of reaction in Germany, and thus leading Germany still further into the abyss."

At Last! A Workers' Daily Paper

IN the months or years immediately ahead, the world will go through a period like that of the World War and Russian Revolution, in which masses learn with a speed and clarity that make five years equal a century in intellectual evolution.

But world-events can teach the masses only if the masses hear of those events.

In the event of a German revolution, a new Soviet Republic planted in the middle of Western Europe, in the event of another World War in which a communist revolution will be an inevitable part,—what means will the masses in this country have of learning the truth of these events? We well know how the capitalist press would interpret them. What of the Labor press?

In America there exists one big-city daily newspaper in the English language claiming to speak for the working class—the *New York Call*. Even since that newspaper repudiated revolutionary principles, the advanced elements in the labor movement have had to depend to a large extent upon the *Call* for certain kinds of news, simply because there was

nothing else. Now what can the *Call* be expected to do in the way of conveying and interpreting the news, for instance, of a proletarian revolution in Germany?

Despite recent changes of ownership in which it is supposed to have ceased to be a Socialist paper and certain needle trade unions became part owners, the *Call* remains in control of a board of which the Socialist Party lawyers and other leaders, headed by Morris Hillquit, have a clear majority. The *Call* can be expected to pursue in future the same policy that it has pursued in the past, with the modification that there will be a further rapprochement with Gompers. The rapprochement with Gompers is made necessary by the fact that under the new arrangement Hillquit's majority of eight on the board of fifteen exists only by the inclusion of Socialists who are at the same time officials of the Gompers machine.

What orientation will the Hillquit group take toward a Communist revolution in Germany, directed against a Government headed by President Ebert, the Socialist, with a cabinet which is composed of Hillquit's comrades Hilferding, Sollmann, Schmidt and Radbruch in coalition with the Stinnes group of great employers? The present must not be confounded with 1917, at which time the *Call* and the Hillquit socialists gave a confused, safe-distance support to the Russian Revolution. Since that time the Hillquit-ites have been to Hamburg and have agreed to join the same International with Scheidemann, Noske, Ebert, Hilferding, Sollman, Schmidt and Radbruch.

The *Call* under Hillquit's control can be depended upon to vilify and misinterpret a Central European revolution, led as it inevitably will be by Communists. A big capitalist daily such as the *New York Times* will be less untruthful, if the Hillquit crowd continues to have its way with the *Call*.

Yet the coming extension of the revolution through Germany will be the torch-light in which the whole world, bourgeois and proletarian, will form its new opinions. It becomes the greatest of necessities that the daily events of this period be conveyed truthfully from the point of view of the revolution itself—yes, from the *communist* point of view.

Getting closer to home, in the sense of dealing only with the internal American labor movement, a great daily newspaper taking the working class point of view *consistently* in all things has become the biggest necessity. The necessity of a Communist daily extends far beyond the borders of the Communist party. For instance, when the building of the mass-federation of the workers and farmers for independent political action is imperative, there is not one daily newspaper in the English language that is not fighting against it. Further, at a time when every great mass strike as soon as it becomes embarrassing to the established order is deliberately scuttled by labor leaders on grounds of principle, and when every existing "working class" daily newspaper in the English language is tied up with these leaders' interests,—a daily newspaper that is not tied with these leaders' interests becomes necessary to the mere preservation of the industrial labor movement.

Such a daily newspaper is about to be founded by the Workers Party. The weekly *Worker* will be enlarged and, by collections among the workers and by stock sales, it will be transformed into a great daily. The first issue is expected on November 7th, anniversary of the Russian Revolution—and a great day it will be to celebrate.

The Agricultural Pawn Ticket

THE farmers of the United States owe to the capitalists of the United States seventy-eight hundred millions of dollars on mortgages. In the past thirteen years of intermittent "prosperity" Wall Street has increased its hold on the land of the farmers by \$6,130,849,000, or about 450 per cent. In 1910 the mortgage-holders' claim on American farms was \$1,726,851,000. Now it is \$7,857,700,000. This is in mortgages alone. It does not include many millions of chattel mortgages (on cattle, wagons, agricultural machinery, etc.), nor debts to merchants for supplies or to bankers on promissory notes, all of which would amount to many millions more.

In other words, the farm land of the United States has passed into the "hock-shop" of the great bankers; and the ownership will pass over to the capitalists unless the American farmers can manage to make good \$7,800,000,000 of mortgages, in addition to making a living and meeting about the same amount of other debts.

Altogether, the total farm debt is hard to estimate; but it is about \$15,000,000,000.

Is there any hope of getting the payment of this debt out of the land? Can even the interest be paid?—it averages \$140 per year for every farm in this country. The Department of Agriculture says that the average cost of production of wheat in the United States is \$1.60 per bushel... This wheat sells among speculators for less than \$1.00, and out of this the speculators pay the farmer less than 70 cents.

But out of the dollar that the city man pays for all farm products the farmer really gets only 20 cents. Of the rest of it, 14 cents goes to the wholesalers, retailers and manufacturers as profit and 17 cents to the same people as cost of service, while 49 cents goes to the agencies of distribution, such as railroads, etc.

How much progress is that toward getting out of debt?

In the early days after the Civil War, it was still possible for the squeezed-out farmer to leave his old land to the loan shark, pack up his copper kettle and move West to virgin land. Long ago the virgin land gave out. Just as it gave out, along came a respite in the form of newly invented farming machinery which greatly increased productivity. In the last thirteen years the wheat speculator and mortgage shark contrived to catch up. The farm-mortgage banker chased the farmer across the continent, hemmed him in again and plastered mortgages upon the farm, the growing crops, and the machinery itself.

Then the farmer began to spend his "mortgage credit." Deeper and deeper in, he got. To obtain his wheat for the Army, Wilson arranged to permit him to live during the War. Then came the end.

Your Farm is Your Castle

THE Federated Farmer-Labor Party has a program to meet the situation. Laying down the principle that "The Land Shall Belong to the Users of the Land," it demands a five year moratorium for all working farmers.

There is danger in this proposal—for somebody. A dirt farmer was heard to exclaim with astonished delight upon hearing of the Federated party's proposal: "By Gosh! If we



Adolph Dehn

In a Vienna Street

ever get a five-year moratorium on those mortgages, there's not a law or an army on earth that could make us pay them!"

The choice must be made between something that is dangerous for the mortgage-sharks and something that is dangerous for the farmers. "Farmers' friends" are trying to find a way to make it possible for the farmer to pay the mortgage-Shylock. (Is this help for the farmer, or is it help for the mortgage-Shylock?)

These gentle fellows want to make an omelette for the farmers without breaking the bankers' eggs. They will call the proposal of a five year moratorium subversive of the social order, dangerous, crazy, unworkable.

But the debt cannot be paid with crops. It can only be paid by giving over the land to the bankers.

The only other way out is to stop collection on the mortgages and notes. Giving the land over to the bankers is the only "respectable, honest, bourgeois" thing to do; for the farmer passively to give over his land to these lawful swindlers and to go with his family to a city slum. Of course, from the "respectable" point of view, it is perfectly sane, sober and workable if perhaps regrettable, for the farmers to lose their land and be turned into a homeless, hungry multitude of desperate job-hunters.

But what will the masses of farmers do, when it comes to support or rejection of the only party that does not say "give the land to the loan-sharks"?



Ordyf V. 23.

Adolph Dehn

In a Vienna Street

Facing the Third American Revolution

By John Pepper

The Skyscraper is Swaying

THE United States today is the strongest and healthiest part of world capitalism.

The world war has shown that European capitalism has built its wonderful palaces upon sand. But American capitalism could say proudly: My structure is built on rocks, even as the skyscrapers of Manhattan.

Yet even American capitalism must begin to see and feel now that its skyscraper too is beginning to rock. Of course, the first cry of American capitalism was that this swaying is but "normalcy," that it is merely the normal oscillation of the skyscraping marvel. But American capitalism is now emitting a fearful cry, like a wounded Behemoth. It is forced to realize that it is not the top of the skyscraper of capitalism which is swaying, but the rocks at its very foundations.

It is remarkable how at times, comparatively *small happenings* drive great *fundamental changes* of society into the consciousness of the people. The press, the parties and the scholars of American capitalism have not noticed for years anything of the most deep-going changes in American society. They have overlooked the over-development of capitalism, the levelling of the working class, the bankruptcy of the farmers, the acquirement of a centralized government, the disintegration of the old parties. But a small symptom—the election in Minnesota, the great victory of the Farmer-Labor Party over the old capitalist parties, has all at once awakened American public opinion, has daubed the faces of the capitalists pale with the white paint of fright.

Woodrow Wilson the living ideological consciousness of the American bourgeoisie has been the first to utter the cry of panic:

"There must be some real ground for the *universal unrest* and perturbation. It is not to be found in superficial politics or in mere economic blunders. It probably lies deep at the sources of the spiritual life of our time. *It leads to revolution*: and perhaps if we take the case of the Russian Revolution, the outstanding event of its kind in our age, we may find a good deal of instruction for our judgment of present critical situations and circumstances.

"*What gave rise to the Russian Revolution?* The answer can only be that *it was the product of a whole social system*. It was not in fact a sudden thing. It had been gathering head for several generations. It was due to the systematic denial to the great body of Russians of the rights and privileges which all normal men desire and must have if they are to be contented and within reach of happiness. The lives of the great mass of the Russian people contained no opportunities, but were hemmed in by barriers against which they were constantly flinging their spirits, only to fall back bruised and dispirited. Only the powerful were suffered to secure their rights or even to gain access to the means of material success.

"It is to be noted as a leading fact of our time that it was against 'capitalism' that the Russian leaders directed their attack. It was *capitalism* that made them see red;

and it is against capitalism under one name or another that the discontented classes everywhere draw their indictment...

"The world has been made safe for democracy. There need be no fear that any such mad design as that entertained by the insolent and ignorant Hohenzollerns and their counsellors may prevail against it. *But democracy has not yet made the world safe against irrational revolution*. That supreme task, which is nothing less than the salvation of civilization, now faces democracy, insistent, imperative. There is no escaping it, *unless everything we have built up is presently to fall in ruin about us*; and the United States, as the greatest of democracies, must undertake it."—(Woodrow Wilson: *The Road Away from Revolution, Atlantic Monthly, August, 1923.*)

And at the same time, Magnus Johnson, who indeed is very far from any consistent ideology but who was elected by the desperate farmers and workers of Minnesota, threatens with revolution:

"*Revolution—political, industrial, or even a resort to arms—faces the United States*, 'if conditions confronting the laboring man and the farmer are not changed,' in the opinion of Magnus Johnson, recently elected Senator from Minnesota of the Farmer-Labor ticket.

"*Many think the same thing that happened in Russia cannot happen in this country*,' the Senator-elect said today in a statement to the Associated Press, 'but don't fool yourself. *It could happen here before you knew what was going on.*

"The Czar had a big army, but he couldn't stop a revolution. We haven't hardly any army at all, so what could our Government do if there was a nation-wide revolution? It couldn't do a thing." (Report of the *New York Times*, July 27, 1923.)

The revolution is threatening, Woodrow Wilson cries! Consider the example of Russia! Capitalism provokes the discontented classes to revolution!

Political, industrial and even armed revolution faces the United States, cries Magnus Johnson! What happened in Russia can also happen in America. The common people are going to revolt against the handful of rich!

The educated ideologist and the ignorant farmer-politician, both accuse capitalism. It is remarkable that Wilson the hero of finely polished phrases and Magnus Johnson the hero of the rough voice simultaneously foretell with trembling knees the American revolution.

And both are right. The revolution is here. World history stands before one of its greatest turning-points—America faces her third revolution.

A Continent in Change

A more and more general unrest embraces the United States. The classes are in the process of change. The political parties are in the process of change. Capitalism has developed in a dizzyingly speedy tempo. The lives of millions are not only being made uncertain, but are even destroyed by it. During the *economic crisis* of 1920—21 it drove from industry five to six million workers. During the



Maurice Becker

Farming the Farmer

prosperity of 1922 it drove away two million farmers from the land and forced them into industry. It stirred up the South and caused the exodus of hundreds and hundreds of thousands of Negroes from the cotton fields to the steel mills. American capitalism within the last three years has pauperized millions of workers, has made millions of farmers into industrial workers, has transformed hundreds of thousands of Negro slaves living in pre-capitalist conditions, into modern wage-slaves. Never before in the world's history, not even in capitalist history, has it happened that such immense migrations, such deep changes in the manner of living of such great masses of people could take place in the short period of three years.

Capitalism, the greatest revolutionary, has changed the old conditions of life so inexorably, so suddenly, that the conservative masses of workers, farmers and colored slaves feel themselves shaken out of their conservatism. It was a gigantic task to stir up the non-political conservative mass of American workers, farmers and colored slaves; but capitalism has succeeded in performing this miracle. *Politics today has become a mass occupation.* The basis of American conservative democracy was the inert mass of farmers. This basis is now collapsing. The last sure reserve of capitalism in America was the eight million Negroes of the South. This last reserve is in the act of deserting it.

Capitalism has built up a massive centralized government, for the championing of its common interests. In a country like America which in reality never had been governed in a centralized, European manner, this was a greater miracle than the putting up of a Himalaya in the midst of the Sahara Desert. And this centralized government draws upon itself more and more the gaze and interest of everybody, as the magnetic mountain in the fairy tale draws the ship towards itself with irresistible power.

Capitalism has turned the United States into a monarchy at whose head there stands a president with unlimited powers at the very time when the illusion of democracy is

most necessary for keeping the masses down. The government of the United States for years has been nothing else than a government-strikebreaker, and now it has received its fitting head—Calvin Coolidge the strike-breaker president. Coolidge became Governor of Massachusetts because he gained merit as a "negotiator" in the breaking of the textile strike of Lawrence. He became vice-president on the strength of having broken the police strike of Boston by force. And his first official act as president is the marshalling of all the forces of the government against the coal miners. The government today is the most dangerous Anarchist in the United States, and there can never reign order in America again, before the workers and exploited farmers render harmless its bombs, knives, and pistols.

