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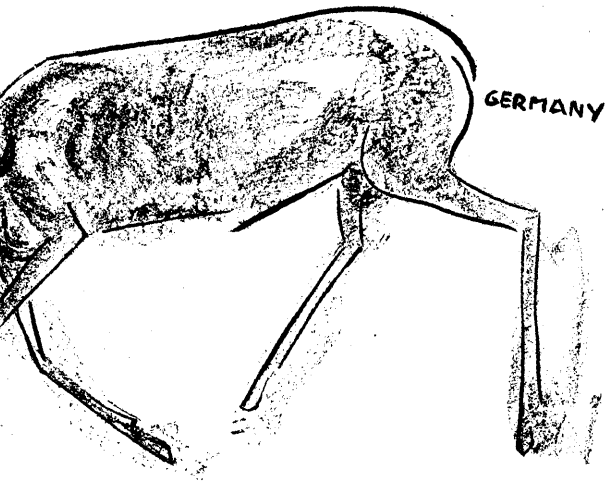
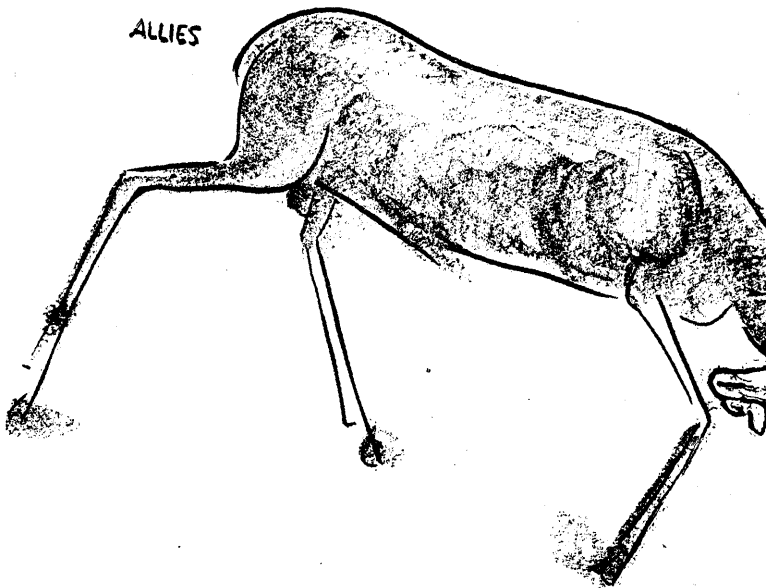


THE FUTURE



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THE LIBERATOR

Vol. 4, No. 7 [Serial No. 40]

July, 1921

EDITORIALS

By Max Eastman

NEEDESS to say, we like Will Hays. He is the real old Jeffersonian Republican. Madame Curie wanted to know what is the difference between the Republican and Democratic parties, and we answer, "Will Hays."

In fact, we like everybody. We like the United States. We have just handed it a receipt for \$11,289.69. We like Bursleson. We have towards him the same enthusiastic feeling that you have toward a life insurance company that you've been cursing for twenty-odd years, when you wake up some morning and find out that you're not dead and your premiums are all paid in. You know you ought to be dead. It would be money in your pocket if you were. But as long as you aren't, you're not going to worry about it any more. Let bygones be bygones—at least you get out all you put in!

We cheerfully dedicate the interest on that eleven thousand dollars to the further improvement of the postal service, and we thank Will Hays for the lucidity of his position. It makes us feel fine to know that radicals will be prosecuted by the Department of Justice, instead of being persecuted by any little irresponsible bureaucrat that wants to take a crack at them. This is not saying that we enjoy being prosecuted by Departments of Justice. Whatever benefits may be got out of that experience we are willing to forego in the interests of the larger life. But we do enjoy thinking there is some connection between what we read on the statute books and our legal rights and liberties.

A Distinction

IT was just our luck to have this thing happen the very month we were explaining that nobody really believes in free speech. It gives the New York *Tribune*, and that friend on the Baltimore Sun who takes the kindly trouble to "tolerate" us once in a while, another chance to smile. And that puts upon us, in turn the ungracious task of explaining that, lovely as Will Hays may be, and eleven as those thousands of dollars, it is not the principle of Free Speech that he and they have reaffirmed, but the principle of the separation of the Executive from the Legislative and Judicial functions of government. Will Hays has not renounced the powers vested in the Postmaster by Congress, to exclude publications from the mail. What he has renounced is a power vested in himself by his predecessor—according to a law enacted by his own inner consciousness—to compel a magazine which he did not like, but which he could not exclude because it was not unlawful, to pay four times as much postage as any other.

Addendum

SOME of our readers take too absolutely the distinction I made last month between poetic and practical, or scientific, service to the revolution. The distinction is not often absolute even in a given piece of work, to say nothing of the whole work of an individual. Poets and artists, like the members of any other trade, can be at the same time practical workers. Even Art Young, you know, runs annually for the New York Senate. And Bob Minor is sweating his talents away on the propaganda platform. Henry Barbusse is trying—not successfully, I think—to turn himself into a pamphleteer. It is only *in so far as they distinguish themselves* from the regular propagandists that I maintain these people must use *poetic*, or some similar word, instead of *intellectual*, to describe what they are.

Laughing at Veblen

ANOTHER example of the difficulty literary people have in waking up into the age of science is the attitude of Frank Harris and H. L. Mencken toward the works of Thorstein Veblen. Veblen's "Theory of the Leisure Class" is one of the two or three original and indispensable additions to the understanding of mankind in society that have been made in the lifetime of these critics. It is a book whose fundamental ideas have become current change in the intercourse of all alert men of scientific mind. Indeed I do not see how any one who is interested in general truth can do without it, once he had made its ideas his own. But "literary" people have rather a pale interest in general truth. Their interest is in particular experiences. The apprehension of a general truth is a particular experience, and as such they usually judge it. If it does not make something of a poetic "go" among their emotions, they reject it offhand—the idea of general verification being foreign to the whole aim and tenor of their lives. I am putting this in extreme language—but hardly extreme enough to explain the contemptuous attitude of two men as brainy as Frank Harris and H. L. Mencken toward Veblen's "Theory of the Leisure Class." Veblen is not only an "original thinker," but he is also, with hardly a doubt, the most learned man in the United States—the most perspicaciously learned—and that too makes their attitude toward his intellect a little hard to explain.

As to their attitude toward his literary style—I do not know what can explain it. I thought that everybody who is alive, even to contemporary literature, knew that Veblen is an ironist. Aristophanes went up into the clouds, and Plautus to the moon, and Voltaire to another planet, and Rabelais among the giants, and Swift to the Lilliputians, and Anatole France to the Penguins, in order to make fun of human nature from a distance, and with a playful indirectness. With the same motive Thorstein Veblen goes up into

a realm of *unspeakable abstraction*—and with the same success, for those who have enough energy in their brains to follow him. It makes us smile to hear these critics poking fun at Veblen's big words, when Veblen with his big words is only more delicately poking fun at them, and himself, and the whole pretentious race of mankind to which we all have the ridiculous folly to belong. I do not mean to give unqualified endorsement to Veblen as an artist. I think he conceived and created an absolutely new and original literary flavor, and in many passages achieved it to the point of perfection; but upon the whole his performance is careless, impatient; he is not sure; he is not a master of what he is doing. Like most Americans in art, he is contented with a half a performance. And in many acres he is not an artist at all, and deserves to be condemned from the standpoint of his own achievement. But to judge him in the essence of that achievement as anything but an artist in irony seems surprising in critics as proud of their perception as Mencken and Frank Harris. They remind me, with their serious jokes on Veblen's style, of the man who was advised by a neighbor to pull down his blinds. "I saw you getting into bed with your wife last night," the neighbor said. "That's a good joke on you," he replied, "I was out of town last night."

The Whole Family

"**M**R. and Mrs. Haldeman-Julius" seems to me a terrible name for the author of a book. It reminds me of our family dressing all up on Sunday morning, everybody waiting in the hall, so that we might issue forth as one corporate entity into that weekly stream of immaculate solemnity toward the village church. Most of my christian virtue I acquired devising ways to stay home from church without hurting my parents' feelings. And, failing that, I used to try every way I could to bust up this corporate entity and effect a kind of straggling in, which would give some semblance of individual life. So I don't like the idea of a book written by a family! I want them to tell me which one actually sat down to a desk and did the writing. And I also want to know which one did not write the chapter-headings, for they are the only thing in the book that is bad. The book itself, "Dust," is powerful. It is simply and briefly and almost terrifically true.

I always wonder what life is *for* when I enter an Aquarium and when I pass through Kansas or Nebraska. And the question, in so far as it relates to Kansas, is put up by this book in a form that no heart can escape. I do not know the answer, and I am grateful to the author for not trying to tell me, but it is good to be confronted by the question. It is especially good for Americans—and for apostles of Americanism. This book will show them the beginning, the middle, and the end of a man who took *being interested* for his ideal of life, and *work*, in obedience to the most obvious motives of economic gain and rivalry, as the one sure and permanent way to maintain his interest.

When he proposed to a girl she said: "Why do you think I can make you happy?" and he was dumfounded. He never had any idea of being happy. He thought she could help him in his work. When he died . . . but I don't want to tell the story.

To be interested most all the time and every once in a while to be joyful, is an ideal of life from which some wise judgments might be deduced.

Enslaved

OH when I think of my long-suffering race
 For weary centuries despised, oppressed,
 Enslaved and lynched, denied a human place
 In the great life line of the Christian West;
 And in the Black Land disinherited,
 Robbed in the ancient country of its birth,—
 My heart grows sick with hate, becomes as lead,
 For my race, my race, outcast upon the earth.
 Then from the dark depths of my soul I cry
 To the avenging angel to consume
 The white man's world of wonders utterly:
 Let it be swallowed up in earth's vast womb,
 Or upward roll as sacrificial smoke
 To liberate my people from its yoke!

Claude McKay.



Tom Mann

London, May 1, 1921.

To The Liberator:

I SEND you greetings to carry the love of comrades, to declare in favor of the Communist Ideal, to stimulate action for its speedy realization. When the time arrives demanding action I believe engineers and machinists will recognize their importance and be true to their class.

TOM MANN.



Tom Mann

Personal Testimony

March 22nd, 1921.

THERE are some facts I would like to blot out from memory, but I cannot. Had you layed in Sacramento jail as I did, and seen your comrades dying all around you and seen them losing their reason from the inhuman treatment they were receiving, you too would want to blot it from your memory.

On Dec. 22nd, 1917, fifty-five workmen from all walks of life were sitting in the Industrial Workers of the World hall at Sacramento, California, reading. Some of these men were members of the organization and others were not. Most of them had just come in from their work, and were sitting there reading. When without any warning the police drove up, and with drawn guns rushed into the hall and made everybody put up their hands. After finding nothing more dangerous than a red cord, they then loaded every man of them into the patrol wagon and unloaded them in a drink tank at the city jail. This tank or cell was just about 18x22, with a little barred window that let in a faint ray of daylight. Some of these men were members of the organization, others were not. All of them were migratory workers. Maybe two or three were not. I am not sure now. You see, I want to be careful to the very word to tell the truth, because the truth will always stand. It mattered not to those in charge anyway what they were. Now let me tell you what happened right in the very heart of California, and in the heart of Sacramento. These men were each handed an old wornout vermin-infested blanket so dirty that the smell would knock you down, and in this cage or cell without a bed to lay on these fifty-five men layed for sixty-five days in the middle of winter.

I don't want anybody to think I am exaggerating as to the true facts. I don't have to. They had to take turns at laying down. There was one toilet for all, and that was out of order. No chance to take a bath, nor were they allowed to take a shave. There they layed day after day. Not a friend was allowed to see them. Not having the chance to bathe, soon they were swarming with vermin. Their beards grew long and they grew weaker day by day. Two went insane, one kept trying to kill himself. They did take this man out after a while. All these men had money, and one of those in charge agreed to buy food if the men would pay for it, which they gladly did, because they were starving at the time. When the food arrived, others in charge of the jail would not let them have it. What I tell you now is almost too much to believe. They set the food just beyond their reach outside of their cell or cage, "and let it rot." Soon the smell was unbearable from the rotting food. But those brave men in charge of the jail only laughed and said it was too good for them.

The men soon became more like wild beasts than men. No words can describe their sufferings. Their beards had grown so long and they were so thin. They were a sight to behold. At the end of sixty-five days they were turned into a county jail where it was some better, because they could now take a bath. But let me tell you, almost a year later, some of these very men, still not half their former self, sat in the court room, and when the judge gave the most of them ten years, they just received the sentence with a laugh of scorn and, on the impulse of the moment, with

clear ringing voices, started to sing solidarity forever. It was a wonderful show of solidarity. They had not made any plans to do this. But their true feelings broke loose. It was sure grand, and they then walked out of the court house singing Hold the Fort. After all the long months we had lain in the filthy jails, we now knew we were going to where we could at least keep clean and, if sick, get treatment.

There is so much to say about this holy justice, I get ahead of my story. I will now let you know how these men were released from their 18x22 cage in the city jail. One little woman, sick herself, moved by the sufferings of these men, went before the court and with tears in her eyes pleaded for the very lives of these men. She told the court what was going on right under its very nose. She told them of the shame of it. She told them not to forget that this was America they were living in, too. What was her reward for this? Let me tell you; she was indicted with the rest of us.

They even had to show their spite on one poor weak and sick little woman who had pleaded with tears in her eyes in the name of justice and humanity to save the lives of these men.

I was arrested just after these men were turned out of this hell hole, and turned into the county jail. I arrived at the time in the county jail myself. Never will I forget the sight of those men. They had fell away to nothing. Later on the flu struck Sacramento. These men in their weakened condition were soon victims. One by one they died, till five had passed away. They would not even let us have a doctor, till at the expense of the organization they sent one in to us. We were all sick and were up day and night doing the best we could to take care of those who were in the worst shape. In spite of all we could do five died. Really I don't know how to describe what we went through at the time of the sickness. It was hell. That is the only way I can describe it. There we were all sick, trying to help the others in worst shape, falling all over ourselves. Nobody could come in to help us, only the department agent.