The workers are beginning to organize politically. The bankrupt farmers are overthrowing the most sacred fundamental law of capitalism, namely, cash payment, and do not pay their debts. The Negroes in the South are making an unarmed Spartacus uprising. But that is still not all. Capitalist America beholds with great terror the native capitalism of the Philippines and Cuba breaking out into open revolt against American finance-capital, striving to throw off the yoke of American imperialism. And all this is coming to pass at a time when the chaos in Europe is becoming more and more complete. And American capitalism is compelled to realize, with the greatest alarm, that the chaos of Europe does not mean the end of the world, but is like the chaos of Kant-Laplace, from which new worlds will be formed. The slogan of the workers' and farmers' government is now on the order of the day in Europe, and tomorrow the slogan of the United States of Europe against American imperialism may be on the order of the day.

The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse

American capitalism has become too big for America. Industrialization has taken place too rapidly and too one-sidedly.

The present industrial prosperity in America has too narrow a basis. It had to come to a standstill because four powerful factors imposed limits upon it: 1. The shortage of transportation. 2. Bankruptcy of the farmers. 3. Ruination of Europe. 4. The instability of China. These four Horsemen of the Apocalypse are riding fast, announcing the coming of Plague, Famine, War and Death of the next economic crisis.

Prosperity means a bigger and bigger expansion, while American capitalism can expand no further on the basis of the present state of the railroads. Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover said at the annual meeting of the United States Chamber of Commerce: "One of the great wastes in our economic machine is the shortage of transportation. It is the most profound and far-reaching deterrent upon our growth. It imposes great costs upon production.

"I need not point out to you that the periodic car shortage in its real meaning of insufficient tracks and terminals, as well as rolling stock, imposes intermittent stoppages of our industries and intermittent strictures in the law of supply and demand, influences price levels and creates local famines and gluts."

But the anarchy of transportation can be brought to an end only with public ownership of the railroads. Every class has its plan for solution of the transportation problem. The Harding-Coolidge administration aims to coordinate the



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railroads into nineteen big corporations; La Follette wants a small-businessman form of public ownership. The railroad trade unions, through the Plumb Plan, advocate some confused form of socialization. Collective ownership of the railroads is the only possible solution of the transportation problem, is a condition absolutely necessary for the further growth of the forces of production in the United States. But the capitalists accept the periodic crisis rather than conclude a pact with the very devil personified—with socialization.

The bankruptcy of the farmers has become a mass-catastrophe. The unholy Trinity of Industrial Monopoly, Transportation Monopoly, and Marketing Monopoly is a mightier deity over the farmers, than the Holy Trinity of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost has ever been. The monopoly of finance-capital is expropriating the farmers by the millions. The terrible scenes of the expropriation of the English peasantry depicted by the master hand of Marx in his "Capital," are having their repetition upon a greater scale in America today. The Western farmers and Southern colored tenants are being forced by the millions to leave the land, and are being turned into industrial workers. It is an entirely new development for America. In Europe the proletariat arose through expropriation and pauperization of the farmers. In America the bulk of the industrial proletariat was formed through immigration.

A reverse movement occurred in America in the past. The proletarians and semi-proletarians of the cities migrated to the free land by the millions. Greeley's famous slogan, "Go West, young man, go West" was the best safety-valve for Eastern capitalism in the United States. Today, however, there is a change, not only of the direction of mass-migration, but also of its composition and conditions. The migration from East to West was truly a movement of fresh, hopeful men and women who liberated themselves from the yoke of capitalism and sought and found free land. In contrast, the new mass migration from West to East is a movement of broken, uprooted persons who, after having collapsed under the yoke of tenantry and mortgage, are now bringing their last muscular power to the stone-piles of the cities. A new, invisible Greeley of the new America has issued the new slogan, "Go East, old man, go East."

The chaos in Europe means, for American capitalism, the impossibility of export of industrial products, at a stage when American capitalism, for the first time in its life is no longer an exporter of raw materials, but is an exporter of manufactured goods. The financial collapse of Europe has come at the moment when the United States has changed from a debtor nation into a creditor nation. The instability of all economic and political conditions in Europe has arisen at a moment when the United States, for the first time in its life, has become a capital-exporting country.

The greatest country of the world which is not as yet being exploited for raw material and for the export of industrial products and capital, is China. By the Treaty of Washington, and by the policy of the Open Door, the United States hoped that it could exploit for its own ends this great Eldorado of primitive accumulation of capital. The revolutions and counter-revolutions in China, the immense fermentation of hundreds of millions of Chinese peasants and artisans, and the rivalry of other big powers, have closed and even locked the Open Door of China.

The miracle of the independent prosperity of American capitalism was brought to an end through the four iron-clad,

limiting factors. America stands today at the beginning of an economic depression. The depression is only starting, but the panic of the capitalists is already complete. American capitalists in the past always believed that an economic crisis is something abnormal, no more than a mere accident which could have been avoided through skillful manipulation. American capitalism has gone through no less than fifteen economic crises, and in spite of that it has been so optimistic, that it has refused to believe that a crisis was an inherent attribute of capitalism, considering it to be simply a piece of hard luck caused by bad men and bad administrations. The crisis of 1873 was called the "Jay Cooke Panic", the crisis of 1884 "The Railroad Panic", the crisis of 1893 "The Cleveland Panic", the crisis of 1903 "The Rich Man's Panic", the crisis of 1907 "The Roosevelt Panic". Now for the first time, American capitalism sees that the crisis is a capitalist crisis. Wesley C. Michell, professor of economics at Columbia University writes:

"Longer experience, wider knowledge of business in other countries, and better statistical data have gradually discredited the view that crises are 'abnormal' events, each due to a special cause. The modern view is that crises are but one feature of recurrent 'business cycles'. Instead of a 'normal' state of business interrupted by occasional crises, men look for a continually changing state of business—continually changing in a fairly regular way. A crisis is expected to be followed by a depression, the depression by a revival, the revival by prosperity, and prosperity by a new crisis." (The National Bureau of Economic Research: "Business Cycles and Unemployment," New York, 1923.)

Collectivism Looms Up.

Conditions today are so acute and so unusually clear that the ideological representatives of capitalism see plainly, not only the nature of the crisis but even the only remedy against the crisis—collectivism. Secretary of Commerce Hoover said in his speech before the United States Chamber of Commerce: "We have reached a stage of national development of such complexity and interdependence that we must have a national planning of industry and commerce. We have gained a larger prospective than individual business because individual prosperity is impossible without the prosperity of the whole.

"This is the function of industry and commerce itself through collective thought. Government has definite relationship to it, not as an agency for production and distribution of commodities nor as an economic dictator, but as the greatest contributor in the determination of fact and of cooperation with industry and commerce in the solution of its problems."

The principal spokesman of American capitalism comes to the conclusion that the economic development of the United States has reached the stage where individual business is no longer adequate, where a national plan is necessary, where trusts no longer suffice, where collective thought is needed. Hoover is right. Only collectivism can banish crisis and anarchy out of American economic life. But neither Hoover's capitalist government nor capitalism can bring about collectivism. Collectivism can only be put into effect by the workers. Collectivism is not a remedy to eliminate the shortcomings of the capitalist system, but is the historical consummation and means of abolition of the capitalist system itself.

The spokesmen of capitalism can recognize the truth; but they cannot go the way of the truth. Capitalism must advance along capitalist ways.

And what are these capitalist ways?

The first capitalist salvation is the artificial reduction of the forces of production, through a frightful crisis. The depression has already come, and the crisis is due. It means new unemployment and new wage-cutting, it means sharper class struggle between workers and capitalists, it means increased interference by the government, it means radicalization of the working class.

The second capitalist solution is the decimation of the farmers through bankruptcy, the turning of mortgage farmers into tenant farmers and industrialization of agriculture by the capitalists themselves. That means political organization, political upheaval, and revolt of the farmers.

The third capitalist solution is an imperialist attempt to yoke Europe as an American colony. That means complications in foreign affairs, that means greater militarism and navalism. The World Court is not an instrument for World Peace, but for another World War.

The capitalist solution means unrest and instability all along the line; it means war-menace; it means discontent; it means forcing the masses into politics. But American democracy has rested until now on the non-political attitude of the laboring masses. Less than 50% of the voters, in the past, have taken part in elections. American democracy has lived until now not upon the principle of the majority, but on the contrary, on the principle of the minority. It will be the debacle of American democracy the moment that the majority becomes so greatly aroused that it turns political, that it makes its voice heard.

The capitalist solution of American problems means the provocation of the third American revolution.

The *first* revolution in America took place as the forces of production of the country developed to such an extent that an independent American capitalism could lift its head, and could throw off the exploitation of English capitalism. The first American revolution was necessary in order to permit free development to the forces of production.

The *second* revolution came as the forces of production in the North developed to such an extent that compulsion had to be used in order to open up the South of the big landowners and colored slaves. The victory of the Northern capitalists in the Civil War meant the removal of the greatest obstacle—the non-capitalistic South, in the way of the free development of capitalist forces of production.

The *third* revolution is being caused again by the capitalistic forces of production which no longer have room in America of today in order to develop freely. The trusts have developed the forces of production tremendously. But they are no longer adequate. Collectivism is necessary. However, capitalists cannot bring about collectivism. It would be the death of capitalism. The capitalists will attempt their own solution and thereby they will provoke the revolution which will make way for collectivism.

The coming third revolution will not be a proletarian revolution. It will be a revolution of well-to-do and exploited farmers, small businessmen and workers. The revolution will come through the ballot and, as Magnus Johnson foretells, through the force of arms. It will

come through rebellions within the old parties, through third parties, farmer-labor parties. America is not a state, but a continent. America is not as unified and centralized as Germany and France. The revolution cannot be uniform, and will not be centralized, will show a varying picture according to the various economical and political structures of the individual sections. It will contain elements of the great French Revolution and the Russian Kerensky revolution. In its ideology it will have elements of Jeffersonianism, Danish cooperatives, Ku Klux Klan and Bolshevism. The proletariat *as a class* will not play an independent role in this revolution. Gompers and many sections of the labor aristocracy will be even the allies of the ruling class. But in this revolution the working class will free itself from the rule of the Gompers bureaucracy, will create a labor party from below and will acquire a class consciousness on a national scale. After the Victory of this La Follette revolution, there will begin the *independent* role of workers and exploited farmers, and there will begin then, the period of the *fourth* American revolution:—the period of the proletarian revolution. We stand before a complete renaissance of the whole economic, social and political life of America and we Communists can say what Ulrich von Hutten said in the age of the great European Reformation and Renaissance: It is a time for the joy of living.

Rebel

FROM sun up till sun down you can hear him hammering,
you can hear his hammer ringing on the vast anvil
while the whole earth trembles under his blows.
And all through the long hours of the night
you can see the sparks flying, you can see the sparks
dancing in the steel blue sky.

O huge smith, what are you hammering
so tirelessly, without resting day or night?

Child, I am smashing the chains...

Sometimes the flames shoot upwards
from the center of the earth as from an open forge,
and the titan's hand from the blazing maw
plucks a fiery sword and vanishes in the clouds.

O huge smith, what are you hammering
so tirelessly, without resting day or night?

Child, I am making a sword...

Edwin Seaver.

THE LIBERATOR MOVES TO CHICAGO

BEGINNING with the October issue, The Liberator will be published in Chicago. All communications, both to the Editorial and to the Business offices and all contributions, drawings, manuscripts, should hereafter be addressed:

THE LIBERATOR,
1009 North State Street Chicago, Ill.



The Lake

Wanda Gág

Folk Songs

OVER the long fields, the wet fields that lie between
Me and my lover the blackbird has been;

The blackbird has flown with a dark crying
Over the fields where the cold rains were lying.

And oh, blackbird, as you came on your way
Past the house of my lover, what did he say?

Was he at work with his pipe in his mouth
When you came flying out of the South?

Was there no message he trusted with you,
Was there no errand he begged you to do?

Were the tulips in blossom beside his back door?
O blackbird you never have failed me before!

Will you say nothing of where you have been?
What have you heard, blackbird, what have you seen?

Bernard Raymund.

Plow of the Spirit

PLOW of the spirit, strike
Deep and deep into the fallow land!
Plunge your hammered brightness through the red soil,
Make a path for your shining strength through its darkness,
Throw the cold earth open to the sun and misty weather!

Plow of the spirit, you are master
Breaking the will of a barren land.
You are a promise that comes with the first thaw;
Plow of the spirit, strike to the valleys' heart!

You are a strong man, taking a woman;
You are a word, spoken at morning;
You are white lightning, leaping through clouds of earth;
You are the dawn that tears through the night;
Plow of the spirit, strike home to my heart!

After your plowing, the seed will be thrown,
After your labor, new life will spring up;
The hand of the sower is casting its shadow...
Plow of the spirit, strike home to our hearts!

MacKnight Black.

Treasure Islands

By Jay Lovestone

IN the warm waters of the Southern Pacific ten thousand miles away from the United States there lies a gorgeous group of more than seven thousand islands, islets, rocks, shoals and reefs—the Philippines. Of these isles and islets only four hundred and sixty-two have a surface of a square mile or more. The American flag waves proudly over the forty-five provinces that make up the Philippines, covering a total area of about 120,000 square miles—an area practically equivalent to the size of Italy.

These islands are indeed a great prize that has fallen into the lap of American capital. This dependency of "ours" has sixty-one thousand square miles of commercial forests and eleven thousand square miles of non-commercial forests. The Philippines offer unlimited natural resources and boundless possibilities for industrial development. Their mineral wealth is tremendous. Their agricultural resources, especially in the development of cocoanut, hemp, sugar, tobacco, rubber, coffee and pineapples, are unbounded. Only fourteen thousand square miles have to date been touched by the plow. The Valley of Cotabato alone can produce enough rice to feed the whole present population of the islands. The possibilities for waterpower development are immeasurable. Fully developed, the Islands can hold sixty to seventy million people.

Despite four hundred years of bitter struggle against foreign oppression, the Filipinos have grown rapidly in number. There are today close to eleven million Filipinos, of whom over 500,000 are of the non-Christian tribes, mainly the Mohammedan Moros living principally in the Sulu Archipelago and certain parts of Mindanao.