Get these facts to Washington in letters of protests. This is only a little.

JOHN L. MURPHY, 13586,
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Laura

PEOPLE still wonder what has brought her back
 To Deptford and the little river-farm;
 There are all sorts of guesses and no lack
 Of tongues that would, but cannot, do her harm.
 She goes her way, a word for every one,
 Down the wide street with laughter in her eyes,
 Almost as if she heard the whispers run
 From house to shuttered house in vague surmise.
 Their shafts may never pierce the youthful pride
 She's wearing with such brave audacity;
 No, they'll not learn, for all they peer and pry
 What could have happened since she left, a bride;
 What blow it was that struck all promise dead,
 That smote so hard, but could not bend her head!

On the Dune

HE goes too often to the highest place,
 And looks too long,
 The red of evening full upon his face,
 Breathing a song
 Too sorrowful for any man to know
 The meaning right;
 Some thing of evil hidden long ago
 From life and light.
 What his wind-tortured eyes are fixed upon,
 And what his hands
 Seem groping after when the sun is gone
 None understands.
 Long he remains upon the dune alone,
 As one asleep,
 Over his feet the chilly sand has blown
 And drifted deep.

Theme

THERE came a harsh hand at the door,
 A harsh step rolled
 Shuddering across the floor,
 And Finn's voice called,
 Oh, Grania, are you there?
 But Grania lay straight and cold,
 And did not hear.

Finn stumbled to her where she lay
 In the dim light,
 And took the little knife away
 She still held tight:
 Unclasping one by one
 The fingers, so he should set right
 What they had done.

Finn took up what was left of her,
 How light it was!
 But Grania did not know; her hair
 Like wind-trod grass
 Fell flickering and shone
 As when the swift cloud shadows pass
 Before the sun.

Bernard Raymund.

"Beauty She Had . . ."

REMEMBER not my eyes when I am dead,
 Nor shining hair, nor slender body's grace;—
 For though I go in gleaming silk and lace
 And bind a strand of gold about my head
 It is not thus that you must think of me,—
 Not as a picture in a shrined place,
 Immortal for the beauty of my face
 That moves you yet, though I have ceased to be.
 Remember rather one who longed to break
 From cold perfection learned one time too well;
 Whose thoughts alone had found the way to take
 Flight with the wind;—for whom the storms went past
 Only in dreams;—till one time it befell
 Death set her free, and gave her life at last.

Bernice Lesbia Kenyon.

At Rest

THE well-directed, poisoned shaft had lain
 So long an undrawn arrow in my breast,
 I thought I should not recognize again
 The simple pleasures of a heart at rest.

One day I realized my heart was still,
 As quiet as the broad and windless sea;
 And then I looked for anything to fill
 The empty place where sorrow used to be.

Elizabeth Colwell.

Sinfonia Domestica

WHEN the white wave of a glory that is hardly I
 Breaks through my mind and washes it clean,
 I know at last the meaning of my ecstasy
 And know at last my wish and what it can mean.

To have sped out of life that night—to have vanished
 Not as a vision, but as something touched, yet grown
 Radiant as the moonlight, circling my naked shoulder,
 Wrapped in a dream of beauty, longed for, but never known.

For how with our daily converse, even the sweet sharing
 Of thoughts, of food, of home, of common life,
 How shall I be that glory, that last desire
 For which men struggle? Is Romance in a wife?

Must I bend a heart that is bowed to breaking
 With a frustration, inevitable and slow,
 And bank my flame to a low hearth fire, believing
 You'll come for warmth and life to its tempered glow?

Must I mould my hope anew to one of service,
 And tell my uneasy soul "Behold, this is good,"
 And meet you (if we do meet), even at Heaven's threshold,
 With ewer and basin, with clothing and with food?

Jean Starr Untermeyer.

My Love

EARTH, it is a pagan thing
To love your body so,
Then I will deeply love your soul
And the truths you make me know.

I will not vaunt your liquid arms,
Your gleaming breasts and thighs,
Nor bathe your form in lustful gaze
But worship at your eyes!

Earth, I will love unconsciously
Your haunting, carnal charms
And love you thus until in death
I rest within your arms,

Until in union we are one
And I rest within your arms.

Immanence

I AM with the young wheat
green on the winter fields
I am among the startled crows
waving their heavy wings over the corn stalks
I am beside the grey hawk
motionless on the high fork of a tree
I am in the luminous fog
flying over the river
I am with the dog
trotting cautiously across the field
I am with the traveller
finding his way on the road
I am the moon
pouring down melted silver upon the hills.

George F. Whitsett.

Vision

A LITTLE pause, and then I dreamed you turned
With a swift gesture of finality,
And eyes cold with denial, that now saw
Lover no more but stranger even in me.

I could not speak at first, I was so hurt,
But only stand and stare, and seemed to sway;
And then words came: I, that would be so proud,
I begged you, Stay!

All this I dreamed, and now I know my heart,
How strong it is to say, how weak to do.
I would not hold you, dear, when love is gone;
The word is said, the love that said it true.

Go, to your new lover, and be glad,
But steel your heart and turn your eyes from me.
Pity must not dissuade you at the last,
And pride destroyed is piteous to see.

Leonard Lanson Cline

The Oasis

THE oasis laughed in the sun: her palm-leaves glistened,
her spring gushed into grass.
Around her the desert sands crept and muttered: they slipped
and changed, whispering their ancient menace of death
and thirst.
The oasis dreamed: her dream sang through the dripping of
her water into grass.
"One day," sang the oasis, "I shall spread over the desert.
The sands of the desert shall be wet with my waters,
and there shall be no more sand."
The sands of the desert crawled, and muttered: "Mirage!
Mirage!"
But the dream of the oasis sang on through her rustling
palm-leaves: her spring sang to the grass: the oasis
dreamed in the sun.

Charlotte Hardin



The Girl Mother

Hugo Gellert

The Road Kid

By Patrick and Terence Casey

IT was coming on evening. The smoke of supertime lifted lazily from chimneys scattered among willows and old oaks. Down in a gully between the railroad and the town Gray's Ferry Blackie was brewing coffee in a lard can over a tiny fire. He had removed from his shoulders a new serge coat and, folding it carefully, had placed it upon a clump of grass.

A passenger train lumbered near from the south, hallooing disconsolately for the level crossing through the hush of evening. Came a sharp rattle of wheels and the pounding of hoofs on the wooden bridge spanning the gully. Blackie looked up, with bovine interest, to see a two-wheeled cart racing for the crossing, a black-garbed preacher-like figure standing beside the driver and signaling wildly with a greenish umbrella.

Down by the flag-station which alone put the town of Medbury on the railroad maps, the agent threw over his block signal; the locomotive shrilled several times in answer and jerked to a steam-hissing halt; and the preacher clambered out of the dog-cart and dragged a carpet-bag toward the nearest dusty coach. With the same precipitation that the preacher boarded the train, two figures dropped down from the forward platform of a baggage car and hurried along the opposite track toward the smoke of Blackie's fire.

The one was a man in overalls and jumper, with a cap turned inside out, the green silk lining exposed. He was medium-sized, built like a boulder. The other was a diminutive shadow in faded red sweater and knee trousers. They were Cyclone and his road-kid, Skeeter.

They paused on the ballast gravel to look down into the dingle at the blowzy hobo and his fire. Blackie was busy just then lifting the lard tin between two sticks from a spot where the embers had grayed to another place where the embers glowed red and hot. But Cyclone recognized the black-stubbed face. He turned quickly to the bare-legged boy beside him.

"It's into town fur you, Skeet. Bang the screen-doors fur some handouts. We'll chow here in this gully with our old friend, Gray's Ferry Blackie."

He purposely raised his voice as he ended and the words carried through the still air to the tramp below. That fellow straightened from bending over the fire and looked up. The charred sticks dropped from his hands. He stared at Cyclone above there at the top of the gully, as if at some fearsome apparition that had arisen from the grass-roots.

The boy, Skeeter, started off briskly across the bridge for the village among the willows and old oaks. With sharp certitude of stride, Cyclone came down the dingle, the suppressed violence of hip-swagger and arm-swing telling of hidden strength, of vigorous nerves and muscles acting together in perfect co-ordination.

Blackie stooped for one of the charred sticks and made to straighten the lard tin in its bed of embers. But his hand shook so that he spilled some of the brownish contents with a loud sizzling, and only saved the can from entirely upsetting by letting the stick remain where he had poked it under one end.

Cyclone came close. He removed the inverted cap, and

without a word seated himself upon the serge coat that Blackie had so carefully folded and placed on the grass. Blackie turned round, gulping hard. He saw Cyclone sitting on his valued property. But as if he failed to notice that, as if indeed he saw Cyclone for the first time, he quavered in a whiskey-hoarsened voice:

"Ef it ain't—the Cigarette Kid hisself!"

"Cyclone's me moniker," corrected the man on the coat evenly. "I outgrewed that Cigarette Kid handle years ago, Blackie, when I quit bein' a beggin' kid fur you. But it's funny me and you should meet up agin, arter all this time. I guess it's all o' ten years, eh, Gray's Ferry Blackie? Funny, don't yuh think?"

He chuckled mirthlessly as at some hidden joke, his gash of mouth unmoving, wooden-lipped. Blackie, watching him with fear-filled nervousness, also forced a laugh; but in that laugh there was little of ease and nothing of pleasure.

There followed a painful interval of silence. The coffee boiled over. Blackie dug up two shorter sticks and gingerly lifted the smoking can off the embers. He fished out a scrap of newspaper from a trouser pocket. Winding this about the lard tin to save his fingers from being burned, he tilted the piping-hot liquid into a tomato can he had set near by. Then he went on up the gully, his head bent morosely between his shoulders and his eyes searching the grass for a can from which his unwelcome guest might drink.

"I wonders," spoke Cyclone when he came back—"I wonders does my kid, Skeeter, ever git the notions I used ter have when I begged handouts fur you, Gray's Ferry Blackie?"

The newly unearthed tomato can slipped from Blackie's fingers and dropped to the ground with tinny clatter; Blackie looked at the younger hobo with spread piggy eyes. Cyclone was gazing down the road toward where a cloud of gold-brown dust hung beneath willows and old oaks. He seemed speaking more to himself than to his apprehensive listener.

"But no," he added. "Skeet's too chicken-hearted an' babyish. He's scary of his own shadder." He looked full at Blackie and, recalling himself with the action, chuckled. "It's funny," he explained, "the idees I git, seein' you here an' thet kid dodgin' into them trees. It all comes back to me how I used ter feel when I was yer prushun, Blackie, ten long years ago."

"Aw, Cyclone, I wasn't so wurser!" expostulated the other. "Me, I was allus half-scared o' youse even though yuh was only a yunker. It was yer eyes, Cyclone, them queer greenish eyes. That's why I had to beat youse up so—I didn't want yuh to git wise I was afeered o' youse. Youse was a queer un all right," he ended guilefully, as if desirous of terminating the subject.

But Cyclone was not to be hushed so easily.

"I used ter dream, Blackie, of growin' big an' strong overnight and jist when yuh reached out ter grab me, turnin' round sudden an' manhandlin' you a-plenty. I had every step of them manhandlin's doped out pretty. And I used ter stand afore them second-hand pawnshops when youse and me was panhandlin' the main drag of a town. Gee, how I longed to git my fins on one of them guns in the winders!

Then at the furst kick or blow from you, I'd have cooked yuh, sure!

"An' here we be, all met up agin. And I could beat yuh up proper if I wanted to, or croak yuh with the gun I've got under me arm. It's like me old dream come true, Blackie!"

The older hobo sat down suddenly. Under the black stubble, his face had gone gray.

"Aw, Cyclone!" he gulped. "Aw, say now, Cyclone, all them's bygones. Youse ain't got no idee o' thet ter-day. Me, I'd think you'd be satisfied, the way yuh scared the livers an' lights outa me thet time we parted comp'ny ten years ago. But here," he added jerkily, producing from a hip pocket a small flask of colorless liquid. "Let's fergit all them bygones in a good cup o' coffee royal."

"Alky?" exclaimed the other. "Gee, I've been thirstin' fur a good drink of alky ever since I hit these horstile parts."

"But coffee royal's better, Cyclone," said Blackie, solicitous as a salesman. "There ain't nothin' stronger in the booze line than pure alky mixed with jamocha."

He got to his knees, partly filled Cyclone's can with coffee, and then emptied a goodly portion of the flask into the two steaming tins. He handed Cyclone his can, and the two sipped the hot admixture with loud sucking sounds. It was surprising how quickly an alien glow came to their eyes.

"Say, Blackie, old boy," remarked Cyclone. "However did us two part comp'ny? I've clean forgot. Yuh say I scared youse. How come thet an' me on'y a kid?"

Disquietude and chagrin were engraved upon the older hobo's face. So the appearance of the alcohol had not entirely shifted Cyclone's thoughts from the past! Blackie was a deal taken aback; but he had made the break and he felt he must go through with it. He took another sip.

"Well, it was the larst night we was together as road-kid an' jocker. It was on the S. P. som'eres in Arizona, one o' them hot nights thet was clear and still as a Sunday. At a junction called Bowie thet day, I had guv you an all-round good whalin' coz yuh had got a set-down from one o' the waitresses in a eatin'-joint without comin' back with no handout fer me.

"We was holdin' down the decks and bumpers of a freight an' the shacks was sure horstile, the huli crew bein' on the jump ter ditch us off. At each stop—an' that fool rattler slowed down fer every water-tank an' cluster o' adobes—we was forced ter dodge from cow-catcher to caboose and sometimes

run ahead till she swung into high. You know it wasn't no fun on a hot night. And the worst of it was, it was so blamed bright an' moonlightly thet them brakies didn't need to carry no lantern to smell you out, but could steal up on yuh without a sound.

"I remeber at one water-tower I was purty near corralled betoon the engine-crew runnin' down from for'rd an' the shacks comin' up from the caboose. I crawled under a cattle-car as ef to try the rods fer a change. But I was afeered the crew had see'd me, which it toined out they hadn't, and I kept goin' wunst I was under till I clumbed out t'other side. Jest as she started clackin' on, I grabbed a iron ladder alongside and swung up an' decked her.

"But I didn't stay on the top o' thet hoss-car; not me, not Gray's Ferry Blackie! I was afeered them shacks had glimbed me. I wint crawling for'rd and was jest gonna dive to the next car ahead when I see'd you, Cigarette Kid, riding down below betoon them two cars, yer legs spread out on the two bumpers. I don't know why I didn't holler ter you, but mebbe it was coz I was so scared o' rousin' them pesty shacks.



Adolph Dehn

"Them shacks must 'a' passed yer by, they was so hot arter me, and besides yer was so small an' shaddery they prob'ly didn't see yer—youse was on'y 'bout fourteen at the time. I flattened out and looked down at yer over the edge of the hoss-car, and all ter wunst I see'd yuh take out from yer overalls pocket a iron couplin'-pin yuh must 'a' picked up at the larst stop and a piece o' cord yuh must 'a' got, I don't know wheres. But I couldn't 'a' hollered then ef yer paid me, coz I began ter git an awful hunch wot yer was up to.

"Yuh tied one end o' thet line to the eye in the coupin'-pin and then youse payed it out down betoon the bumpers until it was jouncin' right beneath the rods o' the car I was ridin'. Back an' forth yuh payed it, lettin' the road-bed an' the speed o' thet rattler bounce it up 'n' down. I could hear it bangin' the wooden bottom o' thet hoss-car, causin' all them hosses inside ter stamp an' snort with fright. Ef I was where yuh thought I was, ridin' them rods, it would 'a' sure mashed me to a jelly!"

Cyclone finished his drink in one long quaff.

"I remember now," he said. "I thought when I didn't see you any more, I had done fur yuh. And I remembers thet when, months later, I l'arned yuh was alive an' kickin' and hadn't been under thet horse-car a-tall, I was so plumb disapp'inted I jist sat down on a curb and bawled me eyes out!"

"Aw, Cyclone, I wasn't so wurser!" repeated Blackie plaintively.

The boy, Skeeter, came slowly through the thickening twilight from the direction of Medbury. Down in the gully in the flickering glow from the embers of the fire, Gray's Ferry Blackie was moving about, pouring the remainder of the coffee and the alcohol into the two tomato cans which served as cups. Cyclone, half reclining on one elbow upon the serge coat, was watching the older hobo with brooding thoughtfulness. The boy came close to his owner and wordlessly held out to him a small newspaper-wrapped parcel. Cyclone, having meanwhile received his tin cup from Blackie, now lowered the can from his mouth and began slowly revolving it between his fingers as if the better to mix the ingredients. He kept eyeing the boy. A dark flush was sweeping the muddy complexion of his face.

"Is thet all?" he bit out at last.

Skeeter twisted one dirty hand beneath the faded red sweater, and from where it bulged in front produced several more paper-wrapped parcels. Cyclone sat up then. Partially unwrapping the treasures, he placed them before him in the grass. He seemed to perk up a bit in spirit.

"The eats is on me, Blackie!" he exclaimed. "Yuh got a set-down, didn't yuh, Skeet? I thought so—you allus fares better'n me. Well, Blackie, there's enuff fur two an' yuh kin take yer pick—beef sanwishes, ham an' egg sanwishes, and a whole hunk of angel cake!"

Blackie's free hand, thick with sun-hairs, reached out for a helping, but his eyes remained fixed in peculiar scrutiny upon the boy. He took a noisy swallow of the brownish mixture, tore off with his teeth a huge chunk of sandwich and then, mouth filled and widely chewing, mumbled:

"Thet's some kid youse got there, thet Skeeter. Looket thet mess o' eats—san'iches enuff fer a dozen an' variety fit fer a king! And here I've bin livin' on nothin' but java fer the larst two days! Say, Cyclone," and he leaned over, his bulbous face working with eagerness. "Yuh don't wanter sell thet prushun, does yer? Me, I'd give ennything I see got ter own a wis'ful beggar-kid like him!"

"Feed yer face an' shut up!" snapped the younger hobo. "Thet kid ain't fur sale. He's too babyish an' scary a sort,

spineless as a white rabbit. He'd go plumb bughouse if I sold him ter you, Blackie—you've got too ugly a mug!"

The food was steadyng Cyclone, though his brain worked rapidly with the after-effects of the potent alcohol. He turned to the boy.

The puny lad had seated himself on the grass a space away from the two men. He was making for himself a cigarette from his own sheaf of brown papers and small muslin sack of tobacco. Throughout the conversation he had not looked up, but it was noticeable as he rolled the paper tube that his little fingers were trembling.

"Skeet," said Cyclone, "do yuh want me ter sell yer to this old stiff?"

The head that was hatless and of the color of a new broom snapped up.

"Aw, Cyclone!" gulped the boy. "Aw, say now, Cyclone!" And he bowed his head swiftly over the engrossing cigarette. He had not once looked at Gray's Ferry Blackie.

That personage affected to be surprised and deeply mortified.

"Aw, he don't need ter be frightened o' me, Cyclone," he fawned. "A kid wot's a good beggar has a soft time with old Blackie. Youse knows me, Cyclone, I'm too lazy o' nature to be real ornery. Fact, I'm a kinder tender hand with kids."

Cyclone studied the fellow with narrowed green eyes. He seemed astounded by the other's blunt effrontery. But suddenly he smiled, an odd smile for that unfinished-looking gash of mouth, a peculiar cat-and-mouse smile. He nodded his head as if in answer to some unspoken thought.

"Well, seein' thet's the bargain," he said with wooden lips, "what'll yuh give fur Skeeter?"

"Give!" exclaimed the older hobo, astounded in turn. "Do youse mean——"

"Shoot!" snapped Cyclone. "What'll yuh pay for the boy?"

Blackie dug his hands into his trouser pockets, gazed wildly about him. He spied, beneath Cyclone, the new serge coat he so carefully had folded and placed in the grass. He moistened his stubby lips.

"I'll give thet coat there under yur, Cyclone," he said.

"Yuh need a coat, old-timer; yuh've on'y got thet jumper. And it's brand new. I copped it from where it was hangin' afore a pawnshop in the town below here."

"It's a go, Blackie," said the younger hobo, getting afoot and reaching for the coat as if to try it on. "You kin take Skeeter; I'll keep the coat."

The boy, Skeeter, gave an incoherent scream, leaped afoot and rushing to Cyclone clawed with tiny fingers at his jumper-ends. Terror was stretching wide his blue baby eyes. Frantically, in the thin sexless voice of a child, he begged not to be sold. Cyclone cast him off. He said, not unkindly:

"What's the matter, Skeet? This bo's an old-timer. He's over forty an' he's growin' weaker every day with booze an' laziness. His hand ain't as strong as mine fur beatin's!"

"Aw, Cyclone!" pleaded the boy, rushing to him again and tearing distractedly at his overalls. "Aw, please, Cyclone, don't sell me to him! He's too—too bad-lookin'!"

It was a wail of poignant terror. The boy had no love for Cyclone, but Cyclone he knew to his most brutal depths. This old, bloated-faced hobo he did not know. He feared in Gray's Ferry Blackie profounds of cruelty to which the harsh but clean brutality of Cyclone might be as nothing.

Cyclone laughed bitterly. "Yuh see, Blackie, he's kinder sweet on me—me bein' thet good-lookin' and so thoughtful of him!"

Blackie fawned again.

"Aw, I knows I got a hard an' unhan'some mug—I scares the farmers' wives at the screen-doors all the time—but I got a big heart. Youse knows me, Cyclone." And he winked at the other over the wailing boy. "I'm a kinder tender hand with kids. I wouldn't think o' liftin' my fist to a child!"

There was that in Blackie's words which exasperated Cyclone. He shoved the boy from him. The little fellow staggered dizzily; the trembling pipestems of legs gave way, and he fell to the grass upon his face, crying miserably. Cyclone turned to the older hobo.

"G'wan, Blackie!" he growled savagely. "Take the kid. I'm done. He's your'n."

Blackie advanced with a bravado air upon the boy. "That's talkin', Cyclone. I knowed yuh was a stiff arter me own heart!"

The boy saw Blackie coming toward him, a complacent smirk on his face. He lifted to his knees and scrambled hurriedly toward Cyclone. But the hairy paw of Gray's Ferry Blackie clapped down upon his shoulder and brought the frantic crawl to a stop.

"Yuh will, will yuh! Run away from Blackie, eh? Well, I'm yer jocker now and I'll soon l'arn yuh wot's wot! Git to yer feet or damn yer hide, I'll knock the daylights outa yer!"

His fingers dug into the flesh of the boy's shoulder. He made to lift the boy by that shoulder to his feet. . . .

He felt a heavy hand upon his own shoulder. With an unusual and vehement show of indignation, he released the screaming child, snapped erect and swung about.

He looked into the eyes of Cyclone not three inches from his own. Those eyes held him as in a spell. They were green pools rived by a fury of lightning.

"You've guessed it," said Cyclone coldly, between set wooden lips.

Under the heavy hand on his shoulder, Gray's Ferry Blackie shook like a wet dog. "Gawd, Cyclone!" he cried.

A harsh fist crashing against his jaw stopped Blackie's guttery. He reeled away, his right hand whipping around to a hip-pocket. When that hand came back, a razor glistened in the dull play of firelight. That razor was doubled up backward in the crotch between thumb and forefinger.

Cyclone did not reach for the revolver hanging in the shoulder-holster under his left arm. He bounded from the ground, fanged out one long arm and grasped the wrist that held the razor. The razor dropped from Blackie's hand like a hot coal and that hand fell to his side, loose and useless. Blackie screamed hysterically.

Cyclone's knotted fists shot out like barbed pistons and hammered mercilessly the quivering stomach and bloated face of his old enslaver. Crouched, one arm covering his face, Gray's Ferry Blackie backed down the gully toward the creek, his breath wheezing asthmatically. He stumbled, his leaden feet entangled in the reeds overgrowing the creek. Hastening his downfall came a swift deadly blow from Cyclone; his frame shuddered convulsively and splashed into the water. The clatter of the creek sounded suddenly and preternaturally loud as it eddied about his still form. Cyclone kicked the body, spraying up the water. His lips were twisted and in his greenish eyes burned a fiendish triumph.

"I've broke yuh, Blackie!" he panted, looking down at the result of his handiwork. "When I was yer beggin' kid years ago, I longed fur some one ter do this to yuh, but no one never did. But yuh got yours now, Blackie—yuh got yours."

He came up the gully and lifted the coat from where it had been so carefully placed upon the grass. He removed the jumper, shrugged into the coat and donned the jumper again on top of the coat. Then he turned to Skeeter, who had been standing to one side and watching it all with thorough comprehension, but in great terror.

"Come on, Skeet boy," he said. The two made up the gully and along the tracks away from town.



The British Nobility Volunteers

Second Class Smatter

MR. HARDING sets his face like flint against a league of nations and boldly and fearlessly calls it an association.

THAT disturbance out California way is not an earthquake, but Hiram Johnson turning over in his political grave.

THE London *Chronicle* says that Harding's English would cause a shudder in academic circles. If he keeps on murdering the king's English that way, we'll have the British navy on our neck. One hopes that the *Chronicle* overlooked the Valley Forge speech. People who heard it were glad that there was one thing that the revolutionary patriots escaped.

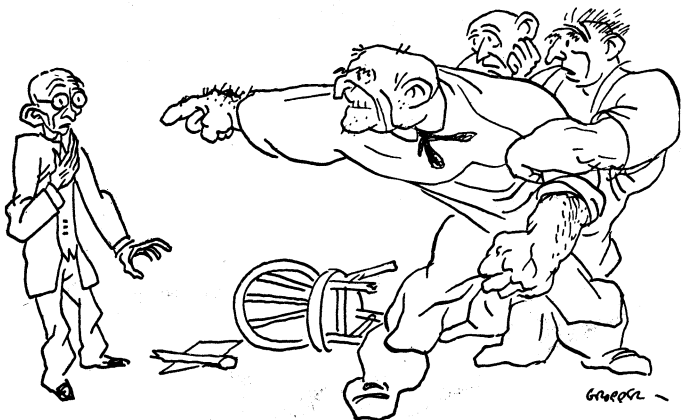
"POLITICAL sharps appear to think," says the New York *Times*, "that the visit of the President to Valley Forge will serve as an asset for Senator Knox." The thing reads like a doubtful asset. A Valley Forgery. But credit should not be withheld from the administration for eliminating the greatest cause of war—foreign trade.

IT is dying, not by inches, but by miles, and the new tariff will put the finishing touches on the poor thing. Besides, it cannot be denied that he sent General Wood and Colonel Harvey away. That's something.

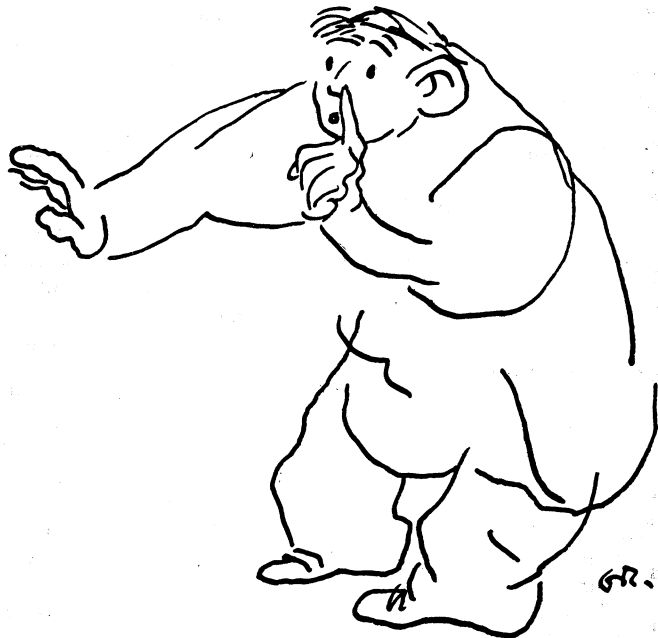
"DISARM or bust," said McAdoo. To which the Senate by an overwhelming approval of the big navy bill answered, "Bust."