Some have called the Philippines the "Ireland of the Far East." American military and naval experts and capitalist investors have made these islands such. To them this group of islands is the Achilles Heel of America. They always point a finger of scorn at Japan when the demand for Philippine independence is made. The "Peace of the Pacific," an American edition of the British "Freedom of the Seas," the balance of power in the Far East, the safety of the country from Japanese guns, and the dignity of America as a world power—all mask the gigantic interests of American Imperialism. And the recent British fortification of Singapore has given additional zest to our imperialist rulers in their "tightening up" on the Philippines.

The Struggle for Independence

Though the American administration of the Islands has been more efficient than the Spanish, the Filipinos have not lost love on their Yankee exploiters. The natives felt that they had nothing to say about the deal in which "Marcus Aurelius" Hanna's puppet, President McKinley, purchased them from the poor beaten Spaniards, for \$20,000,000. It took an American army of 80,000 waging almost three years of exasperating warfare to wear the Filipinos down into submission to Dollar Democracy.

The Filipinos are all opposed to annexation by America. Since the defeat of the heroic Aguinaldo army, however, the Filipinos have settled down to working their way gradually to national freedom. Today the Filipinos have no voice in

foreign affairs. Through the influence of the 12,000 Filipino University graduates, most of whom have had schooling abroad, the natives have become fully appreciative of the importance of foreign affairs. But what hurts the Filipinos most is that in the final disposition of their natural resources, such as timber, mining concessions and public lands, they must first secure permission of the Commander-in-Chief of the American Naval and Military forces—the President of the United States. Finally the Supreme Court has ruled that the Filipinos can enjoy such rights as the American Congress is willing to give them.

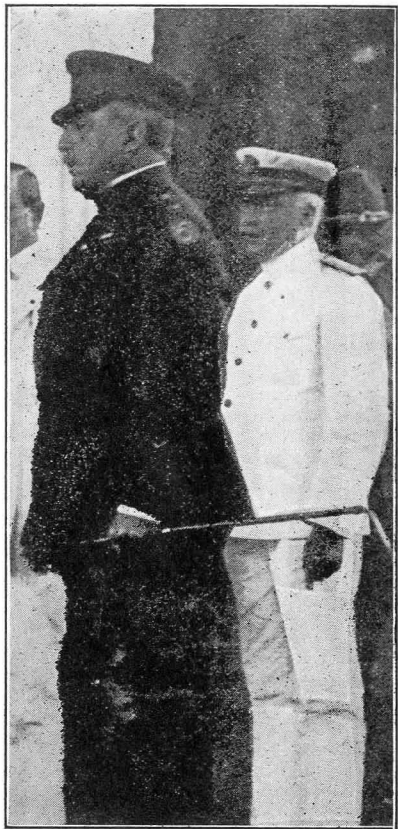
With the enactment of the Jones Act the Filipinos have been given a limited measure of self-government. There is a Filipino Legislature and Senate: besides, there is a Council of State chosen from the representatives of the people. This Council advises the Military Governor-General on all public questions, recommends measures to the Legislature, prepares the budget and determines the policy of Departments. The Governor-General presides over the Council but a Filipino is the vice-president.

General Wood Sent to the Philippines

After Wood failed to buy the Republican presidential nomination, Harding, upon his election in 1920, made him Governor-General of the Philippines. Our late President had good reasons for making the appointment. First of all, the Governor-Generalship of the Philippines afforded Wood an opportunity to repay in valuable concessions the powerful tobacco, mining, railway, sugar, and oil and banking interests who had lavishly financed the General's Presidential campaign in 1920. Secondly, General Wood's record itself was the best argument to the American imperialists for his being sent to the Philippines. Wherever there has been trouble in the United States, wherever force and violence were needed to settle an economic conflict for the employers, Wood has been the capitalist arbiter. In the



Leonard Wood, Governor-General of the Philippine Islands



Leonard Wood, Governor-General of the Philippine Islands

miners' struggle in West Virginia, in the 1919 steel strike in Gary, in the race riots in Omaha, and in Cuba, it was General Wood's policy of the mailed fist that carried the day for the employing class. Lord Cromer, the British imperialist agent who struck terror into the hearts of England's colonial peoples, has said: "General Wood's work in Cuba was the best colonial work of the century."

On the very first moment of his arrival General Wood ran true to form. He signed the notorious Forbes report which laid down the imperial dictum that a stable government in the Philippines is a government that is one hundred per cent efficient and that the Filipinos, not yet having such a government, were therefore not entitled to independence. His headquarters at the Malacanang Palace resemble more a headquarters of the chief of staff of an invading army than those of even a foreign colonial administrative staff. Governor-General Wood is surrounded by military officers who are his advisers instead of the native Filipinos elected for this purpose.

The military Governor-General Wood has succeeded in winning the undivided hatred of the entire population and of all the political parties. The overwhelming majority of the natives consider his regime to be an outright military dictatorship in the interests of the foreign capitalists. In his hands even the very limited measure of self-government accorded the Filipinos in the Jones Act has become a dead letter. General Wood has with unflinching regularity passed over the heads of the departments and has submitted bills to the Philippine Legislature without even consulting the heads of departments. Matters have taken such a flagrant turn in violation of the rights of the natives that even Colonel Johnston, an Army officer who is a member of his military staff, has prepared bills. All of this high-handed conduct in utter disregard of the wishes of the Filipinos has been pursued simply through a great display of military power in the interest of American investors. Manuel Roxas, speaker of the Philippine House of Representatives has thus summed up the situation: "He (Wood) has sought to establish a Colonial despotism worse than that which has cursed our country for the last ten generations."

The policy of our imperialists as pursued by General Wood was calculated to pay no attention to the desires and opinions of the natives. Recently the matter came to a head when the American Military Governor-General reinstated a Secret Service Agent, Conley, who had been legally suspended from office. Behaving in his characteristic military fashion, Wood went over the heads of the Secretary of the Interior and the Mayor of Manila, under whose jurisdiction such a reinstatement properly came. The Filipinos were enraged at this brazen violation of the partial autonomy granted them by the Organic Act of 1902. The military cabinet goaded Wood on. They said: "The whole Philippines need an object lesson. Now is the time to show them who's who." Forthwith the Filipino members of the Council of State and the Filipino Secretaries headed by Senate President Manuel L. Quezon jointly presented their resignations to Wood. In his letter of resignation President Quezon said: "It is a protest against encroachments by the Governor-General upon the constitutional rights already enjoyed by the Filipino people, and against the usurpation of powers in direct violation of existing laws."

This incident served as the spark to set alight a blaze of protest that is sweeping the country like a prairie fire.

The Filipino legislators went on strike; they refused to serve any longer as the mask to hide the ugly imperialist dictatorship. General Wood accepted their resignations.

A few days before these resignations, several provincial and municipal governments, mainly in sections visited by typhoons and locusts, petitioned that the penalty for delinquency in the payment of the land tax be remitted. In spite of the recommendations of the Secretary of the Interior and the insistence of Speaker Roxas and Senate President Quezon, General Wood was adamant in his refusal to accept their plan of remission. This merely served to aggravate the Filipino popular distrust and hatred of the Military Governor.

That the present situation is fraught with serious possibilities can be seen from the following estimate of the Filipinos by Francis Burton Harrison, who governed the Islands for seven years: "A sense of injustice must never be allowed to gain headway among these people; all of their past history shows that they are slow to formulate such sentiments, and slower to give them outward expression, but that the accumulation of grievances quietly gathering through the years will eventually result in a sudden explosion."

The Filipinos are bent on making steady headway in their campaign for national independence. They look upon General Wood's regime as an attempt to turn the hand of the clock of progress backwards. In the words of Quezon: "The masses understand that the issue revolves around certain fundamental principles of government which cannot be sacrificed. Ours is but a most pacific protest against what we consider to be an attempt to curtail the autonomous powers that we now enjoy."

On July 23rd the situation became even more acute. The Philippine Commission of Independence, representing all the political parties, unanimously passed resolutions upholding the resignations of the members of the Council of State and the Filipino Department Secretaries and demanding that General Wood be immediately dismissed from office and that a Filipino be given his place in the meanwhile. In these resolutions the Filipinos most emphatically protested against American imperialism in this fashion:

"This is a national issue, having behind it the unqualified approval and support of the whole people... and we declare, finally, that recent incidents clearly show that immediate independence is the only satisfactory solution of the Philippine problem."

A special parliamentary mission is coming to Washington to take the whole case up with the President. In view of the powerful interests behind General Wood there is very little likelihood of the military governor being reversed. Whether our Secretary of War will employ the military and naval forces at his disposal to break this strike of the Philippine cabinet is still a matter of conjecture. But one thing is certain in the whole matter; the Filipinos are struggling for ultimate complete national independence, and in this struggle they will fight to the end to maintain their limited rights, won through centuries of fighting against Spanish and American imperialism.

In his maiden speech to the Philippine legislature General Wood laid down the iron law that the Filipino government "must get out of business and stay out."

The Filipino government is far ahead of the United States government in the successful operation and owner-

ship of public utilities. It has fine steam railroads and seven thousand miles of the best macadamized roads in the world. The Manila city government owns the street railways and the gas and electric plants. In order to meet the need for coal during the war the National Coal Company was established with the Government as the chief stock-holder. Also, in order to help more effectively the general economic development of the country and to thwart the high prices brought on mainly by foreign capitalists, the government has organized the National Development Company, capitalized at \$25,000,000.

It is this policy of the Filipino government going into business and interfering with the profits of American capitalists that has driven General Wood to desperation. Addressing the American Chamber of Commerce in Manila last May, General Leonard Wood let the cat out of the bag in his definition of a stable government. The Governor-General said: "The Filipinos are rapidly approaching a stable government, as I define a stable government, namely a government under which foreign capital invests at ordinary rates of profit."

Here we have the real cause of the present conflict in the Philippines. The government owns and operates railroads, cement factories, sugar centrals, banks, coal mines, and telegraph and radio systems. Before the government took over the railroads the foreign capitalists rendered very poor service and charged terrific rates. The fact that in 1918 the government railroads made a profit of \$10,000,000 which did not go into the pockets of the American investors irritated our General considerably.

Wood attempted to force the Filipinos to lease the Manila railroad to J. G. White and Co., of 37 Wall St., New York, for a period of ten years. As a matter of fact Wood had the contract all prepared for the Filipinos to sign. The Associated Press had even carried a dispatch to the effect that the transfer had already been made. Next day, however, the cables brought forth the news that this announcement was premature. Quezon and Osmenas, then speaker of the House, who were on the Board of Directors with Wood, refused to be browbeaten by the General and the deal fell through.

Then Wood went ahead and tried to force the government to close up its sugar centrals, and hand them over to private American corporations. The Filipinos protested vigorously against this manoeuvre. Were it not for the fact that the Filipinos had a majority on the Board of Control these sugar centrals would today be de-nationalized and in the hands of American capitalists. According to House Speaker Roxas the Filipinos saw in these efforts to denationalize the sugar centrals an attempt to put foreign capital in a position where the national aspirations of the Filipino people would be killed forever.

The American Rubber interests are also angling for huge concessions. But Quezon's answer to all of Wood's endeavors to facilitate the acquisition of extensive tracts of land by private interests has been that the policy of his government is to preserve these lands not only for the present but also for the future generations. Previously Quezon had prevented Forbes and Worcester from handing over such enormous tracts of land to Wall Street. Pursuing this policy, acting Director of Labor Hermenegildo Cruz also recommended: "that public lands located in Mindanao which are already surveyed and subdivided be reserved partly for

agricultural colonies and partly for homesteads and not be allowed to be acquired by companies which are planning to establish industrial enterprises therein."

In his plan to put the Philippine National Bank out of business, Governor-General Wood has already closed a number of its branches. Ninety-two per cent of the Bank's stock is owned by the government. How rapidly this bank has grown can be seen from the fact that in 1916 its deposits were 20,000,000 pesos while in 1918 they were 230,000,000 pesos. Should Wood succeed in closing this bank, Philippine commerce and the Philippine people will be almost completely at the mercy of foreign capitalists. In resigning from the managership of the National Bank because of Wood's dictatorial tactics and sabotage Mr. E. W. Wilson, an American of high standing in banking circles, said: "It was a hard grind to work against the policy of General Wood, who has been constantly working for the liquidation of the Bank and doing much harm to the interests of the institution."

Thus serving his masters back home, Wood vetoed sixteen bills of the Legislature. One of the bills that he vetoed carried an appropriation of a ten year university program. This desperately disappointed the Filipinos; they saw in it an act of ugly effrontery which completely unmasked the hypocritical American capitalist boasts about educating the Filipinos. To the natives this tyranny denying them the right to spend their own money voted by their own legislature showed what a hollow mockery self-government is when it is granted by American Imperialists.

Manual Roxas perhaps estimated General Wood's attitude most accurately when he declared: "As to the development of our natural resources, the Governor has sought to denationalize our national economic organizations, accepting advice from those American interests that want to come here and exploit our organizations on a large scale."

But it is not only the Government-owned institutions that have been Wood's target for attack. The Filipino private interests have also come in for their share. In the sugar, hemp, and coconut oil business there is a large representation of native Filipino capital. The biggest oil factories in Manila are purely Filipino in capital and management. The Compania Mercantil de Filipinos is a strong competitor of foreign export and import houses. The major-

ity of the cigar and cigarette factories of Manila are owned by Filipinos. From 1910-1920 the Filipino capital invested increased 2000 per cent.

As spokesman for American capital, General Wood is on his hind legs to check this development. The zeal with which the native capitalists are defending their interests against the encroachments of



General Wood's Son, Osborn, is there with flowers on.



**General Wood's Son, Osborn,
is there with flowers on.**

foreign capitalists is adding fuel to the nationalist flame, which blazes with an intensity not seen before in years.

Who is Behind Wood

The present conflict in the Philippines brings into bold relief the connection between government and finance. We have here a sordid picture of the menial services rendered to the powerful industrial and financial interests by the government.