THE Senate refused to amend the Immigration Bill so as to admit victims of political and religious persecution. We have enough to do to attend to our own persecution without taking in other people's. Self determination and that sort of thing. Every free-born citizen has a right to be persecuted by his own government.

IT is legal in New York to parade against prohibition. This refers to drinking, not thinking. Free hooch, not free speech.



Did You Say Amnesty?



Sh-h-h-h—

A NEW YORK cooking school teacher is marked for decapitation because of membership in the left wing Socialist party. Left wing cooking will henceforth be viewed with alarm. Especially chicken.

ACCORDING to Coolidge almost every woman's college is a little Red schoolhouse.

CONSIDER the star spangled words of the Lorain, Ohio, *Times-Herald*: "Remember Mr. Red Rioter, free speech is not license to wax traitorily."

AS soon as the Amalgamated Clothing Workers were denounced by Senator Moses and painted red by the Lusk Committee, they won their strike.

IT pays to advertise as well as agitate.

WHENEVER any Congressman asks unanimous consent to print in the Congressional Record a speech that he never made, Representative McClintic of Oklahoma objects, because he is dissatisfied with his committee appointments and wants to get even.

THIS isn't clubby at all and the C. R., America's most humorous paper is not what it used to be.

BY an admirable consistency the Supreme Court on the same day affirmed the right of Newberry to corrupt the Michigan primaries and of New Jersey to pollute the waters of New York Bay with sewage.



"You're quite progressive, aren't you?"
 "Well, I believe in progressive matrimony!"

WHEN pending bills are all passed, skirts will be three inches above the ankle in Utah, four inches from the ground in Virginia and at the instep in Ohio.

THE Virginia public will be granted three inches of throat, but Ohioans only two. Fifteen states are cogitating legislation upon the height, depth and thickness of women's clothes, but the Ohio busybodies are the most moral of the lot. Yet Ohio is twenty-eight per cent below Pennsylvania in the stupidity of its movie censors.

PRESIDENT HIBBEN has delivered an address in German to Teutons visiting Princeton and thus America is at peace again. Except in West Virginia and Oklahoma.

BRIAND was chosen to inflict a merciless peace upon Germany. In ringing words of defiance, breathing slaughter from practically every nostril, he surrendered, backed down and capitulated and was heartily supported by the Chamber.

GERMANY kept her agreement to deliver up coal and it will be a long time before England recovers from the blow. It would be a good joke upon the Allies if Germany really made a serious effort to pay the indemnity. Even the vague threat of a flood of German goods has scared them all stiff.

THE latest explanation as to why it all happened is Hindenburg's "Out of My Life." Hindenburg hates politicians and he doesn't care much for people, but he admits more military errors than does any of the other failures—German, English and French. At press time Hindenburg is leading the explanation league.

THE Italian government gratefully acknowledges that the Fascisti saved the country from revolution and will somebody kindly step forward and save it from the Fascisti? And so on. The Italians eke out a precarious livelihood by saving themselves from each other.

BIG Bill Haywood is accused of telling the Russians that in America farmers let their crops rot because of low prices while city people go hungry because of the high. How can he expect them to believe that stuff?

CAPT. HUGH S. MARTIN says that we could easily bribe the Bolsheviks to give up Russia. Ten million dollars placed in the hands of patriotic Russians would do the business. Something tells us that the ten millions would not go very far. Not any farther, in fact, than those lean and hungry patriots.

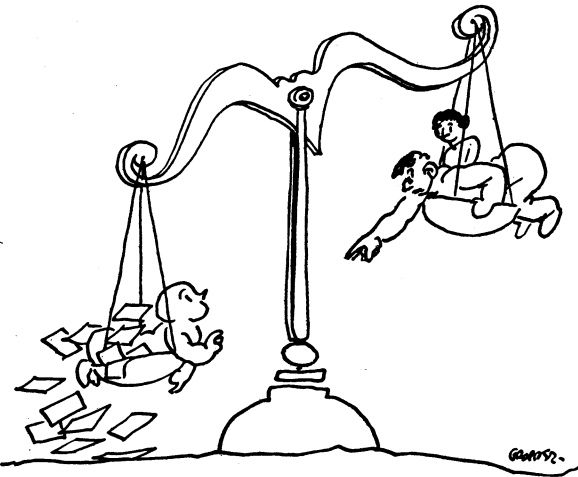
THOMAS A. EDISON has added to his list of inventions a new game called Silly Questions and Cross Answers. There is no denying that Edison's questions are poor. Even the jokes about them are poor.

GEOERGE M. COHAN, the patrioteer comedian, announces that he will retire from the theatre because the Equity Association is forcing him to employ union actors—another evidence of the occult connection between Flag-waving and the Open Shop.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.



Susanna and the Elders



WHAT I am going to say about marriage is not intended for everybody to read. It is not intended for the happily married. In fact I wish specifically to warn the happily-married to put this article instantly aside. Happiness of any sort is (or so we are told) a fragile thing—and particularly the domestic variety. A modern poet warns happy lovers against the “deep questioning that leads to endless dole.” And sadly he exclaims:

“Ah, what a dusty answer gets the soul
When hot for certainties in this our life!”

Well, I am hot for certainties, and I warn you against me. And if this wise maxim from the poet has not persuaded you, let me add a sad tale from real life. I once knew a happily-married man—he boasted of the fact. In all innocence I sought him out, to inquire the exact nature of his happiness. He sat up with me all night, explaining. I merely asked questions—I assure you I meant no harm. At midnight he was still smugly boastful. But by 1 o'clock he had begun to hesitate in his answers, and by 2 o'clock to contradict himself. At 3 o'clock he suddenly burst forth with a series of painful and, I must say, shocking confessions. At 5 o'clock I put him to bed weeping. The next morning he left home, and went straight to Greenwich Village, where he entered upon a career that startled even the wildest of the uptowners who by this time constituted its inhabitants (the artists and poets who formerly inhabited the village having long since left it, in horror at the depravity of the in-flocking uptowners). In six months there was a divorce. And he blamed me for it. He said that if he hadn't tried to explain why he was happily married, he would have continued to think he was so the rest of his life.

I wish to assume no such responsibilities in the present case. So will all those who are quite satisfied with marriage as it is, please rise and leave the room quietly? And with them I must also insist upon ushering out all young people of both sexes who still retain any illusions about love. In these Shavian days it is hard for youth to retain its romanticism, but there may be some unsophisticated adolescents here who believe in love's young dream, and I will not be responsible to their parents for brushing the gold from the butterfly-wings of fancy. . . . Thank you.

The rest of you, I take it, are hardened to what you are

Marriage and Freedom

By Floyd Dell

going to hear. You are prepared to face the terrible truths of marriage. Very well. Let us approach these truths without a tremor.

Of what does marriage consist?

I mean the traditional kind of marriage, the kind which was handed down to us by our forefathers—an inheritance which we of the younger generation have received, at first perhaps unsuspectingly, but with increasing doubt and fear and indignation; regular, old-fashioned, honest-to-God marriage.

What, I ask again, are the dreadful facts of marriage?

In ordinary language, they are bed and board and babies.

It is understood, when we are talking of old-fashioned marriage, that these things are shared in a communism of two from which all the rest of the world is excluded. These things, then, and the mutual and exclusive nature of their possession, constitute the terrors of marriage. They do not, it is true, sound very terrible. But if these things constitute marriage, and if marriage is so dreadful an institution, the trouble must be with these things.

Let us face the most difficult question first. What is there so terrible about babies?

Babies

Perhaps the trouble is not with the babies themselves, but with the special fact of their being shared in this exclusive communism of two which constitutes ordinary marriage.

Two people might very well share some things between themselves in an ownership from which all the rest of the world was excluded. They might easily so share an object of art, such as a Japanese print. They might, with a little more difficulty, share in that manner an article of utility, such as a typewriting machine. This special kind of possession might very well cause them no unhappiness, and might yield a special satisfaction. But babies are a very peculiar kind of possession, unlike either a typewriting machine or a Japanese print.

Ordinary possessions are had for the purposes of use or display. The baby is certainly not useful in any obvious way. And though he may be beautiful, yet he cannot, like an object of art, be depended upon to be so. At the very time when he is asked to show off before visitors he is likely to be in bad form. And even at his best, the few parlor-tricks (such as smiling) which he can be persuaded to perform for the edification of the outside world and the satisfaction of his two possessors, are so inadequate as a means of entertainment that a comparison of the most talented baby-performer with any other kind of pet would be painful.

These, however, are mere negative defects. Babies are a positive inconvenience. This fact, which is with an almost morbid insistence dwelt upon continually in the comic weeklies, need not be emphasized here. We shall merely allude in passing to their greediness; and to the particularly annoy-

ing fact that they cannot be satisfied with dining on pork and beans, or corned beef and cabbage, like everybody else, but must have their own special diet. We may also pass over their inconsiderateness, their lack of tact (not to mention delicacy), their egregious sense of their own importance. For that matter, none of us are perfect. Perhaps, from *their* point of view, we too have our faults. And let us always remember, in extenuation of their offenses against our peace and dignity and comfort, that they are young.

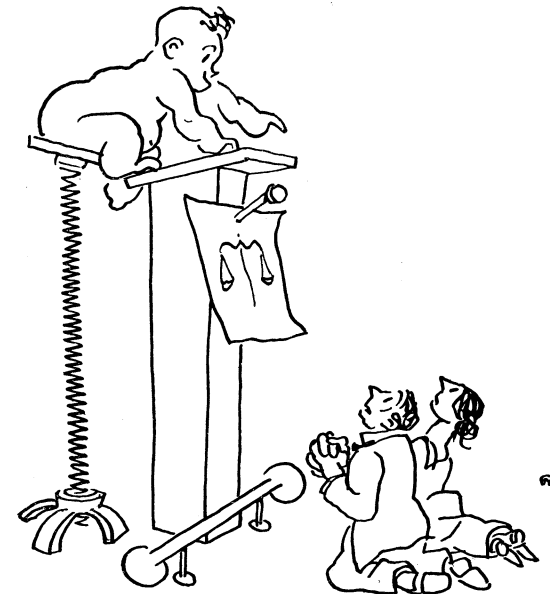
And they have, when one comes to think about it, their virtues. Candor, for instance; they cannot be accused of concealing their real feelings under a mask, as so many of us do. They have courage—the reckless courage of movie-heroes; they face the prospect of a fall out of a fourth-story window with a calmness that few of us could emulate. They have no morbid anti-social tendencies. They have no false modesty. They have no race-prejudices, and they are genuinely democratic.

They have, in fact, all the epic virtues, along with all the faults of epic heroes. To have one in the house is like entertaining a guest from the Iliad, totally unacquainted with modern customs and refinements and language, and rather impatient of our decadent civilization.

The Epic Guest

Even so, a young couple might be courteous and tolerant and helpful to these young barbarians, if they would only wait until they are invited. For, after all, they bring with them the breath of that more primitive culture from which the race emerged so long ago, and toward which it has always felt an obscure longing to return. They bring back a lost simplicity and poignancy into our lives—a gift infinitely refreshing when we have wearied of the comforts of civilization. Even the manner of their entrance into our world—crude and shocking, ruthlessly, savagely, cruelly incongruous with all our civilized refinements—has the true epic touch.

But the trouble is, these epic guests do not (in the old-fashioned marriage) wait until their host and hostess are ready for them. Really, they carry barbaric simplicity too



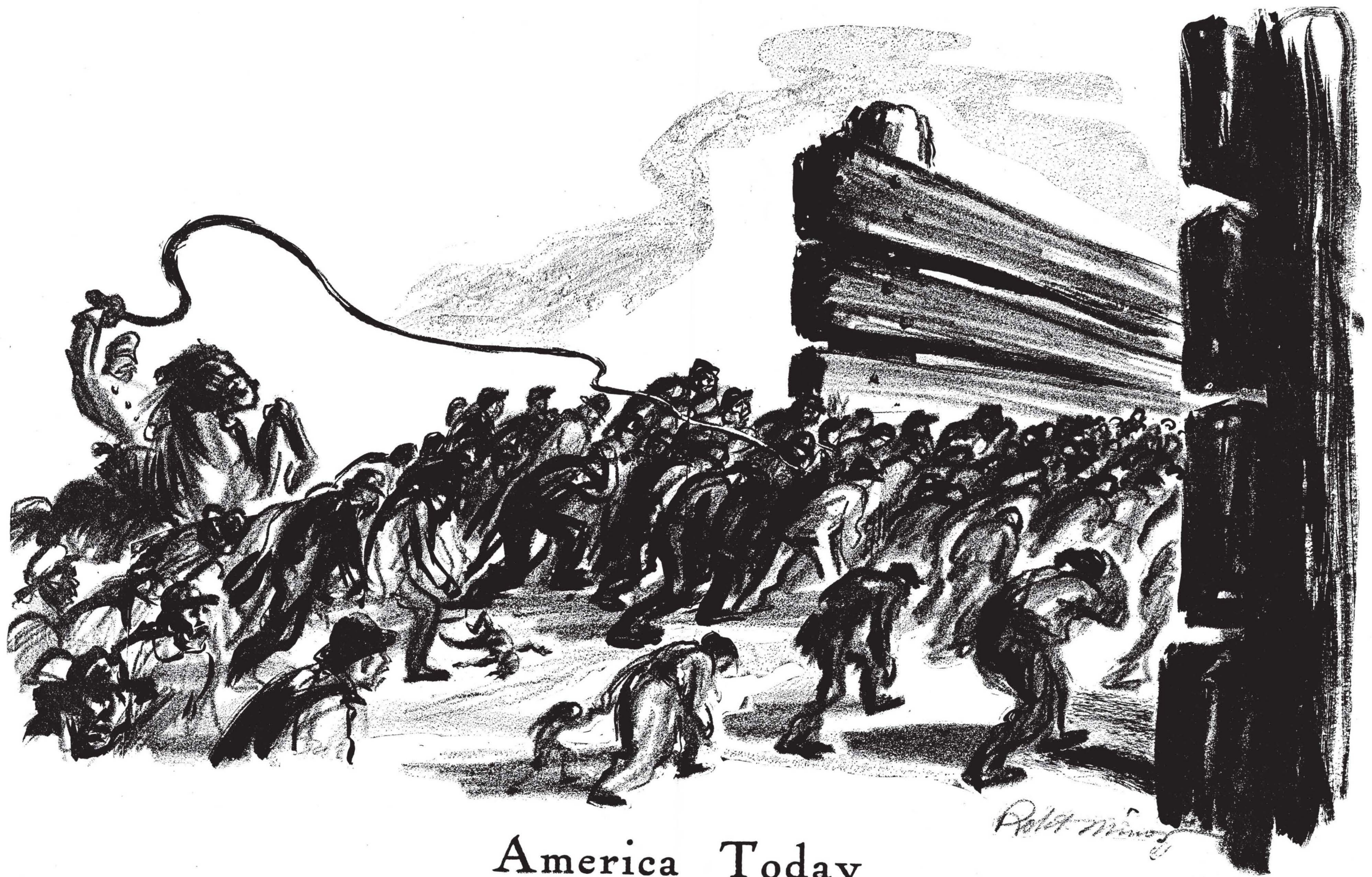
far; they have no consideration whatever for the circumstances of their hosts. They never entertain such a possibility as that they might be more welcome a little later. They just come, and settle down, and expect the world to revolve around them!