Perhaps the most outrageous and brazen example of how the big capitalist parties and governments are agencies of the employing class is shown in the following incident. Prior to the Republican convention of 1920 the National Committee appointed several sub-committees to deal with the pressing questions of the day. It appointed as chairman of the sub-committee on Insular Domains and Possessions of the Advisory Committee on Policies and Platforms, John M. Switzer. This Mr. Switzer was chosen by the Republican Party to lead in the formulation of the Nation's policy towards the Philippines. Incidentally it happens that the same Mr. Switzer is heavily interested in the Philippines. He is Vice President and Director of Anderson Meyer and Co., Ltd., the Pacific Commercial Co., and the South Seas Pacific Co. He is President and a Director of the United States Pacific Co., Inc., and a Director of the Pacific Development Corporation engaged in industrial and commercial development in the Orient. The latter corporation is one of the three members of the American banking group which together with Chinese financial interests founded the Chinese American Bank of Commerce. The Bankers Trust Co. of New York and the Chase National Bank are the real powers behind this group.

Galen L. Stone, who is chairman of the Pacific Development Corporation, is a codirector of the Atlantic Gulf and West Indies Steamship Lines with Henry Hornblower of the firm of Hornblower and Weeks, Boston bankers and brookers. This is the same Mr. Weeks who is our Secretary of War, under whose orders General Wood is carrying out his present Philippine policy, and who is to make the recommendations on the Filipino conflict to President Coolidge, himself a man of the Boston Bankers.

Among the other mighty American industrialists and financiers interested in the Philippines is John H. Pardee. He is President, Vice President and Director of 14 huge corporations. His interests are largely railway power, sugar and cement. Pardee is president and director of the Cayuga Cement Corporation, J. G. White Management Corporation, Eastern Pennsylvania Railroad Co., Southern Utilities Co., Associated Gas and Electric Co., and the American Electric Railway Association. He is vice-president and director of the Helena Light and Railway Co., the Manila Electric Railroad and Lighting Corporation, the Mantanzas-American Sugar Co., the Philippine Railway Co., and the Sheffield Co. One of his codirectors of the Philippine Railway Co. is Cornelius Vanderbilt.

J. G. White is another American capitalist heavily interested in the Philippines and in the Orient. He is president vice-president and director of at least 20 cement, sugar, railway, public utilities and securities corporations. He is president and director of J. G. White and Co., the Engineering Securities Corporation, the Investors Securities Corporation, and the Mantanzas-American Sugar Co. He is also chairman of the Finance Committee of the J. G. White Engineer-

ing Corporation and J. G. White Management Corporation. Mr. White was second vice-president and director of the Merchants Association of N. Y. in 1922. He is also a Director of the Associated Gas and Electric Co., the Cayuga Cement Co., the Columbia Railway Gas and Electric Co., the Eastern Pennsylvania Railway Co., the Helena Light and Railway Co., the Manila Electric Railway and Lighting Corporation, the Manila Suburban Railways, the Philippine Railway Co., the General Securities Corporation, the Southern Utilities Co., the United Light and Railway Co., and the Central Sugar Corporation.

On the Board of Directors of the Central Sugar Corporation is Mr. L. I. Sharp who is vice-president of the International Banking Corporation, which is owned by the National City Bank of New York. It has offices in Manila and Cebu in the Philippines. H. T. S. Green, who is the President and General Manager and a member of the Board of Directors of this firm, is also a Director of the Philippine Railway Co.

Through this connection and interlocking directorate of financiers and industrialists made by the National City Bank—the most powerful bank in America today—the Rockefeller and Morgan interests are drawn into the Philippines. Cyrus H. McCormick, William Rockefeller, Percy A. Rockefeller, J. A. Stillman and Joseph P. Grace, as directors of the National City Bank through their ownership of the International Bankers Corporation, thus have a strangle hold on the Philippines.

Another American capitalist interested in the Philippines is Charles M. Swift, who is president and director of the Manila Electric Co., the Manila Electric Railway and Lighting Corporation, the Negron Mining Lands Co., and the Philippine Railway Co. Mr. Swift is also a director of the Detroit United Railways.

Finally, W. C. Proctor, another director of the National City Bank, who contributed and advanced \$721,000 to Wood's presidential primary campaign is now seeking heavy coconut oil concessions in the Philippines. General Wood, being Governor of the Philippines will not forget Mr. Proctor for his past services. Mr. Proctor is a director of the Proctor and Gamble Co., the well known soap manufacturers, and therefore comes in close touch with coconut oil—in which the Philippines are rich.

Another heavy contributor to Wood's campaign funds was J. B. Duke, the tobacco king. Mr. Duke is president and director of the Southern Power Co., director of the United Retail Stores Corporation, the Union Bleaching and Finishing Co., the Morristown Trust Co., and the Imperial Tobacco Co. of London. He is also chairman of the Board of Trustees of the British American Tobacco Co., Ltd.

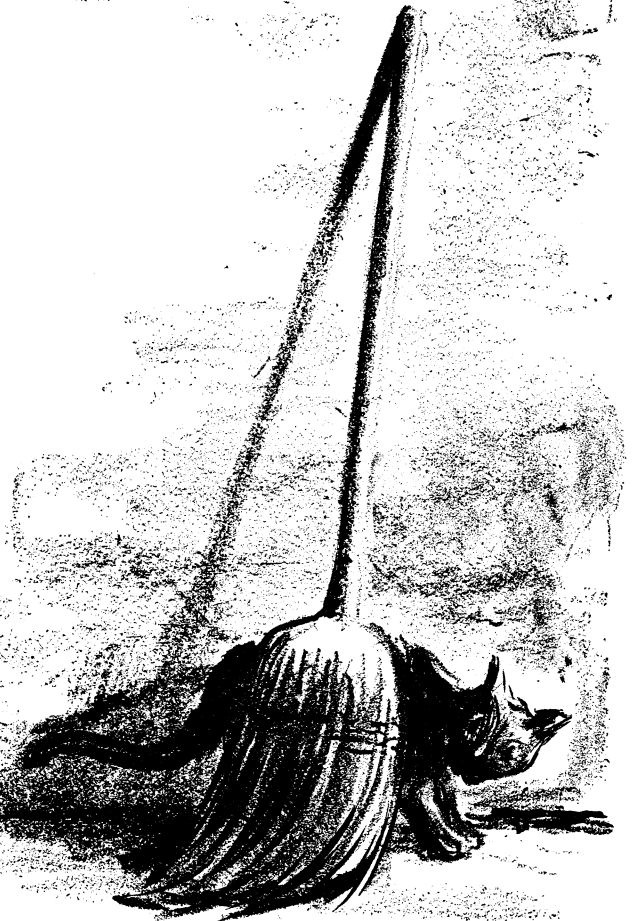
Mr. Rufus L. Patterson, also one of Wood's financial mainstays in the 1920 primaries, is President and a director of the American Machinery and Foundry Co., the Automatic Packing and Labeling Co., the International Cigar Machinery Co., and the Standard Tobacco Stemmer Co. Mr. Patterson is a director of the Atlantic Lobos Oil Co., Durham Duplex Razor Co., and the Wahlstrom Tool Co.

Tobacco is of course one of the leading products of the Philippines.

H. H. Rogers, son of the late Standard Oil Magnate, was quite generous with his money in financing Wood's presidential aspirations. He is a director of the Atlantic



Farmer
Labor



Robert Minor

Robert Minor.

The New Warden

Coast and Electric Railway Co., Electric Transport Co., Mechanics and Metals National Bank, Virginia Railway Co., New Jersey Industrial Chemical Co., and the United States Industrial Alcoholic Co.

There are numerous distilleries in the Philippines.

Wm. Loeb, Jr., formerly private secretary to Roosevelt, was also one of Wood's godfathers. He is president and director of the Albany and Southern Railroad, and the Yukon Gold Co. He is chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Yukon-Alaskan Co. He is vice-president and director of the American Smelters Securities Co., the American Smelting and Refining Co., the New River Collieries Co. Mr. Loeb is a director of the Chile Exploration Co., the Con-

necticut Light and Power Co., the Federal Mining and Smelting Co., and the United States Zinc Co.

Guggenheim interests are heavily represented in the above corporations, and mining concessions are among the most valuable sought for American capitalists by General Wood in the Philippines.

Small wonder that Harding appointed Wood Governor-General of the Philippines; there could be no better way in which Wood could repay his financial friends. And smaller wonder still that in the light of the character of the investments of his friends Wood is trying to force the Filipinos to give up their natural resources to these American capitalist supporters of his.

The Northwest Comes of Age

By Joel Shoemaker*

THE Northwest has kicked off her baby clothes, cut her wisdom teeth, come of age and begun to attend to her own business.

In the national campaign of 1920 I went through the State of Washington as an original pioneer of the Farmer-Labor Party. That political organization formed the basis for the new Federated Farmer-Labor Party.

For one hundred days and nights, working practically all of the time, I filled the place of Writer-Lecturer-Organizer, furnishing news copy for papers, making speeches in theaters, churches, halls, school-houses and private residences and out on street corners or in picnic groves and enrolling members and organizing locals of the party.

One morning after holding a successful meeting in a courthouse, I walked along the street of the county-seat town, in front of a bank. The man who handled the cash for many farmers in that county had a crowd of men standing round him while he shook his head, waved his arms and stamped his feet.

As I passed the money-changer's door, he was saying: "We will show these farmers their places."

A man does not need much brains to be a banker in the average county seat of the wheat-growing districts in the Northwest. He should know how to sign his name and be able to talk in a saucy, dictatorial way to farmers who pay him excess toll for alleged favors extended in the interest of the bank. The big financiers in the city banks, men who own the country banks and bankers, do the thinking for him.

The cat was let out of the bag when that man of local finance told his audience that the bankers would show the farmers their places. For the threat was carried out to the letter. Farmers who counted their wealth from the wheat crop of 1920, while the grain was still on the farms, found themselves in poverty, with debts unpaid and families starving, in ninety days, because of financial deflation and political treachery.

Once more the showing process is being worked by the bankers and their co-workers in the offices of Big Business. The farmers see wheat going at fifty cents to one dollar less per bushel than the first cost of production. Yet there is no overproduction of wheat in this country. The number of home consumers of wheat products is on the increase. There should be a greater demand for cereal products than in 1920.

But the men who plow the land, sow the seed and harvest the wheat are not the only ones suffering because of political and financial mismanagement. The fruit growers have their troubles that include loss of crops, lack of marketing facilities and failure of transportation companies to furnish cars to carry the fruits from the orchards to the cities where the workers—the real consumers and bill-payers—are taxed beyond the limit of endurance by the distributing profiteers.

Why should the farmers lose their crops, because of low prices, and the city workers be robbed of their wages, on account of high prices charged them by distributors of those low-price products? When that question is finally answered, the city and the country will be suitable places in which to live.

The State of Washington which gave the Farmer-Labor Party of 1920 about 120,000 votes, has demonstrated where it stands on that question.

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A World for Schiebers^{*}

By N. H. M.

"THE difference between your country and mine," said the Viennese journalist, but not aggressively, "is that we have learned how to live... we know how to live."
 "If that were true" replied the Yank, "you wouldn't be dying."

They were talking in a café of ancient and honorable traditions, in back of the Burg Theater, Vienna—a high ceilinged café with brown walls, filled with smoke. A scattering of gray people at tables, reading newspapers or talking over their coffee and (the flavor enhanced by the fact that it was verboten) whipped cream.

The journalist, a white-faced, sharp-nosed man with the bright, optimistic eyes of those who cling to the delusion that the old Vienna still lives, shrugged a silent answer to so tactless a statement.

He said, kindly: "You, who come from the new country, you have been smelling the fragrance of our old culture? It still lives, yes?"

"Herr B., you mean?"

Ah, but Herr B. was another story. He is...

Herr B. came to Vienna with the horde of his fellow Galicians who fled before the Russian advance early in the War. In 1916 he had a small street stand near the canal where he sold suspenders and collar buttons. As the casualty lists grew he wisely turned to surgical supplies, and from that to his first big commercial coup. The Government wanted clothing for the army of refugees, and clothing was difficult to find. Price restrictions were enforced in Vienna, but not in Budapest. The natural result was that clothing—new and second hand—most mysteriously, and despite prohibitions, had moved from Vienna to Budapest. Herr B. got his contract without explaining where he would go to fill it. Then he chartered a river steamer, boldly went to Budapest, bought a hold-full of clothes that had once lain on Viennese counters, and steamed back up the Danube to Vienna—at night, being fired at quite ineffectually by a border patrol.

Thereafter Herr B. was recognized as a man of talent. Towards the end of the War he had considerable credit, and he used this in a simple and effective manner. He borrowed from the banks and from individuals, borrowed, finally, regardless of the interest rate demanded. His borrowings he converted into sound foreign currencies and deposited them in Swiss banks... The crown fell a little—and then it crashed. Herr B. paid back his borrowings in crowns that he bought by the bale.

At the mature age of twenty-nine he found himself the richest man in Austria, a quiet, ignorant young man who works extremely hard—the Japanese type of financier, somebody called him. He now owns banks, factories, land—deals in tobacco and ships and bread. Publishes newspapers.

He bought his first newspaper about the same time he bought the best looking woman he could find in Vienna.

He hasn't much time for either, driven as he is by his manifold enterprises. The newspaper is run by very clever liberal and socialist journalists, who are delighted by the latitude he gives them but never forget that there are certain very definite limits. Nor does Herr B. demand very

much of the beautiful woman's time. He is too busy. He is a Kommercialrat, an industrial baron, a strong, silent man, exponent of the new efficiency. She calls at his office on certain days, and waits in the ante-room, together with concessionaries, job-hunters, men with bright ideas for increasing Herr B.'s wealth; and when her turn has come she disappears into his private office to reappear fifteen or twenty minutes later. And if she finds it rather like going to the dentist's, at least she has the comforting realization that she has been chosen by the richest man, the most powerful man in Vienna, center of culture.

The cleverest Viennese journalist, and one of the foremost Hungarian poets work for Herr B.; and the journalist who held up the nosegay of Viennese culture for the Yank to smell also works for Herr B.

Oh, well—B.

Somebody said, "Or Herr K." and laughed. But his story is a sad one. Herr K. was a bank clerk not long ago, and he, too, cleaned up during that exciting period, beginning with the armistice, when Austria sold out and spent the proceeds, including the total savings of the middle class, which had been neatly swiped by means of the money printing press. The period ended when, there being nothing more to sell, Austria sold her liberty in return for the League of Nations credit plan, which may accurately be boiled down to this: It's no good weeping for the huge winnings of the half dozen young commercial engineers who now own Austria—the winnings are in foreign banks and can't be touched. The fact remains that there are too many people in Austria. The surplus must be got rid of, first, by emigration, and second, by starvation. (I asked Dr. Zimmerman, who is in charge of Vienna for the League, what was to be done with the surplus workers discharged from government workshops and offices, the League having forced drastic cuts in unemployment benefits and the cessation of social service work. "It has been suggested that some go to South America to work on coffee plantations, working off the transportation cost in the first year. It is a good plan. Those who remain here—well, perhaps, when they are hungry enough they will go to work on the land..." Though everybody knows there is no work for them on the land.)

But to go back to the sad story of Herr K. All his life he had wanted to be a dramatic critic. So he, too, bought a newspaper when he felt himself rich enough, and gave himself a job covering drama. He told a friend: "Not the first million, but the first time I presented a critic's pass at the entrance of the Burg Theatre, gave me my greatest thrill." He was a rotten critic.

After a year, the business man in him proved dominant and he grabbed a chance to make a big profit in the sale of his paper, but he exacted a verbal agreement that he should continue to act as dramatic critic. For all that, the first action of the new proprietor was to discharge poor K.... He got his revenge by buying out the biggest publishing business in Vienna, and publishing his memoirs.

"A world for Schiebers," commented the friend of the Viennese journalist. Doesn't it seem strange to you?"

"Strange?" The Yank dropped his cigarette butt into his ersatz coffee. "Man, I come from where they've been in charge for generations."

^{*}) Schieber: a German expression for the war and post-war speculator.

*Louis Ribak*

The Ferry Crossing.

Melodrama

THE sea and the fog conspire tonight.

In silence the sea and the bay knit hands in the fog.

Sinister, silent, fraternal: The ocean is one, and the bay is one, and the cynic moon is another—

Who are you, ferry-boat, threshing the slate-blue water?

Who are you, furious beneath a slate-blue sky?

Who are you that struggle clutched in slate-blue tentacles of silence?

Who are you, with the fog in your throat, aghast beneath the sallow villain moon?

Who are you?

Who are you?

Hoo.... hoo....

James Rorty

Attic

FIRELIGHT danced along the uneven walls.

The rooms forgot that they were old and dank.

They caught the music of your light foot-falls,

They echoed with our laughter and our calls,

They blessed the food we ate, the wine we drank.

And they grew human, tender, sweet and wise.

We loved them as we loved each other, then.

Now they are part of fading memories

As I forget your hands, your breast, your eyes.

But I can love no other home again.

Arthur Davison Ficke

The Yellow Streak in Coal

By J. Louis Engdahl

"COAL!" is the word that is drawing biggest upon the fear of America, with the passing of these summer days, just as the mark worries the Germans, and the British and French tussle over the Ruhr. There is no other word that registers so large in the thoughts of all in the United States today. Calvin Coolidge, "the Strike-Breaker President," mounts the throne of world imperialism vacated by Harding at Washington, D. C., and announces that he will not permit a coal strike. He has negotiated with the republican political boss and multi-millionaire mine owner, John Hays Hammond, who is also chairman of the anti-Labor Coal Fact Finding Commission, and he has spoken. President Coolidge even threatens to call a special session of Congress to consider the question of *Coal*, at the same time denying that it is necessary to summon the democratic and republican statesmen to Washington to talk about *Wheat* although the farmers of the west stand to lose billions of dollars unless the grip of the grain gamblers upon their throats is loosened.

"Coal!" grips all, not only because the need of it touches all, but because the struggle of the most militant section of American labor is tied up with this human necessity. The profiteers on the Chicago Board of Trade and in the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce sneer in the faces of the farmers as the new wheat crop comes in and prices automatically drop, as in previous years, this time from \$1.50 to 75 and 80 cents a bushel. This fall in the price is made because the food baron wants to buy cheaply, and he controls everything, the banks, the railroads, the grain elevators, and because the farmer is at his mercy, an easier victim than the prey of the highwayman. To be sure the farmer-labor revolt elected a United States Senator in Minnesota, but that is only a beginning.

But with "Coal!" it is different. There is another factor, another power: the 500,000 organized coal-miners, the United Mine Workers of America, demanding the right of the workers in the coal pits to live, seeking the necessities of life for their families. And there is something else. The spirit of these hundreds of thousands of unionized coal miners is a militant, aggressive spirit. These mine workers have the courage to fight. They have shown it in the past.

President Coolidge comes from Massachusetts, the key-stone of the group of New England States. These states burn anthracite in winter. When the miners of the Pennsylvania anthracite fields begin talking about the recognition of the union through the "check-off" system, as well as higher wages and shorter workday, Coolidge begins talking about the "special session" of congress, because he knows the miners mean business. At the same time his ears are deaf to the mortgage-burdened farmers and fruit growers, even those of his own New England states, because these land workers have no organized power, no militant spirit.

And greater than organized power is militant spirit. This past summer the big topic of interest in the anthracite coal fields was whether Rinaldo Cappellini or John Brennan was to be president of the Scranton-Wilkesbarre District. This struggle attracted national attention. A study of the columns of the New York Times during this period would create the impression that there was a campaign on

for governor of Pennsylvania. Brennan stood for reaction in power, Cappellini was the champion of a rising militant spirit. Cappellini was elected overwhelmingly, a high water mark in militancy in the coal miners' union.

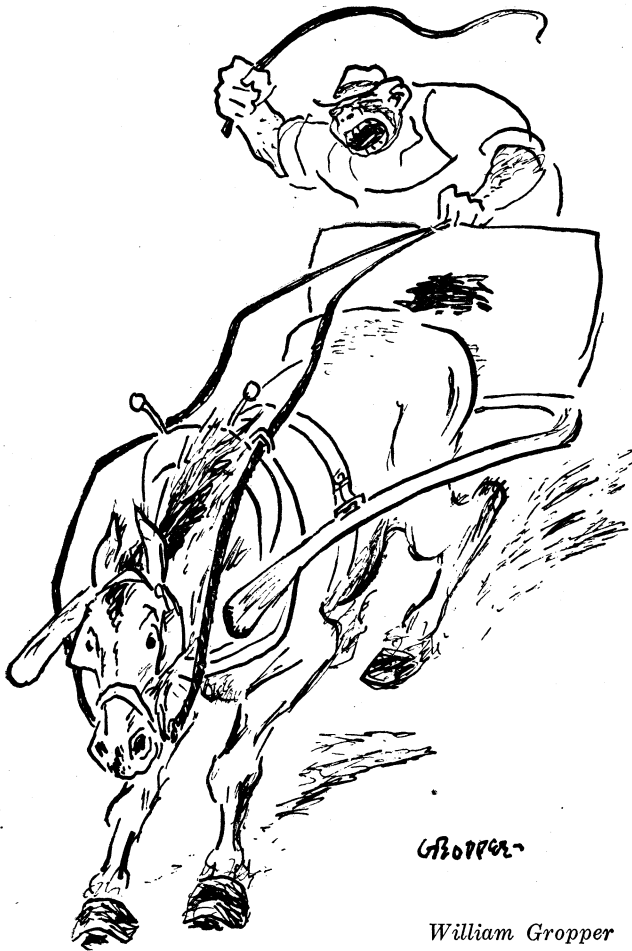
But no sooner had the votes for Cappellini registered the militancy of the anthracite coal miners, than the machine power of the reactionary miners' union officialdom, headed by the international administration of President John L. Lewis, began to work. Cappellini succeeded to the presidency held by Brennan, even with Brennan's good wishes. Cappellini immediately after his election betrayed the militant spirit of the rank and file coal miners and went over to the organized officialdom. An old story, often repeated in the miners' union, as it has been enacted time and time again in other labor organizations.

But in the days that Cappellini was campaigning for official place among the anthracite miners there was organized in Pittsburgh a representative conference, the International Progressive Committee of the United Mine Workers of America. This conference represents not only militancy in spirit, but militancy in its organization clothes.

President Lewis had accepted Cappellini, the militant, because he knew he could with his own machine break this individual militant. But these "breaking" episodes are doomed to pass in the miners' union with the growing strength of the International Progressive Committee. This is the phenomenon that is unfolding in the miner's union today. President Lewis rallies every strength to fight it. He has buried the hatchet in his long and deep-rooted feud with another powerful and reactionary figure in the miners' union, Frank Farrington, President of the Illinois Miners. He has reached an open alliance with Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, whom he opposed for re-election at the Denver, Colo., Convention in 1921. He has opened the columns of the union's official organ, *The United Mine Workers' Journal*, to the most scurrilous attacks on the progressive miners, at the same time closing this publication to all replies of those attacked. He stabbed in the back, with an expulsion order, the heroic coal miners of Nova Scotia, Canada, for their effort to come to the aid of their striking comrades in the steel mills. In fact, he has declared open war on the militant spirit that built the United Mine Workers of America to a membership of half a million, the spirit that has made the miners' union the hope of the American labor movement, capable, as in 1922, of breaking the nation-wide open-shop drive against all organized labor.

The Gompers-Lewis fight against the militants, therefore, becomes an anti-labor war, in the sense that it is in opposition to every advanced step the organized workers are trying to take. In the mining industry the Gompers-Lewis machine finds itself in opposition to nationalization of the coal mines, against organizing the unorganized, against cooperating through alliances with other industries, against amalgamation, opposed to national agreements and to international affiliation.

Mr. Lewis and Mr. Gompers, with their official supporters, in reality have developed an anti-labor war in which they seek to create, where they have not already created it,



William Gropper

**The horse to himself: "If I work real hard,
I am bound to make good."**

an entente with the great employers. This plot to unite the bosses and the Lewis-Gompers bureaucracy against the forward-looking workers is no secret. Gompers urges this entente in *The Magazine of Wall Street*, in the August number of which his closing paragraph declares with black face type:

"The Employers and the Organized Employees of America Should Stand Shoulder to Shoulder in This Fight."

This is a confession of the Gompers-Lewis outfit that their position is growing desperately weak.

When this issue of *The Liberator* reaches its readers, the Second National Conference of the Trade Union Educational League will be in session in Chicago. The First Conference, one year ago, in the days of the miners' and railroad shopmen's strikes, was invaded by Daugherty's raiders, and fifteen arrests were made, including that of Earl R. Browder, editor of the *Labor Herald*. Masses of workers immediately rallied to the support of those attacked. This year the masses of labor, in increasing numbers, are with the Trade Union Educational League, especially its miners' section, while the labor bureaucracy has taken its stand with the raiders of one year ago. Last year the Trade Union Educational League was confronted with the work of developing a militant program of action against the "open-shop" bosses. This year it faces the task of meeting both the

bosses and their allies, the "labor lieutenants" of capitalism. The situation develops with crystal clearness especially among the miners. But it stretches all the way from the conservative building trades, through the miners' union, and into the "Socialist"-controlled needle workers' organizations.

On the 5th of last May, Frank Farrington, head of the Illinois Miners, then supposedly a staunch supporter for the reinstatement of Alex Howat and the Kansas miners, wrote to a union miner that:

"I do not think the men who are behind the so-called progressive movement have any intentions whatever of establishing a dual organization of Mine Workers, instead, their activities, I think, are due entirely to their determination to clean up some of the corruption that is going on in our International Union.

"Alex Howat has repeatedly declared that he will have nothing to do with the establishment of a dual organization of mine workers, and I am satisfied that he meant just what he said. I do think, however, that Howat has much reason for complaint and he will no doubt identify himself with this element in our union because he believes that is the only way he can secure justice for himself and the Kansas Mine Workers."

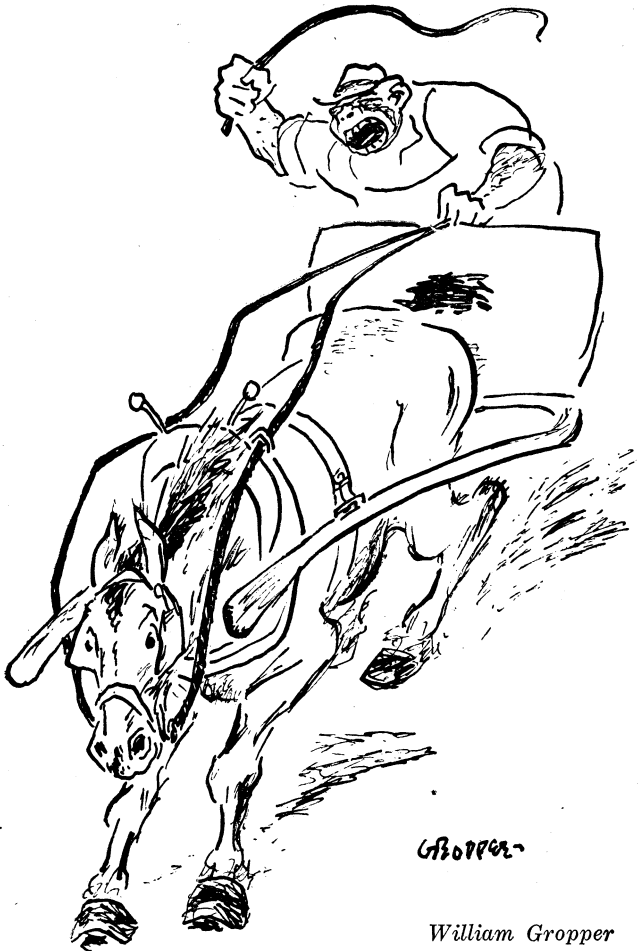
During the Pittsburgh Conference of the Progressive Miners, however, Farrington was already meeting with Lewis and Gompers, in Springfield and Chicago, Ill., with the result that he began writing letters urging closer cooperation between reactionaries "who believe in constructive progress," while in a letter dated June 29th, he openly repudiates Howat, charging the Kansas miner had aligned himself with those "who are working to destroy the United Mine Workers of America."