“Two's Company, Three's a Crowd!”

It never seems to occur to a baby that a young man and a young woman make a home for any other purpose than to provide a place for him to raise epic hell in; for no sooner is such a home well established than he is likely to appear on the scene, uttering cries of battle. He doesn't seem to realize that the young man and young woman may want a chance to get acquainted with each other before taking in a boarder whose hours of sleeping do not coincide with theirs and who is cranky about his food. He has as little hesitation as the third person of a triangle-play about intruding into a hitherto comfortable and happy ménage. Little he cares if one of these twain has to work longer and harder to provide for his dietetic whims, and if the other has to stay at home all day to entertain him and keep him from breaking his epic neck. He assumes that marriage was instituted just for his benefit. And, vain creature that he is, he doubtless thinks that any inconvenience to which he may put his hosts is amply made up for by the pleasure of his company.

But we have still not reached the nubbin of the situation which this unmannerly young person creates by his inconsiderate intrusion into their affairs. The point, after all, is that he is supposed to be theirs, and nobody else's.

There is, doubtless, some satisfaction in the feeling that this is so. Cold scientific facts do not, however, support the parental delusion that he is theirs in any exclusive hereditary sense; he is their families' child, their ancestors' child, quite as much as their own; and all sorts of aunts and uncles startlingly crop up in his looks. In what way *is* he theirs? He is not theirs to mistreat, thank Heaven, beyond a certain point, at which society will interfere and suddenly assert and prove a higher claim to his possession. His health is not theirs to neglect; they are forced by social pressure to take



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care of it according to the accepted standards. His education is not theirs to neglect, either; they are presently forced by law to have him formally put through a certain amount of schooling of certain specified sorts, whether private or public.

It is plain that the exclusiveness of their possession of this baby is not, and never has been, actual. He is the child of the Tribe in a hundred ways. But he is in the private possession of his parents in certain special respects. He is theirs, all right, when it comes to paying the bills. He is theirs to support and take care of, theirs to sit up with all night when he has the colic, theirs to wheel in the park in a perambulator, and theirs for one of them to stay at home with all day and see that he is kept out of mischief.

It will not have escaped the observation of the average young couple that the extent in which their baby is actually theirs is the extent to which he is an expense and a nuisance. For young men and women have not infrequently other things to do besides looking after babies. They have hopes, plans, ambitions, with which this eternal looking after babies may seriously conflict. It is strange, how much looking-after a baby can require—enough at least to make any other career practically impossible for a long period of years for at least one of the baby's parents—which according to custom and prescription is always the mother. The mother is absolutely done for as an individual.

But what is the tribe so afraid of? What would happen if parents were not simply doomed to be parents, but left free so far as possible to live their own lives? What terrible thing would happen?

Why, don't you know? Red ruin and the breaking up of laws! Bolshevism! Tango-teas! Immorality!

Thus, old-fashioned marriage is, as the younger generation has begun to suspect, an old tribal arrangement subserving the ancient tribal fear of the individual—a means of keeping the individual in effective subjugation to its tribal will. And all this is accomplished through the custom of mutual baby-keeping. A curiously simple and effective device!

Babies Versus Dreams.

When Baby comes—it is not his fault, remember!—but if the old tribal scheme works, the man gives up his notion of becoming a poet, or an inventor, or a creator of whatever sort, and buckles down to a sober nine-to-five career as a parent. The girl, if the tribal scheme works, gives up her notions of becoming a musician, or a department-store-expert, or what not, and accepts her tribal destiny. They both perceive they have dreamed a dream. And they give it up. And—a fact which should not be allowed to escape our notice, they at the same time give up each other, in a very profound sense.

For—it may be foolish, but it is true—people not only fall in love with each other for what they are, but they fall in love with each other's dreams. Not unselfishly, but because of some dreaming self within that needs the encouragement of a fellow-dreamer. Realities are all very well, but people—and very practical people, at that—spend the best part of their lives dreaming dreams. And the essence of companionship is gone when two people, however thrown together by necessity and obligation, find that they have no common dream-world in which to wander together.

The Beloved Companion

A hundred people can ride in the same railway train. But not very many of that hundred can share each other's secret dreams, commonplace though those dreams may be. When two people who do understand each other in this way meet and discover that fact, a relationship begins which lasts, ordinarily, for many years—often in spite of the greatest diversities in age and experience and manners and tastes. There is, among many other curious and strange things, something of this in ordinary human love. It is unconsciously felt to be precious; it is the basis of the phenomenon of "psychic overvaluation" which is more commonly called Romantic Love. And when this curious sense of identity with the beloved is lost, a man and woman may live under the same roof, but they are as separate as any two people riding on a railway train, with only the same realistic motive in common of getting somewhere. They usually feel sorry about it, and adjust themselves to the situation as well as they can. They feel the inclination to set out in quest of a new glamour, but they remember their obligations. They recall what they have read about love and marriage in realistic fiction, and they conclude that the change from—as it were—poetry to prose, is inevitable. And they do usually manage to get along very well if they try. People can live without romantic love. It has been done by millions of people for hundreds of thousands of years.

Did You Know This?

Romantic Love, in fact, as a fairly respectable emotion that decent men and women have a right to feel in marriage, is a comparatively new thing, not more than a few hundred years old. Romantic love had always hitherto been an outcast emotion, a feared and hated and pitied emotion—a criminal and a pariah among the human emotions. During all this time there was marrying and giving in marriage, in some form or another; and all this while Romantic love was excluded, by the tribal sense of fitness, from the marriage arrangements as far as possible. Among even the lowest savages a love-marriage, where such was permitted to occur, was held in low esteem. It was considered as disreputable then to have a love-affair with your own wife as it is now to have one with somebody else's. It was something that nice people didn't do.

It was only gradually that this outcast emotion was admitted into decent society, and even then it was let in through the back door. It was permissible to be romantically in love with someone who was not your wife, or who was somebody else's wife. But it was still felt to be inappropriate and unfit for married people to feel such an emotion toward each other.

And it wasn't, in fact, a very appropriate emotion for people to feel toward each other who had had, as was usually the case, nothing whatever to say about whom they had married—marriage being arranged by their parents without consulting them!

As we go backward in history—and one doesn't have to go very far—we realize that marriage, as a tribal custom, was definitely an affair of the tribe and not at all of the individuals concerned. It was not any of their business whom they married; and even when they were given a nominal choice, it was within strictly defined limitations by which the tribe still exerted its essential authority. In a sense it was a tribal plot against individuals, and against individuality.

If people were to follow the promptings of such crazy emotions as Romantic Love, there was simply no telling what would happen to the world!

But it has not required even so brief a glimpse into the past to convince many people of our generation that there was something wrong with marriage. They were free. They married for love. They built a roof to shelter the wonderful, the astonishing, the not-to-be-told-in-words miracle of their union. And then, somehow, what with babies and responsibility and who-knows-exactly-what, the miracle disappeared. There was something about that darned old institution that was fatal to romantic love. What could it be?

The home was perhaps to blame somehow. They had built it to shelter their love. They had somehow got along without a home before they were married, and their love had not suffered from the inclemency of the weather. They had been romantically in love walking in public parks, sitting on front porches, standing on elevated platforms, seated on ferry-boats—anywhere and everywhere. Why couldn't they be romantically in love in their own home?

It seemed absurd—quite too absurd to tell anybody about. But there it was. But if they didn't know why they had built that home, the Spirit of the Tribe, grinning ironically over their secret disillusionment, knew. They hadn't built it to be romantically in love in, they had built it for babies to grow up in. Women can't bring up babies on park benches very well, though they suffice admirably for romantic love. No, the babies who intruded so impudently into this love-nest were right. It was built for them, not for romantic love.

At this depressing point I must conclude this first installment of our discussion. Later on I shall show how some daring experimentalists of the younger generation, in revolt against tribal marriage, and in the effort to retain the glamour of romantic love, have undertaken to abolish babies from their scheme of life—and with what results. All this present discussion, however, has only started us on the task of analyzing the evils of traditional marriages. In the next installment we shall discuss the horrors of marital Bed and Board.

How Sad A Little Bird

HOW sad a little bird would be,
Who quite forgot to sing,
And sat up in his leafy tree,
Sorry for everything—

To see the children all go by,
And not to have a note
To toss up to the earth and sky,
Out of his eager throat.

How sad a little bird would be
When all the children come
To sit quite still in a leafy tree,
Eager, and sad, and dumb!

Annette Wynne.



Gompers: "Have you got something new—that starvation story isn't much good any more."

"Guns, Bombs and Benzine"

By Norman Matson

THE northern agricultural province of Reggio Emilia was until a few weeks ago the shining example of the practical, constructive genius of Italian socialism. It was as good as 100 per cent. socialist. In 1919 there were 43,000 socialist votes against 20,000 split between the bourgeois parties and the pro-peasant Catholic party. Last fall 38 of the 45 municipal governments went Socialist. The red flag flew in every town of Reggio Emilia. The powerful peasant co-operatives did all the buying, selling, and banking. In a word, the Socialist organization controlled Reggio Emilia economically and politically. And there was peace, and the peasants after their six or eight hours' work in the field gathered in the co-operative cafes of the little towns to discuss politics, production and distribution—the revolution, which was obviously just round the corner. There was for the Reggio Emilians one personality greater than all others. This was Lenin. His quizzical face—one might imagine a bit ironical in this instance—hung where King Victor's had been; his likeness in plaster stood in hundreds of homes between the figures of Saint Cappone and Saint Lambrusco, patron saints of the province. Lenin! He was great in Emilia . . . because he gave the land to the Russian peasants.

The province did not believe in violence. Its weapons were political and economic—the vote and the boycott—this latter a terrific weapon in the hands of compactly organized Italian peasants. The landowner who by violation of peasant regulations earned the punishment of isolation by boycott seldom had the heart to try it again. But there was no violence. The producers had captured the province by peaceful means, and they were managing it peacefully; the party was so strong that there seemed to be no element of opposition. The bourgeois—the employing landowners—were members of the Party, perforce. The white reaction hit the neighboring provinces of Bologna and Ferrara long before it appeared in Reggio Emilia. In those two provinces the extremists were powerful. Emilia felt that they were reaping pretty much what they sowed. Certainly the reaction would never come to them.

The Fascisti Takes the Province

But last March the first *Fascio* (local or post) of the fascisti was organized in the province. And a few weeks later a cyclone hit Reggio Emilia—a destroying gale of violence. Reggio Emilia all but went down before it. It could hardly do otherwise. It was fat picking, and the *fascisti* went their sadistic limit. They struck with bewildering rapidity at the nerve centers of the great Socialist organization—burned the Chambers of Labor; destroyed the press; sacked and burned co-operatives; made scores and scores of bonfires of the card-filing system, account books, correspondence; they beat and shot leaders and the more militant of the rank and file. And finally they made open assaults on the municipalities—assaults which continue. "Resign, get out of town, or feel the anger of the *fascisti*!" So read the letters to Socialist officials. More than a third of the 38 administrations have already resigned. The tri-color is flying from one end of the province to the other. And the moderate Socialist Party—party of the tremendous majority

of the Emilians—decided to abstain from voting at the general election. A few hundred *fascisti* did it. A few hundred young men with bombs and guns and benzine and automobiles—and the assurance that the armed might of the National Government was at their backs. Students, ex-officers, hired fighters who learned how to shoot in the war and sons of landowners disciplined by the peasants. They received their orders from "higher up," from national headquarters in Milano, and their funds came from those who got the cream of the war. They swagger through the province now, singing their inevitable hymn to "Youth."

The peasants did strike back, of course, sporadically, ineffectively. But the policy of their leaders was, in the midst of it all—"No violence!" As Prampolini, the outstanding figure in Reggio Emilian socialism, said. "We contend with a cyclone; we can only let it pass offering the least resistance possible to the violence, trying to save what is savable of material things, but above all conserving the faith in Socialist ideals." It goes without saying that all the "uncertain" elements, all those who joined the party primarily to reap the material benefits of a dominant organization, deserted at the first impact.

Now the province of Reggio Emilia built a great, efficient, beneficent organization in peace. The only criticism its enemies can make is that it was too efficient. Listen to the local leader of the *Fascio*—who goes to Parliament, his little minority having smashed the majority organization: "True, there was not in Emilia violence as violence was known in Bologna or Ferrara, but there was 'red tyranny,' the 'tyranny of collectivism.' We instead have re-established 'individual initiative' in the province! It is true that the socialist organization worked well—economically! But it had no other claim on a great many of its followers. It filled their material needs but not their spiritual needs!" The peaceful efforts of the Reggio Emilians got them nothing, or rather they got it worse than almost any other province.

It is precisely here that the Communists and Socialists differ. Both use much the same terminology; one belongs to the Third International, the other wants to get back in. But the Communists accuse the older leaders of not preparing the proletariat for the defence of its gains. The older leaders build a Reggio Emilia organization that can stand only during times of peace. It fattens the organizations for the Nationalist slaying, so to speak. The Communists, the scatter-brained, impatient extremists, want to advance just so fast as they can consolidate their gains; just so fast as they can arm themselves adequately to defend themselves from the violence they declare inevitable. The Socialists used to cry "Inevitable? *Ma che!* Look at Reggio Emilia!"

"Just look at Reggio Emilia," say the Communists to-day.

Viva La Patria!

The Castello is a wedge-shaped bit of Venice at one end of the city, fronted by the harbor and lagoons. Ingress is possible only by two bridges, narrow, curved bridges with steps. The district is cut through by the Via Garibaldi, which is but a few hundred yards long, but wide—the only wide street in Venice. In the Castello live glass workers,

bargemen, gondoliers, fishermen, working people who wear wooden shoes or felt slippers, suggestive of the Orient.

In the alleys, narrow and intimate as halls in a cramped tenement, the women sit threading beads that fill the shallow wooden bowls in their laps with clear color. A wisp of needles, thin as hairs, spreading fanwise from the clinched thumb and forefinger, is scooped rhythmically into them. A little old woman said good-day from her door where she watched two girls at work, the one with a bowl of turquoise beads, the other with deep blue. There was sun on the cobbles and across the street end where a marble bridge arched over the Rio San Giuseppe; the blue sky came down behind the flaming sails of a black barge.

The old woman said: "It is what the girls have to do. Though all work it is hard to get enough to eat these days."

What was the "perche" of that? She smiled cynically as one who says, Aye, but that's an easy one. "Because," she said, "there are too many dogfish in the high places and too many soldiers, who eat much and do nothing but sit in barracks." There was, moreover, much confusion in Italy. There were the fascisti, for example, those "figli dei pescatori," who came marching down into the Castello to set peaceful folk to fighting. "This little dark one," she continued affably, "is my daughter. The other is her friend. Neither is married." How many children had the signora? None was a good number to have these days; the next best number would be one. She had three sons, but they had gone to the war and all three—she made a gesture across her throat. . . . Four Guardie Regie walked smartly by, carbines slung across their backs, leather belts shining. The old woman made a disdainful noise in her throat. "They look like good boys, but there isn't a bad dog that doesn't wag his tail. . . ."

The embankment of the lagoon that begins where the Via Garibaldi ends was crowded with men and women and small boys; *sandoliste* and bargemen shouted, gesturing dramatically, from their craft moored along the white steps. The Via itself was crowded at both ends, and along its greatest length was a space strangely empty. Towards the harbor was a group of young men with canes—fascisti, recognizable at once by their youth, the girth of their sticks and their singing. The words of the song came clearly down the street: "Youth, Youth, Springtime of Beauty; in the Intoxication of Life, your song rings out. With D'Annunzia, forward, forward—Eja! Eja! Alala!" Great silken tri-colors hung from the second-story windows of four buildings. There was movement everywhere, but suppressed movement; the whole street held its breath. Then, suddenly—commotion. The formless crowd at the street-end became a column four abreast, marching at a quick, military step. The singing had stopped; a leader barked the harsh Italian syllables for "Hip, hip!" A column of Guardie Regie, carbines ready in their hands walked at the flank of the advancing fascisti. Doors began to slam, shutters rattled down. The open street seemed an absurd place to be in. Half the column—there were perhaps 150 fascisti in it and half as many carabinieri—had passed me when some one fired; the sound came from the direction of the end of the column. There was another shot and another. Fascisti and guards turned as one man. An open door took me in. My entrance was accelerated by the pressure of others; there was a moment of shouted argument and the door closed. It was an iron door. . . . It was dark in the grocery store. Outside the firing increased to a fusilade. The little grocer meditatively took a handful of

beans from an open barrel, examined them, threw them back impatiently, and folded his hands under his chin. "Oh, Dio!" he exclaimed with disgust. A shawled, bareheaded woman cursed the fascisti. He told her to hold her tongue.

A small hole in the door looked onto a street busy with guards. The firing had ceased. The grocer unlocked the door reluctantly. A curious group passed slowly. Four men carried a wooden chair on which a man sat slumped, his head hanging limply. He was a big man and those who bore him moved clumsily, shaking him cruelly. He had dropped with the first shooting, a few feet from the grocery door. The fascisti were already gone; guards moved slowly up and down the street. The alleys emptied their men and women back into the sunlight; a frantic woman in an excess of relief slapped the behinds of two small boys who had plainly been out in it all, for they were laughing excitedly. There was a new alarm when a contingent of working men, coming belatedly from factories and boats, flowed into the street, brandishing clubs and boot-hooks; but these met the swinging musket-ends of the Guards, and after that calm was restored, while the authorities proceeded to the arrest of workmen suspected of having fired. I bought *Moscato* for three gondoliers and sought information. The fascisti came down to force the Castello to hoist the tri-color; the Castello being red, as everybody knows, had shown only the red flag the day before—the *feste* day of San Marco. Of the wounded one, a young man, was shot in the lungs; the men I had seen carried away had died on the way to the hospital. There were no wounded among the fascisti.

The next afternoon an ugly little armored launch anchored off the bridge into the Castello. It was equipped with twelve machine guns, ranged along its rail, and a quick-firer raised its nose from the forward deck. Situated thus, it commanded this most important of the two narrow entrances to the district. At four in the afternoon a column of 350 fascisti swung on the fine quays of the Riva Schiavoni, along the harbor, coming from Campo San Marco, where they had organized. They marched well, heads up, stepping like Prussians; the bulk of them were between twenty and twenty-five. They carried the familiar, leather-bound "walking-stick" and short turned clubs, like riot sticks, affectionately called *rompecapì*—head-breakers. In general they were a well-tailored lot; they looked like the sons of the "best families," which they were. The inevitable "Giovanezza" set the rhythm for their marching, and between verses they fired their automatics into the air.

The men on the armored launch looked bored as the column swung by, and the carabinieri on the bridge made an absurd pretence of stopping them, but they marched on. The last fascisti over the bridge, the guards closed their ranks. "Non si passa!" they said, and gestured with their carbines, so that we who were kept out could only wait and listen. Firing again in the Via Garibaldi, and cheering, the growing crowd at the bridge milled excitedly, and when great, shaking detonations came they cried out "Bombe!" and strove vainly to get by the guards. In ten minutes the young men came marching back, and they were a sight to see with their flushed ecstatic faces; at their head a curly-haired boy of twenty, his shirt open at the throat, a broad blue sash over one shoulder. Hip, hip, hip. Viva la Patria! Viva D'Annunzia! Abasso Lenin! Hip, hip, hip!

The crowd at the bridge, most of them residents of the Castello, evinced a keen desire to get home. The captain of the guard said perquisitions were under way, and they would

have to wait. So they waited, helplessly, until finally one by one they were let by, each being most minutely searched for arms. I wasn't. I had an overcoat on and a white collar, which may have had something to do with the fraternal, courteous smile I got from the slick young officer.

There wasn't anything to see on the Via, except some carabinieri on a steep, tiled roof—searching with drawn pistols for those who had thrown broken bits of tile at the fascisti. The fruits of the brief expedition were fine seriously wounded—two of them probably dying. (One of the five was a two-year-old child and all were of the workers.) The arrest of 17 workmen. The removal of a red handkerchief from the neck of a large, bronze Garibaldi. This latter was the avowed purpose of the expedition! No facisti were arrested. The workmen that were arrested were charged with having arms in their possession. This little, unimportant incident in Venice is or should be interesting, because it is typical of what is happening from one end of Italy to another. The whole of it comprises a campaign of "white" reprisals fairly comparable with the late white terror of Hungary. Italy's outrages have not had the foreign publicity of Hungary's, but questionnaires, prepared by the executive of the Socialist Party, are now being filled out by local officials in all districts, and these will no doubt be analyzed in a comprehensive report. As it is, no one knows whether 100 or 200 chambers of labor have been burned down; whether twenty or forty working class publication offices have been destroyed. Enough printing plants have been wrecked to augment seriously the unemployment statistics of the typographical organization!

Nobody knows how many hundreds of Red workers and peasants have been killed or wounded, nor the details of the beating and torturing of Red deputies and Red municipal authorities. Everywhere the fascisti go forth under the protection of the carbines of the Royal Guard. If one protects himself from the fascisti, he is either shot to death by a "punitive expedition" of fascisti, or jailed by the authorities. Besides that, the homes of his friends are likely to be burned, and the headquarters of his organization sacked. The difficulties of both the Socialist and Communist parties in this election can hardly be exaggerated. Everybody knows that the number of Red deputies will be greatly reduced. The results will indicate only that by direct action—by guns and bombs and benzine, as the saying goes here—the upper class succeeded in keeping working class voters from the polls.

Maison

MY love is building a building
 around you, a frail slippery
 house, a strong fragile house
 (beginning at the singular beginning
 of your smile), a skilful uncouth
 prison, a precise clumsy
 prison (building that and this into Thus.)
 Around the reckless magic of your mouth
 my love is building a magic, a discreet
 tower of magic and (as I guess)
 when Farmer Death (whom fairies hate) shall
 crumble the mouth-flower fleet
 He'll not my tower laborious, casual,
 where the surrounded smile hangs breathless.

E. E. Cummings.

In Memory

By Louise Bryant

NOW you are gone—and past our garden hedge
 Walk strangers . . . little knowing
 How brave and fine a soul
 Has loved these clabboard walls,
 That scraggling lilac, yonder spreading elm.
 The young fruit trees remember yet, perhaps,
 How gently with your hands
 You smoothed their roots in planting . . .
 No lesser than a poet could feel
 How shrubs and flowers shrink from rougher touch.
 Oh, ever-dear and honored love,
 I go my lonely way
 Far from our garden's sweetly smiling roses.
 Yet always does their fragrance
 Reach me and enfold me—
 Even as now my fancy brings you close
 And you're more real to me than all the living.
 For nightly do I walk with you
 The moonlit roads of home,
 And there we mingle laughter and caresses
 And stories of adventure without end.
 What matter if I wake in tears at cock-crow?
 I'll have the dreams again at night . . .
 And after many dreams, the long dream
 From which I'll wake not
 And no spell of stars be broken.



A Drawing by Lydia Gibson.



Maurice Becker

Tulsa—Oklahoma

THE white citizens of Tulsa will find scapegoats for their crime, if they persist, and in time calm the indiscreet mutterings of a temporarily outraged conscience, for the first time making itself audible through newspapers, officials and respected citizens.

The scapegoats will not be white men. Whether they are scapegoats or not, whether a long-drawn-out investigation will obscure the essential facts or present them against a sharper background, no serious attempt will be made to alter the race relationships, the social attitude of mind, the political corruption, the yellow press—the fundamental causes for the saturnalia of rioting for which Negroes, largely, paid the price with their lives and possessions.

The real job is too fundamental for minds, concerned primarily with money-making.

Meanwhile, appalled at the consequences of their own incitations, the white citizens are blurting out the truth, hoping thus to avert attention from their own responsibility.

On the morning of Tuesday, May 31, Dick Rowland, a Negro bootblack, was riding in an elevator of the Drexel Building, operated by Sarah Page, a white girl, later described as hysterical. Something happened, Sarah Page screamed and Rowland fled.

What had happened? Sarah Page and Dick Rowland told

the police long before the riot, but the *Tulsa Tribune*, the afternoon paper accused of incitation, ignored the account as being too tame for the screaming headlines that rally mobs.

Rowland had grabbed Sarah Page's arm. "When he grabbed my arm, I screamed and he fled." So Sarah Page told the police, and, according to James Patton, chief of detectives, that, substantially, is Rowland's version.

Until the *Tulsa Tribune* "came out with a colored and untrue account," says Patton, "the police had not considered Rowland's 'offense' of sufficient import to prefer a charge against him. Even Sarah Page had made no complaint. Rowland was at liberty until the police thought it better to put him behind jail bars to assure his 'protection.' "The story," Patton states, "incited such a racial spirit upon the part of the whites that, under the impression that there would be a lynching, armed Negroes invaded the business district."

Richard Lloyd Jones, publisher of the *Tulsa Tribune*, later declared that "some loose-mouthed, blundering creature last evening spread the lynch alarm." And the Negroes, to uphold the law against a white mob, gathered before the court house.

The Bartlesville Enterprise, a conventional white man's

daily, later published a report that Sheriff William McCullough had summoned armed Negroes to help him protect Rowland from threatened mob action.

The lax administration of the Tulsa county jail constitutes ample justification for the attempt by Negroes to protect a member of their race. The mob that had dragged eleven members of the Industrial Workers of the World in 1916 from that jail and had whipped, tarred and feathered them would entertain little scruple concerning a 'nigger,' accused by an afternoon paper of a serious offense against a white girl. Jail bars that had yielded twice within a week to jailbreaks would not defy an armed mob, intent on murder. The Negroes of Tulsa know not only this but that the white officers sworn to uphold "the law" could not be depended upon in a time of crisis.

The *Tulsa World* admits as much:

"It is an established fact that police officers, if they did not openly contribute to the reign of terror, failed utterly to oppose adequately their authority against it and did, in many instances, incite it by spoken words."

The Negro mob was a mob organized for defense. That "the damned niggers" should flout "the dominant race's" conception of its place and organize was a whip to mob fury. "Then a white man," admits *The Tribune's* publisher, "struck a match to the incendiary mob powder by trying to take a gun away from a Negro."

The rest is in the newspapers, but not all of it.

At least one white man died at the hands of his fellows. The *Bartlesville Enterprise* states: "It is reported in Bartlesville that a majority of the whites who died were killed by their blood-mad fellow members of the white mob."

The Rev. Harry Shiffler, pastor of the Presbyterian Church in McAlester testifies:

"When the fire department endeavored to go to the fire, it was stopped by the white mob."