Farrington would have intelligent workers believe that those who were working "to clean up some of the corruption in the union," to use his own words, had suddenly become the "enemies of the union." The real development was that Farrington, the platonic supporter of the militants, had suddenly turned turtle and joined the Gompers-Lewis front with the bosses against the rank and file of labor. The big obstacles that had to be overcome to secure this alliance may well be imagined. One of Farrington's many public charges against Lewis was to the effect that Lewis had received \$100,000 from Kentucky mine owners for allowing the Kentucky miners to work during the 1921 coal strike. This is the corruption against which the lips of Farrington will now be sealed by the alliance.

To be sure it now becomes the function, not only of Farrington, but even more so of Lewis himself, to blacken the character of those who, as Farrington testified, would "expose corruption" in the union. This Lewis proceeded to do with all the viciousness of Mitchell Palmer's "Anti-Red Raids" in Wilson's days and the brutal cunning of Harry M. Daugherty's anti-labor onslaughts during Harding's time.

Thus the workings of the labor-bureaucracy front with the bosses are fully revealed by President Lewis' activities at the Tri-District Anthracite Miners' Conference, at Scranton, Pa., June 26-29, and the resultant treatment of these events in the July 15th issue of the *United Mine Workers' Journal*.

The Scranton Conference was called to discuss the new wage agreement to take the place of the contract that expires August 31. Hundreds of delegates were gathered



GROPPER

William Gropper

**The horse to himself: "If I work real hard,
I am bound to make good."**

from all the coal towns of the Pennsylvania Anthracite field. For the first two days the delegates were regaled with oratory. Not until the third day did President Lewis appear. Then he used up an hour and half of the two hours the conference was in session. On the fourth day the scale committee was ready to report, and it was felt that the gathering might get down to its real business. But instead of an intelligent discussion on the wage scale problem, the Lewis machine provided something different. As the result of an admitted frame-up, one of the bureaucracy's henchmen on the floor opened an attack on the militant miners' activities. This was immediately taken up by President Lewis from the platform, and after one of the most cowardly attempts at incitation to lynching, succeeded in having Joseph Manley, at that time secretary of the Miner's Progressive Committee, and other militants, mobbed from the convention hall. Lewis' object had been achieved. The radical delegates in the convention had been intimidated. Their spirit had been broken. The bureaucracy put through its program for the wage negotiations to be held at the Atlantic City seaside resort. Lewis had performed the work of the bosses at Scranton. Lewis had carried out Gompers' program of fighting the progressives in the union, instead of uniting the union against the bosses. The anthracite profiteers laughed, sneered at Lewis when he came to Atlantic City with his program, and deadlocked the negotiations over the question of recognizing the union through approval of the check-off!

Instead of using the *United Mine Workers Journal* to rally the anthracite miners for the crucial struggle ahead, the issue of July 15th of that Journal is given over to Lewis' "Rule and Ruin" speech at Scranton, published under the heading, "Complete Harmony Prevails at Tri-District Convention of the United Mine Workers." The speech is set off with a cheap attempt at a cartoon picturing the militant miners as "Industrial Buzzards," one of the favorite expressions of Mr. Lewis, who has not yet answered Farrington's charges of bribe-taking. The artist's pencil must have been driven, unconsciously to be sure, by visions of the "Industrial Buzzard," Mr. Lewis, feeding on the chaos he himself has produced in the miners' ranks. Instead of having his wage propositions accepted by the hard coal mine owners at Atlantic City, Mr. Lewis has been confronted with the promise of the soft coal mine owners to support their fellow coal profiteers in their demands. Thus, while Mr. Lewis is dividing the miners in carrying out the Gompers' policy of attacking the radicals, the mine owners are busy strengthening their forces.

During the strikes of the steel workers and coal miners against the British Empire Steel Corporation, in Nova Scotia, Canada, we see this Gompers-Lewis alliance with bosses carried to its logical conclusion, in the open struggle. These Canadian coal miners constitute District No. 26, of the United Mine Workers of America. They are among the most militant in the miners' union. They are disciplined union members. They withdrew their decision to affiliate with the Red International of Labor Unions when the Lewis administration declared it was "unconstitutional." They were willing to wait until the remainder of the union membership had expressed itself in an international convention. But when these union coal miners saw the armed forces of the British King, even the frowning guns of His Majesty's battleships, being used against the striking steel workers

of Nova Scotia, they could not remain inactive. A sympathetic strike was called that met with a hundred-per-cent response. Lewis immediately outlawed the strike in a lengthy telegram from his palatial suite in the Ambassador Hotel at Atlantic City. He joined the Canadian steel and coal czars in crushing this magnificent display of working class solidarity, on the same theory that he betrayed the 1919 miners' strike, the theory that "we cannot fight the government." Mr. Lewis had shown himself just as loyal to the King of England as he had previously been true to the Princes of Wall Street.

This is the working out of the anti-radical program of the labor bureaucracy. It is not only a Gompers-Lewis-Farrington policy. It spreads as the masses in the labor unions awaken to the needs of the present struggle against the bosses. This policy is bearing its despotic fruit in the needle workers' unions, where "Socialists" control, as well as in those organizations where the official reaction carries its industrial alliance with the employers also into the political struggle.

Cappellini was broken in the anthracite fields by this labor reaction. He may come back. He may not. But the organized strength of militancy will continue to grow, as it is growing. It carefully picks its leaders. Such surrenders as that of Cappellini are being made, for the future, impossible. Real support is being given those, like Howat, who have the courage to battle corruption in high places, who speak the will of the inarticulate many.

The day of free men is dawning in the mining industry, as well as in the miners' union. The progressives among the coal diggers are receiving the brunt of the Gompers-Lewis attack, because they are in the vanguard of the struggle against the entente of capitalist bosses and labor bureaucrats. But these militants always remember the words of William Z. Foster, at the historic first conference of the Trade Union Educational League:

"In this great struggle we must expect to meet with some casualties."

And the struggle forces the one word "Coal!" upon the ear of the nation, and it is a great struggle because it will be crowned with the final victory.

The Seven Children

(A Tahitian Legend)

"PIPIRI-ma, eh! Pipiri ma, haere!"

The seven children in the sky run together singing;
 "We shall not come down again, heaven has been good to us,
 We shall not come down though you should call forever!
 You were cruel parents, you would not wake us
 When at dark midnight you came home from fishing,
 We who had not eaten all the day long.

"So when you slept we crept from the house, we fled,
 We leapt to the sky, we fled; and you waking called us;
 When the palm leaves rattled in the morning wind we were
 not there.

Follow us, mother; father, follow us; you will never catch us
 Though you call all night till dawn, 'pipiri ma, haere!'
 We are seven children, heaven has been good to us,
 We are seven stars, singing in the sky."

Lydia Gibson.

The Non-Stop Limited

By Charles L. Durboraw

A Word-Picture

THERE in the railroad yards, close by the busy-body's big humming atlas map of life depot, she rests. The dandy engine and swell ten long cars; the ready waiting crack fastest non-stop limited train.

Time-while, the engineer and fireman are happy in, out, and around their cozy little home cab. Their home away from home on the ribbon shining, fast click-click rails they love almost as well.

And here and around are the conductor, brakemen and porters in spicy, dandy, blue uniforms fine. While the people of nearly all nations are excited with confusing traveling acts of traveling life, are here and there crowding in a mixup twisted tangle around the big atlas map of life depot.

About ready to leave now.

"All aboard," says the sporty looking conductor in a loud and kind voice.

"Bye-bye mother, sister, father, brother." "God bless you dear little sweetheart." Kiss, other kisses, bye-byes and good-byes were said, and thoughts came into tears from soft and heavy sobs from many on and 'off the non-stop limited. Minds acted calm and easy. Others wild and quick with happy, unhappy thoughts, waving hands and handkerchiefs.

The engineer now gets the signal from the conductor's uplifted hand to his clear unanxious mind. The bell rings, the engine goes puff-puff, triple-triplet puffs, the wheels race, then puff-puff the train leaves slow.

From the city through the suburbs, farther away and faster goes the crack fastest non-stop limited train. The fireman stops ringing the fast warning brass metal bell and rolls up his sleeves, jumps down from his little narrow seat and grabs the big iron bright spoon, his shirt open at the throat. He works like blazes to feed the hungry now and then opening yellow red mouth, coughing, seething, hot furnace. The demon mad engine is hungry and thirsty for bursting speed space ahead on the ribbon shining fast click-click rails. And the road's best bet gambled on three score years hard grizzly engineer with iron nerve undreamy eyes ahead, opens the throttle wide, an outward pull in the heart of his well trained iron charging pacer on spiked down rails.

Going like blue double flame blazes now. And still faster and faster goes the crack fastest non-stop limited train. Telegraph poles pass like a picket fence lighting dots dashes messages fore and aft on the wicked sissing lying wires. Now at full bursting speed ninety-seven and eleven miles an hour on straight track, a little more not straight, a little less goes the shadow of the engine catching fleeting space part of a running mile, holding and thinning it out next to less than no time the length of the train, and then quicker losing it far out of sight behind.

A lonesome, weary horse in a nearby field that had strayed from its weary lonesome mate caught hold of a sudden fright, confusing it, the rattled then whinny brute got double scared, quick turned around and ran, kicked up and kicked up hitting the air reflecting the sun on iron shining shoes. Four thirsty, hungry, lazy cows and a calf all too lazy to lay down were loafing together in the cool shade yonder

under the fragrant scented sweet meadow low branches of an old sweet green apple tree, did get uneasy and stopped chewing back and forth on their cud from unlazy sawing then lazy jaws, turned around and looked with their meekly heads and sleepy, slopy eyes at the fast shadow shooting by.

Across miles of track grades, bumps over bridges, around curves, through fields, villages and towns. Across the plains into the heavy black night hole through the mountain, thundered, echoed and roared into daylight, the world's greatest, most famous, crack fastest non-stop of all famous non-stop limited trains.

Three hundred and ninety-two miles, two hundred and sixty straight track, was her run between the two goals, four hours flat. Nearly always on time never yet an accident and holder of the world's famous title non-stop. Always some people at crossings to see the limited go by and special guards on duty between the full run.

Still along at full bursting speed the crack fastest non-stop limited train is running. Now far ahead are the suburbs, again nearing one end of the goal, getting home from their famous run, the city in view. The brave, grizzly, grimy, the road's best bet gambled on old engineer now sends part of the throttle in to slow down and the fireman, dirty and soaking wet in his little narrow seat is again ringing the warning brass metal bell.

Out of the suburbs, now in the city, is the crack fastest non-stop limited train now coming to a stop. Up into the railroad yards close by the busy-body's big humming atlas map of life depot it goes, the dandy engine and swell ten long cars, the famous crack fastest non-stop limited train. To a stop. Now the engineer and fireman are happy in their cozy little home cab leaving it to go home, to their home away from home on the ribbon shining fast click-click rails they love almost as well. While the people of nearly all nations are excited with confusing traveling acts of traveling life, are here and there crowding in a mixup twisted tangle around the big atlas map of life depot.

To My Parents

WHAT have I to thank you for?
Just my body, nothing more.

Why should I be dutiful

For your gift unbeautiful?

I could well dispense with it.

I did not commence with it.

If you gave me life, then why

If you love me, must I die?

Will you grieve when I must go?

Would it comfort you to know

That my death-is incidental

And this life experimental?

That my birth was just a change?

No, to you that seems too strange.

For if such a thing be true

I would not belong to you.

Grieve then, if you'd rather grieve,

I can't help what you believe.

Jean Thorne.

The Outline of Marriage

By Floyd Dell

VI.

"MAY I interrupt you?"

"Yes, madam. Please do."

"I am a working woman, and proud to belong to the working class. I have been hoping to hear you discuss marriage from a working-class point of view. Some of what you have been saying, the historical part, has been interesting enough; but coming down to the present day, you have dealt exclusively with marriage in the middle-class. Why don't you deal with the marriage-problems of the workers?"

"Thank you. I was about to do so. If I have chosen for the first of my contemporary instances the marriage problems of what may appear to you to be merely frivolous daughters of the bourgeoisie, it was in a sense holding them up as straws to show which way the wind blows. If in that comparatively sheltered spot, the middle class, we find the wind blowing in a particular direction, we may be sure that it is blowing more fiercely upon the less protected members of the working class. Let me remind you of what we found in our research into the most up-to-date middle-class marital experience. We found that women were ceasing to maintain their traditional 'womanliness' and men losing their traditional 'manliness'; and that the traditional marriage founded upon the respective demands for 'manliness' and 'womanliness' was crumbling to pieces—or, if you like, being ground to pieces, not in the divorce mill merely, but in the mills of economic determinism. Well! You have only to look at the working class to find that situation carried to a tragic extreme, in spite of the fierce unwillingness with which it is resisted. The essence of 'womanliness' is that she shall be a home-maker; and that is economically impossible to the vast numbers of working women who have to work in factories and shops to help maintain the family. The essence of 'manliness' in marriage is the demonstration of the ability to support a family; and that is being made so increasingly hard that the statistics of wife-desertion and family-desertion among the workers are rather terrible to contemplate. In that part of the working class which is least protected, among migratory and unskilled workers, marriage tends to be made absolutely impossible; and among these men it tends to be the case that association with women, insofar as it is not entirely prohibited, is necessarily limited to prostitutes.

"This occurs in spite of an intense conservatism in the working class, a clinging to the old ideals of marriage and family life. The shattering of traditional marriage in this class would be more apparent if it were not for the desperate attempt made in this class to preserve that institution. This contradiction between the ideals of the working class and the tendencies of the machine-age is due to the fact that the working class is a *new class*, generally recruited out of a peasant population. In America our machine-workers are mostly European peasants, with the European peasant ideal of marriage. And what we observe in this class is the destruction before our eyes of the old

stable peasant marriage and family by the forces of modern capitalism.

"You perhaps expect me to glorify the working-class ideal of marriage. But there is as yet, I am sorry to say, no working-class ideal of marriage. There is only the old peasant ideal of marriage, still stubbornly and blindly cherished by these peasants who are being turned into machine workers. And it would be idle to glorify the peasant ideal of marriage, because it is doomed. Marriage must adapt itself to the machine age. And I need hardly remind you that the pressure of a machine culture upon our populations may be even greater *after* the revolution than it is now, with a more violent destruction of old traditions and ideals.

"What we have to look for, as some portent of the marriage of the future, are those emerging examples of marriage which show some real adaptation to the necessities of the machine age. And, here again, you may expect me to find these examples in the working class. I confess that I fail to do so. I find there, I repeat, merely on the one hand a blind clinging to a peasant ideal, and on the other hand a ruthless shattering of that ideal by hostile economic forces. No, it is not in the working class that I find any willing effort to adapt marriage to the rest of our machine culture. I do find such efforts among the middle class, and even, in their own fashion, among what we may call the aristocracy. It is to these classes that we must look if we would see some indication of the changes that are likely to overtake marriage in a machine environment as exigent if less cruel than exists at present, such as might exist under a proletarian and communist regime.

"I take it that our machine culture will increasingly demand the services of women; that the care of children will more and more become a paid profession, with skilled workers, and that motherhood will become more and more a part and not the whole of married women's lives. It is in the middle class that the most understanding attempts at adaptation to these tendencies are now being made, under great difficulties and not with much conspicuous success thus far. And it is from the aristocracy precisely, and not from the working class with its lingering peasant traditions, that these middle-class experimenters derive their inspiration and their example in the matter of freedom of women from miscellaneous domestic burdens. It happens to be comparatively easy for the married women of the aristocracy, in a time when individualism is at a premium and old traditions are being destroyed, to achieve freedom from traditional domestic cares. It is not to the point that they generally make foolish use of their freedom—but that they serve to advertise the freedom. Nor does it matter that the success of middle-class women in combining marriage and family life with a career is as yet nothing to boast of. The point is that here an effort is being willingly made, and a new ideal of marriage created—an ideal which will find its full development in the working-class, under the shaping stress of economic forces, in times to come. A society which sees the danger of penalizing family life too heavily will find many ways of coming



Score Once Again For Common Sense

Not to be too radical, the conservative Mrs. Blank compromises on the bobbed hair issue. Mrs. Blank says people in her section of the country are not ready for a radical change.

to its assistance, whether by motherhood pensions or subsidies, by socially supported nurseries, kindergartens, camps, or co-operatively arranged apartment buildings, or otherwise.

"I should be lacking in candor if I failed to say that marriage appears to be in a stage of transition which will last a long time, and that a truer word for transition would be conflict—conflict between old habitual impulses and new necessities—and that consequently the psychic outlook for marriage is not exactly cheerful. We cannot at once—nor should we, for that matter—surrender our preferences at the urgency of an economic situation. There are things in traditional marriage which may be of more lasting importance to the race than all the values of our machine culture. This machine culture rests upon the individual rather than the family; it tends to destroy the family as a social unit. If unresisted by sentiment and tradition, this machine culture would ultimately destroy the family-sense, that compound of emotions which arise out of direct personal responsibilities to the fellow-members of a family; it would leave the mating-impulse extraordinarily free, and, within its own limits, extraordinarily irresponsible; it would make for brief, unstable, irresponsible love-unions in the nature of intense personal friendships; it would make friendship between men and women mean the same thing as love, and love the same thing as friendship.

"In fact, it is doing these things now—as, if I had the time, I would call witnesses from the younger generation to prove to you. And it is in these directions that we may expect the conventions of marriage to change fairly rapidly in all classes within our lifetime. But at present these tendencies are resisted by sentiments and traditions which these tendencies insult and outrage. Among such

sentiments are those which involve a demand for responsibility, for protection, for permanence. We may expect such sentiments and traditions to resist the influences of the machine age for much longer than we shall live. And perhaps, in the end the sentiments will triumph and survive—whether as treasured luxuries defiantly preserved in contempt of a machine culture, or as consistent expressions of the spirit of another culture which shall eventually supplant that of the machine.

"In any event, marriage represents a conflict between old things and new—a conflict which will be tempered by compromises, but which offers no perfect peace of spirit to the individuals who are the instruments of its experimental workings. It offers, rather, a good deal of pain—of an interesting sort, to be sure, which is the only consolation I personally have to offer you.

"In the field of the emotions, the center of the conflict will be occupied by jealousy. It is so old an emotion, and so much a part of mate-love, that it will scarcely be eliminated by any social scheme whatever; and yet we may expect that it will gradually be stripped of some of its traditional rights, not without a desperate struggle. At present it is even more an egoistic emotion than a sexual one; a matter of hurt pride even more than of hurt love; a matter, in short, more pertaining to one's love of oneself than to one's love of another. But as the field of human endeavor widens for women, and as their pride becomes more well established in the field of achievement, it will need less and give less of scope in the field of the erotic and domestic emotions, which will have to take care of themselves, unbulwarked by egoistic pride. In a word, the continuance or non-continuance of love will not involve anybody's self-respect, since self-respect will be built on the firmer foundations of personal achievement.

"I could confidently predict many things of like tenor, from a view of the current effects of our economic necessities upon our human nature. But if I did so I should err, not in rashness, for one could go much further without being even quite up to date in the significant manifestations of change in the world about us—I should err, rather, in conveying the suggestion that, these things being thus and so, we should enjoy that state of affairs. I affirm, confidently, on the other hand, that we shall not enjoy them. We shall be troubled even more by our new freedoms than by our old limitations—for we shall not know how to make a happy use of such freedoms. We shall have to leave that to oncoming generations who shall have become habituated to them as conventions—and even these generations, secure and unbewildered in such matters, will have new troubles of their very own.

"And with that happy thought, ladies and gentlemen, I take leave of you. We might conduct our inquiry into many other aspects of marriage which we have left untouched—but we have restricted ourselves to a brief outline, which is now concluded. This platform is presently to be occupied by a lecturer on Literature and the Machine-Age, and we must vacate. Let me wish you in parting, many happy marriages—and one to last. Good-bye!"

THE END.

A remarkable new series on "Literature and the Machine Age," by Floyd Dell, will begin in the October number of The Liberator.



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Not to be too radical, the conservative Mrs. Blank compromises on the bobbed hair issue. Mrs Blank says people in her section of the country are not ready for a radical change.

BOOKS

The Last of the Great Parlor Socialists

THE question arises at the outset of our considerations: What is a parlor socialist? I believe I have a definition ready, in reply to that question, which is neither too narrow nor too wide—just co-extensive with the concept itself: A parlor socialist is a non-combatant Utopian in an age of combative socialist mass-movements; in other words, a Utopian without a historical reason for being one. To make my point plain: Fourier, Robert Owen, Saint-Simon were Utopians, but they were not parlor socialists. It is true that their socialism was evolved within their four walls as a matter of purely individual reflection based upon observation, but it is likewise true that at the turn of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries when they flourished, there were no mass-movements outside of their four walls whereof their socialism could by any possibility be the clarified expression. There was no organized proletariat then to which they could step with their message from their "parlors," nor did they anticipate in their calculations the existence of one as an indispensable means of realizing their schemes for social reconstruction. In default of one actually extant, they naturally looked to the illuminati among the well-to-do for support of their plans. The parlor socialists of our own days are the epigones of the great Utopians. What divides them from their famous exemplars and puts them on a lower plane of mentality, is the simple fact that they are now eighty years behind their age. In an epoch of militant class-conscious labor movements, any attempt of "the parlor" to dictate and direct is a superannuated presumption.

Being busy with themselves and their own inventions rather than with the mass urge toward a socialist commonwealth, it is patent that nearly all parlor socialists will develop into petty personages, alike devoid of genius and virile enterprise. There are, however, a few exceptions overtopping the pigmy size of the type—the late Edward Bellamy, to mention a fellow-countryman, was one of them; Mr. Wells, a much more versatile, more articulate, more restless and curious intellect than Bellamy, is another. This being the eleventh hour before the cataclysm of capitalist society, he may be looked upon as the last of the great parlor socialists. As such, he is an instructive subject for a brief survey. I mean to essay one in briefest outlines for the readers of the *Liberator*, the immediate occasion for such an attempt being his latest volume—a Utopian novel entitled "Men Like Gods."

Mr. Wells, as a man of letters, is not only the greatest of all known parlor socialists; among the living he is likewise the purest, most consistent specimen. Most others of his ilk have at one time or another, felt stirring within their bosoms a response, however faint, to the urge and clamor of class-conscious proletarian mass-movements. Not so Mr. Wells. Organized labor, to him, is merely a stepladder in the career of the executive intellect. The very term "class-conscious proletariat" is and always was an offense to his educated nostrils. He first imbibed his socialism, such as it is, through contact in the early nineties with the Fabians. Before his literary successes during the first five years of the new century had made of him a guinea-shovelling celebrity astonished at its own greatness, he must have been a

student of some natural sciences—chemistry, and biology and mechanics. The traces of his early studies are observable in nearly all his multifarious writings. Economics, however, and the history and literature of modern labor movements, never were among the disciplines with which he busied himself in any but the most cursory, copy-hunting sort of way. In his immense output of forty-five volumes, all published since 1897, there is no evidence showing that he ever labored his way through "Das Kapital" or "The Critique of Political Economy." In fact, there is plenty of recent evidence to the contrary. He never mentions Marx and Marxism except to bestow upon a novel-reading mob of capitalist retainers and leisured ladies some such journalistic drivel as this:

"The Marxist had wasted the forces of revolution for fifty years; he had had no vision; he had had only a condemnation for established things. He had estranged all scientific and able men by his pompous affectation of the scientific; he had terrified them by his intolerant orthodoxy; his delusion that all ideas are begotten by material circumstances had made him negligent of education and criticism. He had attempted to build social unity on hate and had rejected every other driving force for the bitterness of the class war."

The quotation is of the Wells vintage of 1923, being culled from "Men Like Gods." It is of the same pattern with similar utterances scattered thinly over a quarter of a century. From first to last, this re-inventor of socialism has considered himself its patentee, and the liberal professions its future adherents and executors. There is a curious smallness about this man of enormous diligence and vast literary reaches. With all his wonderful cleverness and roving social intelligence, he is essentially Thackeray's Man-Meanly-Admiring-Mean-Things; in plainer words, a typical English middle-class climber and a devout snob in the presence of bourgeois success. His classical petty-burgher mind attains now and then to the heights of genius in satirizing the very celebrities of organized privilege before whom, in the end, he will invariably cringe and cower. To exemplify: In 1909, in "Tono-Bungay" (perhaps his one enduring novel) he was at the height of his satirical powers. The volume is a truly devastating picture of the new English society of "self-made" millionaires, containing, as a centre-piece, a killingly veristic portrait of an industrial "Napoleon." A year or two thereafter he published "The New Machiavelli," a Freudian day-dream of wishfulness, wherein Mr. Wells himself, thinly disguised, is depicted as a middle-aged statesman evolving schemes of social and political reform, far, far from the madding crowd of the Great Unwashed, with the assistance—of his worshipping typist and stenographer! Three years before "Tono-Bungay" Mr. Wells, for the first time, came to the United States, where he was dined and wined by a good many American counterparts of the industrial Napoleons of his own annihilating satire. He brought forth the usual British lecturer's shallow volume on the American social scene. A rather characteristic passage:

"It is ridiculous, I say, to write of these men (meaning the big sharks of finance) as though they were unparalleled villains, intellectual overmen, conscienceless conquerors of the world. Mr. J. D. Rockefeller's mild, thin-lipped, pleasant face gives the lie to all such melodramatic nonsense.... I must confess to a sneaking liking for this much-reviled man..."

II.

Do you wonder, dear reader, at this incapacity of a professed socialist to feel something like decent indignation when face to face with the archetype of American pirates grabbing national resources? There is no cause for wonderment—it is the New Machiavelli that is speaking—the British *arriviste* whose idea of heaven is a seat in parliament and an occasional week-end invitation from a peer—the statesman who will presently launch socialism into being by dickering with Right Honorables and converting the impressive wives of baronets and bishops—the socialist Superman, who given a chance, will by fluting and conciliatory accents, win the Rockefellerers over to a social scheme that does away with them.

Not only the plutocrats are fair game to his superior intellect. Some day in the future he will charm and convert, as a socialist, those very statesmen whom he has made immortally ridiculous as a satirist. We are facing here the innermost secret of the petty-burgher soul in its literate state: Mr. Wells is flesh of the flesh and bone of the bone of the very notabilities he assails in his satiric moods. He knows and has depicted more than once, under various fictitious names, the pre-war and post-war executives of the Western nations—the Georges, Churchills, Clemenceaus, Wilsons, Poincarés and their likes—as narrow-visaged, hypocritical mediocrities, impotent for good and potent only for infinite harm—presumptuous, vain old men, whose periodical gathering in conferences cannot possibly advance the cause of civilization. Yet when they foregathered at the most transparent humbug of a Washington Disarmament Conference, Mr. Wells, to the tune of ever so many thousand guineas, wrote gravely and in a statesmanlike vein about their daily doings. Viewed consciously or subconsciously, the eminent politicians he showers with ridicule are at the same time his exemplars and envied forerunners, until one day he will take his seat among them. His farcical run as a labor candidate for Oxford!!, of all places on the moral map, is merely a first augury of future greatness. One day in a near future he will run for a more auspicious borough, with lots of old-fashioned British trade-unions to back his candidacy, the local Boots, Brewer, and a few Fabian Lady Tip-pinses will rally round him. Behold him then in that place, which, as Mr. Twemlow feelingly remarked, is still the best club in London. He will lunch with real cabinet-ministers. He will susurrate a diluted socialism into the rosy ears of their womenkind. He will gently argue with the Bishop's Bench about the essential Christianity of socialism purged of class-struggles. And at the next threat of a gigantic strike in a key-industry he will instruct the coarser element within the I. L. P. representation in parliament in the art of rattling eloquently and with profuse assertion of a superior social morality.

III.

This, however, is anticipating the impending career of an "elderly statesman," (a favorite locution of Mr. Wells), who, during his journey through Soviet Russia saw little of its moral grandeur, which for him was overshadowed by the ubiquity of Karl Marx's bushy beard and mane. For the present, he is still busy poking fun at his future ministerial week-end hosts, in "Men Like Gods" and saying now and then, in the same volume, rather pointed things about the

odor of the capitalist cheese wherein he lives and has his being, as a comfortable and respected mite.