Gordon Grady, a member of a well-known Pittsburg county family, who witnessed the rioting, reports:

"I saw dead bodies hauled away on trucks until I became

sick. And scores of Negroes lay in the streets until late in the afternoon.

"Once in the Negro districts, the whites paid little heed to whom they were killing. They would set fire to a Negro home and shoot down those who fled." Incidentally, thirteen whites arrested for looting Negro property were later released. Ten Negroes are being held for inciting to riot and others are being sought.

A Negro woman who made her way to Oklahoma City, later declared that the white who entered her home, later setting fire to it, wore a policeman's badge.

Regarded as contributing, though not immediate, causes of the riot are race pride, expressing itself in an unorganized, though sustained, boycott of white merchants' shops in "Little Africa" on one hand, and on the other resentment against the Negroes of Tulsa for having entrenched themselves in a strategically situated section of the city.

I asked Mr. Roscoe Dunjoe, editor of *The Black Dispatch*, to tell me something of this phase.

He gave it as his opinion that the whites of Tulsa seriously begrudged the negroes the possession of the land constituting "the black belt." That district lies between three railroads, the Missouri, Kansas and Texas, the St. Louis and San Francisco and the Midland Valley. Tulsa's business district had been forced to the very gates of the Negro quarter. Mr. Dunjoe declares that the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe once attempted to buy land lying back of Archer and Boston (Negro streets), for a depot site and had been refused. Proposals by Tulsa officials to rebuild the Negro quarters outside the city, in an addition back of Sunset Hill, give color to Mr. Dunjoe's assertions. Segregation clauses in Tulsa's city statutes give officials the legal right to move the Negroes where they will.

One thing Tulsa will not and cannot do. It will not drive her Negroes out of the city, for "they are essential to our economic and industrial life"—so long as they are obedient to "the dominant race's" commands.

HARRY SALPETER.



A Drawing by John Barber

After Church in Harlem

The Siege Is Lifted

By Arturo Giovannitti

SAM is really a redoubtable man. He is possessed of a great and occult power that has been confided to but a very few men: that of making grow everything he curses and of withering everything he blesses. As an Italian and, therefore, as a devout believer in jettatura, I ought to know a carrier of disasters when I meet one. Well, Sam is unquestionably a jettatore. His aura exudes and radiates a sort of malevolent charm over all the objects of his predilection; wherever he irrorates the holy water of his approbation, he dries up at once every moisture of the flesh and vegetation. Likewise, whatever he fulminates with his scorn and his malediction blooms up at once like the garden of the Hesperides. Let me give you a few instances, before you dismiss the scientific postulates of jettatura.

I will prove to you that whatever cause Mr. Gompers has espoused or indorsed immediately foundered almost at sight. Leaving out all the old classical strikes of the A. F. of L., none of which was won by following the methods propounded and ordered by Sammy and most of which have been abjectly lost, let us come down to modern history. Sam was for the McNamaras—and one of them is still in jail, while the other got out solely because of his good behavior. He said, very reluctantly, a word or two in favor of Tom Mooney, and Tom, who should have gotten out long ago, has had to fight ever since, not against the law of evidence but against the blight of Mr. Gompers' belief in his innocence. He put his exequatur on the Steel Strike, and the Steel Strike was irretrievably lost. He gave his pontifical benediction to the Democratic Party—and where is it now? Everything was going on swimmingly in the case of Gene Debs, and Attorney General Daugherty was actually on the verge of turning him loose without strings when suddenly Sam expressed a desire that Debs be freed and thereby pushed him back into gehenna. And so on interminably. Why, even the great A. F. of L., the pet love of Mr. Gompers has grown into nothing but progressive and multitudinous impotency, political, social, syndical and civic, for the sole reason that Mr. Gompers was at the helm and loved it like a creature of his own entrails.

Per contra, recall the things he flayed with his apocalyptic wrath. He excommunicated the Russian Revolution and the Third International; he put a plague on Industrial Unionism; he decocted an evil philtre for the I. W. W.; he made horrible faces at the syndicalism of the Italian Unions and at the British Shop Stewards; he expectorated some acidulous flam on the Irish Republic; he belched malodorous flatulence on Socialism, the One Big Union, the General Strike, shop control and so forth—and look where the poor wights are. Why, the most stricken of them prances along the fields of the class struggle like a young stallion in rut.

Certainly there is no better insurance against accidents, misfortunes and acts of God than Sammy Gompers' malignant will. May he never come out in favor of political prisoners, for they will remain *domo Petri* till the consummation of the ages. May he never become a convert to Socialism, lest Capitalism become eternal. For the sake of every human progress, and the social revolution, here is a desperate wish that he may live another millennium and never move

and never change anything, save the label of whiskey bottles, his skull caps, his false teeth, and, once every half a century, his wife.

Now, Mr. Gompers, the lord be thanked, did not want the Amalgamated to win. He shook with horror at the mere idea of a seceding organization, reconstructed along industrial lines, and fraught with radical ideas, putting up a victorious fight and actually leading again in the preservation of union standards, as it had in the 44-hour movement. That a body not affiliated with his federation should even dare to put up a fight, was more than he could conceive. So he went so far as to say in his *American Federationist*, that the Amalgamated, being a seceding organization, was a traitor to organized labor, which translated in the vulgate of the rank and file, meant that anybody was authorized and urged to scab on it with the helpful direction of the United Garment Workers. That the Amalgamated had given \$100,000 to the Steel Strike, which Gompers' endorsement had hoodooed and his craft divisionism had hamstrung into impotence, was another just cause of his wrath. That the Amalgamated actually meant to fight to a finish the issue of the closed shop on the industrial field, face to face with the enemy, and not in the purlieu of politics or in the stag parties of the Civic Federation, was still a more grievous offence. And finally the fact that the Amalgamated leaders had openly dared to declare that the men's tailors were fighting alone and single-handed the entire wave of reaction in the name and interests of the entire labor movement, was enough to put this young and impudent organization without the pale of Sam's apostolic grace. Indeed, the main reason why the Amalgamated should win out lay in the fact that Gompers and his brand of unionism had decided otherwise. For (it has been said a thousand times but never on a better and clearer occasion) Labor's greatest enemy is not the capitalist class, but that contingent of Labor's own army which while the battle is on claims that the enemy is not a rogue to be floored and rendered utterly impotent, but merely a misguided gentleman to be set aright.

How did the Amalgamated do it? This after all is the most important question, the question of method and process, than which there is nothing more vital on the floor of international discussion. I tried to find out for the readers of this magazine, and went, as a good radical is supposed to do, right to the source of information. The source of information in the Amalgamated is a rather complicated affair. Though this is the most centralized organization in the world, next to the Catholic Church, the United States Government and the Third International, it is very hard to get at its *deus ex machina*. Everybody is as humble in the daily business of life as he is domineering in action. However, there are a few men of outstanding prominence in the Amalgamated that can be safely mentioned by name without betraying any confidence. There is its General President Sidney Hillman, who looks like a handsome college freshman, talks like the Secretary of State and never writes any articles for any paper. There is Joseph Schlossberg, National Secretary-Treasurer, who speaks and writes half a score languages, edits seven papers, collects and disburses millions of dollars, belongs to

every labor committee in the world, from the Federated Press to the Labor Film Service, makes an average of six speeches a week and dictates masterly editorials on the labor situations everywhere in the cosmos, not to a prize stenographer but to the linotypers themselves, in English, in Yiddish, and presently in Italian, if my friend, Frank Bellanca, will let him.

Then there is Abraham Shiplacoff, manager of the New York Joint Board, whose functions are as multitudinous as the faces he makes. "Shippy" is beyond description. He is just a case, an unabatable nuisance—the enfant terrible of the organization. He is a speaker, a singer, an actor, a drum player, a Socialist, a vegetarian, a believer in chiropractic, one of the twelve men that understands the Einstein theory, and a member of the Board of Aldermen.

Then there is Peter Monat and Joseph Patovsky and Solon de Leon and many, many others—and, of course, August Bellanca, top-liner of the General Executive Board. August Bellanca is a young man of many distinctions. He complains eternally that he is sick and tries to get well by working an average of fourteen hours a day, during which he talks to about five hundred distinct and separate people anywhere from Bath Beach, Brooklyn, to Michigan Avenue, Chicago; quarrels with two-thirds of them; chases the other third out of his offices; and makes all of them do whatever he wants. Mr. Bellanca is also nationally famous among labor leaders for having never answered a letter nor issued a statement to the press.

Now, if I speak at all about these men, rather than about the rank and file, it is solely for the purpose of informing the Liberator editors that true, strong and purposeful labor leaders—real statesmen of the coming social order—are not to be found all and only in England, but that there are quite a few of them at a gunshot from 13th street. Michael Gold having begun with Andrew Furuseth, it would be a very good idea and, I believe, sound journalism, to keep it up with the great and silent chiefs of needle trades—those of the Amalgamated and those of the International Ladies Garment Workers. They have many stories to tell, many lessons to impart and real red-blooded personalities to reveal. If some one will do it I shall be glad and proud of having given him the hint.

But to get back to my story, or rather to conclude it. Being at a loss as to which of these men I should buttonhole, I went to what seemed to be the top of the loose hierarchy, and waylaid Sidney Hillman, in the forlorn hope of getting an interview. This is what I got.

Mr. Hillman is what I should describe as an imperialist. He believes in the empire of the clothing workers, that is, in their widest possible territorial expansion, first through the United States, and then through the world. He wants all the tailors united under one flag, the color of which he leaves to other people to select and fight over. What concerns him the most is the solidity of its staff and the visibility and durability of its fabric. Though I have known Hillman for several years, and though at least three times I have forced

myself on the same platform from which he was addressing his own army (thereby helping, I fear, the Amalgamated to lose a heavy suit for damages), I cannot boast of having ever been taken into his confidence. Not that he has little to say, for he is decidedly the most articulate labor marshal in the country, but because he had an almost superhuman gift for winning you to his viewpoint without quarreling with your own and without wholly convincing you. Which, I am assured, is the true sign of constructive statesmanship. Mr. Hillman, in fact, has been repeatedly called in certain liberal papers a great labor statesman, and so, in a way he is—not perhaps so much of a field-marshal as a tactician. In his own limited field he is a sort of an admixture of Trotsky and Lloyd George, equally free of the Napoleonic aggressiveness of the former and the Machiavellian cajolery of the latter. He is a compromiser, being a true realist, a struggler after success rather than the assertor of an abstract principle, and a man entrusted with the terrible responsibility of the daily bread of 200,000 human beings. But he is also an intransigent being, as I said, an imperialist, a believer in the ultimate triumph of labor, and a Jew. One must never forget that when Jews compromise, and they always compromise, it is only to get the better share of the bargain.

Now this is what I gathered in the course of our hasty



"So I sez to him: 'Your Honor, we can't proceed, somebody's drunk up the evidence!'"

conversation during which he said, I feel, a lot of things that he did not want to say, and concealed an equal lot of things he was burning to shout.

The Amalgamated won the big fight, the hardest and longest, all things considered, that American Labor has ever put upon the industrial field, for one simple and solid reason—because it took no chances. It was fully prepared for every emergency. For a number of years, indeed ever since it was launched, its farsighted leaders had followed the policy of the German army and prepared themselves for war. Short of a world insurrection against them, an emergency against which there is no insurance whatever, the Clothing Workers were not afraid of anything. They were ready for any single, honest and legitimate fight, no matter how big and bitter. They knew they had a real organization, industrial, national, centralized, uncumbersome, well-disciplined, single-minded and easy to mobilize. They had trained and tried generals, a regurgitating war chest, a nimble and fast moving press of their own, offices, halls and commissaries in every district, a splendid spy system in the camp of the enemy and, withal, the experiences of a former defeat, and the heartening tradition of a long series of victories.

They took no chances. They knew the storm was coming. They knew it would be a long one. They did nothing to unleash it, but bided their time and were wise enough to let the masters declare war. They knew they had to raise a huge amount of money and were ready for it. Hillman told me that aside from a handsome contribution from the sinister organization, the Independent Ladies' Garment Workers' Unions, over two million dollars were raised for the New York lockout by the Amalgamated members themselves. He also told me—here is where I fear I betray my trust—that not a single cent of this staggering sum came from the national treasury of the Amalgamated. They knew there would be injunctions and that they could not be violated, so they made sure that ninety-nine per cent of the locked-out workers stayed home to play with the baby and the other one per cent stayed in the shop to keep the rent, the machinery, the special guards and the bosses going while they produced the most perfect trouble and the very worst garments. They starved, they howled, they cursed, they got mad, they got beaten up by thugs, they went to jail, they did everything they had to do, and a few things that were not listed in the docket and the calendar—but they stuck it through, and so they won.

And the only reason why they won is because they were organized not to get anything special or immediate, but to be together, to stay together, to act together. Had this been a fight for the 40-hour week or for an increase in wages, I doubt whether they would have been able to withstand the hardships of the pitiless siege. Had it been merely a question of bread and butter, they would perhaps have reasoned things out arithmetically and decided that it did not pay. Men after all do not willingly submit to an almost interminable period of inanition for the sake of a larger loaf of bread. Men seldom if ever fight more than a few days simply because they are hungry. Hunger in its most abject form makes millions of beggars, petty thieves and prostitutes for every real rebel it arms. The only thing that turns out warriors and heroes, fierce, uncompromising, ready to die, unalterably bent on winning, is, all chances being equal on both sides, a moral duty, an emotional urge, a principle, a dream, a myth.

And of all the myths that have been created by the wise

men of the world for the guidance and the jubilation of mankind, the highest, the noblest, the holiest, the most imminent of all is that of indissoluble fraternity of the workers for any purpose whatever, or for no purpose at all. The Amalgamated knew it and clung to it. That's why it won. The American Federation of Labor does not know it yet. That's why it sits like Lazarus at the gate of the rich man, forever waiting for the saviour that will never come. Hillman did not say this. He is a practical man. But I am permitted to be a poet, and I know that this is one of the things he was burning to shout.

Withered Roses

THE graveyard is deserted, weirdly still:
White tombstones stare from out the dull-green hill
Frowned over by a sky of cloudy gray.

Red roses, withered by the monotone
Of death, and poisoned by the grave's decay,
Are languishing beside each chilly stone.

The tombs have breathed their taint upon the red,—
Whose life could not endure among the dead.

Salomea Neumark.



Still On Top

More News From Nowhere

By Michael Gold

Back To Methuselah, By George Bernard Shaw. (Brentano's.)

The Salvaging of Civilization, By H. G. Wells. (Macmillan.)

THE people were starving. They were lost in the desert. They were thirsty, their little ones were crying for hunger and thirst, and some died in the arms of the mothers. The wild beasts came at night and slew many of the people. The people were mad with despair.

So Moses went up the mountain to speak with God. After a day he came down to the fevered and waiting people, and spoke to them thus:

"Honor thy father and mother. Fear God and His Life-Force. Read good books and be nobler. Establish a decent school system. Give over this silly wailing for food and drink, and strive for higher things. God has revealed a vision of the Promised Land to me, and I will tell you all about it. It is quite exciting. I will tell it to you in 400 closely printed pages and a preface. I have many new jokes that God whispered to me—the celestial latest. Disentangle your souls from the sordid matter that enslaves it, saith the Lord God. Of Life only is there no end; and though of its million starry mansions many are empty and many still unbuilt, and though its vast domain is as yet unbearably desert, your seed shall one day fill it and master its matter to the uttermost. And for what may be beyond, our eyesight is too short. It is enough that there is a beyond."

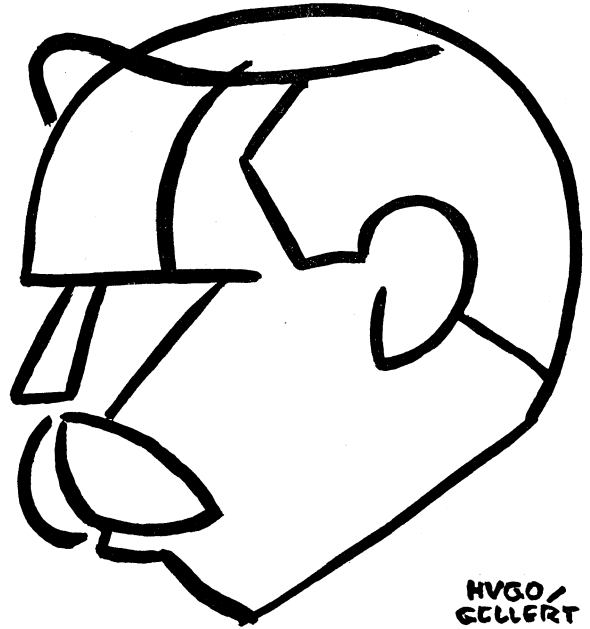
Thus spake Moses, and the people were strangely ungrateful and murmurous. It appeared to the more wretched and stiff-necked among them that God and His prophet had not quite met the occasion. To their materialistic eyes it seemed as if the people were about to die for want of food and drink and shelter. But Moses was not disturbed. He was glowing with secret literary pride for the beauty of some of his phrases.

There was a dark, horrible civilization in which we all lived, as in a prison. Then there was an earthquake called a war, in which more than ten million young men were murdered. And now there is peace—and thousands of babies are being starved to death, new armies are being raised, millions are without jobs and homes, the class war rages in every city, the old men plan new national wars. And Shaw and Wells climb to Sinai and come down with these two books, *Back to Methuselah* and *The Salvaging of Civilization*.

Here is what they hand us:

Moses Wells denounces the past in that vivid speech that has sold so many of his novels. He recognizes the black place we have wandered into; he recognizes that we need food and drink and a social way of living; he tells us this more eloquently and clearly than we could tell it to ourselves.

Then, as remedy, he suggests that we appoint a committee to collect and create a modern Bible—one somewhat on the order of Upton Sinclair's *Cry for Justice*, which Wells does not know has been in circulation for years without much visible effect on American plutocrats. This Bible is to furnish us all with that social cement, that cultural bond, that



HVGGO/
GELLERT

Outline History of H. G. Wells

made the Middle Ages, with its elder Bible, such a charming era of brotherhood.

We are also to reform our educational system along Wellsian lines, most of which (though we are not told this), are tracings of the Communist lines already marked out in that little-known barbarous country called Russia.

Also we are to be very noble, like Mr. Wells' Samurai and Researchers Magnificent of former years, and we are to work for a League of Nations (not the Russian brand), and for other noble ends.

The following is the attitude Moses Wells wants us to strike, we poor deluded slaves of fear and hunger and joblessness and tyranny:

"I know that in thus putting all the importance upon educational needs at the present time I shall seem to many readers to be ignoring quite excessively the profound racial, social and economic conflicts that are in progress. I do. I believe we shall never get on with human affairs until we do ignore them. I offer no suggestion whatever as to what sides people should take in such an issue as that between France and Germany, or between Sinn Fein and the British Government, or in the class war.

"These conflicts are mere aspects of the gross and passionate stupidity and ignorance of our present world. It is impossible for a sane man who wishes to serve the world to identify himself with either side in any of them." [Except when Belgium is attacked by the Hun!] "On one side we have greed, insensibility and incapacity, on the other envy and suffering stung to vindictive revolt; on neither side light

nor generosity nor creative will. Neither side is more than a hate and an aggression."

Cease, Karl Liebknecht, from your sordid, stupid task of overthrowing the Kaiser! Cease, John Reed, from your work of bringing bread and peace and the poetry of communism to a hopeless world! Cease, Nicolai Lenin, and Maxim Gorky, from your "envious, vindictive" task of building a nation of freemen and thinkers in the center of a universe of drudges and slaves!

Let us all repent, and go into committee with H. G. Wells for the sublime object of editing a new Bible that shall be found, like the old, on the reading table of every respectable home forever.

That is Moses Wells.

Now for Moses Shaw.

Shaw grows indignant and horrified and passionately vituperative as he contemplates the capitalist system. No one can do this better than Shaw. He has always been a desperate rebel and bitter humanitarian. He is one of Shelley's "resolutely good" men; we honor him for it. He did a great work when he began his terrorist attack on the nineteenth century taboos. But he is a prophet, too, and a nineteenth century intellectual, and this is the relevant thing he has to say, in effect, about the world crisis he sees so clearly:

"Darwin was wrong. I, Bernard Shaw, along with Samuel Butler, have always been a Neo-Lamarckian. I believe there is a Life-Force, and that it expresses itself in man's will. I do not believe in determinism, but in free will. Evolution is not a blind process, but innate will asserting itself in various experimental forms.

"Also, I have come to this conclusion: that it is almost hopeless to try to reform the world. Men are not intelligent enough. A man begins getting intelligent toward the end of his life, when his passions have become exhausted, and he does not want anything very hard. So the great problem for us all is to try to preserve our old men, so that they can rule us. We can do this by willing to live three hundred years, instead of the seventy allotted to us now. This can be done by willing; the human will is all powerful. Now I will prove this by my play, Back To Methuselah. Up with the curtain!"

The play is really five plays—the first is laid in the Garden of Eden, the second is in the present era, the third takes place in the year 2170 A. D., the fourth in 3,000 A. D., the fifth comes on a summer afternoon in the year 31,920 A. D.—"As Far As Thought Can Reach," Shaw calls it.

All sorts of things happen then. Children are born, fully-matured, from huge eggs. By force of will, the Ancients, who now live forever, can grow five heads and six sets of arms. Scientists have learned how to construct human beings resembling the figures of our own dark period. Many other wonders are shown forth. It is all ingenious, remarkable, stimulating, dazzling, crowded with invention, and it all means nothing to the poor wanderers in the modern wilderness.

All through the plays run like a thick, rushing, brilliant river, those eloquent speeches of Shaw's. Everyone is a "philosopher" in this world of his, and talks large fascinating generalities.

Shaw states his complete philosophy of life in this book. He says he has never quite successfully done it before. Well, it is nothing much, after all. Bergson and William James and Nietzsche and others have taught us all we need to know about Creative Evolution. One can accept the doctrine without losing membership in the Union League Club. And

the slogan of Back To Methuselah was projected more sanely and scientifically many years ago in a golden book by Metchnikoff called the Nature of Man.

Shaw is a great, good man. He was a mighty force in the last century, and he helped destroy many a Bastille. But he is not of our generation. It is simply so—we ourselves are finding ourselves appalled to realize how marked Shaw is with the stigmata of the last century. He hates the body—he thinks it is evil. In his Utopia men will finally discard the body and its appetites and live as vortices of pure thought. Shaw has not read psycho-analysis, apparently, and he does not know that there is no such thing as pure intellect. He really hates the masses of humanity, because they will not listen to him, and are slow, dumb, animal, enduring. That is nineteenth century intellectualism, too. We are finding that the masses of humanity can be aroused and can be led to greater goals than the Shavian and Fabian goals. Shaw does not see this, either.

He is one of the nineteenth century prophets. They were an irritable, unsocial and egotistic lot. They dwelt in suburban Sinais, where all manner of revelations were vouchsafed them. These they brought down to the multitudes, and they were angered, like Moses, when the masses refused to receive them. These prophets were too proud to wait for the masses, or to stay with them and lead and educate them. They refused to draw up plans based on objective possibility. It was all or nothing. It was Utopia or Hell.

The prophets were too pure to join parties. They were too proud, most of them, to recognize that most of their



The Pure Prophet

thought was stolen from the living platforms of these parties, from the arenas where thought was being hammered into deed. Thus Wells still talks about "my world-state," and "my plans for the new education." It would not be surprising if he secretly believed that his "New Worlds For Old" was responsible for the Russian Revolution.

The people are lost in the wilderness, and must be led forth to hope again. The world is coming to an end, and these bourgeois prophets talk to us grandiosely of the Life-Force and God and Bibles and noble aspirations. They are fiddling Neroes in the midst of a conflagration; they are fussy suburbanites at sea who cannot understand that the ship is sinking; they are besotted mystics who dream that thought or culture or God or Bible can exist apart from the Life of Man—and do not know that the Life of Man is in peril at this moment.

There is something heartless and terrible about the vanity of these nineteenth century intellectuals! Longevity and Neo-Lamarckianism as a cure for the class war, Bibles and fine thinking as a panacea for unemployment and militarism!

Shaw and Wells are the irretrievable products of the age of romantic individualism, and we are the products of the age of conscription, scientific revolution and mass action, and there is a dark and impassable gulf between us. They do not understand us, and we can no longer understand them.

We of the new generation are not too proud to tackle the belly-problem first, we are willing to forego all the joys of constructing each his special Utopia. We are uniting in a dirty and necessary task, in a real world, where Utopias are as valuable as roses and nightingales to a man fighting a tiger.

Let us honor and forget these prophets of an elder day. They did some useful work in their time, and now they are old. Let them chatter in their vain and frivolous manner of the Life-Force and the Modern Bible. They are not too much in the way, and if they wish to abuse us, let them enjoy that privilege.

We have thought of eternity, no less clearly than Wells



John Barber

Battery Park

and Shaw. We have thought of Bibles and culture, too, and we say they are all nothing if the Life of Man is not organized and saved from sinking back into the primeval slime. That is our task, and we have the strength to face it: we are not luxuriating in the escape of Utopias and fine dreams.

Shaw and Wells scorn us: we are living in the cellar: Shaw shows us that we are irreligious, and Wells that we are hopelessly crude. Yes, yes, we admit all this, and now back to the task.

MICHAEL GOLD.

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Taught by thy tremulous grace bravely to fling
Implacable death's mysteriously sable
Robe from her redolent shoulders, Thou from whose
Feet reincarnate song suddenly leaping
Flameflung, mounts, inimitably to lose
Herself where the wet stars softly are keeping
Their exquisite dreams—O Love! upon Thy dim
Shrine of intangible commemoration,
From whose faint close as some grave languorous hymn
Pledged to illimitable dissipation,
Unhurried clouds of incense fleetly roll,
I spill my bright incalculable soul.

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We put this very gracious and charming letter back as a crown upon the head of H. G. Wells! Not often does an author write that way to a possible rival! Also, we publish the letter for the glimpse it gives into the "Brass Check" boycott. In one of Wells' articles, published in the *Saturday Evening Post*, he called for the writing of a new Bible, consisting of, first, a collection of the world's most vital literature, and second, a guide to modern conduct. We wrote him that we had tried to supply the first in "The Cry for Justice," and were busily publishing the second as a serial in "The Appeal to Reason," under the title of "The Book of Life." Wells' reply reveals that he paid tribute to "The Cry for Justice"; but we do not find this tribute in the articles as published by the *Saturday Evening Post*! We are wondering—does the great Monument to American Mediocrity forbid to the most distinguished of living English novelists the right to mention the name of Upton Sinclair?

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The Associated Press announced at its annual convention that it had made an investigation of this book, and was about to make public a mass of evidence to refute it. We waited a month and two days, and then we wrote the Associated Press that if they did not make public the evidence, we would sue them for libel for making the statement. We await their answer. Meantime, the University Socialist Federation of Great Britain has adopted a resolution "to put on record its sense of the invaluable contribution made by Upton Sinclair by the publication in 'The Brass Check' of his unique and convincing study of the American plutocratic press."

"La Grande Revue," Paris, publishes an eight-page article, entitled "Le Jeton de Passe," in which Upton Sinclair is discussed as "One of those difficult spirits whom the present does not please at all and who succeed nevertheless, one does not know how, to some notoriety, such as formerly among us Rabelais, Moliere or Voltaire, and today Anatole France." "Das Forum," Berlin, publishes an article by Wilhelm Herzog, stating that "Maxim Gorki, Anatole France, and Upton Sinclair are recognized as the greatest writers of the world-literature of the present." "La Nacion," Buenos Aires, states that "Since having conquered Scandinavia, Upton Sinclair has actually invaded Belgium. His 'Jimmie Higgins' is being translated by Henri Delgove. 'The People' of Brussels, considers Upton Sinclair as 'the American Zola,' and adds that his novels are 'the most living, the most moving, and the most characteristic of modern Anglo-Saxon literature in America.'" We submit the above to the *Saturday Evening Post*!

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