In "Men Like Gods" an exact dozen of holiday-making Britishers, with their automobiles, are shunted off from an English highroad into another planet called Utopia, and at the same time they are projected into a future several centuries distant. How shunted? How projected? To quote Mr. Wells: "The Shadow of Einstein Falls Across the Story, but Passes Lightly By." Just so. And there we are in Utopia, with an ensemble that pretty nearly encompasses the entire personnel of the author's novelistic obsessions. The priggish Fabian is missing—be it known to a forgetful world that Mr. Wells quarrelled with the Fabians in 1906—also, the man-of-the-plain-people patronized by prigs, and a few minor clichés; the rest of his standard creations, modified to suit, answer the roll-call.

These are the twelve "earthlings" transplanted by a Jules Verne trick to Utopia:

First of all, the indispensable variant and avatar of H. G. W. Name, this time, Barnstaple. Occupation, associate editor of a liberal weekly. Leads a comfortable suburban existence. Loves, like Tennyson's Ulysses and Mr. Britling, his ageing wife, but is ready to leave her behind in search of new adventures. In his capacity of variant and avatar of H. G. W., he is the only man among the "earthlings," intelligent enough to approve whole-heartedly of Utopian institutions and to side with his hosts against his eleven fellow-Britishers.

The question of how an intelligent workingman with social ideals would react to Utopian surroundings does not interest Mr. Wells. The only two workers among the eleven companions of his fancy are both flunkeys, cockney chauffeurs of a submissive and conforming type. From a business point of view, the author followed a correct instinct. No novelistic capital could be made out of proletarian rebels with his petty-burgher mob of readers. A great deal of novelistic capital could be made by turning his Utopia to some extent into a "roman a clef," by introducing and cleverly satirizing public personalities under transparent surnames. The idea of palming off badly written fiction to myriads of British snobs, by introducing well-known society leaders in thin disguise was an invention of Disraeli's. Mr. Wells, however, like a true genius, takes his own wherever he finds it.

There is a gentle Tory philosopher, a tall, long-legged dignified-looking oldster, full of insights and devoid of springs of progressive action, introduced as "Mr. Cecil Burtleigh, the great conservative leader"—a composite portrait of Balfour and Lord Cecil. There is the aggressive Imperialist and enterprising snob "Rupert Catskill, Secretary of State for War—" meaning, of course, the fiery Winston Churchill, idol of the patriotic 'Arrys and 'Arriets of London and the provinces. There is his secretary, Freddie Mush, a retainer of local reputation, probably unknown to larger fame; there is Father Amerton, a fashionable preacher, full of nasty suppressions and fierce zealotries; Lord Barralonga, another of the transplanted "earthlings," is a moneyed newcomer among the peerage, bluff of speech, a lay-figure reminiscent in a shadowy way of the late lamented Northcliffe. Monsieur Dupont, a French bourgeois, week-end guest of Barralonga, hurled together with him into Utopia, is introduced for one purpose only, to be mentioned forthwith. No Wells novel can do without a scientific analyst,

which is the *raison d'être* for a chemist among the exiled dozen, Mr. Hunker. A moneybag without a cocotte in his automobile is, of course, unthinkable—hence the famous vaudeville singer, Miss Greta Grey. The dozen is completed by Lady Stella—one of those plain-spoken, quick-witted feminine aristocrats that are all the rage with the patrons of Mudies.

These specimens of British privilege and its entourage are thrown into high satirical relief against Utopian backgrounds. Both sexes among the Utopians walk about in decent nakedness, healthy, handsome, browned by the sun, impervious to the obtrusive sexual innuendo wherewith the atmosphere of the "earthlings" is surcharged. They are hospitable folk, these Utopians, but not exactly overjoyed at the arrival of their guests, who are in a hurry to make fools of themselves. The fashionable preacher thunders against their physical and spiritual nakedness and is threatened with a Utopian commission *de lunatico inquirendo*. The excitements and incoherencies of the guests are piquantly contrasted with the pertinent speech and calm courtesies of their supermen hosts. The latter speak and listen by direct thought-transference—until undeceived, the eleven Britons imagine them to speak English and Monsieur Dupont marvels at their perfect French. These supermen, after going through centuries of economic anarchy, battle, murder and sudden death, have emerged as libertarian socialists from what they call the Age of Confusion. During a long evolutionary turmoil, they have outbred not only physical imperfections and grave vices, but minor shortcomings as well. To present their guild socialist society as the Rose of the Ages, Mr. Wells ruthlessly kills off the slow, the dense, the stupid, the discourteous in their millions—an immense surplus population, leaving only the well-bred and the quick-witted to manage a world suitable for the clairvoyant perceptions of sensitive authors. There is something curious about this readiness of the aesthetic mind to choke off and to slay, to clear the road to perfection.

In justice to Mr. Wells it should be mentioned that his aesthetic ruthlessness has not attained the heights of our national philosopher, Mr. Arthur Brisbane. Some months ago, when five millions of Volga dwellers seemed to be doomed, the Francis Bacon of the Tired Business-Man came forward with this consolation: the five millions, he pointed out, were after all only Tartars with slit-eyes and prognathous cheek-bones—presumably not as good to the sight as the average Harlem flat-dweller. To such altitudes of Yankee complacency even Mr. Wells cannot ascend.

To return to the story: the "earthlings" carry on their vestments, bodies and luggage millions of disease germs that can't do them any harm but speedily spread havoc among the non-immunized Utopians. An epidemic breaks out and the twelve intruders are quarantined in a mountainous region of Utopia, far off from the centres of population. The strategic advantages of their new dwelling-place inspire Rupert Catskill, British Secretary of State, with a splendid idea; why not organize in military fashion, plant the British flag, begin hostilities against the Utopians and subjugate them—civilize them by annexation to the Empire? His fellow-Britons with the exception of Mr. Barnstaple immediately assent. So does Monsieur Dupont, a Poincaré *in partibus infidelium*, after making exceptions and exacting reservations in favor of a France jealous of British territorial aggressions.

What follows is splendid farce in Mr. Wells's best early manner. I must not keep any reader from buying the book by being too explicit—he would miss a treat. Suffice it to say that the dissident Barnstaple is returned to earth, where the last chapter takes leave of him at the breakfast-table of his villa in Sydenham, drinking tea, reading the Times, and vaguely accounting to his wife for a month's unexplained absence. He does not, like Captain Lemuel Gulliver back from the Houyhnhnms, complain about the malodor of his wife, or for that matter, of the society about him. He is after all only a British Philistine, returning to his native element after an eccentric excursion. We hope Mr. Wells will not disappoint us of a second volume, continuing the career of his *revenant*: Mr. Barnstaple leaving authorship behind and going in for politics under the fresh glow of his new inspiration; Mr. Barnstaple standing for Gomperstown, Lancashire, or some other industrial rotten-borough, and returned by a triumphant majority; Mr. Barnstaple in the House, a lonesome dignified figure surrounded by noisy vulgar I. L. P. charges upon his good-humored sufferance; Mr. Barnstaple rising to his legs and attacking capitalist society in the exact spirit of George Sampson in *Our Mutual Friend*: "Demon—with every respect for you be it said—behold thy work!" Mr. Barnstaple sitting down under thunders of applause, congratulated by one or two generous political adversaries on the ministerial bench: Mr. Barnstaple invited to dinner and made much of by the gallant Rupert Catskill. And finally, Mr. Barnstaple handsomely capitulating to the Powers that Be in a social crisis, and included himself in the cabinet he assaulted. If Mr. Wells can read the book of his own future as plainly as the records of a remote Utopian epoch, he will surely not grudge us that interesting second volume.

James Fuchs

One of Our Best People

MR. Henry Morgenthau is an illustrious and successful fellow-citizen of foreign birth. Like most successful foreign-born citizens, he is naively astonished at his own importance. Also like most men of his type, he is always at peace and in high good humor with his God, his country, and his fellow-citizens. With his God, because of His creditable acumen in selecting His earthly favorites. With his country, because every poor boy permitted to land may attain therein that position to which etc., etc., as Mr. Hoover would say. With his fellow-citizens—because they recognized true worth, as witness his life-story. The genial egotism of "All in a Life-Time" by Henry Morgenthau (Doubleday Page) disarms criticism. The book is full of capital stories about the celebrities of the Sweet Caporal Age—Hammerstein, Conried, Caruso, Governor Sulzer, Roosevelt, Croker, Charley Murphy, and so forth. Mr. Morgenthau's public career is thoroughly discreditable—with the exception of his embassy at the Sublime Port, where he seems to have comported himself, for the only time in his public life, like a man of courage and honor. Of the discredit attaching to all of the rest of his career as a statesman, especially his Polish mission, he hasn't the slightest suspicion. It is just this artlessness of the talkative immigrant-celebrity that makes his book so vastly entertaining. To Manhattan cockneys fond of talking about the outstanding figures of "them days," "All in a Lifetime" is herewith recommended as pleasant and, in a modest measure, instructive reading.

James Fuchs

Two Sonnets

I.

I USED to know, dear child, about the sea;
 Why there are flowers; what the big wind said
 When he tossed in a leaf upon my bed;
 I used to know how sap comes in the tree;
 And what the cold stars meant by frightening me.
 When wild geese followed where their leader led,
 And snowflakes made strange patterns on my head,
 I understood as plainly as could be.
 But people did not think that I was wise,
 And so they taught me colors, numbers,—lies
 To drive away the wonder from my eyes.
 Now I come back to you. Dear, let us go
 Out to the meadows where the daisies grow
 And you shall tell me all I used to know.

II.

AN oak came tapping at my window-pane
 As if to say "Hello, remember me?
 After these ages it is good to see
 The face of one of my old friends again."
 But all my efforts to recall were vain.
 Was it his soul, in some Great-forest tree,
 That guarded my rude cradle? Could it be
 That under him my body once has lain?
 His leaves are green and warm with sunlight now,
 A wren is singing from one sturdy bough,
 And he is Life and Joy. I'll not forget
 Next time, but will call out to him "Well met,
 Old comrade! I have lived with you before.
 And here we are, trying it out once more!"

Beulah Chamberlain.

When I Die

WHEN I die I'd like to be
 Buried at the foot of a tree,
 So that the strength of me should flow
 Into that tree and make it grow,
 So that in days to come, maybe,
 I myself should be a tree.

Henry George Weiss

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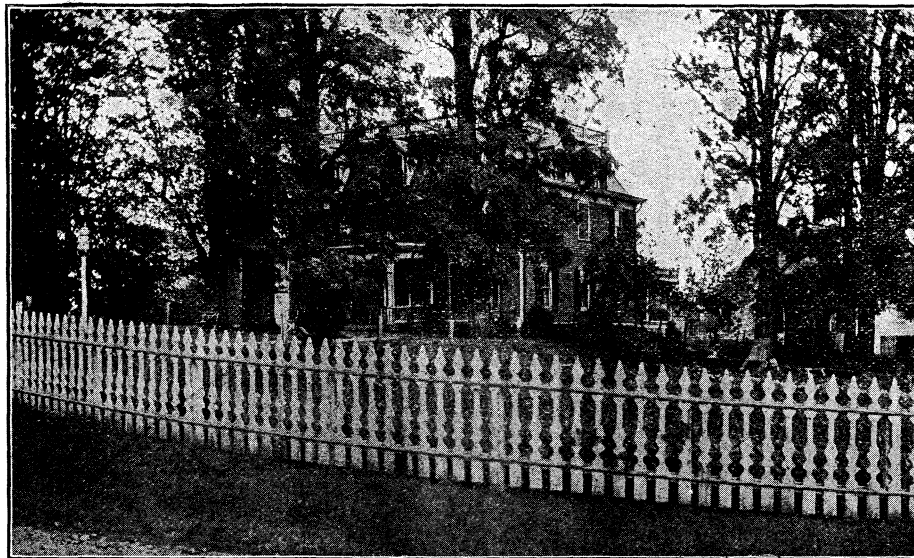
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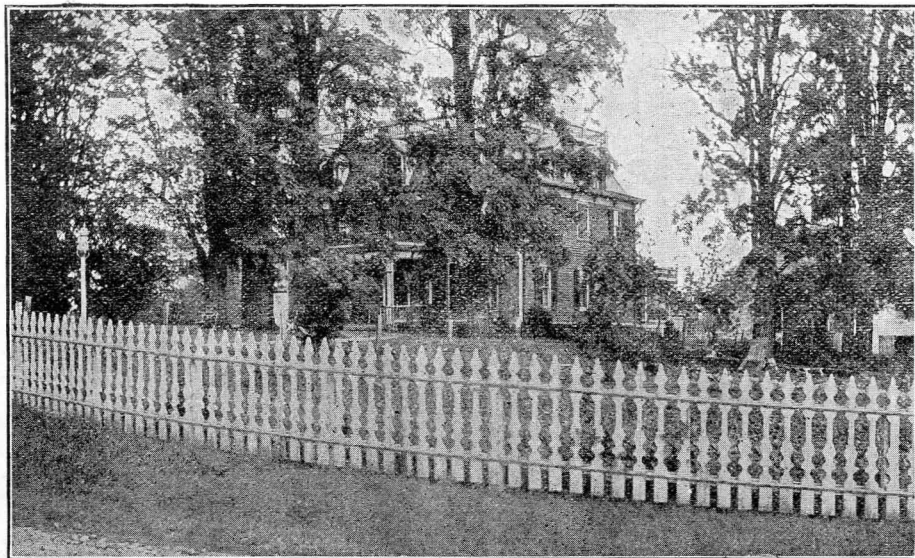
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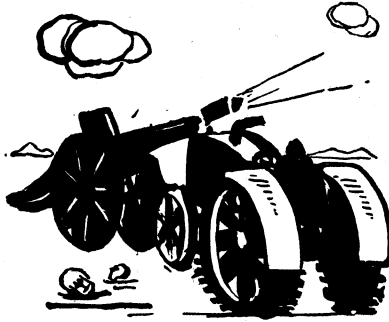
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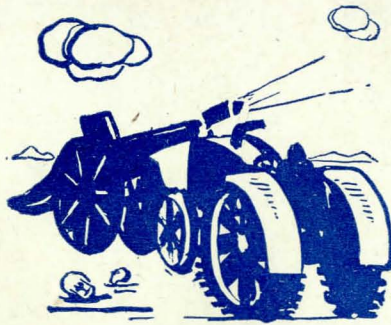
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